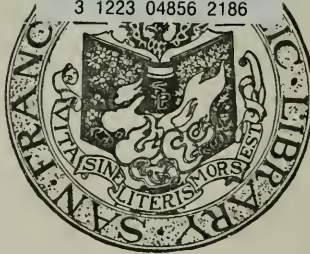


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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

VOL. I. No. 1.

15157

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

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I begin the publication of this *Letter* because I want free expression. I have no great message to deliver, no world-renovating reforms to advocate, no hobbies to ride, and no expectation that I shall be able to slay the dragons of greed and dishonesty which master this town. But I hope to scotch them.

In San Francisco and California there are, I believe, several thousand people who will gladly buy a paper which is owned by its editor, if that editor is an honest man, whose only policy is to tell the truth when he speaks of public affairs and public men—an editor who is superior to influence, bribery or bullying. There is no immodesty in my asserting that I am an editor of that kind. For more than twenty years I have been a journalist, employed at one time or another on most of the San Francisco newspapers, in every capacity from that of reporter to managing editor. The proprietors of all, I am sure, will permit me to offer them as references, even in cases where they would hardly ask me to vouch for them.

I have put my name in the title, because it advertises the character of the paper to the interior public, who already know me through a weekly letter which for several years I have been sending to newspapers in this State and Nevada and Utah. That letter has laid the rod on many deserving backs, and it has never exhibited reluctance to take the unpopular side when it has seemed to me that the unpopular side happened to be right. Far-away newspapers, not having the same reasons as the San Francisco press for fearing the local dragons mentioned, have allowed me a latitude of utterance which has awakened both my surprise and gratitude. So I expect a good circulation for this *Letter* throughout the coast, for the readers of my correspondence know me as one who takes pleasure in writing what he thinks, simply for the sake of setting down the truth—as one who regards himself as the best property he can own.

Long experience of the newspaper offices, and a previous venture on a much more expensive scale, teach me that success and honesty cannot go together in a journal here unless it be published very cheaply. In exact proportion as a paper becomes costly to issue does it fall under fear of the enmity of the men and institutions which rule this city with a despotism that no old-fashioned feudal duke would have dared to practice in his principality.

Let me tell you something about journal-

ism in this free American city. Every daily paper in it is the slave of its advertisers. Once a deputation of business men came to me as the managing editor of an evening journal with a paper setting forth that the pardon of a convict had been applied for, and they, as heavy advertisers, wished—that is to say, demanded—that the newspaper should make no adverse editorial comments on the application until it had been granted. The newspaper would have been crippled by the withdrawal of the advertising of these business men, and it submitted to their blackmail. So did every other daily newspaper in San Francisco, and also all the weeklies save one. My own pen voiced its indignation for it. It was offended only because the committee had overlooked it—forgotten to show it the courtesy of insult.

The business men did not go into this base work of stifling the press because the mission was agreeable. The convict had robbed a corporation and grown tired of the penitentiary. Presumably he was threatening the corporation that he would tell what he knew. The corporation was able to coerce the business men, and the business men were able to coerce the press.

No daily paper could live in San Francisco that should be steadily loyal to the public. I do not mean that they are all bribed to silence with money in hand, but by the knowledge that corporations and millionaires who are plundering can hit back and hurt if attacked. Most of the dailies are not above accepting checks, however, and as for the weeklies, I know of but one which does not depend for life upon the charity and fear of the rich.

Observe how this *Letter* conquers the situation. I have sufficient money to publish it long enough to learn whether it will pay or not. It costs so little that a sale of one thousand copies will more than support it. Having no building, presses or staff, I am without those sappers of courage, "business interests." Being a journalist, and nothing else, I have no political ambition, and having passed the age of small illusions, have no place in the society column to lose. Moreover, I have no wealth to be robbed of. How, then, am I to be lassoed? I shall ask nobody to subscribe for or to advertise in the *Letter*, since I expect the sales through the News Company, which reaches the whole coast and supplies the newsboys, to sustain it. Nevertheless, subscriptions and advertisements will not be scorned, provided they come on the clear understanding that they imply no obligation of silence at any time on any subject. But they will not be solicited.

Naturally I do not look for the approval of Nob Hill or the patronage of Tar Flat. It

will be my pleasure to interfere to the extent of my ability with the freebooting and happiness of the former, and the latter's comfort will not be disturbed, for it will not have the capacity to understand what I write. The average fat and comfortable citizen, armored in contentment with himself and his time, and respecting sincerely those who, with or without the help of Providence, have been set above him financially and socially, will pass the *Letter* by with the contempt that whatsoever is irregular deserves. I shall depend for my clients on those who have some thinking brains under their hats, whether the hats be tiles or slouches, and who have heart as well as mind enough to comprehend how much more manhood needs a voice on this plantation, where a few persons, no wiser and not better than the rest of us, are by wealth, —mostly stolen—given the power to welt the back of almost any field hand who shows a rebellious spirit. Only such as think it well that there should be liberty for a writer of some sense and good conscience to utter himself, whether his utterances fall in with their own opinions or not, will "support" the *Letter*; other purchasers will buy if I am interesting, and I think I know my trade well enough to supply a dime's worth weekly. To the lawyers, the doctors, the men of education and thought in and out of the professions, to all who are in the habit of complaining that newspapers are not plain spoken, this *Letter* comes with my promise pledged to entire frankness. I aim at nothing more wonderful, more daring, than to speak out truthfully once a week about the matters that are of passing or permanent interest to intelligent people. No publication in San Francisco does this, because when the press is not corrupt it is cowardly, and when both or neither it is too stupid to know the worth of candor.

Yet is the press a flattering mirror. Perhaps the town is no worse than any other commercial city, but that does not reduce the shame of the truth that San Francisco is rotten in character and without bravery. How many men in it own themselves? How many are there who do not let their interests control their speech and conduct to complacency when they see wrong being done by the powerful? What proportion of our public men are better than prostitutes? How much common honesty is there on Front and Sansome and Pine and California streets? How many of the "leading citizens" down there would not indignantly, and justly, send their clerks to jail for the crime of imitation? How many professional men come morally within miles of a standard they know would be far too low for a gentleman? Most of this town's successful citizens are mere rascals, and they, not without reason, hold

the palliating belief (when they are so sensitive as to care for save) that the unsuccessful remainder have either failed as rascals or been denied opportunity. How far from the truth was the legislator, representing a south-of-Market-street district, who said in Sacramento that the principal difference between his complaining constituents and himself was that he had a chance to take bribes while they had not?

I am not railing. I have been a journalist in San Francisco for twenty years, and know. There are good men here, of course, but they do not give the city's life their quality, and their names seldom appear in the newspapers, except among the marriages and deaths. What is the tone that prevails everywhere—in the office, the store, the club, the corner-grocery, the factory, the editorial room? A cynicism that is as gross as it is unmanly. It is killing to the generous spirit and soon cramps the young to the measure of their embittered or slavish elders. I am out with my pen against this penury of principle, this reek of surrender and discouragement, this foul gospel which makes of money and the material things it commands the sole good, the only object worth effort. Needless to say I am not so unworldly as to hope that I can change the complexion of San Francisco's desires and give it better ideals, but, at least, I can put men as they really are beside the statues which they have erected to themselves, or had erected in their honor by dishonorable hands. In this sense the *Letter* will be "personal"—intensely so. It is for want of such "personalities" that the press of San Francisco has sunk to the position of an obsequious servant when it should be in that of a censor, standing for manhood.

Consider the character of the men who are held to be the most eminent among us. Our pirates do not mount the scaffold, but ascend the platform of public favor and receive political and social rewards for their prowess as takers of booty. Regard our millionaires and say if felony is always punished by imprisonment or even brings the perpetrator into disesteem. Is it not true that money, got no matter how, gilds any man? Who cuts Robert F. Morrow because of his trial for jury-bribing, when he escaped San Quentin by the vote of a single juror, who was hissed in the court-room by the emotional riff-raff for his verdict? Who refuses the hand of Senator Fair? May not any one who has gathered millions, though they were scraped out of the social sewers, aspire to any position that it is in the power of the community to bestow?

Turn your eyes on M. H. de Young. Always conspicuous, he is more than usually so just now. The man has done me no harm and I bear him no ill will. I select him for illustration because San Francisco has made him what he is. He is the necessary fruit of the city's intellectual, moral, political and commercial conditions—a signal confirmation in all his aspects of the contention of the evolutionist that man is but the creature

of his environment. To-day he is our most notable citizen, and in the East, as he correctly says himself, is accepted as California's foremost representative man. Recall the honors conferred by city, State and party on Mr. de Young, and the Eastern judgment will not surprise. Yet how can a San Franciscan, who feels the sentiment of civic pride in any degree, look M. H. de Young in the face without blushing?

The East knows that Mr. de Young is the owner of one of the most important Republican newspapers on the Pacific Coast. It knows that he twice has been delegated by his party to its national conventions; that he serves as his State's representative on the Republican National Committee; that he was a candidate for a seat in President Harrison's Cabinet; that he was mentioned for the Vice-Presidential nomination before Whitelaw Reid, another journalist of wide fame, was chosen; that he was appointed Western's Fair Commissioner by Governor Markham and was Vice-President of the National Commission. He is Director-General of California's Midwinter Fair, and came near to being selected by the Governor to take Stanford's seat in the United States Senate when the latter died. For this last office Mr. de Young has been a candidate before the Legislature, and will be again. His ambition is declared and his campaign is in progress.

What wonder that one so garlanded at home should be honored abroad as typical? And he is typical. That is why M. H. de Young is an indictment of the mind and morals of San Francisco and California.

Without his wealth what would this man be? The newspaper men of the city grew wrathful the other day at an affront offered them in the *Chronicle*, and the Press Club is threatening to expel him. It does not occur to me how any reflecting journalist could dream that Mr. de Young had insulted him by an article which instantly suggested a comparison between the character and abilities of the critic and the criticised. The average reporter may not be admirable among men, but no reporter could be a De Young and hold his place on any newspaper—not even on the *Chronicle*, for Mr. de Young attends to all sources of revenue personally.

This man, who already has been so much honored with official preferment, and who is perhaps destined to sit in the Senate, is as illiterate as any of the street boys who sell his paper. His ignorance is a jest of his office, since his vanity has forbidden him to risk the confession of deficiency that efforts to acquire would imply. He has the vocabulary as well as the push of a Chicago drummer, and his friend and political manager, Martin Kelly, is quite his peer in attainments. The coast has had some queer Senators in Washington. Mr. Fair introduced "I would have went" to the national halls of legislation, and Senator de Young would make the world acquainted with his dislike of being "attacked," and press upon its attention the inferiority of a part to the "tout ensemble of the whole."

But ignorance of what is taught in primary schools is the least of the objections that would be made to Mr. de Young as a man or a Senator in a community healthy in mind and morals. He has a million or more of dollars, yet one who likes his hands to be clean would not care to touch many of them. A good share of his money came from his assassinated brother, who had plenty of brains and no scruples. The heir continued business at the old stand on the old lines. Men with secrets, or who are connected with corporations which need protection from Supervisors and Legislatures and unbought juries, take a paternal interest in the *Chronicle* building—that towering monument to industry and worth. Since it pleases God to create Sharons and Stanfords and Crockers, and to permit the Southern Pacific and Spring Valley Water Company to exist, Mr. de Young has never been able to see why he should not share in their prosperity. He set up in court the contention that it is legitimate for a newspaper to sell its editorial columns, and though he was reviled by his startled contemporaries for that dangerous frankness, there is no reason to doubt that he was sincere or unaffectedly astonished at the notion of there being aught disgraceful in his admission. In affairs of money Mr. de Young is as shameless as was Sharon in his amours, and he is equally denied the capacity to understand the point of view of men of self-respect. Not until the archives of the Crocker family have been opened to the historian will it be known whether or not the common report be true which affirms that "the title deeds to the California-street mansion are the intercepted love letters of a millionaire." Mr. de Young could get no one to go on the witness stand to testify, without hope of reward, that his reputation in the community is such as to render that report inherently improbable.

So much for the mind and character of the citizen who is foremost in San Francisco since Stanford departed. Has he the manners that would gratify California's pride were he to represent her in the Senate? All who encounter him have felt the charm of that easy grace, that deft tact, that ready *savoir faire*, which belong to the polished man of the world. At Washington, among the statesmen of our own country and the diplomats of others, he could scarcely fail to excite remark and to induce curiosity for further information respecting California.

At a dinner—public to the extent that the speeches and songs of those of the fifty guests who performed were reported in the newspapers next morning—Mr. de Young entertained those seated near him with a flow of conversation. Among the listeners were a nobleman and a great foreign artist, both constantly coming into social contact with the great of the earth. They listened with the attention due a Californian who is a journalist, one of the chiefs of his party, and a candidate for the United States Senate, rightly feeling, no doubt, that they would hear much which could profitably be

stored in their memories for repetition when they reached home again. Mr. de Young's theme was national politics.

"The trouble with Cleveland," he said, speaking of the President of the republic, and, of course, with the tone of one of the inner circle, "is that he's off his nut half the time. He's just got back from Buzzards' Bay, you know, where the dispatches say he's been sick and had the doctors running down from New York to see him. Well, he's been sick, but his trouble was whisky. He's been on another big drunk. My man at Washington wired me about it and asked me how much I wanted of the story for the *Chronicle*, but, of course, I choked him off and wired back, 'Not a line!'"

"Why not?" inquired a guest.

"Oh," answered Mr. de Young, with a superior smile, "it wouldn't do, you know. It wouldn't be in good taste if the President was attacked in print in that style, especially by a Republican paper."

"And is your President a drunkard?" questioned one.

"Well," said Mr. de Young, urbanely, as one obligingly giving information about his country to the stranger, "I don't know as I'd call him a drunkard exactly—not a regular soaker, you know—but he gets on sprees, and when he does there's the devil to pay. He beats his wife when he's full."

"What!"

"Oh, Lord, yes; he's done that often."

"I don't believe it!" burst out an American guest.

"If you'd ever been in Washington," returned Mr. de Young, with a rather pitying glance at the flushed interrupter, "you'd have heard all about it. Everybody there is on."

There were murmurs on every hand, and some ugly looks, too, for the men who heard these things said, though not ordinarily fervid in patriotism, felt their cheeks burn and their finger-tips tingle. The nobleman and artist pretended to be engrossed by their glasses and cigars.

But Mr. de Young has been endowed by heaven with a blessed unconsciousness of giving offense under all circumstances.

"Why," he went on, with the pleased animation of one who is aware that he interests, "I know a woman who was one of the party that sat up with Mrs. Cleveland on the night of the election in '88 to receive the returns. When there couldn't be any doubt about Cleveland's defeat, she got up and said: 'Well, ladies, I'll bid you good-night. I'm going to lock myself in my room. I don't want to see Grover.'"

"Isn't it just possible, Mr. de Young," asked a gentleman, "that a lady might make a remark of that kind without meaning to say that her husband would beat her if he could get at her, because he had lost an election? Isn't it thinkable that Mrs. Cleveland was jocular?"

"Oh, I dunno," said Mr. de Young, shaking his head waggishly. "I guess Frankie knows Grover better than you do."

The nobleman asked the foreign artist if he didn't think the climate of California delightful, and the artist said he did; and Mr.

de Young was switched on to the weather as a topic.

This conversation is not recorded from hearsay. I was present and heard it, and had the pleasure of telling Mr. de Young that what he had said was not true. I don't know whether it was true or not, but I thought that for the honor of the country the denial of one journalist might as well be supplied the distinguished strangers along with the extraordinary revelation of American civilization furnished by the other.

So much for the mind and character and manners of San Francisco's foremost citizen and candidate for the United States Senate. Has he a heart?

Something over two years ago I visited the Stockton Insane Asylum to write of it. Dr. Rucker, the Superintendent, showed me all the patients, and among them was Gus de Young, brother of M. H. de Young. For more than twenty years he has been an inmate. It would be cruel to touch upon this family affliction wantonly, and I speak of it only because it is well that the people of California should know even better than they do the man whom they have made illustrious, and who is hopefully applying for the loftiest station in their gift.

There are two classes of patients in the Stockton Asylum, the paupers and those who have comforts and privileges, which their relatives pay for. Gus de Young was out in the walled yard with the paupers, wrapped in a rusty overcoat and topped with a rustier silk hat. In his lunatic state he fancies himself the proprietor of the *Chronicle*, and deems it an honor.

Dr. Rucker explained why the brother of a millionaire was herding with the poor creatures who are cared for at the cost of the public.

"When I took charge here," he said, "I found De Young in the pay ward, but learned that he was on the free column in the books. I couldn't see why a distinction should be made in his favor merely because his brother was proprietor of a newspaper. So I wrote to M. H. de Young, stating the facts and saying that unless the usual monthly payment was made, Gus would be placed with the other free patients. He wrote in return that Superintendents who preceded me had never complained, and that he could perceive no reason why he should begin to pay at this late day. We had quite a correspondence, but the upshot of it all was that M. H. de Young refused to contribute to his brother's support; so Gus was taken out of the pay ward and relegated to the common quarters. I am opposed to favoritism in an institution of this kind, you understand."

"What is the amount that admits a patient to the privileges of the pay ward?" I asked.

"Fifteen dollars a month," said Dr. Rucker.

That gentleman requested me to say nothing about the matter, since he did not desire trouble with the *Chronicle*, and I kept silence until I heard the facts from another quarter.

So much for the mind and character and manners and heart of the foremost citizen of San Francisco. The city and State that have given such a man wealth and place and power and endowed him with a reasonable expectation of the Senatorship, themselves need the doctor.

California has one saving grace. It does not like Mr. de Young. It writhes at sight of his progress—that is, the older generation does. To the men who have seen his rise from the beginning, and are cognizant of the means by which he has tonged his money from the mud, he cannot be sweetened. But he has been rich and prominent so long that to young men his past is only history and wants the vividness of memory. In a commercial age prosperity commands respect, and it is instinctively felt that too close an inquiry into the sources of wealth would be against public policy. The statute of limitations, commercially, politically and socially, is running in favor of Mr. de Young. In his business principles, or want of them, he is far from being peculiar. Other publishers, and corporations and individuals, grateful to the *Chronicle* for its forbearance, will bear witness to that. From what I know of Front street, if it should go into journalism it would model itself on Mr. de Young.

It is not to be denied that he has climbed into society. Not into the most exclusive, perhaps, for Mr. Lloyd Tevis does not receive him, I believe; but still, bar after bar has been thrown down with the passage of the years, and ultimately the Tevis parlor may be gained. Were he to attain the Senate the last hurdle would be removed and broken up, as the gallows was in the County Jail some weeks back. It is hard to resist unquailing pertinacity, and it has never dawned on Mr. de Young that he should not keep asking for what he wants until he gets it. It's his way, and had he begun as a pack-peddler he would have had a wholesale house by this time, or if as a pawnbroker, the principal bank of the city would be his.

Men of business—and this is a business community—admire such pertinacity, though gentlemen perceive that the qualities which make Mr. de Young successful are precisely those that render him detestable.

Many agencies will contribute toward gratifying his ambition to be Senator. His party sees that only harmony within itself is needed in order to defeat the discouraged and leaderless Democracy. C. P. Huntington is for De Young, since the latter would serve him in the Senate as the *Chronicle* does here. Mr. Huntington's wishes are laws to most of the moneyed interests of California. Nearly all the Republican politicians will take orders from him as they did from Stanford, one of whose virtues was an unconquerable abhorrence of De Young.

The press is coked. The *Bulletin*, the *Call* and the *Examiner* have allowed the man to make himself identical with the Midwinter Fair, and, in their large-minded way, do not see how they can criticise one without laying themselves open to the charge of malevolently striving to injure the other. The remain-

ing dailies and all but one of the weeklies are his, or anybody's. De Young's turn has come at last. It is his barrel now that is being tapped.

If the Fair should be a success we shall hear an increase of the talk, already common, of his marvelous energy and substantial public services. It is admitted that he is odious, but it is acknowledged that he is tireless. He would, it is urged, be peerless as a getter of appropriations—that he would root out more acorns from under the Federal oak than any of the drove. He should, we hear, be given credit for having developed from a newsboy into a millionaire. Are we to respect a pig, which will eat anything, for being fat?

The best result that can be looked for from the Midwinter Fair is that its scandals will work the political downfall of Mr. de Young. Much money is being handled in the dark by him and his associates, and tagging the title of Director General or Executive Committeeman to a name changes no one's nature. The public will not believe that gilding the ears of a Berkshire will cure him of his taste for the trough.

The masses of the city and State do not deserve to be rescued from the fate which they have earned. The corporations and rich men who have used De Young and submitted to him, the political party which has made him one of its leaders and wearer of its official wreaths, the Governor who has signed his commissions, the press which he has scared into dumbness, and the business men of the metropolis who are coolies of masters whom he has filled with a fear stronger than their hatred—all these deserve the disgrace of having M. H. de Young elected Senator from California, for he reflects their brains and integrity well enough. But there are others who should be spared the shame—business and professional men, and all citizens who possess some moral sentiment and are not coolies. Speaking for these, for honest men and women, I shall do what I can in this *Letter* to avert the infamy, and war always upon that base and prideless lust for money that rots our life, and of which M. H. de Young is the offspring and penalty.

The Woman's Congress, which is to elevate and refine the California Midwinter Fair, will be attended by many distinguished and more earnest ladies. That faculty known as divine intuition in woman, and in man as ignorance of the mental processes by which conclusions are arrived at, perhaps may have already given to the intending delegates some dim intimation of a danger that is threatening their Congress; but none of them can really know, as yet, the full atrocity of the plot that is being hatched by the natural enemies of the sex. It has been revealed to me by one of the conspirators, who, though necessarily a scoundrel because he is in the cabal, is otherwise an estimable man, a good husband and loving father, a tax-payer and a Republican. He informs me that the movement with which he is allied has been gaining strength throughout the country for several years, keeping pace, indeed, with the

progress of the propaganda for the Advancement of Woman. To date, the sympathizers have not been formally enrolled and marshaled into lodges, but that is contemplated when it shall seem probable that the ballot is about to be gained by Woman. Some concert of action is being arrived at in San Francisco, however, and the press will be subsidized in due season. I am not at liberty to divulge the entire local programme, but the prime outrage nothing shall hinder me from forestalling by publication. When the Woman's Congress is under enthusiastic headway, listening to papers and speeches on the customary themes, such as "Woman is Man's Equal," "Woman in Professional Life," "Woman's Right to Participation in Statesmanship," "Is Marriage Compatible with the Free Development of Woman's Genius?" "First the Ballot, then the Presidency," "Masculinity a Mistake," and so on—when, I say, the Congress is proceeding with due dignity in the discharge of its valuable functions, a large envelope will be sent up to the Lady President by the conspirators. This envelope, on being opened, will be found to contain the following questions, proposed for the delegates' thought and discussion: "What Shall be Done to Secure Competency in Servants and Obedience in Wives?" "How May the Plague of Crowing Hens be Stayed?" "Would it be Well for This Congress to Adopt as its Platform the couplet of Mrs. Sancho Panza:

"The wife that expects to have a good name
Is always at home, as if she were lame."

Should the Lady President be rendered speechless by the contents of the envelope (a calamity that is not feared), or in her indignation refuse to read the same to the assemblage, it is the purpose of the conspirators—who will be present in the galleries, in force—to interrupt the session of the Congress with jeers and hoarse shouts, and to defy the police.

When one in passing up California street casts a well-fed eye on the old-coated backs of the hundreds of stalwart men standing there in Pauper Alley, in ranks like soldiers, waiting, hungry and patient, on the chance of getting a ticket, good for a dollar at the end of a day's shoveling, one wonders what would happen should some uncrushed spirit in the regiment bawl the order of right about face, and lead the march on the unprotected banks that wall this theater in which the play of "Poverty and Despair" has been running for so many weeks. It is only an idle fancy this, for the poor of San Francisco are cowed, and the rich are generous. Still, those who are not moved by benevolence to contribute to the work fund, ought, as business men, to grasp the idea that it is cheaper to keep men employed at a dollar a day than to pay for shooting and jailing rioters and putting out fires. What we are going to do with the superfluous population which is now begging or stealing for a living, is a problem that baffles. If the Lord in his mercy should send a foreign war—such a one as would render it patriotic to drive the British out of

Canada and off the continent, for instance—the sun of prosperity would shine again. Posterity, of course, would have to pay pensions to the self-sacrificing heroes who should leave all behind and nobly rush from Pauper Alley to the defence of the flag—pay the pensions, and stand a new Grand Army of the Republic; but posterity will be no more deserving than we are.

The centripetal and centrifugal forces continue to work at the Lick Observatory with that majestic, flawless regularity which marks all the laws of nature. Every born astronomer in the world longs to attach himself to the Observatory, and his eye to the great telescope. Not a few have achieved their desire, but no sooner have they yielded to centripetal energy than they have had to hold on with both hands to the apex of Mount Hamilton to keep themselves from being tossed off into space. This disaster is made inevitable whenever the astronomer does work that wins him reputation, for it then becomes the business in life of Director Holden to project him. If the Director has himself ever made a discovery with the telescope the world has not heard of it, and the gentleman is not timid about keeping the public informed of his merits. He writes copiously for print. Professor Burnham, the greatest living authority on double stars, departed from the Observatory not long ago, like others before him, giving the explanation that existence had been rendered unendurable by the Director, who has large talents for small annoyance. Now Professor Barnard, the discoverer of the fifth moon of Jupiter, goes with Burnham to Chicago, whose University is reaching out for the best ability wherever it is to be had. The Lick Observatory is under the authority of the Board of Regents of the State University. Mr. Holden is their employee, and they possess the official power to discharge him. Why they retain him they will not explain satisfactorily. When men concerned for the interests of science point out in the press Mr. Holden's unworthiness, professional and personal, the Regents take the ground that it would be a sacrifice of their dignity, and unjust to him, to dismiss him while he is "under fire." But when the fire ceases the Regents forget their implied promise and allow him to continue to drive from the Observatory gentlemen who bring it fame. I do not know Mr. Holden, and never shall if I can help it, but others tell me that he is a keener student of human nature than of the heavens, and has mastered the art of flattery. Whether this be the secret of his hold on the eminently respectable nobodies who form the majority of the Board of Regents, I cannot say. But whatever the hold may be, it ought to be loosened, for one Burnham or Barnard is worth countless Holdens. It is intolerable that the Lick Observatory should have its usefulness so marred.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

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The reception given this *Letter* reveals several things that before were dark. I did expect a modest success, for no one knows better than I how little of frankness the public get in the press; but the ardor, the measure, of the welcome, amaze me, and, I dare say, every other journalist in San Francisco, the proprietors of the newspapers most of all. The phenomenon is worth dwelling upon, as it signifies much that the press needs to know of the public, and the public of the press and themselves.

See what imposing affairs, from a business standpoint, the principal newspapers of San Francisco have become. Twenty years ago the appearance of a new daily here was not an unusual event. More than a decade has passed, however, since one has shown itself. The beginning of the youngest of the existing morning dailies, the *Chronicle*, was made in the '60's. Those in the lead are "great properties." It is doubtful if either the *Examiner* or the *Chronicle* could be bought for a million dollars, and the *Call* holds its price at half that. Fortunes are naturally friendly. Rich men's interests touch at so many points that they seldom quarrel; and, if they do, it is not difficult to reconcile them when it can be shown that there is more money to be made in peace than war. The news associations are the common property of the wealthy publishers, and, for the purpose of reducing expenses, they combine in private, however often their papers do battle in their editorial columns. That battle never grows very fierce or goes very far, for, beyond a certain limit, the proprietors are not rivals, but partners. They are business men, and feel as much averse to shedding their dollars as all men do to shedding their blood. Commercial evolution has brought them into co-operation, despite personal repulsion. It would not be human were Mr. de Young, for example, to love Mr. Hearst, who has passed him in the race for circulation and advertisements and, by compelling him to enlarge his paper and increase his outlay, has cut down his profits. Mr. Fitch has suffered even more in pocket by reason of the competition of the young millionaire, and in the *Call* and *Bulletin* Mr. Fitch often expresses the most unflattering opinion of his abilities and the most injurious view of his character. As for Mr. de Young, for nearly a quarter of a century, Mr. Fitch (lately he has fallen into discouraged silence or timid civility) emptied the bucket of his vocabulary morning and even-

ing upon the *Chronicle* and its owner. Mr. Hearst, having had the training of a gentleman, can have no illusions about Mr. de Young, and it is impossible that he can be grateful for the insults of the elderly and acerbic Mr. Fitch. Always there goes on among the three a strenuous and undermining combat for the possession of the largest share of the public's patronage, and each suffers because he does not feel free to advertise what he believes to be the indefensible nefariousness of the others' business tactics.

Yet Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Fitch, and Mr. de Young meet for consultation once or twice a month, as members of the Associated Press, and with earnest cordiality take measures for the common defense of their several bank accounts. To these meetings the proprietors of the other city papers are admitted, but they don't count. In addition to hedging out possible interlopers from the news preserve, friendly converse on the business condition of our beloved city and State, the utility of uniform advertising rates, and other high themes, must ensue, because of mere proximity and identity of aims. So it is seen that the warfare of San Francisco's newspapers is Christian warfare—strife under treaty, and freed from those barbarities which render the hostilities of the uncivilized hideous.

There is no special turpitude in these pauses of belligerence, these private understandings as to the limit to which the conflict shall be permitted to rage. Nations which acknowledge God bar the use of the explosive bullet, poison and the massacre of prisoners. Mr. Hearst, and Mr. Fitch, and Mr. de Young clasp hands on occasion for precisely the same reason that induced Claus Spreckels to cease his public-spirited opposition to the sugar trust and go into it, and which impelled Senator Fair to decide that an ungrateful people were not worthy of so noble a fight as he was making for them against the Southern Pacific with his narrow-gauge, which he sold to the Southern Pacific. Though Mr. Huntington despised as well as hated Mr. Stanford, the two went on as partners quite comfortably.

You see now why no newspapers start in San Francisco any more. There is a lion in the path which has the hope and courage-crushing form of a trust, vulnerable to a weapon which only very rich men can wield. In order to compete, the new journal would be compelled to go to an expense for news service much greater than that to which the cost-dividing papers of the trust are subjected. The cost of publishing a newspaper like the *Examiner* or *Chronicle*, or even the *Call*, is so tremendous, that the enterprise of opposition would be much like adventuring

upon a competing railroad. As a consequence of the situation, the newspapers have ceased to be journals in the old, the true sense, and become "properties" simply. It is the business office, not the editorial room, which engages the interest and feelings of the proprietor. To meet the large outlay there must be a large income. Hundreds of men gain their livelihood by drumming up business for a "great daily." The salary of the business manager far overtops that of the managing editor. The prized men are those fertile in new devices which will bring nickels to the counter—coupon schemes for pictures, gold and silver cup voting contests, balloon ascensions, whistle-toting special trains, lotteries, expeditions to catch bandits or bears. Buildings that stunt Babel's tower, and no longer rouse God's anger, rise to advertise the success of newspapers—not in doing service to the public, but in making money for the owners.

I am not framing accusations, but merely stating facts so well within everybody's knowledge that they tire to the point of disgust. The newspaper proprietor can do all the things I have recited and still be safely inside the lines of commercial honesty. It is not necessary to touch upon the hidden and shameful sources of revenue which most of them in their greed seek and gladly profit by. Considering only the publisher who does not levy blackmail, or take bribes—the honest publisher, as things go; the one who simply accommodates himself to the conditions as a business man, anxious, like all other business men, to get rich—and you see it is inevitable that he should come to take a view of the newspaper's proper functions just the opposite of that held by the public. Aware of the public's view, the publisher, whose success would vanish were their favor withdrawn, pretends to accept it as his own. That is why the editorial page of the daily newspaper is odious. Of necessity it is nearly always a false pretense; and there exist few hypocrites who are artists so great as to be able to conceal their art.

The public want the press to be the people's tribune—to stand armed in honesty and bravery, and to utter the community's boldest thought and manliest feeling. The public ask for truth, and get a coupon.

Nevertheless, that ideal persists in the public mind. This is not because those who compose the public are on the average better men than the publishers. It is an easy thing for one to wish that a newspaper would be courageous and candid, but the man who owns it is acutely conscious that to speak is to die. The daily press, as we have it here, and as the country on the whole has it, could not be truthful and uncorrupt and live—at least not in tall buildings with

clock-towers. The reason for this is that while the press, for the sake of circulation and in obedience to tradition, affects to be the public's spokesman, it is in reality the spokesman of the advertisers, and the ally of the predatory rich, who hold the advertisers under fear and regard the earth as their sheep-walk. The richer a newspaper is, the more intimate its associations, and the stronger the identity of its interests with those who in purpose and effect are to the public now what the tax-screwing monarch and the marauding nobility were to the people of medieval Europe. The newspapers are the shepherd dogs which the Huntingtons, and Crockers, and Tevises, and Fairs employ to guard their flocks and distract the attention of the sheep from the shearer. If the dogs sometimes have a wolfish strain in them, and now and again kill a lamb on their own account, or scare an extra tidbit from their masters by a show of teeth, what wonder?

The sheep-walk is divided by fences, and the dogs of the different divisions will occasionally fall to fighting. Even they will prove that they are free, brave and unbought dogs by snapping at the heels of masters who are not their special masters for the time being.

All this leads up to the explanation of the success of the *Letter*, a success that amazes me, and dumbfounds the newspaper offices. Reflect on what it means. In a time of profound peace, the field of journalism being in the quiet and apparently secure grip of the newspaper trust, and therefore of the predatory rich, who dominate the press as they do the political parties, a journalist whose only capital is such brains as he possesses and the confidence in his integrity of those who know him, issues, without preliminary drum-beating, a little weekly paper.

It came out under every business disadvantage. The San Francisco News Company, fully informed of its character days in advance of publication, agreed to circulate it, but waited until the edition had been delivered to it—until, in fact, the hour for the closing of the mails to the interior was near—and then declined to handle the paper, on the ground that it was too plain spoken. This kept the *Letter* from the seven hundred news-dealers of the coast and from the multitude of city news-stands. At nine o'clock on Saturday morning there was scarcely a copy of the *Letter* on sale anywhere. But a wagon was sent out in the streets, the boys were supplied, and at noon it was the only paper being cried. By Monday four editions had been printed, and on Tuesday the forms were stereotyped to meet the continuing city demand and to fill the orders coming in from all parts of the coast. It is Thursday as I write this portion of the second number, and fifteen thousand have been printed. I shall not be surprised now if twenty-five thousand in all should be sold. If more, or less, I shall tell my readers, who, in the mass, are, I am sure, interested in the result of my experiment. I shall do no lying about the circulation of the *Letter*, or anything else. Having broken through the

tammels of the editorial room, it hardly needs to be said that I shall disdain the arts of the business office.

What, after all, was in *Arthur McEwen's Letter*? Just a few bits of truth, simply written, about men and conditions as we have them here. Merely a natural voice saying the thing that is to ears that have grown accustomed to, and utterly weary of, the falsetto chorus of the conventional newspapers, which wear masks. What an indictment it is of the press that a little straightforward truth-telling should have gone home as it did and awakened the public so! Denied access to all the customary channels of distribution, rejected when offered to some news-dealers who have a not unnatural fear of the men and powers which master the newspapers, and the city and State, the little paper was, nevertheless, found by the public. The *Letter's* reception proved how much it is needed, how much work it has to do.

I have said that the success of the *Letter* reveals several things which before were dark. That success demonstrates that in San Francisco and California there is immeasurably more latent manhood, ready to respond to sincere speech, than was dreamed of in or out of the newspaper offices. The discovery refreshes and strengthens, and rebukes cynicism. It is also revealed that the rule of the men who master the city and State and stifle manhood's voice, though submitted to, is not liked. If the people are field hands, it isn't because they have not a preference for other than plantation life, and would not choose other motives for action than the overseer's whip.

In considering the causes which contributed to the popularity of last week's *Letter*, I am too old a newspaper man to exclude the widespread desire to see Mr. M. H. de Young bastinadoed. But those who bought the paper in the expectation that its reason for being was to give that person his deserts speedily perceived their mistake, and, if of good intelligence, recognized the profounder purpose of the publication. Mr. de Young was used as an illustration to point a moral, as others of his commercial, social and political breed will be, according to need and occasion. I have heard of few who failed to understand the *Letter's* reach. Such as look for it with the notion that it will give a weekly succession of flayings, for flaying's sake, will be disappointed, and may go elsewhere for entertainment. No friend misunderstands, and many friends and strangers have already written to me, testifying their desire for the permanence of the paper by enclosing yearly subscriptions. They have come from all kinds of men. One is from a Judge, another from a human millionaire, scores from workingmen, dozens from journalists, more from professional men and one from a political boss whose back has often felt my rod. I have touched a common chord, and the people respond.

I shall not flatter the people. In the final analysis, the infamy of their sub-

jection rests on themselves. Yet, being a practical man, I am as little inclined to scorn the individual citizen for submitting as I would be to despise the unarmed mountaineer for abstaining from offering battle to Chris Evans on one of his vacations. An old-time friend, a San Francisco merchant, writes: "You are doing what I would like to do if I dared and knew how. The manhood of California is only silenced, not extinguished. Go on and give it voice, and it will back you." It cost that merchant nothing to pen those words, but he spoke for tens of thousands. I know that now. If my merchant friend should declare his independence of the powers that reign—should withhold obedience and deference when those sacrifices were required of him—he would be crucified, and perish without the expiring satisfaction of being anybody's savior. Most men are in his situation. Their spirits are rebellious if their conduct is acquiescent and humble. I can rebel for them, because it is my business to write and my pleasure to rebel. The Huntingtons, and Crockers, and Tevises, and Fairs, and De Youngs, and the politicians and the newspapers—all the associated villainies—are disturbed much and puzzled more by the *Letter*. It is owned by the man who writes it, and he owns himself.

Some of the most agreeable men I know are rich; so are some of the brightest, and some of the most harmless, and some of the most amusing. The possession of money spoils or corrupts no one; it gives a man liberty to do as he pleases and be himself, that is all. If he is different rich from what he was poor, be sure that the real man is the rich man. Take John Mackay and Senator Fair as illustrations. Both began as miners, working for wages. Neither has had the advantage of an education, but each was born with a talent for making money. Neither tried to improve the rules of the game on the Comstock, at which they won their enormous piles. They faced the situation as they found it, and ended by carrying off about everything in sight. By the official record, Fair is the better man, since his State elected him to the Senate, whereas Mackay barely escaped death from an assassin's pistol. But the official record is not trustworthy. It cost Fair \$350,000 to get to the Senate, and I have never yet heard a soul utter a word in his praise. He is grasping, mean, malignant, and takes his pleasure in two ways only—gratifying his vice of accumulation, and tormenting his financial equals by outwitting them, and his financial inferiors by deceiving and humiliating them. The common estimate of Fair, though freely spoken—the utterance obviously giving a hearty satisfaction to the profane—is not printable. Mackay, on the contrary, is liked. Though he is, and always has been, out for money, and lots of it, he has many points of contact with the less opulent world, and has done a thousand acts of kindness to comrades of his poorer days. Of late years he has lost a good deal of his dignity by yielding to a ridiculous

weakness, against which not many of the new rich can hold out—social ambition. Mackay might have been Senator instead of Fair or Stewart, and could get the office at any time by signifying a desire for it, but he has had too much sense to take a place for which he has no qualifications. He laughed with everybody else at the spectacle of Sharon and Fair among statesmen and speech-makers. That a man with so much humor and discretion should be blind on another side and gravely dance in the drawing-rooms of the speculative and borrowing aristocracy of England and France, is only another proof that the bounds to vanity's tricks can not be determined. But his heart is sound. In essentials he, like Fair, is the same man that he was when he lived in the cabin the ruins of which are nailed together out at the '49 Camp in the Midwinter Fair. Since millionaires are permitted to evolve, it is well that so good a man as John Mackay should be one, for he has been mellowed, not hardened, by wealth. I recall two things he said to me at separate times, both of which throw light on his character, and one of which pictures those moral and political conditions in California that have made the publication of this *Letter* necessary. "I want to help people," he said; "I like to do it; but when I look back and see the result of trying, I'm ready to swear I'll never give or lend another friend a dollar. The hardest thing in the world to do is to help a man without hurting him. It takes the backbone out of a man to have money given to him." The other observation, uttered in hot scorn and emphasized with a thump of his fist on the table, was: "I tell you, California is rotten. Why, every rich man that doesn't mean to let himself be cinched and robbed, knows the price of Supervisors and the fellows in the Legislature as well as a poor man's wife does the price of meat at the butcher's." Millionaires who are men don't like the state of things that creates De Youngs and Buckleys, any more than other healthy-fibered people do. You could travel over the whole country and not meet a more patriotic and democratic man than Senator Jones of Nevada, or a brainer one, either. The Eastern Mugwump press, which apparently holds the pious belief that the Almighty has blessed the metal gold and cursed the metal silver, deems it a proof of respectability to affect a pitying amusement at whatever comes out of the West, and sneers at Senator Jones, assuming him to be wild within and outwardly woolly. He has, to my notion, a quicker intellect, a better gift for doing his own thinking, and a leveler head in general, than any other man in the Senate. But he is lazy, and too fond of exercising his genius for making combinations which pour money into his sack. He doesn't love money, and values himself, as well as others, not for what he has but for what he is. One friend I know whom he had tried to set up in life by assisting him in a business that failed. Jones laughed at his friend's want of shrewdness, and remarked, "Well, the Lord made you of the lambs, not of the wolves. Here, put that in bank and don't touch any-

thing but the interest." And he drew his check for a fortune.

You perceive that I am not warring upon the rich merely because they are rich. If the race had enough brains to arrange the social machinery so that it would work out just results, millionaires would be impossible; but no one with a man's pride or an un-soured spirit can feel anything but aversion and contempt for that ignoble envy of good fortune which is sometimes mistaken for manly independence of mind. The talent for money-getting, though much commoner than that for painting or music, and disproportionately rewarded, is nevertheless distinctly a talent. If the winnings of a Gould, a Huntington, a Stanford, or a Tevis be monstrous, it is the fault of the people, who have power to alter the rules of the game. Whether or not they will ever develop the intelligence for the concert of action at the polls necessary to revise the rules and fix the limit at some reasonable figure, I don't know, and I doubt. The Socialists, and other philosophical reformers, have excellent schemes all carried out on paper, but the chances of war did for the negro slave in six months infinitely more than the Abolitionists achieved in a century.

Pending the coming of the Socialistic millennium, when the individual will be nothing and the Government everything, or the Anarchistic millennium, when there will be no Government at all and the individual so enlightened as not to wish to get the better of his neighbor, men of the world, though wishing posterity the best that can happen to it, will be content to curb rapacity in detail as opportunity presents, and to do what they may to enforce upon the predatory rich the truth that they are only men, and not very admirable ones at that.

Let the rich enjoy their money—the luxury it brings, the leisure and the legitimate power of wealth. The rich man who thanks God for his luck and does not, as Mr. Huntington would say, "paint himself red and climb a pole," inspires no hatred and excites no resentment. Mr. Pond, while he cuts his coupons and draws dividends as industriously as a charity workman at the Park shovels, arouses no ill will, for he feels and performs his duty as a citizen, and does not shoe himself with gold to trample on others. I take it that there is not a better liked young man in San Francisco than Louis Sloss, Jr., though he has the means to buy a Legislature, and could easily afford to ride in a circus wagon to and from his office daily did he choose. Instead, he plays at being a Bohemian out of business hours, sings his song, takes his part as an actor on the amateur stage, and shows a merry and manly spirit always. He is none the duller or less successful in business because life does not seem to him a thing of money merely. Everybody in the Pacific Union Club, and most people out of it, esteem Mr. Fargo in a way. The old gentleman has millions. He is not a philanthropist, not

famous for his public spirit, and does not aim to be a benefaction to his generation. He simply leads his own life and minds his own business. He drives good horses for his health and pleasure, gives serious thought to his dinner, regulates his cocktails with an eye to longevity, pays his taxes, entertains his friends, and bothers nobody. Not a very exalted or useful existence certainly, but inoffensive. Mr. Hog Davis, though not quite a millionaire, I believe, sets an example that could be followed by many of the tribe with credit to themselves and comfort and benefit to the community. At noon each day, having finished his business, he repairs to his favorite saloon, and stays there until it is time to go home to dinner and bed.

Mr. Davis does not break his routine even to befriend the widow and orphan. It cannot be said of him that he ever offered his mediation to a dead friend's wife to arrange her affairs with the Southern Pacific, accepting a fee of \$50,000 from her for his services, and a like fee from the corporation for identical services, the same afterwards leading to costly and scandalous litigation. When a brother Pioneer dies and the usual illegitimate heir pops up, Mr. Davis does not scurry out and offer to be a father to the boy. He leaves the looting of the estate to the lawyers. Mr. Davis prefers to stand manfully with his elbow on the bar, at peace with himself and the world, rather than to have private conferences in his office with Justice Field, or to whirl that learned jurist in the Davis carriage to the judicial chambers, just prior to the delivery of judgments in which he is either benevolently or financially interested. Mr. Davis has never been accused, justly or unjustly, of offering bribes to Judges, and is at the poles from a man whose delight it is to be a busybody and universal pest.

If Mr. Lloyd Tevis, who is as fine a specimen of the predatory rich as San Francisco is punished with, had modeled himself on Mr. Hog Davis, he would have been happier, and so would California. To be sure, if he had joined Mr. Davis in expending ten of the past twenty years at Collins' saloon, he might not have been so rich, and he would not have had the honor of holding up the Rev. Dr. Foute's hands, as a vestryman of Grace Church, but he would have been a better man, perhaps. Mr. Lloyd Tevis stands in need of being reduced to his proper level in this community. He is conspicuously of the caste who, without the sanctions of ancestry, title or merit, assume the privilege of the wicked baron to trample on homester men. In him is embodied that spirit of money tyranny which habitually seeks to humiliate for the sheer sake of humiliating. In his view it is not enough that millions should confer a charter to take more millions wherever they are to be got, but there must be obeisance, adulation, from less rich men, on pain of vengeance. He is not singular among the very wealthy of San Francisco in extorting a homage that degrades the giver and enriches only the vanity of the receiver. He represents a condition

of things under which countless lives are made more wretched, and against which manhood should rebel. This typical personage, one of whose vaunts is that he "can think thirty-seven times quicker than any other man in California," and who places that proportionate value on a dollar, visited my office once when I was the managing editor of a San Francisco newspaper. He visits all newspaper offices often. The motive of his appearance in mine was an article of the day's issue, in which Mr. Frank Newlands, now Congressman from Nevada, had been dealt with as a partner in a queer ore-milling operation—as a partner of Robert F. Morrow, acquitted at Santa Rosa of the charge of jury bribing in San Francisco, largely through the exertions of Thomas Geary, then an attorney and outside manager, now one of California's honored members in the House of Representatives. Mr. Tevis pleaded that the war on Mr. Newlands might cease, and finding me obdurate urged a truce of twenty-four hours. The newspaper was not mine, and I deemed it judicious to oblige the influential Mr. Tevis to that extent. He was very grateful, so grateful, indeed, that early next forenoon he rang the bell of my flat away out on California street. I got up from bed to receive him.

If you enjoy Mr. Tevis' acquaintance you have sunned yourself in that fixed smile of his.

"You have done me a very great service," he said, "and since you have been so kind as to stop the attacks on Mr. Newlands temporarily, I am going to ask you to do it permanently. There, there; don't interrupt me, my good friend. I understand how great a favor I am asking, and I also understand that such favors should be reciprocal—reciprocal. Now, I wish to come to a confidential understanding with you about this. I—"

My answer was that I would come to no understanding with him or anybody that should restrict the paper's liberty to shell the woods when its interests required, and that if he or his friends happened to get in the line of fire, that would be their misfortune and not my fault. I ought to have trapped him, but I could not bear that Lloyd Tevis should remain for a moment under the belief that I was a man of his own kind.

So Mr. Lloyd Tevis departed from my flat without explaining what reciprocal favor it was that he had come to do me in consideration of my betraying the trust reposed in me by my employer.

When this same busy millionaire (who includes the social leadership of the local aristocracy among his activities) retired from the Presidency of Wells, Fargo & Co., some months ago, it may be remembered that almost every paper in San Francisco offered tribute to his abilities and virtues in long articles. They were all paid for at so much a line, or if any journal was so artless as to print the praises for nothing it cheated itself, and that is a calamity which seldom befalls in metropolitan journalism. Mr. Tevis, like most of the predatory rich, is inordinately vain. If applause is not to be had by them from the de-

spoiled and despised public, a claque is employed. The printing of Senator Stanford's portrait through the years in the loyal and admiring press of San Francisco, daily and weekly, to say nothing of letter-press encomiums, must have cost him, or the Southern Pacific, an imposing sum. But the vanity of the predatory rich is a theme that can wait. It is entitled to more than incidental treatment.

There are happier lots than being a preacher of the gospel in San Francisco. The town is not reverent; even the press dares to be critical, and encourages the scoffer who, scarcely concealing himself behind the fence of science, shies the pebbles of skepticism. The pulpit perennially is accused of being intellectually feeble, as though it were possible for every preacher to be a Beecher, a Smith or a Swift. Why, the scoffer demands, has no theologian of position arisen to do battle with Professor Jordan, who salutes the gorilla as brother, acknowledges the blood-relationship of the alligator, includes everything living as a member of the family, and reserves for man the distinction only of head of the house? If this be true, if the most eminent of clergymen has, in common with all animals, only a protoplasmic germ for his ultimate ancestor, what does it avail him or his theology to sit down at meat with Professor Le Conte and cheerily cry that he asks nothing more of the evolutionist than that behind the germ he will permit the Creator to survive? What, in such case, inquires the artful Agnostic, becomes of the Garden of Eden and Adam? If no Adam, then no fall, and if no fall, no need of redemption, and consequently no Savior. Hence the destruction of the whole fabric of the church's faith. But the enemies of Zion are too eager. The brethren must be given time. There are other matters of more immediate concern which must receive attention ere the pulpit invites men and women whose knowledge and brains breed doubts to come and have those doubts removed. When the Midwinter Fair has been closed on Sundays, and dancing has been abolished, and small boys have been induced to give up smoking cigarettes, the giants in Israel will have leisure for the light and refreshing task of slaying the tawny monkey of evolution.

Though Senator Stanford, when he reared the first building of his University, might well have had cut in stone over the portal the words "With Apologies to God," the institution is doing much for the State which the founder appropriated. President Jordan, besides possessing a good brain and a man's courage, has an engine's force. Not only does he push the Stanford University ahead, but the rivalry has shaken Berkeley out of its sleep. This awakening has, as yet, resulted merely in distress, but in the end the State University will have to spring up and do. That cannot happen, of course, until the Board of Regents has been reorganized, and some of the amiable and learned old gentlemen of the faculty have been re-

placed with men who understand that they are living in the present century. But these changes will come. They must.

The Republican party of California is strenuously seeking harmony. That is, all the bosses, great and little, and all the office-holders and those who want office, are preaching the necessity of compromising their quarrels. The Republican who thinks the party needs to be rescued from the position of kept-mistress of the interests which care everything for their own welfare and nothing for the State's has not yet made his voice heard above the bargaining whispers.

Judge Divver, the eminent New York jurist, is among us and has disclosed to the venerated press the process by which one may rise from the station of a newsboy to a seat on the bench and the enjoyment of Tammany's confidence. It is to "make only few promises and keep them." The rule is good, and was always observed by the really successful buccaneers who harvested the Spanish main. In the absence of a perfectly definite understanding with the crew before starting on a cruise, quarrels and slaughter were sure to ensue when the booty came to be divided. If the State University could prevail upon Judge Divver to address its law students before his return to the scene of his triumphs, the good fortune of Stanford in securing ex-President Harrison as a lecturer might be offset. Indeed, for purposes of actual practice at the San Francisco bar, the precepts of his Honor of Tammany would be of undeniably superior value.

In the first issue of this *Letter* I said that though subscriptions and advertisements would not be scorned, they should not be solicited. That ground will be maintained. I shall bother the public with no appeals for support, such as they are accustomed to from publications of all kinds. As it is not my intention to enlarge the *Letter*, it being quite big enough to give me my say from week to week, I should with reluctance surrender much of its space to advertisers. Therefore, the rate has been doubled—raised from \$10 per inch per month to \$20. It is not likely that many advertisements will be offered at that figure, except of such a character as I have already refused. Unlike the dailies, the *Letter* will always be kept clean and fit to enter a gentleman's home.

If the Midwinter Fair is not to be a failure, damaging to California materially, and wounding to its pride, the management must be changed. Up to date it has been Mr. de Young's Fair, and a large proportion of the people cannot rid themselves of the feeling that in visiting it they are doing him a benefit.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

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The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped, and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

In determining to publish a paper which would assert the right of the individual citizen to stand upright and covered in the presence of the predatory millionaires who exercise dominion over San Francisco and California, I was not so simple and inexperienced as to think they would acquiesce, without a struggle, in so strange and perturbing a violation of custom. I knew that in declaring war upon the personal tyranny of the Huntingtons, and Crockers, and Tevises, and De Youngs, and the bargaining politicians and bribe-taking newspapers—all the associated villainies, as I have described them—they would fight back. I am conscious that whatever they dare to do to crush this *Letter*, and silence me, they will do; for to permit one rebel to become successful is to insure ultimate revolution. But I gave credit to the allied forces of moneyed scoundrelism for more brains than they are proving themselves to possess. I fancied that they had some skill of fence, and that there would be a passable degree of ingenuity in their defensive tactics. The extraordinary manner in which the public have walked forward to meet and welcome the little weekly that preaches the modest gospel of self-ownership and manhood has astonished the associated villainies more than it has me, for it has deprived them of what I retain—coolness of head.

The subjoined correspondence has occurred since the second number of the *Letter* was issued. I submit it to the people of California, both because I am entitled to rise to a question of personal privilege, and because it aids well in throwing light upon the conditions which have rotted the press of San Francisco, daily and weekly, and caused freedom of speech on the part of the individual to be regarded as a luxury attended by danger. On Saturday last I wrote and mailed the following letter:

429 Montgomery Street.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 24, 1894.

Mr. M. H. de Young:

SIR:—I know the precise sum you recently paid the *Post* as a bribe in the expectation of silencing me while I was an editorial writer on that paper. This definite knowledge, however, would not be needed to enable me to comprehend the inspiration of the article relating to myself in to-day's *Wasp*. The minor dailies, and all the weeklies, save one, are at your orders. Therefore, I shall hold you responsible for whatever they print that may be objectionable to me.

The only portion of the *Wasp's* article that I deem worthy of attention is the concluding line, in

which, by necessary implication, I am accused of being "a boozy journalist who beat his wife, and forgot to pay his debts." I shall not stoop to characterize such a statement. Wives may as well be kept out of our controversy; but if it is your desire to match family histories—including births, marriages and deaths—I shall at once forego a gentleman's natural disinclination, and, descending to your level, meet you in your native mud.

I give you permission to publish, in any of your organs, anything you or they know, or can ascertain, regarding my personal habits, past or present, and also to search the record of my career for a single dishonorable act. But I draw the line at my home's door, and at lying.

Yours to command,

ARTHUR MCEWEN.

P. S. I reserve the right to print this letter, should that seem to me at any time to be expedient.

Mr. de Young received this early on Monday, and sent me the following reply:

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT,
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE,
M. H. DE YOUNG, Proprietor.
SAN FRANCISCO, February 26, 1894.

Arthur McEwen, Esq., 429 Montgomery Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

SIR:—I am in receipt of your communication dated February 24th. In reply I would state that I had nothing whatever to do with the publication referring to you in the *Wasp*, or in any other weekly or daily paper. It is my opinion that acurrility is best met by silence, and that no gentleman can protect himself against the assaults of unprincipled opponents by recrimination. I agree with you perfectly that women should be kept out of public controversies, and that it is an indecency and an outrage to which no honorable man should resort to avenge his personal wrongs by assailing the wives and families of his detractors or enemies. I not only believe this, but I carry my belief into practice, as your knowledge of the *Chronicle* must tell you. I repeat again that I know nothing of any assaults made upon you in any San Francisco or other journal, and that if I had my way your insulting and uncalled for assaults on me would be treated with the contempt they deserve. The personal differences which are known to exist between you and Mr. Flynn must not be laid at my door. That gentleman publishes his own paper and I have no control whatever over his actions.

I am, sir, yours, etc.,

M. H. DE YOUNG.

To this I made answer:

429 Montgomery Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, February 26, 1894.

M. H. de Young:

SIR:—Falsehood will not avail you. The minor San Francisco dailies, and all the weeklies, save one, are under your orders. No differences have existed between Mr. Flynn and myself. The article which appeared in the *Wasp* of last week relating to me was carried to your office for approval prior to publication, and, I have no doubt, was paid for by you.

I repeat that I shall hold you responsible for what is said of me by the purchasable portion of the press, daily and weekly.

Yours to command,

ARTHUR MCEWEN.

I have been too long in the newspaper offices not to have learned how to meet the sort of bushwhacking operations which General de Young flattered himself he could direct unseen from behind the shelter of his check-book. I shall deal, now and in the future,

with principals only. The squalid guerrilla soldiery of the press who can sink to taking a De Young's pay are safe from my pen. I know not how to add to the vividness of any decent man's realization of their debasement.

There are many newspapers in California under subsidy by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Mr. Huntington is the official head, the brains, the absolute master of that corporation and all its appurtenances, journalistic and other. Instead of writing to Mr. Huntington personally concerning the conduct of a few of his papers which I have noted, I shall address him here in type. One, I see, affirms that the *Letter*, besides being variously unworthy, "does not hesitate to assail the honor of women." Of course, I know that Mr. Huntington did not instruct this organ to say that, nor do I suppose for a moment that Mr. Crocker did, or even any of the house-servants at the Fourth and Townsend offices. But the creature would not have written his falsehood had he not supposed its publication would be pleasing to his benefactor. Every public man who has at any time raised his voice in California against the continuing plunder of the people by the Southern Pacific, has suffered under persevering newspaper detraction; every newspaper that has revolted against its censorship has paid a heavy fine in reduced revenues, or has gone to an honorable grave.

I wish to say to Mr. Huntington that he is destined to undergo a new experience. This *Letter* is different from all other newspapers he has ever seen, inasmuch as it has no advertising business that it cares for, so it cannot be injured on that side. It depends for existence upon its circulation, and Mr. Huntington cannot stop that, though its sale has been forbidden on the trains of his lines, an exercise of press censorship which I propose to question in the courts. Furthermore, the public men who have crossed swords with the Southern Pacific have been professional men with practice to lose, or business men with interests to be damaged, and, in most cases, they have had a political ambition at stake. I am not a public man, and from all these disadvantages I am free. Slander, therefore, is the only weapon that Mr. Huntington has left wherewith to encounter me. I shall not assume that he will attempt to resort to it when he has read this explanation. Should he do so, I shall order him, as I have Mr. de Young, to lay the weapon down.

I set up my right as a citizen and a journalist to tell whatever truths I please which I conceive it will advantage the public to be informed of, and I forbid the Huntingtons, and De Youngs, and Crockers, and Fairs and Tevises to retort with lies. I say again that

I shall deal with principals only, and, in return for falsehoods printed in newspapers which are subject to the control of the associated villainies, there will be proper reprisal—not in kind, of course, but in truth. My character is not to be measured with the characters of these men. It is clean. Further, it is my capital, and one of the few things they will not be allowed to steal is my reputation. Not only must they refrain from directly procuring the publication of lies, but I require that they shall instruct their press to follow the line of conduct which I have set forth for Mr. de Young.

The public will not misapprehend the motive which induces all this writing about myself. They have already demonstrated that they comprehend the purpose and significance of the *Letter*. In position, means and power, out of my profession, I am individually of little importance, but in standing for my right to speak what is true, and should be spoken in a country which by its constitution is free, I stand for every other man's right to do the same thing; and, in notifying the predatory and corrupting rich that they shall slander me at their own risk, I serve a like notification for every citizen who cares to hold the title deeds to his brain and tongue and pen.

I will now proceed to give an example of what I mean by my announcement that I shall deal with principals only. It will be observed that in the letter of Mr. de Young, published above, the sentiments of which in relation to what constitutes legitimate journalism do him so much honor, he does not take notice of the opening sentence of mine, wherein I state that "I know the precise sum you [he] recently paid the *Post* in the expectation of silencing me while I was an editorial writer on that paper." Although Mr. de Young received my letter early on Monday, in ample time to issue instructions to his daily newspapers, he nevertheless allowed the *Post* of the same evening to publish a paragraph that, by innuendo, questioned the integrity of my motive in presenting to the public the portrait of Mr. de Young which appeared in the first number of the *Letter*. That is not to be tolerated. In mercy I would be disposed to withhold the shameful story of why I withdrew my pen from the *Post*'s service, but, after serious consideration, I cannot see that I would be justified in condoning a moral felony by concealment. The public may remember that up to about a month ago the *Post* waged a brisk warfare upon the management of the Midwinter Fair, treating, with all the freedom that irony would permit, of Director-General de Young's character, political and social aspirations, and the grotesque employment of his own newspaper, the *Chronicle*, to belaud himself. I was not a member of the *Post*'s office staff, but I furnished those articles as a contributor. Mr. Hugh Hume's name appears as proprietor of the *Post*, and Mr. de Young sent for him. He wanted to know why the *Post* was attacking and ridiculing him, and Mr. Hume's reply was that his motive was the same as had inspired the *Chron-*

icle to assail Richard H. McDonald, Jr. The pertinency of that answer was understood by Mr. de Young, though not by myself when it was repeated to me. Another interview followed, in which Mr. de Young declared he could not submit to the *Post*'s mauling, and that he would fight back unless it should stop. Thereupon Mr. Hume inquired if Mr. de Young thought he had anybody in the *Chronicle* building who was equal to doing battle with Arthur McEwen and Ambrose Bierce—the latter gentleman, Mr. Hume asserted, having promised to lend his pen gratis to the *Post* at any time for the good work. A week later Mr. Hume received \$2,000 from Mr. de Young to let him alone, and from that day to this the *Post* has been not only respectful, but eager to serve his purposes and feed his vanity. I ceased contributing to the *Post* at once, of course, and, in resigning, wrote Mr. Hume: "M. H. de Young must not be permitted for a moment to think that he can include me in your bargain, or the public to suppose I am other than an honest man."

I make no statements on hearsay regarding this instance of blackmail—this example of Mr. de Young's power to dictate the utterances of the minor San Francisco dailies, and all the weeklies, save one. Mr. Hume is my authority for everything that I have said. And while it is the reverse of agreeable to be aware that I was used to terrify any man into paying money to one of the predatory poor, I confess there is a pleasure, not to be approved by the higher morality, in the knowledge that the victim was M. H. de Young. There is in the incident a justice so poetic, a retribution so providential, as to assure me that my sinful pleasure will be widely shared.

A number of newspapers of the interior in mentioning this *Letter* express the belief that it has already made Mr. de Young's election to the Senate impossible. The people, they say, would never consent to such a man as I have described being commissioned to represent them. This is far too cheerful, too confident a view. The people of California do not often have much influence in determining who shall be Senator. Bad character, inferior intellect and unspeakable manners furnish no guaranty against the political success of a man who has money to buy most things that he desires, and the power to intimidate persons whose influence is not to be had for a bank check. I reiterate that the people of California, in the mass, deserve the punishment of Mr. de Young's election, and I think it extremely likely that the punishment will be inflicted. Such citizens as are capable of appreciating the enormity of the impending disgrace must not think that it can be averted without strenuous effort. Mr. de Young has a position in our politics that may well give him a sense of security. The local Republican machine will probably be at his service, for nobody is in the contest against him who will be so ready to spend money. Though far from being free-handed ordinarily, his mind is bent on securing such further prominence and social distinction as the office of Senator

would confer, and the workers—that is to say, the mercenaries—of his party will encourage him to persevere. Only one other man in California has more power over the press. One of Mr. de Young's methods for bringing it under his sway I have revealed, but there are many newspapers, which, while above accepting his checks and having no respect whatever for the man in any aspect, will admit nothing to their columns that would be unpleasant for him to read. A proportion of these may, under compulsion of Democratic party duty, oppose his election, but, unless the fashion shall change, they will not oppose him because he is what he is. The explanation of Mr. de Young's mastery, whole or partial, of so many tolerably reputable journals in California and throughout the Pacific coast, is that he dominates the Associated Press here, and the proprietors of the newspapers in question are his subordinate partners, and, to a degree, dependent upon his will for the daily telegraphic dispatches indispensable to a newspaper. Men hate to do anything under compulsion, and are prone to delude themselves into the belief that they perform voluntarily actions which they could not afford to leave undone. Hence there has of late grown up a practice of writing well of Mr. de Young—magnifying his services to the State as a commissioner to the World's Fair and as the originator of the Midwinter Exposition, which is being hurt by his connection with it. His claim to having conceived the project is vehemently disputed, but that matters nothing. Give him what he claims, yet to grant him thereby the right to soil and imperil the Fair by his headship and secretive management of its finances, is equivalent to recognizing the pointer's right to eat the birds he flushes. It has also become usual to hear the opinion that Mr. de Young's incapacity to understand what others think of his accomplishments and pertinacity would procure consideration for California in the Senate. This patriotic hope would, perhaps, be disappointed, for Senators are ordinarily gentlemen, and the society of Washington has the sensibilities of civilization, and is not without humor. Then the defense which is made here of his peculiarities—that his venality, vulgarity, impudence and fantastic egotism have become so familiar as no longer to excite surprise or give offense—would hardly be accepted there.

Armed, therefore, with money, his hold on the press, the spreading belief among the people that his baleful energy would be useful to the State, and with a confidence in his own success which springs from a full purse and a perfectly sincere admiration of himself, Mr. de Young is a candidate for the United States Senate who is not to be safely regarded as harmless by such as feel that they would have to bear a share of the shame were he to be elected.

Besides—and it is a very large besides—Mr. Huntington wants him in the Senate, and Mr. Huntington is the Southern Pacific Railroad and leased lines. His grip on the

press and the political parties of California is a giant's, in comparison with which Mr. de Young's, formidable as it may be, is but a child's.

Mr. Huntington has been pleased to return to us. It is his annual practice now to come out and give an owner's careful inspection to California, his plantation. We all read in the sympathetically happy dailies a week ago how, after he had conferred with the superintendents of departments and satisfied himself as to the cash balance, Mr. Huntington trotted about the corridors of his castle at Fourth and Townsend in high spirits, chatting affably with the overseers, telling how good it was to get back to the genial climate, and occasionally speaking a kind word even to the clerks. As for the field hands—the rest of us—Mr. Huntington has not yet had time, I suppose, to deliver us the customary lecture on our commercial, moral and political shiftlessness. He is a cheerful, frank old pirate who reproves his subjects like a patriarch. It is his intention, he says, to spend all his winters hereafter among us. You observe that, though he has seen seventy odd winters, Mr. Huntington is so used to command that he speaks of Time himself as though he were a slave. I dare say the old gentleman means to exist forever. Men of his order generally feel that way. They must, or they could not live, plan and execute as they do. What are his occupations, his pleasures, aside from the satisfaction of supremacy, the joy of striking the cards, winning the game, and beaming on his pile? He has none of the gratifications, none of the illusions, that arise from altruistic impulses, or the desire for popularity, or any other common form of vanity. He is as direct in his methods, and the same in results, as a quartz mill. If he owns a heart, only those near to him ever hear its beatings.

There are numerous ways of viewing Mr. Huntington, and California has ceased to have a taste for any of them. It has given him up, and been reduced to trusting in God. His roads last year earned in gross over forty-eight million dollars, most of which came from the pockets of this State's population. How much of this tremendous sum was fairly earned, how much taken without an equivalent returned, the farmers, the merchants, the workmen, and all of us who, according to our respective businesses and financial measure, paid the tax, are likely to hold an opinion very different from that entertained by Mr. Huntington, who complains of hard times, and reproachfully points to a decrease of above two hundred and ten thousand dollars in his net earnings, as compared with the previous year. He scoffs at the notion, which is somewhat prevalent, that a competing railroad would be good for the State, pointing out that he would gladly do more hauling and make more money if we would give him the opportunity. When one railroad is in this obliging state of mind, what would be the use of another? By his management he has practically reduced San

Francisco to a retail city—the village store of the plantation—letting other lines cut off the wholesale trade to the north and south, and sacrificing the nearer field to the Chicago invader. The one-time merchant princes of San Francisco have become shop-keepers. Front and Sansome streets, thanks to Mr. Huntington and his partners, show us the blessings of a peasant proprietary. The best of them now are but "free niggers" on the estate, doing rather well in their humble way. Much as the Southern Pacific system has done for the development of California, it is moderate to say that the State would to-day have been twice as populous, and twice as rich, had her railroads been conducted for purposes of business, and not of robbery.

From the beginning C. P. Huntington has been the intellect of the corporation which long ago swelled into a power greater than the State. It was Huntington who wrestled with the world for money when money was a vital need of the new enterprise. In after years the superior local fame of Stanford goaded him into saying, so it has been recorded, that the Senator's contribution to the splendid result was to turn the first spadeful of earth and drive the last spike. Allowing liberally for the element of luck in it all, the ability of Mr. Huntington is not to be gainsaid. He is one of the great financiers of the country. It was his lot to be born with a brain that thinks dollars as Napoleon's did battles. Gifted with a conscience that never questioned a coin where it came from so long as it came to him, he never let one escape him without knowing where it was going and what for. He is not miserly—being too sensible a man to have virtues—but when a dollar is in his possession he conceives that it thereby acquires a right to be treated with respect by others. Once he drew the attention of the clerk at the Palace Hotel to an overcharge of a quarter in his bill. "Oh, well," smiled the clerk, correcting the error, "you know it's nothing to you, Mr. Huntington." "Young man," answered the old gentleman, with a touch of asperity and some scorn, pocketing the recovered two-bits, "you'll never be able to track me through life by the quarters I have dropped." In great things, as in little, there is the same definiteness, the same firmness, the same resolve to have what belongs to him—or to others, for that matter. He is a Bismarck who set out to create a fortune instead of an empire. To build his railroad he risked everything, dared everything, sacrificed everything, employed everything. If he needed ties and rails he bought them; if Congresses, Legislatures and courts, they became his. Stephen J. Field has omitted much in his published reminiscences. When the Contract and Finance Company finished its work and paid its organizers millions which did not belong to them, the books were destroyed. The enormous debt of the Central Pacific to the Government is nearly due, and Mr. Huntington, who hopes that times will be less hard for him in the twenty-first century, is asking Congress to extend

the date of payment for a hundred and twenty-five years.

A hard but cheery old man, with no more soul than a shark, but possessed of a mind as clear and strong as Jay Gould's, Mr. Huntington laces the world at the close of his life with a serenity that is complete, because no doubt ever touches his consciousness that he is not a rounded and enviable success. To the philosophical he has the same interest that inheres in a complicated and beautifully working piece of mechanism, which fulfills the design of its maker with resistless force and flawless perfection. The man clicks. It is written that God aforesaid was not a stranger to repentance in viewing His works; the fancy is, therefore, not irreverent that regrettable mistakes have been made since the Flood. Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, as a member of the Federal Railroad Investigating Commission, advised in his report that the Government institute legal proceedings to recover from Huntington, Stanford and the others their private fortunes, and also proceed against them criminally. Assuredly, if even the low standard of the statutes could be applied to the master of this plantation, his dwelling-place would not be what still is the most beautiful house in San Francisco. Apply to him any theory of life which does not count money and money's power as the purposes of our little pause at the well of existence and the man becomes a whimsical perversion, to be pitied, abhorred or scorned, according to temperament and point of view. Yet he is the type of success toward which all save a few of America's most energetic, capable and ambitious men are struggling. He stands for materialism unrelieved.

But Mr. Huntington, though he despoils us and flouts us for complaining, and bears with us as if we were petulant children, and makes our laws for us—declining to obey them himself, or putting in office men who will not ask him to do a thing so inconvenient—has his good points. He is no humbug. He pretends to be nothing but a business man. The honors of public station or the gauds of title have no allurements for him. Were he to be offered a throne his first inquiry would be as to the royal revenues, his next act to examine the throne itself and estimate its value at a forced sale. If he has elected men to Congress, and caused the people to wish they had not elected sundry judges and Legislatures and Railroad Commissioners, he has never pretended that these activities had the noble purpose of serving the public. It is not his way to declare that the commonwealth shall be officered virtuously and prove it by buying the votes of the people. He endows no hospitals, establishes no schools among us, since he does not care for the applause that is given a philanthropist. Not being superstitious, he smiles when he reads of the buccannery of other days vowing silver statues and candles to the Virgin in reward of her patronage in their cruises after prizes. He builds not a wing to any church in the ex-

pectation of mollifying God. Indeed, Mr. Huntington sees no reason why his Creator should not approve of him, and be proud on the whole of His handiwork.

Mr. Huntington's reservoir of energy is inexhaustible apparently. Endless drafts have been made upon it during the latter half of his life, but though as bald as the American eagle on our dollar, and as white as one just minted, he is as active as most men who lead good lives find themselves at fifty. To say nothing of the ceaseless care required by his main pile—round which he must circle, gun in hand always, to keep undeveloped Huntingtons away from it—the old gentleman has a thousand worries. Half a dozen of his minor cares would unnerve a human being. But so long as he continues to harvest money, Mr. Huntington minds neither the burden of years nor the responsibilities of business. It is when he is losing cash, or prevented from making it—which is the same thing—that he becomes aware, and lets others see, that he is no longer the tireless dredger he once was. The unnatural crime of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company in beginning a rate-cutting war is frowning his brow and saddening his eye. The merry shouts of the field hands that float in at his window while they gather the fall of manna that should be his, harass him. He is doubtless disturbed also at the signs which show a falling off in the popular interest in the fund for furnishing work at a dollar a day to the unemployed in the Golden Gate Park. At first the money of the charitable flowed in with generous readiness. Mr. Sloss, Mr. Flood, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Sachs, and some others of Mr. Huntington's fellow-millionaires, who have not rid themselves of useless, not to say pernicious sympathies, drew large checks and committed the absurdity of giving them away. Latterly, though, the fund has had to depend in the main on the contributions of the moderately well-to-do, or clerks, porters, errand-boys, and other employees of stores and factories, who gratify themselves in a weak, sentimental way by making up combined contributions, and repeating them, out of their small wages. Even these sources of supply are being drained dry, and Mr. Huntington is concerned, for of every dollar given by the charitable to the Park laborers, the deserving Mr. Huntington gets ten cents. He sees that the fund amounts to ninety thousand dollars, and that means nine thousand dollars for him—a testimonial from the benevolent on which he has to pay nothing for collection, since, instead of having to send agents around to Pauper Alley to gather the toll, it is taken up by the blue-coated conductors of his cable-cars, whose wages are not affected by the increase of their labors. Such few workmen as greedily withhold the Huntington percentage by walking to and from the Park, are more than made up for by the number of people who are drawn to visit the scene of their toil, in order to witness the awful spectacle of the unfit fighting with a loaded shovel the Christian civilization whose forces are upon them to exterminate.

The normally constituted will think that were they in Mr. Huntington's place they would seek occasional escape from all disquietudes by turning the mind to things remote from business of every kind. Mr. Huntington feels no such need. He is destitute of taste for poetry, music, the drama—the whole æsthetic side of existence—as was exhibited the other day when he eliminated Mr. J. D. Redding from the law department of the Southern Pacific. As for literature, it is one of the non-dividend-paying follies of mankind. Mr. Huntington cannot spell diamonds, but he can buy them, which is better.

But, when all is said, let us be just and keep in mind that though Mr. Huntington has been charged with many frauds he himself is not one. And he has even been known to open his strong-box and bestow largess. For the creation of the waterfall on Strawberry Hill he gave \$25,000. That act of munificence, however, was less of a public benefaction than a mark of appreciation and esteem, for services rendered, to Park Commissioner W. W. Stow. It is as though a monarch on hearing a faithful noble express admiration for a summer-house or rookery in the royal pleasure grounds, should signify his gracious will that one like it be at once constructed in the park of the loyal vassal. The gift of the waterfall divulges the fact that there is some blood in Mr. Huntington's arteries, and the world has had greater surprises than it would be to discover when his will is opened that he has laid a mortgage on posterity, to be paid in a renown exceeding that of even so eminent a philanthropist as Leland Stanford, his late partner, whom he did not love.

The merchants of San Francisco have been matching their strength with Mr. Huntington's for a few years back, with no very elating results. The cause of the Traffic Association is just, but two factors have combined to deny it wide popularity and large fruitage. The rebellion came too late, and the people of the interior have memories. In times past, when the whole State was up in battle temper and not without hope that the ballot was a weapon sharp enough to cut the thongs wherewith the Southern Pacific has bound California, the merchants of San Francisco stood apart and refused to lift a hand in the good fight. Either they were purchased by special privileges vouchsafed to them individually, or they were too cowardly to be manly, or they argued that as a large part of the discrimination of which the interior complained favored the metropolis, it would not be "business" for them to object to injustice by which they temporarily profited. So it has come about that when the merchants of San Francisco themselves feel the agony of the penetrating horn, their outcry against the expediency of permitting oxen to gore reaches ears that are dull and minds that are chilled. Nevertheless, the Traffic Association stands for what is right, and the interior, by letting recollection of former selfishness and poltroonery here affect its posture, is engaging in a pastime that

Mr. Huntington enjoys witnessing—the good old popular sport of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face.

As for a competing railroad—well, should one come, it will be cordially received, but insurance of its continuing to compete will be needed. Not until the Nicaragua canal has been cut will San Francisco be sure that it is a free city.

I desire to give public expression to my thanks to Mr. James H. Barry, editor and publisher of the *Star*, for the courage and courtesy that have made me his debtor. I doubt if I could have got the *Letter* printed in any other San Francisco office, so pervasive is the fear of the predatory rich. They have neither scruples nor pride to restrain them from taking revenge on those who assist any one who has the hardihood to question by criticism their right to dominion over San Francisco. Mr. Barry's *Star* has long fought on the same ground as the *Letter*, if in a different way. It is as earnest and devoid of fear as its editor, and withal an intelligent advocate of the single tax, the initiative and referendum, proportional representation and like special plans of industrial and political reform which interest multitudes of thoughtful men, at the top, as well as the bottom, of the social pyramid.

The argument made in favor of fixing a permanent water rate in this city—that the Spring Valley would be "taken out of politics" and the corruption of successive Boards of Supervisors cease—appears to meet with more approval than indignation. Certainly it is desirable that Supervisors should be honest, but what is the moral state of a community that will listen undisturbed to a corporation which has the impudence, through its organs and spokesmen, to offer to enter into a treaty not to bribe any more officials if the municipal government will remove its motive for doing so? The knowledge that moral earthquakes do occur in all American cities, even if at wide and painfully irregular intervals, forbids hopelessness. When it comes San Francisco's turn again, crime will be looked upon as crime. Then Spring Valley's legal expenses will be largely increased, and possibly San Quentin get its dues. This corporation is representative of about all those we have which are *quasi* public in their business. They are the most dangerous of the influences which pervert the law from its equal ends, and, by bringing government into contempt, endanger order and weaken the security of property.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped, and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

Letters come to me daily in handfuls, all touching my little paper. Nine-tenths of these messages are from men who are personally strangers to me. At first the writers were confined to San Francisco and its suburbs; then the mails brought in returns from all portions of the State. Now they reach me from Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. Two arrived from Chicago Monday, three from New York were delivered yesterday, and one from Boston. Nearly all contain words of ardent encouragement. Some add advice, some criticise my method of rebuking sin by singling out the representative sinner and making an example of him. A few, written by very serious men, committed to this or that special scheme of industrial, political or social reform, approve the *Letter's* spirit, but inquire at what ultimate end I am aiming. Each of these last urges me, of course, to become the user of his particular key for unlocking the social problem. "You seem," writes one, "to have no broad principles to advocate—no cure to propose for the evils that you so vividly and truthfully picture." The cure which this gentleman proposes is Henry George's land tax. Another insists that the *Letter* will accomplish nothing until it shall become the champion of the referendum and initiative, and still another holds that proportional representation in our legislative bodies and co-operation among producers, are the only solvents. The Socialists and Anarchists have not begun to instruct me yet, which is surprising, for, contrary to the popular impression, they are much fonder of the pen than of the bomb.

I find that the ordinary daily and weekly newspapers of the interior understand the scope and purpose of the *Letter* far better than the professional world-reformers do. Already I have written how amazed I have been at the warmth of the welcome given the paper by the public, whose demand has rendered it necessary to print fifteen thousand of each number, and made it evident that the stereotyped forms will have to be sent to the press again. I am equally impressed by the frank and generous reception accorded by the journalists of the coast. It would take the space afforded by half a dozen *Letters* to reprint in small type all the articles of commendation that have appeared concerning it. There are adverse voices, to

be sure, some of them unquestionably sincere, but in general the condemners speak in the thrifty expectation of gaining the approval of the influential subjects of the *Letter's* whip. In the mass the newspapers perceive with me that the *Letter* is contending for something broader than any specific scheme for bettering conditions which has yet sought attention. Until it has been demonstrated that a man can stand for himself in California and conquer the right of free speech here, it ought to be obvious that no other deep-reaching reform can get a fair chance to be heard. There is no longer any doubt of the *Letter's* success. Whether its circulation shall expand in number as well as in territory, or contract as novelty wears off, I do not know, and I am not much concerned to learn, for its permanency is assured. I shall continue simply to speak the truth as I see it, and rely upon the intelligent and manly for my clients, knowing that they will recognize the sincerity of the utterance even if they do not always agree with the matter uttered.

The *Letter* will bear fruit on other boughs than its own. Its existence is a disturbing assault upon the capitalized daily press—upon that gross overgrowth in commercial importance of the American newspaper which has removed it in reality nearly altogether from the domain of journalism and made it in essence the same in motive as Armour's pork-packing establishments. There is nothing discreditable in following the profitable occupation of pork-packing, but if Mr. Armour were to appear at his office door each morning and evening and proclaim to the public that he packed pork for their enlightenment and uplifting and in defense of their liberties, he would be imitating the news factories, which throw in an editorial page with every sale of their wares. That hypocrisy is what makes the ordinary commercial newspaper odious. It is no more free to say what its editorial writers think than is a merchant when he hands over a purchase to a customer to add his unsolicited private judgment of that customer's character and personal peculiarities. The monster newspaper establishments that are features of every city are evolutions from the old journalism of opinion, when the editorial page had slight or no relations with the advertising department. The body has grown enormously and the mind has been retained, but the soul is gone. We must be just, however. Not all newspaper proprietors are deliberate pretenders. Most of them, like other men, are creatures of their environment, of custom. Generally they do not think clearly enough to be aware of the true relations which their properties bear to the public and the public's natural enemies, the

shearers. I have often known owners of newspapers to fly in the face of their immediate financial interest by publishing things that were true and that they felt it would be cowardly and wrong not to publish. No other class of business men with whom I am acquainted make so many sacrifices of this kind. It is a necessity of the trade, of course, to keep up an appearance of public spirit, but I do not mean that. On the average, the daily press does more for the people than the people deserve, measuring their desert by their facility in forgetting benefits rendered and their duty to themselves. Selfish, insincere, cowardly, and even venal, as the ordinary daily newspaper is, it is commonly as far above the mob of its readers in morals and courage as it is below the standard of what a journal should be. It is considerably better, I think, than the average business man who advertises in it and exerts his repressive influence over it. If a page advertisement of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company—setting forth either the merits of its marketable lands or the virtues of its candidate for the United States Senate, say—will affect the editorial view of any daily newspaper in San Francisco, how many men are there on Front and Sansome streets whose opinion of the righteousness and utility of the Traffic Association's work could not be modified by the grant of a special freight rate? Facts must be faced. The age is commercial, and commercial principles dominate journalism precisely as they do politics. The rule of life of the financially successful, speaking generally, is every man for himself, and his first duty is to get money.

Nevertheless, better ideals are not forgotten, though they seldom control conduct. Men who fall in with the practice of their time are quite as ready to admit as the most vehement censor is to proclaim, that the practice is wrong, shameful. More than a decade ago a San Francisco importer said to me that the giving of bribes and the taking of false oaths at the Custom House were the conditions on which he must conduct his business. Should he not swear his cargoes in at an under-valuation he could not compete with his rivals. The admission was not made cynically, but with scorn for himself and the situation. He was rich, and did good with his money; educated, and active in promoting libraries and lectures and schools. I have known no more amiable man, and few better. In all his private relations he was upright, clean and cordial. Though a giver of bribes and a committer of perjuries, he knew what honor was and what a gentleman should be. But he was in business in San Francisco, and a change to any other seaport, I suppose, would not have given him a sweeter environment. Had he

been in journalism, he would not have published a *Chronicle*, but the business office of his paper would have lost none of its supremacy over the editorial room. The late Boss Higgins, master of the Republican party of San Francisco, and a man of brains, who, with W. W. Stow, managed the triumph of pure politics witnessed in the first election of the late Senator Stanford, held Front and Sansome streets in a limitless detestation. This was due to his knowledge of the streets and his resentment of their sporadic attempts to rise up and reform local politics by applying business methods to them. In such case, he maintained, they would be fouler. "The roughest things I was ever asked to do," he said to me, "have been by business men. When your eminently respectable merchant goes into politics, or wants what he considers political work done, he makes my hair stand up. Quite a number of them, at one time and another, have looked thunderstruck with surprise when I've had to tell them that I drew the line at bribing judges and juries." I dare say if Mr. Buckley, one-time lieutenant, and later rival to Higgins, were to employ his opulent leisure at Livermore in writing his memoirs, their publication would be met by the dignified silence of Front and Sansome streets, and, likewise, that of California-street hill, where our nobility have their seats.

The press of San Francisco is as good as the town—blackmailing and bribe-taking papers and beggars and leeches included. But the newspapers are not as good as many of the men who write the maimed opinions which they print, nor as the minority of men and women in all walks of life whose rectitude of mind enables them to hold fast to the plain truths in the Ten Commandments. Nor can the newspapers ever be other than they are while they remain mere business concerns—money-making machines. It is not in commercial human nature that they should change their character except under compulsion of self-interest. The Roman Tribune was an officer chosen by the people to protect them from the oppressions of the patricians—the Huntingtons, and Fairs and Tevies of the old republic—and to defend their liberties against the aggressions of the dominant order. A Tribune who acts as advertising agent for the nobility, or serves as footman at their doors, can hardly be looked to for a stern discharge of his public duty. I have said that the *Letter* will bear fruit on other boughs than its own. Mr. Franklin Lane, editor of the *Tacoma News*, is so sanguine as to think that it "marks the beginning of a style of personal journalism in this country much like that which prevails to a great extent in Paris." He is of opinion that "the *Letter* will have many imitators." I sincerely hope so. Could I know that I had pioneered the way for other journalists of conviction and feeling out of the humiliating, discouraging and mind- and heart-hardening service of the conventional editorial room, it would please me mightily. No man capable of writing even passable editorial articles for the regula-

tion daily but has a mind fit for franker, higher things. Every journalist with a brain has been struck with the ludicrous—and sad—contrast between the opinions expressed in the newspaper office and those that are written for its columns. The office view of the editorial page—particularly the view of the men who write the page—nearly always is that it is a solemn, preposterous, but yet necessary humbug. To pause in the middle of the composition of an article and swear freely at his own argument, or subject of laudation, is a frequent form of refreshment with the editorial writer. He would like to write what he believes, but he does not own the paper; he is its attorney, and must perform the professional duty of making out the best case possible for his client. The journalist who is at liberty to write for more than a single paper, and to expose in one the hollowness of what he has laboriously builded in another, is envied his privilege of coming near to getting full expression of his sentiments. Anonymous writing ceases to suggest any personal responsibility for the things penned. Men learn to separate their own convictions wholly from the matter they furnish their employers. Their private opinions are not inquired into by the managing editor, who does not consider his own in making the paper the proprietor wants produced for sale. They take a subject with the conclusions furnished them in advance, as a tailor does an order for a suit of clothes. It is no more difficult to do work of this kind than it is for a lawyer to take whatever side of a case offers first. At first thought one would say that such a divorce of the brain's powers from the mind's beliefs must impair capacity to think clearly and sincerely. So it will, unless the promiscuous advocate has sufficient intellect to rate his journeywork at its right value and to enjoy a mental life away from his bench. Then one may grind out endless tons of anonymous matter to order, and his contempt for it will save him from his own.

The omnipresence of the commercial proprietor and the restraining editor—both of whom good-naturedly, but effectually, squat upon the minds of the professional newspaper writers of the country, and upon those of the magazines generally, too—has caused me to predict through the years that pamphleteering would sooner or later be revived. It is a wonder to me that the newspaper trust, which stifles genuine thought from New York to San Francisco, has not long ago provoked this revolt. But repression breeds cynicism, anonymity dread of conspicuous personal publicity, and poverty an exaggerated sense of helplessness. Moreover, writers not unreasonably take the prosperous proprietor's superiority of judgment for granted. He and they are in the same calling; his judgment of what the public wants has made him rich, while they, who are prone to wish his judgment were incorrect, are poor. The scorn they should feel for him they transfer to the public—deeming it dull, sordid and dead to generous

sentiments. Custom makes cowards of them all. There are plenty of clever men in the newspaper offices—men who have thrice the brains of those to whom they sell their cleverness. The silencing of the genuine thought of these clever men, the submersion of their individuality, their dreary toil at saying for others what the others have not the wit to say themselves—this is a crime of commerce against the State. In a day when the ability to make money is the accepted test of merit—this Jewish age on which we are fallen—poverty is apt to be doubtful of its strength to stand up and speak in honesty. Moreover, men of mental power and light are usually devoid of that intense appreciation of the value of the material prizes of life which induces concentration of the energies in the sustained effort to win them. They forget that the talent for accumulation is the commonest of all talents, and that just as the incaleculably rarer talent for painting or music may reside in a mindless ass, so may the money-making faculty co-exist with a general mental equipment of a car-driver who magnifies his office. Brains need but to summon a little boldness in order to be free. It is not wholly, nor even in large part, the fault of the public—which journalists agree cordially with Vanderbilt in cursing—that a news merchant anywhere, everywhere, is enabled to put a hundred brighter fellow-creatures at work in his factory. There is always a remnant ready to listen when there is something to be said that needs saying. Every real man has but to look inside of himself to learn how others feel about wrongs, political and social, which stir in him a desire to protest. On the Pacific Coast there are some two million people. Fifteen thousand of them buy this *Letter* because it has risen to assert the right of every citizen to speak his mind, however much the predatory rich may object to such rebellious freedom, or however tightly gagged the press may be by their power. Ten thousand may buy it next month, or five thousand the week after, or twenty thousand—it doesn't matter; enough will buy to give me a living and let me own myself and write my own thoughts.

Should Mr. Lane's prediction be realized, and this *Letter* be the precursor of a press conducted and written by journalists, not by news-sellers and dealers in advertisements, the daily newspaper as we have it would, of necessity, be profoundly affected. Either it would be compelled to remodel itself radically, or abandon its false pretences and stand simply for what it is—a thing of news and advertisements, and in nowise more public in function than any store on Market street. If it should determine to be a journal assuming the right to speak for the people, its ideal of success would no longer be to issue a two-story paper from a fourteen-story building. Politicians would have new judges to face, new standards to which to rise. The brains of the community, not the clink of its coin, would be heard. The anomaly would disappear which puzzles most observers—that in a republic the living thought of the people gets no, or faint, expression in its press. It

is above and below the daily newspaper that that must be looked for. In the organs of the workmen, the struggling little advocates of social renovation, the obscure prints which the great public never see, there is raised the protest against a civilization that gives us an Astor with \$23,000 a day for an income at one end, and legions of workless, hungry citizens at the other—a protest that is heard simultaneously in the books of cultivated thinkers and the high-class magazines which go to the homes of the well-to-do, intelligent and socially refined. In the space between, the daily newspaper talks commonplace to the commonplace, and issues coupons for lotteries wherewith to boom its circulation—for the more circulation the more advertisements, yet the more advertisements the more abject the submission to that class described by Draper as the "great mass of common men who impede the progress of civilization in every nation, in every age." But Mr. Lane is younger than I am. I have lived too long to expect spectacular results from small causes, in times of peace. If the continued existence and modest prosperity of the *Letter* shall make the relatively decent newspaper proprietors of San Francisco and the coast ashamed of themselves for being cowardly in proportion to the greatness of their wealth, they will be induced, perhaps, to allow their pockets to take second place occasionally and give their minds and hearts more to do with the management of their journals, or "properties," as they rightly prefer to call them.

The press is a theme of standing interest, for it is what the people allow it to be. Therefore, it is a moral, political and social barometer. How very cowardly the press of San Francisco is, and how wanting in manly sense its management, its evasion of the duty of criticising the Midwinter Fair exhibits. The *Bulletin* and *Examiner* and *Call* know, as does every person of ordinary intelligence, what is the matter with the Fair. There have been gathered on the grounds a collection of buildings and a variety of displays which interest and instruct. There is, besides, much to amuse. The Fair ought to be a great success, but it is not. The reason is self-evident, notorious. Whatever advantage California may derive from exhibiting her material products is more than offset by the exhibition of M. H. de Young as our best human product. It is natural that strangers should suppose that an exposition so important is directed by the most honored and trusted man in the community. Either they encounter Mr. de Young in person, or read his laudations of himself as Director-General in his newspaper, and hear on every side that the Fair is Mr. de Young's Fair, by right of discovery, conquest and possession. They may carry away with them flattering opinions of our oranges, flowers, climate, potatoes, fruits and minerals, but surely no new settler would be a desirable addition to the population who should feel a wish to make his home in a State of which Mr. de Young is apparently the chief citizen.

It is pleaded that but for him there would have been no Midwinter Fair. The answer to that is that it would be better for San Francisco and California not to have one at the cost of the conspicuousness and factitious repute conferred upon him by the Director-Generalship. Others than he claim the merit of the inception, and but for the work of others and the contributions of money by citizens, the Fair could not have existed. But allow him all he claims, and still no excuse is made out for the management. The *Bulletin* and *Examiner* and *Call* are deterred from criticism because they fear that in case of the Fair's failure they would be held responsible. The *Post* showed that the line between objecting to Mr. de Young and injuring the enterprise itself could be clearly drawn, but it ceased its good work when he paid it a bribe of \$2,000 to be silent—at least that was the reason given me by Mr. Hume, the *Post's* proprietor, for his sudden determination to let the Director-General alone, and the confession caused my resignation as an editorial writer for the paper. The Fair is destined to disaster unless the weight of Mr. de Young shall be lifted from it. And with him should beset packing the coterie of confederates who surround him and are permitted to gratify their vulture instinct. The management from the beginning has been befouled by scandal. The Viscount Cornely, a wanderer from nowhere, was made Assistant Director-General by Mr. de Young and permitted to job in concessions. Secretary Badlam, of the Executive Committee, has been allowed to do the same thing. Mr. R. B. Mitchell, also of the Executive Committee—the portrait of whom and history of whose services, at a dollar a line, are appearing in the newspapers—took advantage of his official position to ply his trade as a lawyer by drawing up the contracts of the submissive concessionaires at so much a head. I have found no lawyer who thinks that was reputable practice, and lawyers are not squeamish as a class when fees offer. Mr. de Young himself is reputed to be a partner in the scenic railroad and four other concessions. I do not know if this report is true, but Mr. de Young's character and reputation are not such as to render it past belief. In brief, the men, including the Director-General, who have had, and still have, the active management of the Fair, are not of the kind that any business man would trust with his money except under ample bonds.

Up to Monday last, according to the *Chronicle*, there had been 466,825 admissions through the turnstiles. The Fair has been running six weeks, but though the number of admissions is published daily, no account of receipts is vouchsafed. The reporters of the press are forbidden access to the books. The public are not granted knowledge of how much has been received for space sold, or how much has been paid for concessions, or on what percentage of profits the concessions are operated. Mr. de Young and his immediate associates in the management do not

recognize anybody's right to inquire into the finances of the exposition. He and they give out that were the truth known it would "hurt the Fair." All the security against malversation is Mr. de Young's honor. If a blackmail account were kept in the *Chronicle* office it could not be more carefully guarded from inspection than are the books of the California Midwinter International Exposition, a public enterprise, paid for originally by public contributions, and supported by the public's patronage from day to day.

So long as Mr. de Young remains at the head of the Fair it will fall immeasurably short of accomplishing the good it could otherwise do for the city and State and coast. The thoughtful, the reputable people of California are out of sympathy with the Fair. Gentlemen are ashamed when men from abroad ask them who and what the Director-General is. If they tell the truth, the stranger naturally inquires how it comes that such a person has been placed in a position of eminence and responsibility. There is no answer to this that does not accuse the minds and morals of California. Whether or not Mr. de Young has turned over a new leaf and refrains from secretly making money out of the Fair, there is no doubt at all that he is using it to further his ambition to be a United States Senator, both as a means of advertising himself as the possessor of public spirit and in strengthening his "machine" by the employment of the Fair's patronage.

Why should Mr. de Young be privileged longer to vulgarize the Fair and repel people from it? What legitimate interest can be damaged, what clean bargain affected by his removal? It is an error to imagine that there are great difficulties in the way. The method of removal is perfectly simple. Both he and the other members of the Executive Committee hold their places by appointment from the Committee of Fifty, a body of representative men, which adjourned in June last, subject to the call of the chair. The chairman of that committee is Mayor Ellert, and in him resides the power to summon it at any time to act. It is the Mayor's duty to make the call. Not only is the Fair's financial fate at stake, but the good name of California is in issue. Men who would gladly assist the enterprise with their purses, were Mr. de Young eliminated, have held, and will hold, themselves aloof. Multitudes of others who keep away from the grounds rather than aid, by their presence and half-dollars, the ambition of such a man, would be drawn to the gates. A millionaire, who has self-respect and some State pride, is quoted to me as saying that on the removal of the Director-General and the substitution of an honest and respectable management for the present one, he would agree to raise a fund of \$400,000 to pull the Fair through. Mayor Ellert is a citizen of worth. He understands the situation perfectly, as every gentleman does. It should need small courage for him to convoke the Committee of Fifty. California has suffered more than enough humiliation from the conspicuous-

ness of M. H. de Young as the Director-General of an exposition to which the country and the world have been invited.

Announcement is made that Mr. John D. Spreckels and Colonel Dan. M. Burns have decided to reorganize and purify the Republican party of San Francisco. It needs both improvements, and any citizen has the right to take up the work, of course. But why Mr. Spreckels and Colonel Burns in particular? From whom have they received their commission for the high task? To what acts of statesmanship, to what public service can Mr. Spreckels point in proof of his title and qualifications? He has plenty of money, it is true, and the sort of eminence which wealth confers in this simple republic that rests on manhood suffrage, but if he is otherwise great the fame of his achievements has not spread. Colonel Burns is also rich, and has been in office. Since he retired from place he has been trying to live down the misfortunes that overtook him there, and has succeeded partly, for he is a man of bright wits and much good nature. He has the stuff in him for a leader, and the Republicans might search long without finding a more capable. Yet it is remarkable, if not extraordinary, that the Republican party of San Francisco, which holds the majority of our intelligent citizens—the men of homes, means and social respectability—has so little of the patriotism and energy required to select leaders, instead of accepting them when self-appointed. The local Democrats have a good deal more of the American spirit, if their speech offener retains traces of the brogue. Less selfish respectability, and considerably more appreciation of the responsibility of citizenship, might rescue San Francisco Republicanism from the mud in which it has so long lain, serving as a crosswalk for characterless lawyers and others to pass over on their way from the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets to office.

Mr. Mackay's stepdaughter, who married a brute—one who did not stop at trifles when his demands for money were refused, as his wife relates that once, for this cause, he threw a bottle at her head—has done right to leave him and return with her children to the protection of her native country's laws. The lady has everybody's sympathy, but since the husband proved so terrifying a failure, she might with peculiar fitness have abandoned his title as well as his society and authority, when she fled from him to America and made her knowledge of his atrocities public. The privilege of being called a princess, got from such a prince, was scarcely worth bringing over the ocean. To a sensitive woman the sound of it can recall only painful and humiliating memories. Had Miss Mackay been a poor instead of a rich girl, and the Prince Colonna a gentleman, not a fortune-hunting ruffian, the marriage would have been one of love, and her pride in her title been comprehensible, girls and society being what they are. Now when it is uttered, or seen in print, it points a moral to all young American women whose desire

for social distinction tempts them to the dishonor of trading their dowries and persons for a nobleman's name, when perhaps neither affection nor the suitor's character attracts. If it could be made legal, a tax on these international marriages, contracted between avarice and vanity, would square with equity, produce needed revenue and exercise some little deterrent effect, since all taxes are fines. And speaking of titles of royalty and nobility in general—whether worn by right of inheritance, won by merit, or purchased by marriage or with money—none ought to be recognized in the United States. Such gauds should drop from men and women the instant their feet touch the soil of the republic. They belong to the old world, and as the American plutocracy must go there to lay in a supply, let it consume where it buys. The dancing and feasting plutocracy is unrepugnant enough as we have it, and there ought to be a prohibitive tariff on the importation of second-hand court costumes, so to say, of the European aristocracy. The ill-used wife of Prince Colonna should reassert her Americanism by including in her divorce complaint a petition to be allowed to resume her maiden name.

General Harrison is a much larger man on the lecturer's platform than he was in the President's chair. His discourse to the students of the Stanford University the other day on the evolution of the American people up to the Constitution-making stage of development was excellent. It had a philosophical breadth that was hardly to have been expected from a gentleman noted chiefly in his political career for a certain partisan hardness and Presbyterian narrowness. If the General shall in the other lectures of his course be as large-minded and soundly American, even Oakland will come to think more highly of him.

Mr. Heggarty, who bluntly told the Supervisors on Wednesday last that Spring Valley had dictated the water charges heretofore by bribing officials possessing the legal power to fix them from year to year, said what the public so thoroughly believe to be true that nobody's denial would get credence. Mr. Heggarty would hardly have made such a statement, however, unless he holds specific evidence of corruption, and I trust he will feel it his duty to produce the evidence. Spring Valley will continue to dictate the water charges until some of its officers are brought to trial in a criminal court. It ought to be easier to bring that about than it will be to induce San Francisco to supply herself with water-works of her own.

The *Letter's* want of respect for the characters of the predatory rich and its challenge of their privilege to plunder, have subjected me during the week to the process of "roasting" by the minor organs of the associated villainies from San Francisco to Los Angeles. The papers which burn themselves for my cooking are of the grade that appear to have no reluctance to advertise their posi-

tion in life. Out of the dust and swirl of lying that evidently excites, and must give pleasure to the manufacturers, three bits of truth shine forth. One is that I travel on a free pass. Another is that, finding the *Post* already in the railroad harem—where all the San Francisco dailies have been, and most of them now are—I suggested to the Southern Pacific that it feed and clothe its concubine properly. My suggestion, as Mr. Hume, the editor of the *Post*, afterwards gratefully informed me, was adopted. The third bit of truth is that in times past I consumed a great deal more alcohol than was good for me or the peace and dignity of the commonwealth. As to my traveling, I have been for years on terms of pleasant acquaintanceship with several of the officials of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and from two of them I have on occasion accepted passes, as they would accept a copy of the *Letter* or other small courtesy from me. Mr. Stephen T. Gage and Mr. William H. Mills are the two officials referred to. Both gentlemen, I am sure, will, on application, relieve the minds of the scandalized organs of the distressing suspicion that the passes I have taken, or the dinners I have eaten with them, have ever saved the corporation from a single stroke of my pen. I never insulted them by supposing that their politeness covered an insult to me. Concerning the drinking, that is disgraceful, unquestionably; but I fear it has been advertised by me far more widely than it can be by the organs. It is even true, as they say, that I was so shameless as to avail myself of Dr. Keeley's prescription in the hope—realized—of getting rid of an intermittent but blasting vice. My whole career is at the service of the organs for examination. They can find nothing in it in the way of misdeeds that I am not infinitely more ashamed of having done than that the public should know about them. But my misdeeds, happily, have not been of the sort that affect the welfare of the State, or injure others, since there has been no knavery in any of them. This is not pleasant writing, but as the organs of the rogues whose unaccustomed backs are smarting, have determined that the history of my offenses against sobriety and decorum is necessary for their defense, I think it well to advance the case by admitting that I did go to the "Keeley cure," and that I am endlessly glad I did.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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In the first issue of the *Letter* I said that while I was not so unworldly as to hope I could change the complexion of San Francisco's desires and give it better ideals, I could "at least put men as they really are beside the statues which they have erected to themselves, or had erected in their honor by dishonorable hands." In the case of the living, this work gives the pleasure that every honest man feels in doing what he can to diminish humbug; in the case of the dead, the absence of pleasure in the task renders its performance none the less necessary. A formidable endeavor is being made to sanctify the late Senator Stanford. A few weeks ago orators in both houses of Congress recounted his virtues, and placed his pedestal in the row of innumerable worthies and unworthies who have been taken from their seats by death. These official, formal eulogies have come to import little. The country has grown used to them and understands that no member of Congress, however dull or undeserving, but under the burnishing of the panegyrists—the hired mourners—can be given a glinting polish. It is an evil custom, discreditable to the republic; yet, since it is but a custom, and commonly an empty one, the eulogiums influence neither public opinion nor the judgment of historians in the formation of estimates of the characters of the departed.

But the proceedings at Palo Alto on the 9th instant, and in this city at the Palace Hotel on the evening of the day following, were of a far more serious kind, and challenge a grave rejoinder in behalf of insulted truth. On the 9th, Founder's day was celebrated at the Stanford University. There the representatives of the higher education, of statesmanship, theology, law, medicine and commerce assembled to join in a tribute of indiscriminate praise to the memory of the man whose wealth gave birth to the institution. There was not room in the assembly hall for the public, since it was crowded by the reverent students. A clergyman asked God's blessing on the rites of canonization. Professor Newcomer, one of the Faculty, read a memorial ode, and the Hon. Horace Davis, merchant, politician and one-time President of the State University, delivered himself of a harangue in which he predicted the immortality of Stanford's fame for his services as Governor of

California in saving the State for the Union, and in building the Central Pacific railroad. To the students, the founder of the University was presented by Mr. Davis as a model to be followed, necessarily at a respectful distance, in all ways. After Mr. Davis came Benjamin Harrison, recently President of the United States, who claimed in the founder a friend whose heart and mind had been revealed to him for his admiration and love. The Central Pacific, according to ex-President Harrison, will be Stanford's monument in generations to come, it being "one of the great works that shall perpetually praise him." Mr. Harrison did not shrink from coupling the railroad builder's name and qualities with those of Washington. "Throughout the world," he said, "Stanford will be held in perpetual veneration and respect." The Rev. Horatio Stebbins—and when was Dr. Stebbins ever loth to swing the censor under the nostrils of wealth?—pronounced the benediction at the close of the praise service.

Journalism joined with the representatives of the higher education, of statesmanship, theology, law, medicine and commerce in erecting and garlanding the Stanford statue, for all the principal San Francisco dailies published the addresses in full, and not one contained a line of editorial protest. On the evening of the 10th there was a banquet at the Palace Hotel, given by the Trustees of the University—in which body there are some of the most opulent and distinguished rogues that California has permitted to succeed—where ex-President Harrison again acted as encomiast to a sympathetic audience of Trustees and Professors, the press, as usual, serving as chorus.

This is all wrong—hatefully, perilously wrong. Were Stanford living, Mr. Davis and Mr. Harrison would not dare to draw his portrait so; nor, if their effrontery were equal to the effort, would the whole San Francisco press allow it to be passed down to posterity as truthful. But Stanford is dead, and the eulogists rely upon that delicacy which moves criticism to hold its tongue by the grave's side to grant currency to their counterfeit. Mr. Fitch of the *Bulletin and Call* knows that Stanford was not the man pictured by the speakers for the veneration of the students; so does Mr. Hearst of the *Examiner*. During his life both, at irregular intervals, laid their blows upon the real man. Now, in deference to a usage which has its root in the perception of the helplessness of the dead to repel assault, they stand dumb while this dead man by proxy gives the lie to the world's common knowledge of him. Stanford dead is neither helpless nor silent, and therefore the rule which protects the silent and helpless dead

is not for him. The panegyrists pervert it for his memory's benefit even as he was wont to pervert the law from its purpose of justice to advantage himself. So long as they dare to praise, it will be a public duty to continue to tell the truth.

In some of his personal aspects Stanford was a good man. He was kind-hearted when distress came under his eyes; to old friends he often was helpful, and unquestionably he felt a desire to better the condition of mankind by casting down largess from his height among the struggling mob below. He inspired and felt warm personal friendships. It says much for him that those who knew him chiefly on his private side were ever readiest to find excuses for his public offenses. Always it was his wish to be thought a better man than his partners, and that grew into a common belief; still it is not known that he proved his superiority by refusing his pro rata of the aggregate spoil. If he possessed virtues which they lacked, it yet is true that he did more than any of them, or than any man who has lived in California, to rot the manhood of the State. Living, he corrupted his own generation; dead, he should not be privileged to corrupt the generations that are to follow. I wrote the truth about him while he was among us when opportunity was given me, and there is no valid reason why I should refrain when he is gone and has an ex-President of the United States among the multitude of his spokesmen. Death changes none of the facts of a man's life.

The building of the Central Pacific, which General Harrison and Mr. Davis tell the students of the University and the people of the country is to stand forever as a monument to Stanford's greatness and goodness, has had its history written, and that history is not to be sweetened by mortuary addresses. The road was a colossal enterprise indubitably, and no one may justly say that the men who pushed and carried it through were not giants in energy, hopefulness, steadfastness and financiering ability. But they were also giants in audacity and unscrupulousness. They were thieves—on the grand scale, to be sure, but still thieves. The road is the monument of a great crime—of a series of great crimes. The money to build it was got from the government, and in order to get it Congresses were corrupted, judges made venal, State Legislatures bought, politics befouled, the press prostituted and California and Nevada captured and looted by the builders. The stupendous sum owing to the Federal Government remains unpaid. And it will not be paid. The fortunes of the debtors are enormous—so enormous that the laws, civil and criminal, grow weak at sight of their size and power.

These are commonplaces, as familiar to ex-President Harrison and Mr. Horace Davis as they are to me and every other citizen of the United States who has read the history of the Central Pacific and formed an opinion as to why and how the books of the Contract and Finance Company disappeared when that Credit Mobilier had finished its work of pillage. Mr. Davis is also familiar, if General Harrison is not, with the history of politics in California through all the years in which they were dominated by Stanford, as President of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies. So complete was his domination that, as Mr. Huntington put it, "a man couldn't run for constable up in Siskiyou without first coming down to San Francisco to get Stanford's permission." His first election to the United States Senate, an office which conferred upon President Harrison the privilege of his acquaintance and then friendship, will live as an act of perfidy and corruption unexampled even in the vile annals of Californian politics. The place was promised by Stanford and Huntington to A. A. Sargent, who refused the St. Petersburg mission from President Arthur in consideration of that promise. It was in the power of Stanford and Huntington to make any man of their selection Senator, and Sargent had earned their support by his efficient advocacy of their interests in the Senate when they needed friends—when they bought them if they were not otherwise to be had. Whether Sargent was moved wholly by public spirit in his advocacy of the Central Pacific's cause I do not know, but it tells for his character that Stanford and Huntington were grateful, since those who take bribes do not often inspire that sentiment. I do know, however, that Sargent relied with a perfect trust on the fidelity and help of Huntington and Stanford, for in conversing with me on several occasions he spoke of his election with a confidence that was without a shadow of doubt. He was as sure of it as General Harrison and Mr. Davis were that they turned away from veracity when they looked the Palo Alto students in the face on Friday of last week and painted for ingenuous youth their portrait of the University's founder. On the meeting of the Legislature in 1885 Sargent was not elected. Stanford bought the Senatorship for himself, being moved to the deed of treachery by vanity and ambition, for he had grown to believe that once in the Senate he might hope for the Presidency. The blow killed Sargent, and Huntington never forgave Stanford. The circumstance that Sargent's disappointment involved no serious loss to California—for no one willing to accept the office from the Southern Pacific is fit to sit in the Senate—does not change the hue of the conduct of the man whose name an ex-President of the United States has uttered in conjunction with that of Washington. Stanford's first election debauched the Legislature; his second debauched the people. California was drenched with money. Even the leaders of the opposition party were bought or bullied into a state of active support or one of abject ac-

quiescence. It was on a great wave of coin that Stanford was swept back to Washington to hold up the hands of President Harrison, who returns to California to lay a wreath of immortelles on the tomb of one who, he assures the young men and women of the University, on the authority of his own eminence, historical, political and personal, was a great and good man.

Other men have bought the Senatorship in California, as elsewhere, but multiplication of crime does not divide its guilt, and the other purchasers have not after death been lauded for their purity by ex-Presidents of the United States. The spirit in which the eulogists of Friday of last week bowed before the memory of Stanford is the same that in a more pious age would have caused the working of miracles by the relics of the departed at the Palo Alto chapel.

That is a spirit for which I as one American citizen, one Californian, one man, have no sympathy, no respect. Ex-President Harrison and Mr. Davis in their panegyrics falsified history, and the falsification, if unchallenged, will impair the power of the young to think straight in morals. Instead of being a good man, worthy of veneration and imitation, Stanford in his business and public activities stood for about everything that the students of his University should ceaselessly be taught to abhor. Not all the patriotic sentiments and moral generalities of General Harrison's lectures, though he should deliver a thousand of them, could compensate for the harm he has done to young minds by giving the spectacle of one who has held the highest office in the republic prostrating himself before a stolen fortune and crying out that its possessor's character was white. That is a stab at truth and honor, and a lesson in slavishness and falsity which must bewilder and corrupt. There are few lads whose modesty will not forbid them to place their own judgment in opposition to that of a famous man, a learned lecturer in the law, who won a general's rank in fighting his country's battles and rose to the Presidency of the United States. Yet there is no intelligent lad at Palo Alto who has not had printed facts under his eyes from which only one conclusion can be drawn by an unperturbed mind—the conclusion that most of Stanford's wealth was booty, and that his political honors were bought.

Once I saw the real Stanford compelled to look upon himself as others beheld him. During the last fifteen years of his life he had managed to surround himself with an artificial atmosphere, the breathing of which had quite unfitted his mental lungs for common air. He did not disdain to pay large salaries to men whose chief labor it was to tell him the things that the Palo Alto eulogists said over his tomb. He sat in the witness' chair at a session of the Federal Commission sent out from Washington to investigate the affairs of the land-grant railroads. Supporting him were Creed Haymond and A. A.

Cohen, his attorneys, both of whom had been his accusers on the platform and in print, but who had forced their way into his service. Lesser myrmidons, cherubim and seraphim, were round about. His examiner was Ellery Anderson, a clear-headed, polite, but inexorable New York lawyer, in whom the great man inspired no awe. Under questioning as to the cost of the Central Pacific, the whereabouts of the books of the Contract and Finance Company and the sources of his enormous fortune, Stanford trembled, shuffled, evaded, like a thief in the dock. I wrote of him as one, and the day following the publication of the article, a page advertisement of the salable lands of the Southern Pacific appeared in the newspaper, which thenceforward had no space for further studies of a multi-millionaire in distress while the Commission sat. I venture to say that the report of that Commission, including Governor Pattison's recommendation that criminal, as well as civil, proceedings be instituted by the Government, is not among the volumes in the library at the Stanford University. Bribery of the press was habitual with Stanford. No paper was so insignificant that its publication of his portrait and a laudatory article about him was not as good as a check on presentation at his office. His appetite for flattery became diseased. Were he alive, he could, without a flush of embarrassment, have sat on view and listened to the encomiums uttered to the students by ex-President Harrison and Mr. Davis, at Palo Alto, on the 9th. I do not think he was a hypocrite, but rather a self-deceiver. He could not deceive himself as to his crimes against the State, his corruption of legislators and his pollution of the bench, but in his own esteem he came to seem a good man who had been forced by bad men into these deeds as necessary acts of self-defense. Few do evil rather than good for evil's sake, and it pleased him to salary attendants and newspapers that would forever tell him of his native virtues. Aside from his capacity for the business of money-gathering—and he did not scruple to pouch his share of what Huntington and Crocker and Hopkins captured in their several ways—he was heavy of intellect and slow of thought. But he loved to keep those about him who fawned on him as a statesman and praised his slowness as profundity, his solemn twaddle on economics as the depths of philosophic wisdom.

These things must be said for an understanding of his character, since it is only through an understanding of his character that his endowment of the University becomes explicable. Bear in mind that I do not deny he had amiability and impulses of benevolence. The death of his son, on whom his love, his ambition to found a dynasty, had centered, was a blow and grief which all parents can comprehend and pity. Doubtless it was partly that the boy—whom he had dreamed of as being himself freed from all hindrances which had hampered his own career, as is the way of fathers—should not be forgotten, though he had perished without fruition, that the University was

projected in his name. But nearly all human deeds spring from mixed motives, and there was much more than a wish to perpetuate the child's memory. Stanford was a man of inordinate egotism, and his love of approbation rose in his old age to the strength of a passion. What can a childless old man do with forty or fifty million dollars? Either he must leave it for the enjoyment of his heirs or devote it to public purposes. He has no other choice. In the first course there is no glory; many men, not noted for liberality this side of the grave, have taken the latter. Stanford was not close-fisted, and the honor that came to him when he turned philanthropist gave him happiness. While the acclaim went up there was a general, and generous, disposition to ignore the manner in which the money had been obtained that was so splendidly bestowed. That was human and creditable, though, in the nature of things, such forgetfulness could not be lasting. Fact is not to be ignored for always. But, taking the University at the pretension of its founder—granting that it was a monument to a loved and lost child, and designed unselfishly as a benefaction to California and the country—what then? In what particular does it alter the history of the building and operation of the Central and Southern Pacific railroads? Does restitution, whole or partial, obliterate a career of spoliation? It may temper justice with mercy in judgment; it may be admitted as a plea in mitigation of sentence, but it cannot earn acquittal. Had Captain Kidd built churches with his spoils the pious might deal gently with his memory, but his preceding acts of piracy would not have been lessened by one. The church always had the good sense not to inquire too curiously into the means by which money conferred upon it was accumulated. The loot of the buccaneer, equally with the somewhat honest gains of the medieval merchant, was welcomed and became sanctified by the transfer. If Captain Kidd, or Captain Morgan, or Captain Blood had offered, however, to rear a temple on condition that anniversary sermons be preached in perpetuity extolling his most famous feats of piracy and imputing to him the most virtuous and public-spirited motives in their performance, the church would, perhaps, have refused the gift. Similarly, California can afford to accept a University from a Stanford, as the Golden Gate Park Commissioners have accepted a children's playground from a Sharon, but in neither case must there go with the benefaction an obligation to sacrifice truth on the altar of the donor's memory. It is easily possible to pay too high a price for universities and playgrounds.

In his first lecture to the Palo Alto students, on the genesis of the Constitution of the United States, General Harrison justly held that the first requisite of a free State is free citizens who value their manhood and own themselves. Yet he himself has made a display of that tendency to truckle to mere wealth which is undermining the character of Americans and causing all thoughtful men to fear for the future of the republic—

made it before a body of young men of the class who will, in the natural course of things, be looked to for leadership in the years to come. If the educated are not inspired with scorn for the rule of a gross and undisguised plutocracy, where among our citizens shall we look for the preservation of the republican idea? The builders of the republic cut it loose from royalty, set up a constitutional inhibition against titles of nobility, and struck at the root of aristocracy by forbidding primogeniture and entail. They fancied they had saved their posterity not only from the curse of kings and nobles, but also from that of families possessed of the power and prestige of hereditary fortunes. We have, however, developed an aristocracy that, though without the restraints and dignity of transmitted caste, is, in all respects save that of breeding, to us what the nobility is to Europe. Socially we have developed strictly on old-world lines; the Astors, the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Rockefellers, the Fairs, the Huntingtons, the Crockers, the Tevises, are as truly lords in power, financial, political and social, as any who wear ribbons and garters on the other side of the Atlantic. Indeed, our plutocracy is a heavier load in some aspects than an order of nobility would be. There is the same difference as between the old Southern planter and the factory-owner of the present. The one had other than a commercial connection with his slaves. He was bound by his feudal mastership to care for his chattels in sickness and old age, whereas the mere employer is under no such bond. Also, the master recognized his obligation as a master among men to bear responsibilities in the State; the employer is only an individual, who, when he has paid wages and taxes, is on precisely the same footing toward the State as the meanest of his workmen. The same divorce between wealth and obligation runs through our society from bottom to top. The plutocracy is a caste of selfishness and irresponsibility, exceeding in arrogance as well as in display any order of nobility of modern days. Its existence is melancholy evidence of the failure of republican institutions to check that inequality in the distribution of wealth which, until we had made our experiment, it was commonly believed arose out of old systems of government. The fruit which the American tree is bearing proves to all men that there is something wrong at the root. The answer of the plutocracy to every complaint which the sight of its gorged opulence excites, is that in the struggle of free competition the fittest survive. The fittest for what? Are the Astors and Vanderbilts and Crockers and Huntingtons and Stanfords the type of men who are fittest to insure the continuance of the republic, to hold up the model of manhood for the attainment of which it is well that the young should strive?

In Stanford the American plutocracy was personified. No member of it acquired his money by methods in more flagrant defiance of law and morals. In the mass it was simply stolen, from the government and from

the people directly. He expended it in social ostentation and in the corruption of politics, the judiciary and the press. He represented every danger against which young men who are to be reared in rightly-founded patriotism, in sane self-respect and clear-eyed honor should be warned. If reverence for his memory is to be part of the curriculum of his University—if on each succeeding Founder's day other lecturers are to follow ex-President Harrison in leading the students in worship of his shade—then the institution at Palo Alto will be a fountain the flow of whose corruption must so mix with and pollute the flow of learning as to spread a perpetual moral typhus through California, which suffered quite enough in mind and heart, as well as in pocket, from Stanford while he lived. Let us accept the University as an act of reparation, as the founder's apology to God, and have taught in it what is taught in other universities, and as much besides as good brains can suggest and restored money buy. In reward of the founder's liberality, grant his memory the grace of silence there. To pursue the path pioneered on the 9th by ex-President Harrison, would be not alone an audacious affront to history, but a continuing crime against the youth of the State.

"The United States Industrial Army" which has started on its march from Los Angeles to Washington, and also from Massillon, Ohio, expecting to gather recruits as it foots it, or jumps freight trains, and hopes to reach its destination several million strong, draws some respectful attention from the press. Any movement that even promises to have numbers engaged in it is sure to do that. The press is waiting to see whether or not the "Army" has the sympathy of the workmen who work, and are able to subscribe for newspapers. The programme of the Army as printed contemplates the establishment of a Socialistic co-operative commonwealth. All industries, including agriculture and manufacturing, are to be owned by the government, which is to be the sole employer. Pending the arrival of that happy time when the dullest day laborer will be paid as well, if not better, than the man of brightest mind and rarest gifts, the government is to be required to set everybody now idle at work irrigating and tilling the arid lands of the Western deserts, wages to be \$2 a day. If the leaders are but microscopic rogues, which is likely, the object of the Army's existence is to furnish them an easy living temporarily, and as much over as luck may send; if they are earnest fools, which is possible, their purpose is to assemble such a host of famished men at the National capital as will scare Congress into opening the treasury in order to avert a riot. In the latter case the arrival of the Army in Washington—should it not be halted and scattered long before reaching the Eastern frontier—would be the signal for a donative not of provisions, clothing and money, but of policemen's clubs, and, if need should be, of soldiers' bullets. In one respect the Army does not rise to the humble dignity

of a "sign of the times." Proof of the absence in the mob of the power to think is not a revelation of to-day. In some other ways, however, the movement is a very important sign of the times. It is one of the evidences of the depth and extent of the distress that has come upon multitudes of the people in a new and rich country, whose resources and means of production have fallen under private ownership. It is also an indication of the growth in America of the idea that the government is a power apart from the people. Likewise it betokens the spread of Socialistic notions, not a few of which are excellent and deserving respectful attention from citizens who are not to be frightened by words. The theory that government reaches the limit of its legitimate functions when it performs the policeman's duties of keeping the peace and enforcing law-breakers by the heels is antiquated. That is not the working theory of this or any other modern government. The demand of the unemployed that the authorities—that is to say, the community—shall give them work whereby they may be enabled to live, cannot reasonably be excepted to by any protectionist, or by those who hold that society as a whole has the right to take common action for the common good. If it is allowable for the government to reward with money, either in the form of duties on imports or of bounties—as to the sugar growers—citizens who engage in business deemed beneficial to the State, surely it may be permitted to save citizens from want by giving them work. The reply that this once begun would know no end may be practical, but it is not logical, and the practical man is not renowned for his superior capacity to see into the future. The primary right to life overrides all artificial privileges. The minority of benevolent citizens of San Francisco on whom has fallen the whole burden of supporting the unemployed this winter, will not be terrified at the possible consequences of having the State take the load from their generous shoulders. But the "United States Industrial Army" at its very best, whether it gets to Washington or goes to pieces en route and finds itself in jail, is a pitiable folly. It is not by marching on the National capital but to the polls that changes in the laws are to be brought about in this republic.

It is remarkable that any citizens of intelligence and experience can be got to appear year after year before the Supervisors to make their protests against overcharges for water and offer suggestions for the Board's enlightenment on the subject of what would be just rates. Everybody of experience knows by this time that in the end the Supervisors will fix the charges at the instruction of Spring Valley. It may be that some time a Board impregnable to the company's influence will be elected, but that can happen only when San Francisco has learned to have a profounder abhorrence of rogues than she shows at present. Citizens of good repute—professional men, merchants of standing—go into the Board, for a while exhibit an evidently genuine desire to do the duty they

were elected to do, and finish their terms as rascals equally bereft of scruple and shame. In the case of poor men this is comprehensible. They get the opportunity of their lives to make money—to provide for their families' future and their own old age—and the devil of poverty drives them to dishonesty; but why men of means so often fall is to be explained only by their greed, and the effect of the atmosphere to which they become used when in office—an atmosphere that so affects the mind as to make it seem the foolishness of a simpleton not to follow the example of those around them. Such as retain their integrity—and happily there are always a few of these in almost every Board—see that the scoundrel when they retire from place are injured little in the general esteem. The bribe-taking merchant-Supervisor is received on Front and Sansome streets about as well as ever, and the doctor-Supervisor suffers no serious diminution in the number of his patients, even though both are "condemned to everlasting infamy" by a farewell blast from the newspapers which do not happen at the time to have reasons, prudential or worse, for wishing to stand well with the bribers. San Francisco does not punish her official scoundrels either by prosecution, withdrawal of business patronage, or social ostracism. The chief, if not the only, reward of the honest public servant is his own consciousness of being clean, and he does not owe that high recompense in any degree to his fellow-citizens.

Spring Valley has had its way again. The water order adopted by two-thirds of the Supervisors the other day may not have been drafted by the company's attorneys, but it might as well have been for all the relief it gives the people of the city from overcharges. The corporation sets up the claim that it should be permitted to earn a fair interest on the capital invested, and that claim is just. Nobody whose wisest are entitled to respect wants to withhold from the stockholders a cent that is their reasonable due. But a Board of Supervisors that did not belong to Spring Valley would inquire closely into the investment, find its real size, and base the water rates on that. Such a Board would eliminate all the lands and water rights purchased not for purposes of supply but to head off competition; it would scrutinize the "operating expenses," which the company can roll up to any figure on the books that pleases it; the Board would ascertain if the outlay for "legal services" really went for legitimate lawyers' work. By getting at the truth, or near the truth, in these particulars, the investment of Spring Valley would shrink at least one-third, and perhaps a full half. The people now are compelled to pay the principal as well as the interest on purchases of lands and water rights designed to tighten the corporation's monopoly, and also on purchases of Supervisors and newspapers for their help toward the same end. I do not know that Spring Valley has bribed any members of the present or previous Boards—know it, that is, in a way that a court would require were I to charge the crime. But I do know that the Spring Valley Water Company, through a representative, did try to bribe me to silence a San Francisco newspaper of which I had the management. The argument made was that the only effect of the battle the paper was fighting for cheaper water must be to make dearer Supervisors, and that I "might as well take \$10,000 or \$15,000 as to let it go into the pockets of the scoundrels in the Board," whose backs I was stiffening, and whose demands, in consequence, were unusual and exorbitant. The prosperous and

respectable business man who made this proposition was filled with surprise, not free from pity, when it was refused. To this day, I am sure, he good-naturedly despises me as unsprical.

Now, here is a specific accusation of attempted bribery and of a confession that Supervisors would be bribed. If not true, it is as grossly libelous as my other statement, in previous issues of the *Letter*, that Mr. Hume, editor of the *Post*, divulged to me that he had determined to cease criticism of Director-General de Young's management of the Midwinter Fair in consideration of a bribe of \$2,000. Neither Mr. de Young nor Mr. Hume has brought suit; indeed the latter exultantly gave his unsolicited confidence to others besides me. Only the representative of Spring Valley and myself were present when the offer of the bribe to me was made, but I should be more than pleased to place my word against that of the company in any San Francisco court.

If the people of San Francisco are not strong and clever enough to cope with the Spring Valley Water Company—if a city of above three hundred thousand inhabitants is so dull and cowardly as to let a corporation that should be in the hands of the police prey upon it at will and compel it to pay in its water bills the money expended to baffle rivalry and corrupt officials and the press—what right have the people of San Francisco to believe that they are capable of self-government?

The crime of bribery is at the bottom of most of the corporate pillage and tyranny which discourage decent men who desire clean government. The law protects the perpetrators by giving each an equal share of guilt, and, therefore, a like interest in concealment. Hence the inherent difficulty of reaching this master evil. I am not a lawyer, but good sense should be good law. If it were enacted by the California Legislature that the taking of a bribe should be no offense, but the giving of one a felony, every corporation, Spring Valley and the Southern Pacific included, would be furnished with the best of reasons for withdrawing "the sack" from politics and legislation. Such a law would place the briber wholly at the mercy of the bribed, since the only protection against blackmail in permanence would be the honor of the corrupted public servant. The question of the constitutionality of a law of the kind I propose for the consideration of the Bar Association; of its expediency no one able to think can have a doubt.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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St. Patrick's day was a great day for Ireland, doubtless, but not for Ireland in America. This country has reason to be tired of Ireland, or, rather, of Irish obtrusion of Ireland. A distaste for St. Patrick and his celebrators is widely and profoundly diffused throughout the United States. There is no general objection to St. Patrick as a saint, or to his receipt of honors and worship in that capacity; what galls is the insistence of his reverers that others, who care no more for him than for any worthy in the calendar, shall bow the knee, suspend business, forget that this is the United States, cheer for Ireland and join the green procession in spirit, if not in person. St. Patrick's day leaves behind it in myriad breasts that are not Irish a spot of resentment which burns, and, it is to be hoped, in a good many breasts, also, that are Irish. Locally this spot of resentment is larger and hotter than usual, for the reason that the day was celebrated here with an effusion that recalled the unrestrained era before Mr. Frank Pixley arose with his war-club and gave barbarous battle to the barbarous Milesian tribes. We all are prone to generalize from personal experience. Therefore, I dare say, there is current in San Francisco an impression that this year witnessed a grand St. Patrick's revival from end to end of the Union. This impression has been deepened by the behavior of our city press, which, for commercial and political reasons, prostrated itself with an excess of abjectness at the shrine, and also to the quickened interest with which the dispatches from other afflicted quarters were read here. What has given most offense to Americans, native and naturalized, were the efforts of the Irish to have the banner of their race take the place of the national flag on public buildings in various cities of the republic—efforts to secure a formal recognition of the supremacy of one class of foreigners over not only all other classes of foreigners but the natives as well. But, in reality, there was nothing exceptional in these latest endeavors. If the Irish flag floated over New York's city hall on the 17th instant, it has floated there often before, in testimony of the undeniable fact that the American metropolis is ruled by its Irish residents, of whom the newspapers there are so afraid that they did not dare to rebuke Mayor Hall when, dressed in a beautiful suit of green, he reviewed the St. Pat-

rick's day parade from the steps of the city hall—so cowed that they took sides against Mayor Hewitt when he declined to hoist the harp and sunburst and flew the stars and stripes instead. At Far Rockaway, last Saturday, the national flag was, by official order, pulled down from the municipal staff and Ireland's colors elevated. In Baker City, Oregon, the services of the Chief of Police were needed to reverse the positions of the two flags on the Opera House, the green having been placed above the red white and blue. In Boston the Postmaster had to issue an order to get the green flags removed from the United States mail wagon. In San Francisco Mayor Ellert received a request to surrender the flagstaff of the city hall to Ireland for the day, but San Francisco, not yet being a conquered city, the Irish residents were more annoyed than gratified by the presumption of their countryman, who would feel more at home in New York or Far Rockaway than here. It doesn't need to be said, perhaps, that Irishmen of sense, who take their American citizenship in intelligent earnestness, deprecate this species of impudent folly as seriously as other citizens do, but there are painfully large numbers of Irishmen in America who are without sense, and who have no intelligent notion of the requirements of their citizenship when its obligations come into contact with their Irish patriotism. It is these hordes of transplanted peasants who render St. Patrick's day an offense, and cause their more rational and civilized countrymen to feel on all other days of the year that to be an Irishman is to be made acquainted with humiliation.

Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota, who has won the country's respect by the ability and persistence shown in his endeavors to Americanize, religiously and politically, the Irish in the United States, understands, as we all understand, why it is that the Irish are found to be unpleasant by other citizens. He celebrated St. Patrick's day in useful American fashion by preaching a conspicuously timely sermon in his cathedral at Minneapolis. His theme was foreign nationalism in the United States, the vitality of which in church and politics he reprobated. "Nationalism," he said, "American nationalism, must be supreme in our civil and social matters. On this condition has America admitted foreigners to citizenship." He also told his hearers that it is "wrong in private life to cultivate the spirit of a foreign nationalism at the expense of American nationalism." And he spoke as a true citizen of the republic when he declared: "No political segregation of citizens on foreign lines can be allowed. It is wrong to have so-called 'Irish-American votes.' No one should vote as an Irishman and seek an

office as such." Coming from a prelate of the Roman Catholic church this language will be received respectfully; coming from anybody else it would be resented by millions as a "foul insult to a proud and sensitive race." Everybody knows the sort of Irishman whose regrettable existence, whose distressing prevalence, made necessary Archbishop Ireland's words of rebuke and warning. This Irishman is not inspired with gratitude for the change from a potato to a meat diet, nor for the substitution of whole clothing for rags. He is not made humble by good fortune, but arrogant. The beggar on horseback typifies him. A starved and crushed, a cringing but resentful ancestry, running back through centuries of tyranny into the night of the pious and inhuman past, bequeathes him, with England's accompanying compliments, to the republic for manufacture into a citizen. He is ignorant and fierce, with all the mean and hopeless conceit of ignorance, and the rancor of brutality. Only in the possibilities of his posterity is he better than the negro field hand. At his worst he commits crime and helps to swell the fearful Irish percentage of the penitentiaries. At his best he does heavy unskilled labor, breeds children for an improved and improving environment, and keeps himself out of the hands of the police. If he remains in New York when unloaded from the immigrant ship, he adds himself to the vermin swarms of the tenement districts and gives his vote to Tammany, which until recently dictated the Democratic party's national policy and selected its Presidential candidates.

There are many variations from this extreme type, the extent and direction of the variation depending on the degree of intelligence and the local conditions. The steps of the ascent are usually through the saloon into politics, where the prizes are contracts and every office open to a foreigner, from the policeman's up. The solidarity of race, socially and politically, against which Archbishop Ireland exclaims, is maintained. This is due first to instinct, and secondarily to interest, warmed by a sentiment of patriotism. The individual Irishman of the lower orders cannot but feel his general inferiority as a man to the American population around him. Nothing is more disagreeable to vanity than a sense of inferiority. There are two ways to be rid of it. One is to improve yourself into equality with your betters; the other is to join with your fellows in misfortune, deny the superiority of those who are superior, and hate them for the superiority that is not admitted. Commonly the Irish immigrant chooses the easier course, and trusts to the power of numbers to gain a forced semblance of respect for the mass of which he is a part,

a respect that he knows he is not entitled to as an individual. The truth about him he resentfully seeks to have regarded as an affront to the race. Others than he are not ignorant of that trick. All politicians, from Blaine, Cleveland and Harrison down, have used it, and had it used against them by opponents. Irishmen of brains and education are embarrassed. That their countrymen in bulk represent an element of ignorance and degrading prejudice which each party courts by methods that reveal the estimate placed on the average intelligence of the Irish, is a confession which they naturally are loth to make, even to themselves, pride of race and love of country forbidding. If they do make it, they become objects of scorn and obloquy as traitors who are ashamed of the race that has bred heroes and geniuses in numbers with which Irishmen only are familiar; if they do not face the truth, as Archbishop Ireland faces it, they are held by their non-Irish neighbors to be in sympathy with and approvers of a condition of things to which the eyes of candor cannot be closed. The Irish vote in America has been, and continues to be, a curse to the country and to the Irish in the country. Its existence keeps the Irish a race apart here, and not a loved race. Irishmen of the kind who agree entirely with Archbishop Ireland, are themselves much to blame for the persistence of that vote, and for the commensurate endurance of the distrust and repugnance which they know are felt by the American community. It is because intelligent Irishmen have not determinedly voted against politicians in reprisal for their insulting "bids for the Irish vote," that there is an Irish vote to bid for. There are more than enough of barbarous ignorance and passion other than Irish in the American electorate, but they do not mass themselves on race and religious lines to anything like the same degree.

The periodical anti-Irish, anti-Catholic revival, which has taken its latest form in the "American Protective Association" and swept several Western States, is being invited to extend itself to California—invited by the behavior of Irish Catholics. It is not long since age and enfeeblement withdrew the pen from Frank Pixley's hand, but the lesson that his success taught is being forgotten. We see the Rev. Father Scanlon, a priest, scaring the soul out of the *Examiner* by threatening it with a boycott of Catholic parents because it did not, or could not, include the children of the parish schools in its treat of a free day at the Midwinter Fair. We see the *Examiner* retorting upon this bullying priest as he deserves, and suffering in circulation by the withdrawal of the subscriptions of Irishmen, who by their act prove themselves unworthy of American citizenship. We also see the *Examiner* annoying its civilized readers by efforts to prove—what needs no proving to anybody whom nature has not marked with a prognathous jaw and simian forehead—that in clubbing an Irish priest who should be a hod-carrier it has no intention to club either the Irish

race or the Catholic church. We also see Director-General de Young doing what he can, in his large-brained way, to assist Father Scanlon to strengthen the freedom of the American press, the *Bulletin* and *Call* thrifflily looking the other way in public, but privately hoping that the *Examiner* will be seriously wounded by the onslaught of a truculent bigotry that is a challenge to every American citizen who has a mind that can think. Thus we have the press of San Francisco again on view in an aspect which it has frequently presented before. There is not a daily paper in the city that does not truckle in fear to the sort of Irishmen Archbishop Ireland had in his eye on St. Patrick's day, and when one newspaper is forced to rebellion, all the rest hasten, under impulsion of seated jealousy and business rivalry, to assist in bringing it again under the humiliating tyranny from which all suffer. In every other city where the Irish peasantry are proportionately numerous, the same condition of journalism exists. Security from criticism has its advantages and comforts, but it surprises that men often so intelligent and worldly wise as are the prelates of the Catholic church, are not more often alive to the dangers of a silence that is not one of willingness and approval. Archbishop Riordan is ranked as a gentleman of capacity and cultivation, yet the Scanlon phenomenon is permitted to be.

✓ When Mr. Pixley some seventeen years ago appeared with the *Argonaut* bludgeon in his hand, he at once drew a notice that gave his paper national circulation as well as a tremendous local vogue. He waged fierce battle on the Irish race and the Catholic church. California has never had a more vigorous newspaper writer; he has not been equalled for the sonorous force and masculine swing of his style. Of course the man's ability had a good deal to do with the popularity of his matter. Multitudes enjoyed the performance, even when they dissented from its purpose or were wounded by it. He was not fair; he did not pretend to be. It was his glory to be a headlong partisan. He left it to the other side to correct his mistakes and misstatements. If history did not meet his momentary requirements he amended history, and in re-amending it next week to suit a new line of argument, made a merit of being above consistency, the vice of small minds. He accused, vituperated, ridiculed, insulted, outraged, inflaming himself with the clangor of his own style as if it were a battle-drum. His plan of campaign was to smite the Catholic church anywhere and everywhere, and to hit an Irish head whenever it had the misfortune to be within reach of his bludgeon. He was out for indiscriminate war, war that recognized none of the ameliorations of civilization. Explosive bullets and poisoned wells had no horror for this terrific combatant, who gave no quarter. Yet was Warrior Pixley crafty withal. He had been long in politics, and knew the advantage of a disciplined following. Never for an instant, however boisterous his excitement might seem, did he forget to keep on

his side the prejudices of Protestantism. If he scoffed at miracles, he was careful that the scoff should not reach as far back as the New Testament; if he jeered at Papal infallibility, he had no words of disrespect for an errorless book. I presume Mr. Pixley deemed it no harder to believe in the first than the second, and had as much faith in the wonders of Lourdes and Knock as in the miracles recorded by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, but he was too good a tactician to alienate anybody from his forces by affronting faith or prejudice that was not the faith or prejudice of the enemy. Aware that the average prosperous business man is not a Catholic, and if not a Protestant would be were he religious, Mr. Pixley elected himself spokesman for the merchant caste, and won their approval by expressing their class feelings in other than churchly directions. Having been a working journalist in the daily newspaper offices, he comprehended all the commercial, political and intellectual limitations of the proprietors, and violated some of them in the conduct of his own paper, gaining thereby a repute for courage and complete freedom that profited him much, and caused the onlooking journalists to smile.

But Mr. Pixley pleased more than the anti-Catholic sectarians and the fat citizens, to whose respectability and civic worth he paid flattering tribute. There was no lack of men of good mind and no prejudices who were glad to see him in full charge on the Catholic church and the Irish. These men could see no choice on intellectual grounds between the Roman and the Presbyterian, or other orthodox Protestant creeds. They were aware of Mr. Pixley's unfairness, and understood that he was bringing up for the assault on bigotry, a bigotry quite as odious though not so well organized. They detected without effort his arts to enlist support by bounties of deference to race and social biases, and perceived that though the *Argonaut* affected to be at entire liberty it was free only to cudgel the Irish, the Catholics and the poor, being otherwise as submissive a toady to wealth and all the corporate influences which hold the people of the State in industrial, commercial and political slavery as any of the dailies. Mr. Pixley's writings pleased these men by their peculiar literary strength, and pleased them more because, mixed up with all the perversions, assumptions, and sustained riot of calculating abuse, there was much that was true and needed to be said. If the assault was furious and cruel, the enemy assailed was neither scrupulous nor refined in method. The political Californian gulch in which the Irish peasantry had staked out their claims and built their churches required a sluicing out, and torrents which scour gulches are not carefully discriminating in their rush, or noted for the purity of their waters.

So long as the Irish race yields Scanlons, and the Catholic church in America puts them in the priest's office, there will be a welcome ready for Pixleys and occasion for vice prelates like Archbishop Ireland to tell Irish-

men to be Americans when they become American citizens. Like breeds like. To educated men, possessed of the sensibilities that commonly accompany knowledge, such a spectacle as the rise and spread in this republic of an organization of the nature and declared intent of the "American Protective Association" is unspcakably repulsive. Its hot, dull bigotry, its eagerness to believe the most preposterous fables and libels about the characters, the plans and conspiracies of its adversaries, its mindless hostility to everything Catholic, its appropriation of the name American to designate an order and describe a spirit that are in their essence the very opposite of American—all this is revolting. But it is an instance of the inexorable working of cause and effect, nevertheless. If there were no Scanlons, clerical and lay—if there were no hoistings of the Irish flag on American public buildings on St. Patrick's day, no threats of Catholic boycotts of American secular newspapers, no groveling of American politicians for the "Irish vote," and of the American press for Irish subscribers—there would be no "American Protective Association." There is a very large number of American citizens, innocent of theological prepossessions, and distinctly above the vulgarity of race prejudice, to whom intolerance seems shameful whatever blazon it bears, who realize this fact. Some are content to see the two armies forming for a fight, thinking it is just as well that the forces of ignorance and hatred which are already organized on theological lines should be met by the organization on like lines of identical elements in the population that hitherto have been without union. More of the intelligent have acquired the habit of rebuking in their own way that foreign nationalism in American politics condemned by Archbishop Ireland. Their method, when they have not personal knowledge of the quality of a candidate, is to scratch a name that begins with a Mc or an O' wherever they encounter one. There are gentlemen, themselves Irish and Catholic, who do this. With the Archbishop of Minnesota, they feel that no man has a right to offer himself for office in this republic because he is of any race or any religion, and they know that though no class of citizens so violently cry out against the introduction of questions of race and religion into politics as Irishmen, there are none so ready to "demand recognition" from both parties on these scores as Irish-Catholics. It is perception of this truth, perception of the existence of the "Irish vote" as a foreign quality of little variation in the electorate—a vote held together not for the accomplishment of American purposes, but by ties of race and religion for race and religious advantage—that imparts political strength to the "American Protective Association." Men of a grade who could as easily be persuaded to smash church windows and overturn church altars as to become members of an organization so low in mind and base in method, notwithstanding see it has its salutary uses, as an epidemic

may have. As the latter will lead to an improvement of sanitary conditions in order to prevent its recurrence, so may an uprising of Protestant ignorance and brutality impress upon the government of the Catholic church the prudence of keeping a strong repressive hand upon the ignorance and brutality on its own side that forever seek political expression. The same kind of Americans who, appreciating thoroughly Mr. Pixley's unfairness and limitations, natural and designed, yet felt he was needed; the same kind of Americans who were glad when on a 12th of July, years ago, the military shot down impartially the rioting Orangemen and Catholics in the streets of the American city of New York, will have no regrets because the American Protective Association teaches in its own forbidding way to the Irish race and Catholic church in this republic the wrongfulness, and peril, of tolerating, if not encouraging, that "spirit of a foreign nationalism at the expense of American nationalism" which Archbishop Ireland is so good a citizen as to censure.

It is my privilege to know personally a few gentlemen who are priests of the Catholic church here. Men of their parts can be under no illusions as to the place in nature of a creation like Father Scanlon, nor are they in need of being told the irreparable harm that one such can do the church in a city so little regardful of ecclesiastical authority as San Francisco, and so free in its non-Catholic elements, on the whole, from sectarian feeling. In an earnestly Protestant community the manifestations of a Scanlon would provoke loud thunders in the pulpit and a great noise in the pews. Here the response is certain to be political rather than theological. Citizens indifferent to all Christian dogmas, or believers in none, will be made sufficiently anti-Catholic to vote in an anti-Catholic, anti-Irish way—not in revenge, but as an American precaution against churchly aggression. Father Scanlon, besides being a priest, is a politician. When stationed at Sacramento, as an Irish and Catholic gentleman informs me, he made it his business to oppose the passage of the act providing that only the American flag shall be carried by military bodies. Also, I have it from like sources, he set out to defeat Congressman Maguire at the last election because that gentleman had dared to write a history of the political side of the papacy's connection with Ireland. Now he has gone to bullying the newspapers, and of his own motion has precipitated a discussion of the Catholic church's attitude toward the public schools, at a time when the best efforts of Monsignor Satoli, Papal Delegate, and other prelates in the East and West, are doing their best to soothe the public alarm on that explosive and endless question. It is past ordinary comprehension why Archbishop Riordan does not eliminate, or muzzle, this priest who, after the manner of his kind, does not attack with the ordinary weapons of rational controversy, but speaks that he may be heard by the reverent mob below, whose superstitious

awe of his office he aims to utilize for the browbeating of the adversary—that is to say, he is "bidding for the Irish vote" in the customary way. I am not acquainted with the limits of an archbishop's powers over parish priests, but if the Archbishop of San Francisco is without authority to prevent a barbarian in orders from offending civilization, at least he is not debarred from letting the public know that he does not approve the hardy un-Americanism of a Scanlon. I don't think Archbishop Ireland would feel any hesitation or find any difficulty in dealing with such a priest, had one escaped from the bogs and found a cave in the diocese which includes Minneapolis. No requests for the flying of the Irish flag on the city hall on St. Patrick's day are made by the parishioners of that American prelate. One such archbishop is worth more to the Catholic church than many thousands of sermons from Catholic pulpits, or unnumbered editorials in daily newspapers that live in terror of the "Irish vote," as an entrenchment to withstand the onslaught of the American Protective Association.

It becomes plainer and plainer what the fate of the Midwinter Fair must soon be, unless the real friends of the enterprise shall have the courage to do what may still be done to rescue it. It is possible yet to save the Fair from being a mortifying disaster to California, but it can be done only by the promptest kind of action. Two measures are necessary. One is the substitution of an honest and reputable government for the De Young regime, and the other is the extension of the exposition's term of life. Half of the six months originally advertised have run, and it would take a good deal more than the three months of April, May and June to rid the exhibition of the odor of the De Young management. Considering the character of that management, it is not surprising, after all, that the Director-General paid \$2,000 blackmail to the *Post* six weeks ago, as Mr. Hume, the editor, confessed to me, on condition that the paper should cease criticising him and his rule. How much effect Mr. Hume's threat had that Mr. Ambrose Bierce would be called in to join me in the work of criticism—Mr. Hume having asserted to Mr. de Young that Mr. Bierce had volunteered his services gratis—I do not pretend to know. But unless there was much to conceal, a person of Mr. de Young's affection for money would hardly have parted with \$2,000 for the silence of the *Post*. Since the first admission fee was taken at the turnstiles in December last, no report of the finances has been made. Nobody not in the confidence of the Director-General and his immediate official associates—most of whom, with himself, are by report charged with a secret money-making connection with concessions, and few of whom have reputations to inspire trust—can do more than guess at what the receipts and expenditures have been. And if a balance-sheet should now be presented, who would give it credit? The first flash of revealing light thrown upon

the facts was cast by the *Examiner*, which on Monday last stationed reporters at the gates to keep count of the admissions. This watch was resented by the management. One of the reporters was hustled by the employees, and the Director-General himself tried the effect of his frowns. The result of the tally disclosed a state of things that would be astonishing were anything in the way of false pretences and acquiescence on Mr. de Young's part capable of surprising this community. The total admissions reached 6,910, and of these only 1,952 were paying visitors. The other 4,958 went in on passes! It is incredible that such a number of passes could have been legitimately issued. A management that has tolerated Assistant Director-General Cornely's jobbery in concessions, that rests silent under accusations of partnership in concessions, and pays blackmail to newspapers to be let alone, is not above trafficking in passes.

This *Letter*, as I said it would, is bearing fruit on boughs other than its own. The *Examiner* has felt the stimulating force of example, and has found the small quantity of courage needed to speak a little truth about the Fair's fatal management. "One of the reasons," it says, "why the California Midwinter Fair has not so far been a big success, is that it has a small Director-General;" and, stung by a personal injury, it describes him as an insect worthy the study of microscopists. Ones started on the road of truth-telling, the *Examiner* can hardly halt. The *Bulletin* and *Call* must follow. The abstention of the reputable daily press from the duty of criticism has been imputed to a motive more public-spirited than the real one. It has been assumed that its silence was due to a resolve to tolerate Director-General de Young rather than by speech run the risk of injuring the Fair in the esteem of strangers. The true reason for the conspiracy of dumbness has been the conviction that the Fair was destined to failure; that it would carry down with it the Director-General and his political and other ambitions; that if Mr. de Young were allowed rope enough he would end by hanging himself; and his newspaper rivals were sufficiently designing not to wish to give him the opportunity to say on the scaffold that they had assisted to bring him there. But the success of the Fair is a matter of greater present concern to San Francisco and California than the political, social and journalistic execution of M. H. de Young. The entrance of the *Examiner* on the path of duty, even under the spur of a selfish anger, will make the silence of the *Bulletin* and *Call* too marked and discreditable to be maintained.

What is required of the press now is not so much exposure of the management's dishonesty and incapacity—for the public are already satisfied as to these—as an energetic pressure on Mayor Ellert to exert his authority in the premises. Short work should be made of the tearing down; then the longer task of rebuilding must be undertaken.

Mayor Ellert is himself on trial. It is to be shown if he has the resolution that one of his station and aspirations for higher public place should have. He is chairman of the Committee of Fifty, which appointed the managers of the Fair. The Executive Committee and the Director-General may at any time be removed by the same power that appointed them. The Committee of Fifty adjourned in June last subject to the call of the chair. It is not difficult to infer why the chair has refrained from convoking the committee. Mr. Ellert, when a candidate for his present office, was drenched with the filth of the *Chronicle's* abuse, and with that also of the minor papers, daily and weekly, which Mr. de Young employs to assist him in befouling his enemies and other objects of his dislike. Mr. Ellert has doubtless felt, therefore, that were he to take the responsibility of calling the Committee of Fifty together for the purpose of removing the Director-General and his confederates, and so deliver the Fair, the motive of personal revenge might be ascribed to him. But one of the penalties of responsibility is misrepresentation, and men fitted by brains and backbone for responsibility learn to despise that and be unserved by it. The silence of the newspapers has also affected the Mayor. He knows, as everybody else does, what is the state of public opinion, but as the newspapers have denied public opinion expression he fears action on his part would look as if it had come in response to no demand. Mayor Ellert, if he is half the man the people thought him when they placed him at the head of the municipal government, will have no regard for false appearances which deceive nobody, and be guided by the facts within his knowledge. If he does not convoke the Committee of Fifty and place upon that body the burden of deciding what shall be done to relieve the Fair of the De Young management, he will be responsible for the continuance of that management and the ruin of the Fair.

Mr. de Young, though variously detestable, is not by any means a fool when it comes to taking care of what seem to be his temporary and lasting interests. He has cunning, and it may be expected that when he is certain that the crash is inevitable he will endeavor by a coup to get out from under the toppling Fair. Were the reputable press to join in bracing Mayor Ellert to do what he ought to have done two months ago, it would not surprise the discerning if Mr. de Young should by resigning the Director-Generalship endeavor to shift the blame of the Fair's failure from his misdeeds to the critics who object to them on behalf of common honesty and California's good name. There would be not a few ready to accept this view, and point to Mr. de Young as a martyr, sacrificed for his devotion to the State's interests. Let them. Persons with minds and characters of such a cast are more serviceable to a community when in opposition than when with the prevailing sentiment, for then they cannot be quoted as representative. A man who can admire Mr. de Young is not a thing of value to California.

Judge Field has made his appearance again in the role in which he has through so many years won national distinction. Experience has taught that if investigation turns into any of the private by-paths which lead, or have led, from the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to the courts, Judge Field is pretty sure to be encountered. It is disclosed that he is interested as an owner in the lands of the bay shore, whose ownership is up for decision before the tribunal from which he steadfastly declines to resign, though age and time of service entitle him to retirement on a pension. It is also disclosed that he secured his interest in reward of his influence with the railroad company in inducing it to build its line in a direction that would give greater value to the lands of the speculators who charged the Judge nothing for the land bestowed. Delicacy is a thing born of scruples, and Mr. Field being a stranger to these, has not shrunk from sitting as a Judge in a case in which his pocket gives him the status of an attorney. About the most honorable page in the history of the Democratic party of California is that recording the action of the Stockton Convention, which repudiated Judge Field as a Democrat and a Presidential aspirant on the distinct ground of character. His proper place is at the head of the law department of the Southern Pacific.

The chord touched by this *Letter* reaches far, and answering vibrations come from remote quarters. Within the week the manager of the *Chicago News*, the manager of the *Baltimore Herald*, a clergyman of Boston, another in Hartford, two newspaper men of New York, a mining superintendent in Nevada and a brewer of Minneapolis have become annual subscribers. These men are strangers to me, but nearly all accompany their money orders with letters applauding the *Letter's* purpose and work. The manager of the *Baltimore Herald* informs me that a paper which asks for neither subscriptions nor advertisements is something he wants to see once a week just to refresh him. My readers, I know, will be pleased to learn that the circulation is extending over the whole Pacific coast, each week bringing orders from towns not before served. In San Francisco the sale has fallen off somewhat since the third number, novelty no longer attracting the merely curious. The total circulation stands now at about 12,000, which is more than satisfactory. Half that number would greatly exceed my original expectation.

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There are not many who doubt that the Democratic party, just as soon as the voters can get a chance to smite it at the polls, is down for the worst beating that any party has had since the Greeley disaster. This prospect elates all Republicans and depresses all Democrats of the sort who can think no further in politics than party success at the next election. Other citizens see in the situation the discouraging proof of the ease with which the American masses may be played with by those who have a strong interest in rendering the war of parties barren of victories that are of benefit to the people. The Democratic party is going to be put out because it deserves to be put out, but the Republican party is not going to be restored to place because the people remember its rule with either pleasure or gratitude. The people are in the plight of a man who should feel compelled alternately to divorce and re-marry two unfaithful women—one being rejected when she became intolerable, and the other taken back when time had dimmed a little the memory of her sins. The harridan-ridden wretch would be an object of mirth to the cynical, but of pity to the judicious, for the most melancholy of all God's creations is a fool.

The break-down of the Democratic party should be a cause of exultation to no citizen. Since we must be governed by party, patriotism dictates the wish that all parties when trusted with authority might have the sense and courage to submit their proposals to the test of experience. Our history hasn't a parallel for the stupidity and cowardice of the Cleveland Administration and the Democratic Congress. They have failed to keep the promises on which they were elected, and have disappointed the expectation of everybody except the prophets who held with David that all the Democratic party needed to ruin it was a victory. Mr. Cleveland has led in a course of timidity from which the most ordinary quality of political sagacity would have warned him away. His recreancy to the cause of tariff reform, the issue that he himself raised and on which he was elected, at first astonished, then enraged, and finally disgusted and alienated from the support of his Administration about all the earnestness and unselfishness that his party held. His abandonment of the Democratic

pledge to give silver an adequate place in the currency was less culpable, for it was known that his leanings were all toward the single standard. But that excuse cannot be made for the Democratic Congress, which has proposed no substitute for the repealed Sherman Act save the coining of the seignorage. The Democracy has been in office for upwards of a year, with full power to legislate, and the country has fared substantially as it would have done had General Harrison been re-elected. Yet the people supposed they had worked a political revolution when they put away the Republican wife and reopened the door to the divorced Democracy. A party of which this can be said is demonstrated to be without brains, principle and pluck in its leadership.

Mr. Cleveland is a small man in a large place, to be sure, but it is folly to pile on his fat shoulders the whole burden of the blame for the Democratic collapse. Had the leaders of the party on the average, and the party's press as a whole, been sincerely Democratic, and mentally capable of taking a broad view of party interests, there would have been a pressure that even Grover Cleveland's obstinacy could not have resisted. The first business of the Democratic government would have been to grant the country the Democratic policy for which the country voted with an enthusiasm so remarkable.

The influences which have changed Cleveland, the ardent tariff reformer of 1887, into the Cleveland re-elected in 1892, a President moving for tariff reform with every manifestation of reluctance, are the same as those which unnerve his party. There are two voices which speak to all politicians. The one is heard clamorously before election, the other quietly after. Many men go into office infused with ardor, sincerely resolved to obey the voice of the people, to act honestly for the public good alone. Then there comes to their ears the voice of special interests—of allied wealth, which always has the advantage of knowing what it wants, and what it wants is seldom to the public's advantage. Men may listen to this voice and yield to its suggestions and still not consciously part with their integrity. Mr. Cleveland is an example in point. Astounded at his own fortune and grateful to the people, he became President. He believed in the masses, in their probity of mind and in their political wisdom, for they had sought out him, one of themselves, to rule over them. In return he devoted himself to the furtherance of what he deemed their welfare, and rested with a perfect confidence on their appreciation for his reward. His disregard of the reservations, the maneuvers of policy, made him the despair of the politicians. His first sign of faltering in his faith in the intelligence of

the masses, and of his reliance on the advice of the statesmen who fancy that public opinion is made for the country at Washington, was exhibited toward the end of the campaign of 1888. To catch the votes of the Pacific States, he, who has since grown as tepid in the anti-Chinese as in the tariff-reform cause, fathered and pushed through Congress with demagogic speed the Scott Exclusion Act; and to win the Irish vote that had gone cheering at Mr. Blaine's heels, he threatened an interdict of Canadian commerce, and affronted the country's dignity by demanding the recall of the British Minister, Sackville West, because of the Murchison letter. The elevation of mind induced in the ex-sheriff and ex-mayor by his exaltation to the governorship of a great State and then to the Presidency, was departing under the pressure of war's needs. The practical politician of Buffalo reappeared on the national field. His defeat by General Harrison had an educating effect on Mr. Cleveland that neither enlarged his mind nor ennobled his character. He perceived the part taken by the confederated rich in his opponent's successful battle, and, great as that part undoubtedly was, exaggerated it. Also the fickleness of the people exasperated him and filled him with a hearty contempt for their intelligence. Defeat always has that effect upon a public man who is an egotist and has not been inured to the ups and downs of politics. Unlike Blaine and other veteran suitors, he did not renew his courting with increased ardor, but held his tongue, and, unknown to the country, underwent a profound change. When the people restored him to the Presidency in 1892 they supposed they were voting for the same man whom they had elected in 1884. But eight years had made an aristocrat out of a democrat. In one particular only had he retained faith in the judgment of the masses. In 1884 they declared him to be a great man, and revealed that surprising fact to himself. Defeat did not shake his confidence in his greatness, and there were plenty of men and women about him to confirm his confidence.

The plutocracy of New York opened its arms to the ex-President, as it would to any ex-President who cared to accept its homage. His intimates were the very rich, and the very rich in a commercial and speculative community that has passed its youth are apt to be agreeable on their private side. Their experience of men is great, they have few prejudices, an easy tolerance of mind, and a calm persuasion of their own superiority in intellect, morals and desert to the millions whose earnings they appropriate. Industrially these men bear the same relation to the drudging masses that generals do to the rank and file of an army. It is not surpris-

ing that they should regard themselves, and be regarded by many others, as commanders, guides and patrons of the masses. The ease with which they plan operations that set millions of men in motion and bring millions of dollars to their safes impresses a man who is deficient in the money-making talent, or has not had opportunity for its exercise on a large scale. When he is admitted to the confidence of these masters of business, and witnesses the display of their tremendous power, he must have a strong head if he does not come to believe that the people are wholly under their control. He is prone to forget that there is often as much skill shown in the same game by players whose stakes are small, and that it is largely a matter of luck whether a man is able to risk millions rather than thousands. Shading off from the Goulds, and Vanderbilts, and Astors, and Rockefellers, and Huntingtons, are a multitude of the rich and well-to-do, the lesser nobility. Then comes the ruck of hopeful hangers-on, and beyond the financial and social chasm is the drudging, unhappy, and seemingly mindless mob. The emperor who held that mankind began with a baron took the view of the crowd beyond the chasm that is taken by the plutocracy into whose society Mr. Cleveland was thrown during his four years' residence in the metropolis. He found that society pleasant. Rejected by the people, the wound to his vanity was balmied by the deference shown by these masters of the people to an ex-President. Here, in an atmosphere of luxury, politeness and respectful sympathy, he moved an uncrowned king. The good-will shown him was not necessarily calculating. In their social aspect the rich are commonly kindly, and as eager as other people to drop the shop. Among them the desire is usual to exhibit a human interest in things that are theoretically held to be above money. Mr. Cleveland probably never before met people so agreeable, so considerate, so cultivated, as those who opened their opulent homes to him in New York. Mr. Whitney, his Secretary of the Navy, allied with the puissant Standard Oil connection, dual in its wealth and princely in its social importance, and himself a gentleman of good brains and winning manners, piloted his chief in these new waters, to which Washington society had been an introduction. Mr. Cleveland is far from being the slow, ponderous, dull man of hostile portrait painters. When off the official pedestal he can talk well and brightly, and makes an acceptable companion for men who know the world and have no nonsense about them. Also, as a Senator of the United States confided to me admiringly—though the Senator was a stalwart Republican—Mr. Cleveland is one of the best poker players in the Union. Moreover, he has read industriously and variously since he confessed in the Governor's office at Albany that he knew nothing about the tariff, and intercourse with strong and quick minds has sharpened his own. His new friends of the Whitney circle did more for him, however, than pay him social attention. They put him in the way of making a fortune, which they could do without cost to

themselves, or any sacrifice of uprightness or dignity on his part. Insensibly everything contributed during his four years in New York to transform Mr. Cleveland. In 1884 the Democratic party elected to the Presidency the ex-sheriff, ex-mayor, ex-governor—a man of the people, to whom the United States was a vast country, governed by the majority of its citizens, and resting for its security upon their manhood; in 1892 the Democratic party elected to the Presidency a man to whom the United States had become a small country, governed by a small class having their headquarters in New York, and dependent for its security and prosperity upon a prudent regard for their gigantic financial interests.

The reversal of his point of view has a Californian exemplification. Senator Stanford contended that in reality the Central Pacific owed the Government nothing—that when the line was subsidized with money and lands the subsidy carried with it an implied obligation of monopoly that was broken when the Government subsidized other lines to the north and south, and thus subjected the Central to competition. Further, but for the railroad the United States would have had to carry its mails across the continent by pony and stage and pay more for military supplies and ruder means of transporting its troops. It was on these grounds that Stanford based his solemn and endless prattle on “the equities” which left the Government heavily in the Central Pacific's debt. During Mr. Cleveland's first term I was one of four Californians, two of them in Congress, who called upon him. In the course of the conversation Mr. Cleveland adverted to Stanford's equities laughingly, and treated the argument with a satiric humor which his listeners enjoyed. There was no room for doubt that he understood the California Senator perfectly. Yet early last Spring the dispatches described the moving scene that ensued when Stanford visited the White House. The President arose, and, throwing his arm along the millionaire's shoulders, expressed his pleasure and gratefulness for the call, since he was in sore need of advice concerning Californian appointments. And while Stanford lived he had more influence with President Cleveland than the whole Democratic party of the State, including the Central Committee, with the imposing intellect of Mr. Max Popper at the head of it.

Mr. Cleveland is representative of his party. If he is better than it, as the Mugwumps—themselves the most respectable, narrow and invirile of men—insist, his greater excellence is due to a superiority of egotism which blinds him to the processes by which he has arrived at a state identical with that in which most of the Democratic leaders consciously exist. Carnegie may send him no congratulatory telegrams and kegs of Scotch whiskey, as he did to President Harrison, but the sort of interests represented by the gilded blue-bottle of Pennsylvania are as influential in Washington

now as they were when Harrison sat and the Republicans possessed the Senate. The chief perceptible difference remaining between the parties is that the one does sneakily what the other does boldly. The wealth of the republic has got its grip on the government, and wealth in looking out for its own welfare is neither Democratic nor Republican—or, rather, it is both, or either, as business may require. To the Republican party, which has courage, it looks for positive legislation; to the Democratic, which is craven, it looks for non-action, or as little action as will serve to keep the party in countenance as the peculiar friend of the masses. The very rich men of the country do not hold secret national conventions and gather in midnight session to plan programmes of spoliation with the co-operation of the government, but their concord in political activity when profit depends on legislation could scarcely be more effective were that their practice. So undisguised a union of property with party has never been seen in the United States as that which elected General Harrison once and tried to elect him again. The Republican managers felt no shame and saw no danger in going to the stock exchange for their finance and to the trusts for their political economy. The McKinley bill was the price paid in open market for the political help of its beneficiaries. The protest of the masses was to pitch the Republican party out of window and call in the Democracy—the Democracy, which had been stealing furtive lifts on brakebeam and bumper while the Republicans rode luxuriously in the directors' political car. Once introduced to the interior of the car, the Democracy, abashed at the unfamiliar and dazzling surroundings, instead of ordering the directors to leave and let politics alone, has pulled its forelock and sought to ingratiate itself with them. The conversion of a Radical into a Tory by a little social attention, and promises of future benefits, from the aristocracy, is not a miracle unknown to history. The fundamental weakness of the Democratic party, as we have it, is that it is undemocratic—it distrusts the people. The people are many; the rich and privileged are few, but their power is obvious and their capacity to understand and compensate service undoubted. Mr. Cleveland, under commission to act for the whole house—gallery as well as dress circle and boxes—prefers to play to a small and select New York audience. He wants the applause of the same gloved hands that encouraged Republican talent, and gets it. His party imitates his swell example, and is apparently infinitely more solicitous for a metropolitan indorsement than for the boisterous approval of the provinces. It does not dare to offend the men whose unveiled ownership of the Republican party brought victory to the Democracy in 1892. So the people will eject the Democrats—and take the Republicans back again.

What else can the people do? The answer suggests itself. If the chief use of either of the existing parties is as a club wherewith to

beat the other, why not pick up a third club and fell them both? To what profitable end? Let the future ard luck take care of that. We know what we shall get with the Republicans in again, and the Democrats have taught us that when they are the cooks there will be no change in the bill of fare. There can be no improvement without change, and only those who gain by the established order are wise to be conservative.

The Populist leaders are not an engaging lot, though there are great numbers of thoughtful men in the ranks. Senator Stewart is hardly an ideal patriot, and Penroyer and Waite are not model Governors; but behind the Populist array, however motley, is the democratic spirit—the rebellion of the democracy against the Democratic party. The club is there, and the heads of the two old parties need it. Better a President and Congress from the hands of the publicans and sinners than another President and Congress with the stamp of the plutocracy on them, and bound to the service of the plutocracy. Senator Stewart wants the Populists' nomination for President in 1896. A demagogue, even with an Emma-mine record, is preferable to a trussed and stuffed Cleveland, or a Harrison, who calls Carnegie friend and tells the youth of California that Leland Stanford should be revered as a model citizen. And the ragtag-and-bobtail of the country who rush to the Populist banner, or any banner that means discent with the rule of the merely wealthy—General Coxe's army of tatterdemalions and cranks is included in the statement—stand for Americanism far better than do the Democratic and Republican parties in their present degradation, when both are wearing the liveries and eating the bread of the predatory rich.

A shift of the eyes from the national to the local field does not cheer greatly. It is a day of small men in California, as throughout the country. The general reason is apparent. When the established parties consider it their first duty to avoid questions of large significance and to seek success by money's help, maneuvering, and exploitation of the demerits of the opposition, men of intellect and convictions are repelled from politics. And under democratic institutions an undeserving electorate cannot be well served. When place is to be won only by favor of the opulent or by demagoguery, gentlemen prefer privacy. A near view of an evil causes it to seem unexampled, but I dare say the political conditions in California are not worse than in most of the States; certainly they are a little better than they were a few years ago. Great as the power of the Southern Pacific still is, it does not so completely dominate both parties as it was wont to do. To its reign we owe the long suppression of the manhood of California and the disappearance of men of ability and character from her politics. When the price of public honors was the previous surrender of private honor—the recognition of the *droit du seigneur* at the Fourth and Townsend chateau—it is small wonder that citizens of self-respect

avoided the political career. The old era is still with us, but a new is presaged, the publication and success of this *Letter* being among the portents. Alterations in the commercial environment, due to competition at the north and south, and the consequent revolt of the suffering San Francisco merchants, the death of Stanford, the Australian ballot, and new blood derived through immigration, account for the slight improvement and promise of more. But only when the State shall be a good deal freer than it is now from the old tyranny, the old influences, the Southern Pacific tradition, will a new race of larger public men be possible. When that more manly, more American, period comes, such a spectacle of penury in brains as the Republican and Democratic parties now offer in California will be impossible.

Regard the Senatorial situation. Every element of opposition to Mr. de Young is gathering around Mr. Perkins, and the solitary hope on which the Democracy builds is the persistence of the former in his fantastic ambition. Republicans who comprehend what Mr. de Young's candidacy imports—who appreciate the kind of advertisement his election would be for the civilization of California, and feel as citizens that the debasement of our politics has gone low enough—advocate, as the salvation of their party in the struggle for the Legislature, the distinct pledging of candidates not to vote for him. Looking about for a leader to general the Republican forces against Mr. de Young—who is backed by Mr. Huntington—they can descry no stronger, abler commander in all their party than Mr. Perkins! Much can be said for Mr. Perkins as a man and a citizen—as much as can be said for any of the industrious and thrifty who remain obscure. No scandals blot his modest history as a man of business. He has not offended against the commercial code, which is liberal. He made his way from humble beginnings to competence in the usual American way, and was elected Governor of California as the "sailor boy candidate." But neither in office nor out of it has Mr. Perkins ever given evidence of ability superior to that possessed by the ordinary business man. He is a credit to his class, and it is natural that they should be proud of the official honors that have come to him, and by coming to him have, by reflection, honored them. His personal qualities inspire respect and liking, for he is kindly, generous, well-meaning and courteous. When Governor Markham appointed him to the Senate he did a "safe" thing—that is, he selected a man to whose discredit nothing could be said, but one without the aptitudes of mind and character that fit for statesmanship. The Governor might so easily have done worse that all California gave calm approval to his choice. At least we have in the Senate a clean man, a respectable man, a man whose instincts are all right. It is so seldom that our Senators have been of this kind, that the grateful State easily overlooks Mr. Perkins' want of vigor and his moderate intel-

lectual endowment. Measuring him against some Senators who have been, Mr. Perkins is a prize; measuring him against the standard in brains and acquirements of what a Senator should be, Mr. Perkins is rather absurd. Yet he is about the best product of the day of small things, and as between him and Mr. de Young no comparison can be made, except at one point, that does not cause him to tower. He is Mr. de Young's intellectual superior, and knows more about everything that a civilized man should know, but in the matter of energy he is, as most men are, the Director-General's inferior. And Mr. de Young's energy, which has made him known, and therefore offensive, is a quality that is to be feared, since it works miracles. Endowed as he is with a superabundance of it, and being void of scruples and sensitiveness, Mr. de Young can not be overthrown except by the most active and determined opposition. Until the people grow into the wisdom of calling larger men to high station, we may count ourselves happy in getting a gentleman so respectable as Mr. Perkins for Senator, but he is no leader for the fight that is ahead. And if others are to wage the battle why should he be given the spoil of victory? There are not many members of the Republican party of California who approach the Senatorial measure. Two of those who do, sit in the Supreme Court. I refer to Judges De Haven and Beatty. Both are of good character and both have brains. The former has the advantage over the latter in force, but either would take a place in the Senate to which Mr. Perkins, with all his excellent traits, cannot pretend. Of course neither Judge Beatty nor Judge De Haven has been thought of for the Senatorship; only such as get into the scramble, reveal a passion of eagerness and part with their dignity, are ordinarily so honored by a public such as ours.

It is the same on the Democratic side, though that party in standing almost solidly for Mr. White did make a creditable effort to escape from the money tradition. It cannot be said that the result has been stimulating, for Senator White is a disappointment. It was believed that a young man, a lawyer, with a reputation for ability and a good deal of legislative experience, would be fired by opportunity with an ambition to rise to it. It turns out that Mr. White is of the size to be content with the nominal greatness of a Senator, and instead of striving struts.

Mr. Daggett, Superintendent of the Mint, one-time Lieutenant-Governor and always a self-invited guest at the party's feasts, is displaying his wounds and asking the voices of the citizens. What is Mr. Daggett, and what worthy thing has he ever done that the Democracy should send him to the United States Senate? His talents are of the slenderest, and he has been conspicuous for fidelity to the political interests of the Southern Pacific. In their efforts to free themselves from the bondage of that corporation the people could always count on Mr. Daggett being against them. He was among those who, with Judge Field, were read out of the Demo-

eratic party by the Stockton Convention, and if in the intervening years he has evinced the smallest sign of repentance for the sins which brought that just punishment upon him, I am not cognizant of it. Doubtless Mr. Daggett has his agreeable personal qualities; I understand that he is good-natured and helpful to his friends and a pleasant dinner companion, but politically the Lair is worn off his hide in large patches by the rubbing of the railroad harness. Mr. Huntington would be made happy were the people's choice restricted to Mr. Daggett and Mr. de Young.

Mr. W. W. Foote was the only rival that Mr. White encountered, and his rivalry was not formidable, because it had no bravery in it. Ten years ago, when he was a Railroad Commissioner, Mr. Foote gave promise of being a man of weight in California's public life. He did his official duty in endeavoring to bring the Southern Pacific under the power of the law, and when he was renominated the people proved their capacity for rewarding good service by permitting the railroad company to beat him. Perhaps that experience made him cynical, since he let politics alone for a long while, and practiced law with an assiduity that brought him wealth and reputation. He entered for the Senatorship in competition with Mr. White, and at first his old earnestness flashed up, for he authorized me to say to the public in print that he scorned the Southern Pacific, not desiring its help and defying its enmity. The accusation was made that the corporation had come to an understanding with Mr. White, and Mr. Foote's one chance was to convince the people of the truth of what he had said to me. That would hardly have saved him, of course, particularly if the suspicion as to Mr. White's relations with the Southern Pacific were well based, yet at least it would have left Mr. Foote in defeat on manly ground. But he grew timid. He placed the management of his interests in the hands of politicians who had been bred in the faith that the Southern Pacific is omnipotent. They proceeded on the theory that success lay in inducing the railroad to keep its hands off, and Mr. Foote's campaign was so conducted as to give no offense to Mr. Huntington, and to excite no alarms in that timorous breast. The State lost nothing by the rejection of Mr. Foote. Many thought him an abler man than Mr. White, but the Heath trial had not then been held. He would be a more creditable and useful Senator than Mr. Daggett, for there is in him, and he has spasms of resolution, and generous impulses are not wanting, but solidity of character is absent.

I have suggested Judges Beatty and De Haven to the Republicans as men of the kind that a people desiring to be represented by their best citizens would call to service in the Senate. Why, similarly, if the Legislature shall be Democratic, should the party be confined in its choice to a Southern Pacific trencherman of the Daggett stamp, to a faint-

heart such as Mr. Foote, or, perchance, to an absurdity like the Hon. Jerry Lynch, who, I am given to believe, is ready to pirouette into sight again in response to a single ironical hand-clap? In John Garber the party has a man of intellect who would do the State honor in Washington. He is at the head of the Californian bar, a lawyer of greater learning than was Hall McAllister, and there is no stain upon him that I know of. He has not "served his party," of course. Men of his capacity and character are not suited to serve party in the ways that parties here choose to be served, his pride and taste forbidding. Very likely he would not take the Senatorship if it were offered him, but the proffer would elevate the party in the esteem of all whose esteem is valuable. Also, there is Jackson Temple, who, as a Judge, earned the respect even of those who lost most by his decisions. Were men of such caliber in favor with the parties when high offices are to be bestowed, California would be a more agreeable place to live in, for the population would be distinctly more intelligent than it is now, or is likely to be till greatly improved moral, and therefore political, conditions are established.

Men who are large only in their aspirations are crowding to the front for the Governorship. General Markham tested the popular heart lately by announcing that under no circumstances would he be a candidate for re-election, and he has learned that everybody is able to bear up under the prospect. He has done better in the office than was expected of him, in view of the revelation of his courage and honor given by his denial of the authorship of the "Old Pard" letter, which he wrote. It is well for him and the State that not much has been required of him—that his term has seen no legislative conflict of moment between the people on one side and the corporations on the other.

Irwin C. Stump has refused to be a candidate. Like a man of sense, he prefers to attend to his profitable business affairs, for which he is fitted, rather than to venture into the official field, where he might, or might not, be a success. I think he would be, however, for Mr. Stump has a sound head and a strong will. Moreover, his sense of duty is more active than is ordinary, and if a trust were reposed in him, he would be likely to take the obligation seriously and disregard consequences in a way that would scare the politicians. I fancy that knowledge of himself and a natural desire to keep out of trouble and lead a quiet life have induced Mr. Stump to halt in his political march. He probably has seen enough of the thing to satisfy him.

The citizen most likely, as matters now are arranged, to get the Republican nomination is Jacob Neff, of Placer, a pioneer, a miner, and a worthy old gentleman, whose principal qualification for the Governorship is that he wants it. He is as full of negative virtues as Senator Perkins himself, and not being offensively superior in mind to the

average voter, enjoys much popularity. If the purpose of republican government is to give leadership to men who differ the least from the common type, then Mr. Neff is the material for an ideal Governor. The Hon. Frank Coombs, of Napa, ex-Speaker of the Assembly and ex-Minister to Japan, and a nonentity, is also an aspirant; so is District Attorney Barnes, who has some brains and a gentleman's education, but who is richer in presumption than in endowments. Young Mr. Barnes has yet to win his spurs, and to acquire in the public mind that place which is awarded men of more gravity of character. E. B. Preston, a San Francisco lawyer not insensible to the benefits of advertising, likewise offers himself, and Orator Shortridge, famed equally for his voice and his diffidence, stands with the port of a Henry Clay in the palpitating background. The others are grouped in dozens.

Notwithstanding the just conviction that this year will be a hard one for Democrats everywhere, the passion of desire moves plenty of men to try their luck. Congressman Geary aimed at the nomination for Governor, despite his shameful services to R. F. Morrow in Santa Rosa when the latter was on trial for jury bribing, but Mr. Geary has become a Republican on the tariff, and that ends his candidacy. The Hon. Barney Murphy, of San Jose, rich, easy-going and willing to pay for excitement, who has a term as an honest State Senator to his credit; Senator Ben. Langford of Stockton, lethargic, plodding but conscientious; Senator Ostrom, of Yuba, who owned himself in the Legislature, which was better than brilliancy; A. B. Butler, the Fresno raising-grower, a man of energy and pugnacity, and Congressman Cannon, who, elected as a Populist, has voted with the Democrats on the tariff and stood by White in his battle—all these are ready to essay the risks of a campaign for the Governorship. Judge Ross of Los Angeles has declined to leave the Federal Bench for the nomination, which is to be regretted for the people's sake, as the nomination of Judge Ross would have been an event to hearten all who long to see politics in California lifted out of brainlessness and squalor.

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The associated villainies, which rule the California plantation, owning the fulness thereof and the field hands who till it, have, by a twist of circumstances, been placed on view in an aspect that they do not enjoy being seen in by the public, their inferiors. That is to say, a revealing flash or two of the light of truth has let all eyes again see them as they are. Of course, the full strength of the company is not displayed on the stage in the glare of the calcium—that would be too much to expect. Spring Valley having done its annual “turn” with the Supervisors, is resting in the wings, where the Comstock pirates also take their ease, looking on with some of that satisfaction in the misfortunes of our friends that the best of men are said not to be able to rid themselves of. The members of the band holding the boards for the moment are the Southern Pacific people, the Slavons, promoted by Panama canal contracts, and the McDonalds, whose cruising in the Pacific Bank and Home Savings Bank crafts have given them rank among the Morgans and Kidds. Captain Huntington, of course, is the central figure of the group, a position to which experience ought to have accustomed him. Still, when Kidd was ashore, decked in velvet and ruffles and bediamonded shoe-buckles, with sword on hip and jeweled snuff-box in hand, playing the fine gentleman, it doubtless annoyed him to be recognized and accosted as the robber that he was. The McDonalds are so used to a sense of righteousness that it is difficult to fancy any exposure that would disturb their confidence in their ability to get it believed that all accusers are persecutors; but Captain Huntington and Captain Slaven and Lieutenant Ike, being worldly, know exactly how they present themselves at this unpleasant juncture to worldly men. They feel themselves in the plight of the biggest of the Three Guardsmen, when D'Artagnan having in his admiration caught the hem of the cloak, unwittingly strips the gorgeous garment from Porthos' shoulders and leaves the ragged back of the swaggering dandy in full sight of the spectators. The spectators always laugh at the exposure and discomfiture of Porthos, and that is how the California field hands are affected just now. They are not surprised to learn that all is rags and foulness under the exterior of the predatory rich,

for they knew that already, but it gives them a mean pleasure to see the white dickey of pretense plucked from the soiled linen of reality. That is average human nature, and not many men are above the average in any way. A few—about one in fifty—have good moral eyesight, and, instead of being made merry by the laying bare of villainy, want the police called in.

I invite the clergy of San Francisco to study what the daily newspapers have made known during the past week or so respecting the Central and Southern Pacific people, the Slavons and the McDonalds. The other day the directors of the Central, who are also the directors of the Southern, resigned in a body, and men, some of them rich, some of them poor, but none of them heretofore connected in any way with the management of the road, were elected in their stead. It is not doubted by anybody that these new directors of the Central are dummies—that they have been put in place to serve the purposes of Mr. Huntington and his confederates; that they will vote as they are told. Why were they elected? The reporters have tried to find out, in vain, and many columns have been printed concerning the event. It is a deserved tribute to the characters of Huntington and his associates that the press, with the utmost good-nature and unconsciousness of offensive intention, goes on the assumption that a trick, a fraud, is at the bottom of the ostensible change in the directory. That assumption has been so often made, and as often justified, in the past in respect to the business of the railroad, that it excites neither surprise in the public nor resentment in the railroad people. They have established by prescription the right to be rogues. I asked one of the retired directors, whom I have long known, a man upright in his private relations and of many agreeable qualities, if he would tell me the reason for the substitution. No, he said, it was not a matter that concerned himself merely, and, therefore, he was not free to talk about it. To him I recited that a double explanation was accepted among business men—the first that the Southern Pacific people have lived long enough to understand that the Credit Mobilier method of making contracts with themselves is no longer free from legal danger, and that the object is to secure a renewed lease of the Central Pacific which will leave the English and other outside stockholders without dividends; second, that it is part of a scheme to wreck the Central and leave as little as possible for the government to take possession of, should it determine not to extend the time of payment of the debt and foreclose its mortgage. The ex-director said only that the guessers could get no help from him. Mr. Hunting-

ton has been jocular with the reporters, seeking to convey the impression that the change in directors is a trifling side-play, popular interest in which awakens amusement in him. My belief is that it has a deeper motive than simply to rob the minority stockholders of dividends. I know that for several years before his death, Stanford's closest advisers had provision of the crash that was soon to come and advised him to get out of the Central Pacific. His failing health denied him the mental and bodily energy for a task requiring so much exertion and acuteness. The managers of his estate have entered upon the retreat at this late day, and Mr. Huntington, Mr. Crocker and Mr. Searles don't intend, if they can help it, to take one additional pound of the burden on their backs. There is a fight coming between Huntington and the Stanford estate. There is always danger, too, that outside stockholders may grow tired and force a legal investigation of the business of the road—the derivation of the funds that built the Southern Pacific, and the transactions of the Pacific Improvement Company.

If California is Huntington & Co.'s plantation, and Nevada their back yard, the remainder of the United States does not belong to them. The press and people of the country have been educated to a clear understanding of the situation. The Central and Union Pacific roads were built with the people's money and endowed with the people's lands. The outlines of the Congressional history of bribery and fraud which went hand in hand with the construction of the lines is familiar to everybody, and no uncorrupted American can think of it without being conscious of a hot desire that justice may in the end be done the men who went into the speculation with nothing and came out multi-millionaires. Mr. Huntington, buoyed by the assurance that is given by an uninterrupted career of successful spoliation, has hoped that Congress would be induced to advance the date of payment to the twenty-first century. He has trusted to the dislike of the people to enlarge the functions of the government and the number of Federal employes to save the Central from being taken out of his hands. He has pleased himself with the knowledge that before the government could possess itself of the road it would be compelled to pay the first mortgage, which he and his confederates, by favor of a corrupt Congress, hold, so that in such event, instead of being required to lessen his pile he would be further enriched. But occasionally the public thinks straight. It does so about the Central Pacific and the men who have so criminally abused the trust of its possession. If money is owing it should be paid—that is the doctrine of common men, who have the rule applied to themselves al-

ways, and they cannot be persuaded that an exception should be made in favor of these Central Pacific buccaneers. Mr. Huntington and his partners are not rich enough to corrupt the whole influential press of the Union. He found his influence insufficient to control the newspapers of New York, to which the Central Pacific is a thing far away, and denunciation of the rascality of its managers a virtue to practice which costs little. Mr. Huntington endeavored to offset the effect of their truth-telling by establishing a *Sacramento Record-Union* in New York. Journalists there have told me that ere he was done with the *Star*—which is dead—he was out of pocket at least a million dollars. The Chicago press has preached the gospel of debt-paying for many years. So has the press of Boston and Philadelphia and St. Louis, and all the chief cities. It is as easy for newspapers on the Eastern side to treat Mr. Huntington with disrespect and his interests with disregard as it is for the bold and fearless press of San Francisco to sneer at the anglomania of William Waldorf Astor or to be stern with Boss McKane of Coney Island for his sins. The press of the country could not undo the effect of its good work if it would. A public opinion has been formed that Congress will not dare to outrage. And Mr. Huntington is deprived of the sympathy and help of his brethren in the East. The Vanderbilts or Goulds would be more than willing to make an advantageous contract with the government to operate the Central Pacific for a term of years. It is a good property, and by management that should not be piratical, could be made a far better one. If Nevada were given permission to grow she would become rich tributary territory to San Francisco, and when the Central Pacific ceased to be drugged for robbing purposes by the Southern Pacific, a feeding system would spring up, insuring the full development of northern and central California.

It is a pity that Mr. Huntington is so old, for only time is needed to enable justice to catch up with him. Let him remain another ten years upon the globe whose entire ownership has escaped him, and his view of mankind and his relation of mastership toward it will be rudely altered. If the government, instead of being paid the debt that is honestly due it, shall be required to pay more millions into Mr. Huntington's pockets as first mortgagee, there will be a popular feeling aroused that must find expression in aggressive legal action. It will cost the people nothing to feel indignant and to demand that crime be punished. Away from the Pacific Coast Mr. Huntington is powerless to punish the people for daring to think and say that a thief is a thief and should be dealt with as one, whether he be little or big. The master of this plantation has lorded it so long that the powers of government have come to seem to him a fiction to amuse the mob, as they did to Boss Tweed and Boss McKane in their time of unrestrained dominance. But those powers are very real, if slow to be exerted. The payment of the millions of the first mortgage

to Mr. Huntington and his partners and the taking of the Central Pacific, which would mean that the second mortgage debt of seventy millions could never be collected by the United States from the owners of the road, as owners, would raise a demand, continental in its area and national in its strength, for an advance in force upon the private fortunes of the builders, and criminal proceedings against Mr. Huntington, the sole survivor. There are lawyers who think such steps should have been taken years back. Among these is Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, who was a member of the Federal Railroad Investigating Commission. It was he who, in Parlor A of the Palace Hotel, where the Commission sat, asked Stanford whence he had derived his gigantic private fortune. And the Senator, with eyes cast down and hands trembling, made answer, "From values created by the building of the railroad." It is a principle of law that stolen goods may be followed by the owner wheresoever they are taken, and the law's sword can hew down the barricades of law behind which rogues intrench themselves, when Justice is in earnest. As I have said, it costs the people and press not belonging to this plantation nothing to be virtuous where Mr. Huntington and the Central Pacific are involved. A dummy board of directors is not a very tall nor a very stout barricade. It would serve in ordinary times, but not in a crisis. If Mr. Huntington lives—and may his life be spared—his education in the utility of honesty as a policy will begin with the default of the Central Pacific as a debtor to the government, and Mr. Huntington's further enrichment by the default.

The correspondence of the Slavens, uncle and nephew, which the *Examiner* has done the good public service of publishing, is interesting to everybody, but should have a special interest for the clergy. H. B. Slaven, formerly a druggist here, secured dredging contracts from the Panama Canal Company, and made so much money out of them that he became subject to the millionaire's greed, and was loth to acknowledge that others were entitled to share with him. These others brought suits, and the correspondence discloses that bribery, perjury and subornation of perjury were the weapons employed by the Slavens to defeat their antagonists. Between the opulent uncle and the serviceable nephew the frankest of understandings existed. To win, and win by any means, was their calm determination. The villainies are associated. Community of interest, inter-dependence, and identity of aims render this inevitable. Mr. Herrin, head of the law department of the Spring Valley Water Company, is head of the law department of the Southern Pacific. These corporations, the gas company, the telephone company, the insurance companies, the banks—all corporations—make common cause when ordinances are proposed in the Board of Supervisors, or laws in the Legislature, in favor of the public, or designed to draw out the "sack" which corporations have learned to regard as a legitimate means of defense or attack.

When the Grand Jury was investigating the case of Assemblyman Bruner, who had nosed about for the corruption fund of the railroad ticket scalpers' association, Mr. Lloyd Tevis went trotting around among the jurymen, employing those arts of persuasion and coercion of whose ramifications he is fond of boasting, in behalf of the Southern Pacific, which, either in appreciation of services rendered, or from fear of what a cornered petty scoundrel might tell, wished to save Bruner from indictment, and did. Mr. Le Count was foreman of that Grand Jury. Touch one predatory millionaire, one preying corporation, and all feel the thrill of peril—not peril of loss, but of interference with their privilege of doing as they please, and making money as they like. The public is theirs to shear, and a public that submits to shearing as it is done in California deserves all the contempt for its rights and intelligence which the shearers feel. When Nephew Slaven inspected the crowd of lawyers to choose one who should protect Uncle Slaven's dollars from claimants that could be resisted in court only by elaborate crime, it was natural that his eyes should be drawn to the Southern Pacific warren at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. There was a safe to be robbed of papers, witnesses to be bribed and coached, and possibly judges to be approached and jurors to be corrupted. Nephew Slaven selected Colonel Creed Hammond, then head of the law department of the Southern Pacific, and after engaging him wrote to Uncle Slaven:

You can stake your all that the Colonel has no equal. Some time I will tell you a few things about what he has done for us. I have his full confidence. What has always been a mystery to me—how they managed their affairs—is very plain to me.

And again, in the strain of respectful admiration, to the millionaire uncle in New York:

In talking with the Colonel he said that he didn't know anything about the courts of your State or what influence you had there; if the case were here, we wouldn't care anything for the amount of evidence they would bring forward.

The occasion for the uncovering of the methods by which the Slavens, assisted by the law department of the Southern Pacific, conduct their business in the courts, is a suit brought by Dick Chute, a boss that has grown gray in the sewers of politics, who claims \$25,000 for services. If the revelation has astonished or shocked the community, those emotions have, at this writing, found no voice in the editorial columns of the local press. The letters are printed in an obvious spirit of humorous pleasure in making that public which persons of importance would wish to have kept private—it is simply good fun gayly to bait a very rich man with the amusing truth as to his peccadillos. That the Slavens will be sent to jail for the crimes confessed in their correspondence, or that the revered memory of the late Colonel Creed Hammond will in the least suffer in the esteem of Mr. Huntington, Colonel Crocker or the rest of his employers—or in the esteem of anybody on the plantation whose belongings give his judgment weight—

no practical San Franciscan will for a moment be so guileless as to think.

The struggle of the Home Saving Bank to get possession of the assets of the Pacific Bank—to force the latter to make good its guaranty of the value of pledged securities—has revived interest in the McDonalds as financiers and citizens. The clergy have not improved the misfortunes of this godly family as they might, and as I hope some of the brethren who were not borrowers at the Pacific will yet do. The collapse of that bank was a disgrace which takes in much in its wide embrace. The existence of the institution, its success for years, betokened an alteration in the spirit of California. In the old masculine days no man of Dr. McDonald's pretensions would have been accepted. The civilization of the East has reached us when religious professions have come to be of use in a large business. San Francisco is the last city where one would think a bank could be advantaged by zeal in the President of the institution for the extirpation from the community of the twin evils of drink and tobacco, and where depositors when asking after the state of their accounts would submit to lectures on their minor morals and to having circulars setting forth the stomachic and spiritual excellences of Dr. McDonald's vinegar bitters thrust into their hands. When in June last the financial panic spread West, everybody in San Francisco connected with the newspapers, or who knows the difference between a "star ad." and honest reading matter, became aware that both the Pacific and Home Savings banks were on the edge of disaster, for at that time Dr. McDonald began publishing dollar-a-line interviews with himself, intended to show how it was impossible that the storm should affect two houses that were built upon the rock of his virtue and wealth. Other bankers knew what was coming; so did the Bank Commissioners; so did Attorney-General Hart. But no voice, official or other, was lifted to warn the public, and the houses fell, burying many. The Attorney-General was among the heavy debtors of the Pacific, and loans, secured and unsecured, were out in the editorial rooms and pastors' studies. Attorney Baggett, on informing himself of the affairs of the bank, said for print that the McDonalds should be criminally prosecuted, and who doubts it? Dr. McDonald, good man, is in the East seeking repose and health, and his son evinces no diminution of impudence, no fear of consequences. It was not merely folly that smashed the Pacific Bank—not investments stupidly or recklessly made. It is believed that collaterals given to Eastern banks were in some instances far in excess of the amount of security needed, and the excess may be in the nature of deposits on which the McDonalds will draw when the affairs of their trap have been wound up and themselves freed from the possible reach of depositors who have given receipts in full for a moiety of their money. I do not know this, but it is permitted to suspect anything of the men who worked the Pacific Bank. Yet what official have we who dares to go up

against them, or any of the associated villainies? Attorney-General Hart dare not, and as District Attorney Barnes is a candidate for the Governor's nomination from his party, he certainly will not proceed against the McDonalds by information. As for the grand jury, no one expects anything from grand juries since the Supreme Court became highly technical in the interest of Boss Buckley and his Southern Pacific employers and declared illegal the only grand jury the city has seen for years that had the courage to indict powerful scoundrels and to exhibit a determination to turn the search-light on the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. Judge Hebbard has instructed the newest grand jury to investigate the wrecking of the Pacific Bank—has spoken from the bench like an honest man—but the associated villainies are puissant when they wish to prevent the machinery of the law from moving.

I have directed the attention of the clergy to these matters. What has the pulpit of San Francisco to say of the associated villainies, and the revelations of their processes which the press in its news columns is making? Here is sin that reaches further and deeper in its malefic consequences than any other variety, since its practice robs the pockets of the people, breeds in them servility to bad men who are strong, debases their minds by accustoming them to respect shameful success, and so leaches the manhood out of them. Men of the world have an easy code. Like the gambler of anecdote, they don't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to them. If a public wrong does not incidentally wound them, they commonly shrug their shoulders, wish matters could be mended, but feel no call to encounter the troubles of the reformer or protestant, and pass by on the other side, satisfied to be allowed to mind their own private business. But the clergy are not privileged to adopt this easy code. Their office demands of them that they shall stand for what is right and make no compromise with sin. And as a body the clergy recognize this obligation, even though they shirk it. There are good and earnest men in the pulpit of this city and California, but not many of more than very moderate intellect. The weakness of most is a distorted sense of moral proportion. Voiceless in the presence of sinister wealth which multiplies itself by a species of crime that rots the minds and hearts of the people and threatens the permanence of the republic, they grow vocal when such great matters as an open Fair on Sunday, Sabbath baseball games, dancing, theater-going, cigarette-smoking by school-boys, and the like, rise and fill the field of their vision. There are few clergymen who do not feel bound to respond to a moral appeal when one is made to them. Ministers near and far have been kind enough to write me warmly on the subject of this *Letter*. I have clerical subscribers already in half a dozen cities of the Union. Surely, it is not my piety that has attracted them, for I have none, but they find in the little paper a natural protest against evil.

One, a Methodist pastor, in a Southern California town, apropos of ex-President Harrison's panegyric on Leland Stanford before the students of the Palo Alto University, writes: "I am constrained to thank you for your part in the fight for good morals and a pure manhood. I thank you for the deserved rebuke administered to a supposed Christian man for his ill-fitting eulogy of one of the modern robber lords. The eulogy is doubly dangerous because it comes from one who was for a while our chief citizen. God have mercy on the young who listen to such eulogies. I thank you, also, that you 'do squarely attack American plutocracy. May God give you the swing of a giant for this work.' Now, that is straightforward, hearty, manly, Christian. Then this follows: 'But I am afraid you have not discovered that this same plutocracy is a natural outgrowth of the competitive system, under which so many groan and which is essentially Christless.

* * While trying to make men better we have been supporting a system that makes selfishness seem necessary.' That is Socialism. Socialism may be either good or bad, but there can be no doubt whatever about its want of popularity. If the people of the United States shall ever determine to abandon the competitive system for a co-operative commonwealth—to substitute the benevolent tyranny of the State for the selfish energy of the individual—it will be a long while after the brother from whom I quote and myself have solved the larger problem of the hereafter. Meantime it is not Christian, or sensible, to unload the guilt of sin from sinners to the "system." If the competitive system is responsible for plutocrats, so is it for burglars. We do not wait for the lion and the lamb to give the signal by lying down together before we lay hold of burglars and apply the law to them. When the competitive system shall be abolished burglars and plutocrats, brothers in greed and disregard of property rights, may simultaneously disappear; but meantime there are statutes and policemen and jails, and they do not exist merely to decorate civilization. Christ did not preach of systems, competitive or co-operative, except to the extent of extolling the beauty of brotherly help—of communism—as most young and generous men instinctively do. His voice was directed to the individual man. The appeal of the gospel's promises and threats is not to aggregates, but to the single human conscience, and the pulpit if doubtful of its duty in the presence of such gross and unashamed sin as the Huntingtons and Slavons and McDonalds stand for, need only turn to the New Testament to be enlightened. When he had to grapple with the problem of the money changers Christ suspended the law of doing kindness in return for injury and went for them with a whip of thongs. The rich in his day, too, pleased him no better than would their successors of now. He had no sweet things to say about "sanctified wealth," but made the eye of a needle heaven's gateway for the golden-humped camels. It is because the gospel is not

preached to the rich that the poor are not over fond of having it preached to themselves. When Mr. Lloyd Tevis and ex-Senator Fair can find a restful relief in Dr. Foute's sermons, and the McDonalds enter the pews with a sustaining conviction that they are placing the godless community in their debt for an improving example, shall we wonder that the masses stay away from church, and that it has divorced itself from the intellect and earnestness of the time? The average clergyman is restrained from saying what should be said to the predatory rich by the same reasons that silence the average newspaper—self-interest, custom and a bastard sense of propriety, which is the offspring of a blunted perception of the chasm that separates right and wrong. When the pulpit is ready to knock down propriety in order to save truth from being violated, the people will again listen to the gospel gladly. If one San Francisco clergyman should lean from his desk and personally address the Huntingtons and McDonalds and Slavens of his congregation as the scoundrels that they are, the public would crowd to that honest clergyman's church. He would be criticised and abused and sneered at and lied about for his truth-telling, but he would be stayed by the sense of a plain duty plainly done. He would do in the church what this *Letter* is doing in journalism, and I certainly pretend to no commission from on high.

The criminal rich are fools. In the very nature of things their prostitution of the law must ultimately bring its punishment. Popular respect for law alone gives them security in the possession of their spoil, yet they habitually, by their conduct, teach the masses that the law is the servant, not the master, of conscienceless wealth. Their gross, cynical corruption of legislatures and courts has passed into common knowledge. Before Robert F. Morrow, the millionaire of the Sutter-street cable-car company, was tried for jury bribing and escaped the penitentiary by a single vote, many attorneys were wont to refuse to take cases for damages against the street-car corporations of this city, the lawyers having been led by experience to believe that a combination existed designed to defeat such suits by felonious means. Morrow did not bribe because he believed the suing widow was not entitled to damages for the death of her husband through the Geary-street company's carelessness, but because he deemed it expedient, as a principle of business, to prevent the establishment of a precedent of large damages. Nephew Slaven has recorded the estimate in which Colonel Haymond, the head of the Southern Pacific's law department, held the courts of San Francisco. Mr. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, divulged in the Colton correspondence his notion of how much integrity existed in Congress and on the Federal bench. Millionaire McLaughlin kept alive for twenty years the case in which Cox was his opponent. A justice of the Supreme Court is my authority for the state-

ment that there was no reason in either law or equity why it should not have been finally decided in six months. When Cox shot McLaughlin he was not even brought to trial, and the people of the State, as a whole, refused to condemn him, terrible and lawless as was his vengeance. We have seen within the week in South Carolina how powerless the law becomes when the majority of a community deem it an invader of their natural rights. If a like revolt against spoliation under the perverted forms of law should ever happen in California—which God forbid, since there is never real justification for riot in a republic governed by popular vote—what showing could the Huntingtons and Slavens and McDonalds and Tevises and Fairs make in asking for the law's protection? Men who have spent a good portion of their lives in proving their contempt for the law by using the courts as tools in their kit for cracking other people's safes, are entitled to protection only because one species of lawlessness does not cure another. Society, for its own sake, cannot afford to take illegal revenge on the predatory rich. But they have no case against lawlessness by the mob. He who asks for equity must come into court with clean hands. There are victories to be won for civilization by the people of California, and the greatest and most significant of these will be the jailing of the first multi-millionaire of the Huntington type by legal process. Such a triumph would mean more for liberty, for Americanism, than any event that has happened in the State's history. Field hands now drudging on the plantation may live to see this triumph achieved. There is enough manhood among us on which to build hope.

I feel that the *Letter* has accomplished something worth while in the direction of bringing the financial management of the Midwinter Fair to a business-like foundation. The existence of the Committee of Fifty, which created the Executive Committee, was forgotten until I recalled it and pointed out its authority to act. No other paper joined the *Letter* in calling upon Mayor Ellert, the chairman, to convoke the body, but Mr. de Young and his associates were discerning enough to understand the situation, and hastened to request the Mayor to summon the committee and receive a report. That report merely disclosed to every man of affairs how much the finances of the Fair need looking into by disinterested investigators. Whether the committee appointed by the Mayor to do the work is composed of men who will perform it regardless of the Director-General's interests and feelings I don't know, but Mr. Ellert having selected them, the chances are that they cannot all be coaxed or menaced from doing their duty. Mr. de Young has given us another exhibition of himself by the abuse he has spilled on Mr. Ellert, via the *Chronicle*, for daring to demand an intelligible account of receipts and expenditures. That is inferential evidence of the necessity for the investigation. Also the Director-General has shown the grade of his intelligence and the quality of his character by his method of meeting criticism of the Fair by such newspapers as decline to regard it and him as one. The county exhibitors

have met—and the concessionaires, too, I believe—and the hotel men, to adopt resolutions declaring in effect that whosoever sees defects in the exposition or its management and seeks the correction of the same is an enemy of California. It is rather remarkable that Secretary Kane of the Society for the Suppression of Vice has not been denounced as a foe of viticulture and horticulture for stopping the unspeakably indecent muscle dance in the Oriental quarter. Mr. de Young, being a dullard and subject to panic at the loss of a subscriber, naturally takes it for granted that criticism may best be met by bullying. As for the county exhibitors and hotel men and concessionaires, if they could be brought to adopt privately a resolution to mind their proper business and let the decent press attend to its own, they would add to California's reasons for not being ashamed of some of her products.

The investigating committee is empowered to probe the management thoroughly. I suggest that after it has satisfied itself whether or not Director-General de Young, Secretary Badlam and others of the managers are partners in concessions, it overhaul the work and expenses of the Department of Publicity and Promotion. A friend in the House of Representatives sends me a sheet issued by that department which is embellished with a portrait of Director-General de Young, and that great man is spoken of thus in the accompanying printed matter:

Here stood the man who, of his own free accord, prompted solely by humane and charitable impulses, had brought within their grasp the realization of their most cherished hopes for a new era of prosperity and general good-will; the man, from whose brain, like Pallas-Athena from the head of Jupiter, had sprung the gigantic project of an institution of relief and assistance to the people of California; no wonder that his first attempts at the delivery of his well-chosen address were drowned in tumultuous applause; no wonder that his remarks to the point were constantly interrupted by cheer after cheer, echoing and re-echoing from the hilly surroundings and the tops of the pine forests.

When it has been learned how much of the money contributed by the citizens of California has been spent for the dissemination of literature of this order, time would not be wasted in inquiring where the \$2000 came from which Mr. Hume, editor of the *Post* of this city, confessed to me had been paid him by the Director-General to cease criticism of himself and his management of the Fair. Mr. de Young is more accustomed to putting money of that sort into his pocket than taking it out. Mayor Ellert, I trust, will question Mr. de Young on this head, should the investigating committee shrink from doing so. No report on the finances of the Fair ought to be accepted that does not include a statement from the Director-General as to the source of that disbursement for the corruption and silencing of a newspaper which was demanding that the taking in and paying out of the Fair's money should be done in the light.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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The "armies" that are headed for the national capital with the declared purpose of demanding of Congress legislation that shall produce the same fruit as only hard work does in the case of men of the capacities of these pilgrims, are principally of importance because of the interest they excite. In themselves the armies represent little that could not quickly and justly be cured by the application of the vagrancy law. They do not stand for the sort of poverty that constitutes the "social problem." California has furnished two of the armies, whose success in intimidating communities to feed them and railroad companies to carry them reveals how very timid men are when somebody finds the audacity to try what bullying will do. Times are hard in California, to be sure, but not nearly so hard as on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. If, therefore, there were any common impulse prompting the poor to march on Washington as a forlorn hope, the recruits from the Pacific coast would be as three grains in a train-load of wheat, whereas as they now compose four-fifths of the host, including the Eastern wing under the command of Mr. Coxey and Carl Browne, who recall the crusaders that set out from France some seventy thousand strong under the leadership of a goat and a goose, and got no nearer the Holy Land than Hungary, where they perished miserably, despite their rich abundance of faith in the goose and the goat as heaven's deputies. That Browne be Coxey's first lieutenant gives us Coxey's caliber, for Browne is a brainless person, introduced to Californians by Dennis Kearney, and switched from his natural career as a day laborer only by an unusual endowment of laziness and impudence. Fry, he of the Los Angeles band, is a professional loafer of a low kind, and Kelley, the chief of the San Francisco and Oakland wing, is apparently of the same breed, since he is said to have deserted work and wages under the fascination of an opportunity to talk and be heard and seen. When men of this sort are at the head of the armies it must be perceived that however deep may be the material poverty of the troops their mental destitution is far more profound. At best, the "Industrial Army of the United States" is a procession of the unfittest—creatures who would sink to the bottom and lie

there till they died if not rescued, no matter how society might be organized. It is not a crime to be without brains, but the necessary punishment of the lack in a competitive civilization is hard labor for life. If God made the world, he took ample care to guard against there being any scarcity of hewers of wood and drawers of water. They are not to be blamed for trying to escape from the station in which it has pleased Providence to place them, but if the sole alternative that occurs to them is to become sturdy beggars, threatening better heads than theirs, it is both expedient and moral to break their own.

The slaves of poverty who awaken intelligent sympathy are not the dull clods capable of no higher life, but those who are barred by mind-killing drudgery from the better things for which they are fitted. There are not many of the latter kind in the Industrial armies. To most of the men who are in the ranks, the advance on Washington presents all the delights of a holiday excursion. The average age of the thousand rounded up by the authorities at Ogden was about twenty-four. You need to have done hard work for a living to know how keen is the physical pleasure of not having to do it, and still be fed. To jump freight trains, or to be received as a passenger in box-cars, and fly banners, and have whole towns excited with apprehension of what you may do in the way of theft, arson and riot, to read about yourself in the newspapers and be given in print the dignity of a problem; to see new States, strange places, enjoy the companionship of a multitude of fellows as idle and light hearted as yourself—all this, added to the grand fact that there is no work to be done, fascinates the Industrial soldier, as the war of the Rebellion did his counterpart before the fact was realized that soldiering involved fighting as well as brass bands and the gay indolence of camp life. Then it needed the draft to get recruits. Young men of the grade who flock to Browne's and Fry's and Kelley's standards are as exhilarated by the prospect of the fun ahead as the ordinary Californian would be at the offer of a three-months' vacation with a full pocket and a guaranty against care or accumulation of work and responsibilities on his return. A considerable proportion of the crusaders left paying employment to enroll themselves with the "unemployed." I personally know of several such cases, and we all have been informed by the newspapers of many others. Work, on being offered to some of the crusaders in Sacramento, was refused.

To the extent that benevolence has actuated the giving of food and money to these bodies of vagrants it has been deceived. If the country were prosperous, what toleration

would the Industrial armies meet with? It is the knowledge that everywhere great numbers of men and their families are suffering which moves the charitable to look kindly upon the voluntary idlers, who thus get the sympathy and substantial aid that should go to others. The fear that has extorted alms from those not open to the appeal of charity, has not been inspired by the armies themselves so much as by what it is thought may possibly be behind them—the great mass of poverty of which the prosperous always stand vaguely in dread. That is a tiger everybody would rather placate than rouse. But the Industrial armies are no more representative of that tiger than the wandering tramp who would rather go hungry than saw wood for his dinner, is representative of the honest poor.

Society is easily frightened by shadows, and it is given to whistling to keep its courage up. It is cowardly because there pervades it a more or less clear consciousness of guilt. There are few men able to think at all who are so conceited as really to believe that desert alone makes the difference between their state of comfort and the misery of the very poor. They know that if the lots were reversed they would not have the companionship of content in their penury. Though they see no way of remedying the injustice, they feel that there is injustice—that it is not fair that one man should have riches and another, quite as worthy and more industrious, should be required to drudge always upon the very verge of starvation. Every one fancies that he would be braver in somebody else's circumstances than somebody else is, and thus such of the prosperous as are candid with themselves wonder, when they reflect, that the poor endure their poverty so meekly as they do—why they don't get up and smash things and call for a new deal for a change. The ordinary explanation which egotism supplies is that the poor are of an inferior breed, and lack the pluck and spirit as well as the discernment of their betters. The merely commonplace who are comfortable bother themselves not at all with thinking, turning that irksome use of the brain over to their newspapers, which meet the demand by creating plotting bands of Socialists and Anarchists who are held to be the only miscreants that have a will to lay a criminally disturbing hand on the foundation stones of our eminently satisfactory Christian civilization. If pushed for a moral reply to the question whether it is best that a thousand should go hungry that one may feast, the responsibility is shifted to the Almighty, and criticism of His ways is obviously an impiety of which no organ of the better class would be suspected. New York has an annual parade of the police for the

reassuring of the well-to-do. I saw this parade a few years ago, and next day every newspaper in the city had an editorial exulting over the display of force, warning the Socialists and Anarchists of what would happen to them should they ever encounter that splendid army of three or four thousand men. Not a word was said of the riotous possibilities of the tenement districts that befool the island, and which a man with a heart in his breast keeps away from, even if he has to make detours when on business, so awful are the sights of hopelessly suffering, degradation and cureless squalor—acres on acres of such sights that make one who has the money to relieve any part of the hideous misery, feel that he could not face Christ if a dollar were left in his pocket. That feeling is sentimental and unphilosophical, of course—as preposterous, practically and scientifically, as was Jesus' own communistic proposal that Dives solve the social problem by dividing with Lazarus. Charity as a remedy for poverty has been tried these two thousand years, and it is as impotent as preaching. If every millionaire in New York were to give his wealth to the tenements, the last state of the tenements would be worse than the first. Nevertheless the feeling which prompts giving is the moral essence of humanity that will save the race, if anything can, when it shall be rightly directed, if that may be hoped for.

The New York newspapers said nothing of the human dynamite of the East side, but bullied the Socialists and Anarchists, as though those conspirators had just been headed off from desperate demonstrations by the parade of the police. I went to an advertised meeting of the Anarchists to see for myself what the actual thing was like. There were perhaps fifty men and women in what had been a theatrical dive, such as portions of Kearny street are lined with. The men were all foreigners, who looked as if they might be servants in beer halls, bootblacks and scavengers. The women were the proper mates of these lowly foes of American civilization. They listened to a speech from a man on the stage, whom I took for a German doctor of the sort who shouts his dogmatic opinions about nothing in particular and gesticulates vehemently between his attacks on the beer glass—until he began to speak, that is. Then, though his English was difficult, I perceived that he had something to say. In describing the condition of the lower strata of the working people he did not go a hair beyond the truth, and there were earnestness and pity in his words. It was when he came to the cure for their hardships and discharged his sentences at the rich and well-to-do that he became foolish and a little frantic, for in his view they were branded as conscious conspirators for the enslavement of the poor, and should be fought with bullets instead of votes. He was sneering and bitter in his declamation against the insensibility of the American workingman, who seemed to him a willing slave. When he had finished I inquired who he was, and found that I had

been listening to Herr Most—a far more intelligent, better informed and more thoughtful man than most of the journalists who have drawn the caricature of him that was fixed in my mind as his portrait. We had a talk together, and he mourned over the complete want of progress of the propaganda among Americans. If, he said, but one group of natives could be formed in New York, though it were composed of but a dozen members, it would mean infinitely more for “the cause” than a score of German or other foreign groups. That was five years ago, and we read the other day how Most had given up in despair and notified all Anarchist missionaries to stay in Europe, since this field is fruitless. Yet, after this year's annual police parade the press of New York will comfort the substantial citizens with the customary assurances that so long as that splendid Irish constabulary stands between them and the Anarchists nothing is to be apprehended. And really there is as little to be apprehended from the human dynamite of the tenements as from Herr Most and his handful of dejected followers. A country has to be full of such dynamite everywhere, as France was in the last century, before there is the least danger of its exploding. It is not to be touched off by Anarchists or Socialists, or any other organized element of discontent. Propagandas are as powerless as Industrial armies. They may contribute in a small way to charge the air with the electricity of revolt, but the black clouds must drift together of themselves at the hour appointed by social evolution. Not till they meet will the storm break and overwhelm.

Inquiries come to me through the mails and otherwise as to what I think is to be the outcome of the rule of the plutocracy—what I think is the cure for the social wrongs that are apparent to all men of sense. The frank answer is that I don't know, and that I don't think anybody else does, though many of my correspondents are not oppressed with a consciousness of sharing my ignorance. I weary, rather, of reformers, given to the vice of letter-writing, who have neat and easy plans for abolishing poverty and rendering mankind selfish for the race instead of for the individual. Their confidence in their recipes almost necessarily implies littleness and hardness of mind, based on an egotism that is mistaken by the victim for a mountain from which he is enabled to view his less wise, less philosophical fellow-creatures, and roll down on them tablets of stone engraved with new commandments. The one-idea man, the crank, is useful, as is everybody who brushes the dust off custom and challenges the established, but he is commonly a bore. There is my earnest friend, Henry George, for illustration. He is the ablest of the whole tribe, and I am loth to class him with the cranks, yet he is one, though a king among them. He has proved, as others had done less strikingly before him, the essential wrong of private ownership of nature's resources, on which all must depend for life. But he delivered his whole message in “Progress and Poverty,” a great book, fifteen years ago, and

has said nothing new since then. He has made converts by the thousand, and these, corresponding and communing with him and one another, convince him and themselves that the time is just ahead when the world will rise up and demand the inauguration of the millennium by the abolition of all taxes save one on land values. Here we see at once the strength and weakness of the reforming mind that is harnessed to a single idea. If it did not fervently believe that the clear exposition to the multitude of a wrong must at once be followed by its abolition, there would be an end of that hopefulness, that moral enthusiasm which creates cranks—and also keeps the world from rotting. But common-sense instructs us that for men to see the right is one thing, while for them to do it is another. The righteousness and beauty of Christ's precepts the earth has acknowledged for many centuries, yet the world has never yet tried Christianity. The Republican party will walk into office once more over the prostrate Democracy, because the people would rather be cheated again in the old way than take chances on unfamiliar, and therefore more terrifying evils that might possibly be hidden in a third party. A people so very conservative as this in ordinary politics may well be given up in despair by Herr Most, and radical specialists of all varieties will knock no more chips off the stone wall with their heads than he has done. Editor Stead is quite right in saying that America is the hardest among modern nations to move to experiment. There is not the faintest likelihood that those stuffed terrors, “Socialism,” “Anarchy” and “Communism,” in the forms in which either their propagandists or the ordinary newspapers understand them, will make serious headway in our day. Their very names scare the average citizen, who is either too anxious about the security of his own little belongings to run risks, or, if he has nothing, is a child of his American environment, and in his wildest dreams of reform does not often venture as far out on the ice as the free trade line.

Indisputably there is abroad among the people a deep sense of wrong. General poverty on one hand and great fortunes on the other strike them as being unjust, but they are much too timid, and have read their newspapers to more enlightening purpose than to be ready to countenance schemes of change that would touch the foundation of things as the average citizen is used to them. The familiar is to him the natural order, and the chaos beyond appalls. The condition of the masses in the United States, hard as it is, is yet affluent on the whole as compared with the lot of peoples elsewhere, and the intolerable has to be reached before rebellion will occur. In Mark Twain's most thoughtful, most penetrating, and least read book, “A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court,” this passage occurs, which I will match with any ever written for truth and eloquence:

And here were these freemen of Arthur's England assembled in the early morning to work on their lord the bishop's road three days each—gratie; every head of a family and every son of a family,

three days each, gratis, and a day or so added for their servants. Why, it was like reading about France and the French, before the ever-memorable and blessed Revolution, which swept a thousand years of such villainy away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one: a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hog-head of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery the like of which was not to be mated but in hell. There were two "Reigns of Terror," if we would but remember and consider it; the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted three months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death upon ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the "horrors" of the minor Terror, the momentary Terror, so to speak; whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with the life-long death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heart-break? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetery could contain the coffins filled by that brief Terror which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over; but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real Terror—that unspeakably bitter and awful Terror—which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or pity as it deserves.

Yet it was the stomachs, not the souls, of Frenchmen that drove them to arms at last—a diet of grass rather than a purpose to end and avenge a thousand years of spoliation and outrage. And a hundred years after the fall of the Bastille I saw men harnessed to carts in the streets of Paris. What the masses gain by force they lose through craft—through the inborn instinct of the more able to despoil the less able. But it is to Rome rather than to France that we must look for the vital analogies that most closely fit our situation. Strong and arrogant as the American millionaire is, he is an infant in power and pride compared with the noble of pre-revolutionary France. The ancient struggle between the patricians and the plebs is on among us, and has been ever since the republic was founded and the Democratic and Federalist parties were born of the opposing instincts and interests. We are rid of slavery, and in that are in better case than was Rome, but in the new as in the old republic the rich continue to absorb the power, the lands, the wealth, the privileges, and, like their predecessors, appropriate to themselves the descriptive title of The Good. Mr. Carnegie is one of the Boni, and is aware of it; so is Mr. Rockefeller, godly man; and Mr. Pullman, most benevolent of employers, who knows what is best for his workmen far better than they themselves do. Mr. Huntington, high in the equestrian order, is likewise a leader of the Boni, and though he doesn't make pretensions to piety or philanthropy and can't spell, he can steal with all four hands, and fire angry oaths at myself and all who think with me that he is not so much more brainy and admirable than the common sort of Californian that he should be permitted to reign over us and rob us without question or complaint. So far the Boni have it all their own way. And so far the American plebs have been patient plebs, and only lately have we seen an Industrial army

of them asking for gratuitous corn and wine and free circuses to keep them quiet. Should present tendencies continue, as doubtless they will, a different spirit will grow with the progressive degradation of the masses. And if history of what has been is a sure guide to what shall be, the Boni will come out ahead in the end, as they always have done. A people who can devise no more effective rebuke for the treachery of the Democratic party and the kingly wilfulness of an egotist of Grover Cleveland's caliber than to take back the divorced and outworn Republican party is, unless its wits shall brighten and its pluck improve, much less likely to set about an intelligent and orderly cure of the ills that sicken the republic than it is to prepare the way for a Caesar who, while perhaps preserving all the forms of liberty, will lay the strong military hand on the plebs and the Boni alike.

It is the crassest of optimistic folly to harbor the notion that there is in republican institutions an enchantment that will save us from adding one more proof of the truth that history repeats itself. If we are to be saved from the fate that has buried all other nations which have not fallen swiftly by the sword (a fate that works along lines dreadfully familiar to everybody who knows where to find the headstones in the cemetery of the past), it must be by resistance to the common disease—the increase of wealth accompanied by the decay of manhood. That resistance can take many forms. It appears in the Socialist, the Anarchist, the Single Taxer, the earnest Christian preacher and in every man who refuses to accept what is as best. Nowhere in America more than in California is that form most needed which simply asserts the right of self-ownership and refuses to see dignity in servitude to wealth, as such.

We are a servile lot in California. It pleases us to paint ourselves to ourselves and others as large and Western, and masculine and free, but in reality we are a million of about as prideless and slavish people as inhabit any spot of the United States, aside from the cotton and tobacco plantations of the South. We are the peasantry of a few men whose sole title to superiority is their money, mostly stolen. If Mr. Huntington, and Colonel Crocker, and Mr. Tevis, and Mr. Fair, and Mr. Sharon, and Mr. Newlands were encountered by any ordinarily intelligent man to whom they were unknown, and they were in Raphael's ready-made clothes, is it likely that he would be stunned by a sense of his inferiority in intellect and breeding? Before these men, when all, or half, of them choose to combine, the State bows helpless. No man can do business in California without paying heavy tribute to some of them for the privilege. Mr. Huntington and Colonel Crocker are the lords of the farmers and of the merchants. The former cannot sell their produce or the latter their wares without sharing their profits with the two, in such measure as the two elect. The leaders of both the political parties are much more eager to

gain the favor of the pair than they are to deserve that of the voters. This little group of rich men, all of whom would be in jail if but a small percentage of the felonies commonly charged against them could be proved by legal evidence, are of higher authority in this sovereign State than its electors, legislatures and courts. Nobody believes they have scruples that restrain them at any time from committing profitable crime. That, notoriously, is their reputation. So inured to their rule are the people of California that the spirit of rebellion, once strong, has all but died out. The merchants of San Francisco, goaded to revolt by dwindling business, have formed a Traffic Association designed to foster competition in transportation that shall reduce rates. There is full power under the law to regulate rates, but the Traffic Association is not so simple as to hope for relief from the law. It is recognized that the people are incapable of electing a Railroad Commission or a Legislature that Mr. Huntington and Colonel Crocker would not own. The people confess themselves beaten, nerveless, mastered. The powers of government here have been usurped by half a dozen millionaires.

Worse than that, it has come to be understood that success in politics, in the professions, in business, is to be had by the favor of the associated villainies. So, young men beginning their careers, and being of the sort who are blessed with practical sense, perceive that the road to distinction and wealth does not lie along the highway of honorable activity, but through the by-paths that wind in the private grounds of the predatory rich. In order to get on one has to be a sneak, and often something much worse, which the criminal law would take cognizance of if the criminal law were operative against any but poor rogues in California. There is no exaggeration in these statements. Everybody here knows that they accord with the truth—commonplace truth.

There is not much hope for the present generation. Even were freedom to come as a gift from God, or an accident of commerce, war or politics, men who have all their lives heed on the plantation and felt the whip could not straighten their backs and fill their cramped lungs with the air of independence. Those interested in the elevation of the negro addressed themselves to the children after emancipation, and left the old slaves to die off, for their own and the race's good. Similarly, it is to the young men of California that we must look for a bettering of conditions. That is not to be brought about by a discussion of the social problem, the ultimate fate of the republic and the destiny of mankind—weighty themes, but unprofitable in a community which has a life-work presented to it by the state of its own doorstep. If we could but manage to get that clean we should do our full share toward helping humanity, which seems large only when spelt with a capital. The individual must be made to stand for something worthy here before California can come to any good. Of what use is the higher

education conferred by our two universities if the men they graduate yearly are to step out into the struggle of life with gross and corrupting ideals of success? How can a youth retain capacity to discriminate between right and wrong if he sees in the men most honored by all around him persons whom he knows are violators of every rule of conduct that distinguishes the honest man from the scoundrel? Of what avail is it to give him the education, the desires of a gentleman, and launch him in a community such as ours to compete for the material prizes of life? If he would win, his first step in progress must be to rid himself of the self-respect and scruples that are indispensable to the retention of a sense of personal dignity. No sacrifices of the kind can justify even the most ambitious in the hope of rivaling the wealth of the masters of the plantation—unless it be through marriage—but it is solely by such sacrifices that admission is to be had to the ranks of the overseers. As life now is in California the surest way to reach moderate wealth is by the surrender of character. This is especially true of the profession toward which the largest proportion of the ablest young men of the universities are attracted—the law. Once I wrote that an honest lawyer is the noblest, and most difficult work of God, and was reviled for it, but it is true. How many of the veterans will counsel a beginner with talent to hold fast to scrupulous honor if he would excel? And yet honor is better than fees, the practice of most of the ornaments of the bar to the contrary. The young attorney of San Francisco, viewing the field where the most notable financial victories have been won, will not see those who are most gifted and most learned in possession of the spoils. The head of the bar, in point of emoluments, is Mr. Herrin. As the attorney of the Spring Valley Water Company, a corporation which gives bribes to officials and newspapers in order that it may be licensed to steal from everybody who uses water, and as a partner of Senator Stewart and Congressman Newlands, lent for purposes of statesmanship by California to Nevada, he had their influence with Mr. Huntington, and became also head of the law department of the Southern Pacific. I am sure Mr. Herrin will not think me unkind if I say that he does not possess an intellect of surpassing brilliancy, and that there are a good many of his professional brethren who could further instruct him in the law. Nevertheless, he is in receipt of an income that must cause even Mr. Huntington to respect him. He gets \$30,000 a year from the railroad, at least half that, I presume, from Spring Valley, and what he earns from the Sharon estate and his other private practice, I cannot say; but the total must be enormous—far beyond the salary of the President of the United States. Mr. Herrin is the attorney of the associated villainies. As he is intelligent, and not old enough yet to be entirely deprived of a sense of the relative value of things, I fancy he wishes he knew less, even if he had to part with a portion of his queer income for the addition to

his stock of soul-saving ignorance. Still, the friendship of Supreme and Superior judges, for which, among other things, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Newlands and Mr. Tevis value him, must comfort him in those hours of reflection that no man with brains enough to be a passable lawyer can escape. There are lots in life more enviable than being the possessor of a fine income, though money is not undervalued by the sensible, and one of those lots is to be one's own master, even if the mastership entails hard work and straitened means. That is what young Californians will have to come to understand and act on before the State can be other than the plantation of the associated villainies which it now is. If California, or any considerable proportion of her men of ability, comprehended the value of mere manhood it would be no great feat to perform the social and legal miracle of sending Mr. Huntington to jail—a miracle that will have to be worked, if at all, by the Federal government when it gets out a search warrant and goes in quest of millions stolen from it. All that is needed for the doing of the wonder is an honest judge, an honest lawyer, and an honest jury—fourteen honest Californians. Many more than that number exist on the plantation, of course, but they are too widely scattered to be within any one court's jurisdiction. Honesty without bravery, moreover, does not count for much.

The University of California had its day at the Fair on Wednesday. The Governor of the State was there, and the Regents and the graduates and the undergraduates, and a multitude of relatives and admirers, and other friends of the higher education. Gentlemen distinguished in various ways, men given their intellectual training at Berkeley, delivered addresses, all extolling the material, mental and moral benefits of the higher education. Then, in necessary recognition of his official position, the Director-General was invited to exhibit himself in rebuttal. College men from every part of the Union were present and saw and heard him. And the students, the lads who, in the nature of things, will be looked to as leaders in the commonwealth hereafter, beheld him also. Mr. de Young was not embarrassed. He never is, or was. With such a proof before them of what one may achieve without the help of education, lower or higher, the undergraduates were helped a long way toward that cynicism which makes neither good men nor useful citizens. What could persons from abroad have thought of a community of whose mind and morals Mr. de Young is the legitimate child? In him we have the proprietor of one of our chief newspapers, a leader of the Republican party, its most formidable candidate for the United States Senate, and a millionaire. When we sought our foremost citizen to take the headship of a Fair to see which the world is bidden, we selected him. Yet in manners and character, as well as in acquirements, the Director-General is an offense to any gentleman. California deserves Mr. de Young.

Senator Hill has exasperated such members of his party as have mind and conscience by making a speech against the Wilson bill, and particularly the income-tax feature of it, and pleases the Republican politicians. Mr. Hill is hotly accused of having deserted to the other side, which is not true, for he is representative of a large element of the Democracy that is quite as Republican as Major McKinley and Mr. Carnegie themselves. The majority of Tammany's real leaders are of this sort. Knowing that they can vote the foreign tribes of the tenements as they will, they look to the predatory rich of the metropolis to fill the party treasure chest. It is the millionaires who find their profit in dictating legislation that decide Tammany's policy. If they wanted free trade Tammany would be for free trade; as they want Protection, Tammany is for Protection. The chimpanzee vote of the tenement wards has no political convictions, and obeys always the brute instinct to follow its leaders. There are arguments for and against an income tax. Its purpose is unassailable, though in practice it does not work well. But it is not on public or administrative grounds that it is opposed by Tammany. The men of large incomes object to it, and that is sufficient. Senators Hill and Murphy are Tammanyites to the core. But for Tammany such men would never rise out of ward politics and shame the Senate by being members of it. That the former should aspire to the Presidency is an example of how blinding is the influence of environment. New York is the country to Senator Hill. He is a great man in New York, and he takes it for granted—though he is not wanting in intelligence—that the masses of the Union can be brought to view him as Baxter and Mulberry streets do. All New York, including its press, gives manifestations from time to time, in various ways, of the same provincial credulity. In reality, Senator Hill has no more chance of being President than Mr. Chris. Buckley has of being Governor of California, though the latter would undoubtedly get a big vote for that or any other office, south of Market street. The Democratic party has failed as an administrator of the trust of national Government because Senator Hill stands for a very large percentage of its voters, in and out of New York, who are not Democrats at all.

The *Letter* is making its way in a manner that shows how general is the feeling to which its protest against the rule of mere money appeals. Among the subscribers of the week are a lawyer of Philadelphia, another of Ogden, a merchant of Buffalo, a banker of Chicago, a journalist of Washington, and a clerk of Detroit. The circulation is extending through news agents in Oregon, Washington, Montana and Idaho.

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A civilization that is not fully developed has its compensating qualities. One of them is that men are apt to be measured as individuals rather than as members of classes or families. Colonel Breckenridge of Kentucky, for instance, could not have been produced by the crude Californian environment. Some years ago he contemplated severing all the dear social, political and religious ties that bound him to Kentucky, Washington, and whatever was best and most cultured on the Eastern side. A connection by marriage with one of our most influential and thievish millionaires caused him to think he might do well in San Francisco. He was mistaken in that, though doubtless he would have tried hard and employed all the means of advancement which have served him throughout his respectable life. That is to say, he would have taken a pew in Grace Church and assisted Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Senator Fair in holding up the hands of the Rev. Dr. Foute; he would have done his best to ally himself with the law department of the Southern Pacific, or of the Spring Valley Water Company, and delivered lectures to the Young Men's Christian Association and addresses in young ladies' seminaries. His aim, briefly, would have been to commend himself professionally to the associated villainies by proving himself to be what is called "abreast of the best thought of the time and in active harmony with all movements for the spiritual and moral uplifting of the community." And on the strength of the double connection the Colonel would have permitted his party to urge him to represent the "better elements" of the State in Congress. But the plan would not have worked here, even without Miss Pollard in the background—for it is quite certain that Miss Pollard's existence was not unknown to many people in the South and East, who kept still about it lest scandal be brought on the church and the Colonel's power for good be impaired. Even yet he has not lost belief in his ability to lean upon these people, who prize and revere semblances, for he has returned to his seat in the House, and the other day gave the chaplain's prayer the loudest amen of any—a scene that recalls that other when Mr. Pecksniff, having been carried upstairs drunk, escaped from bed to the landing, and leaning over the balustrade called down to the soberer and astonished company below, "My friends, let us be moral."

The Colonel would not have done well in California because here men, if no better than men in the East, are more independent as to some things. Public opinion, or what is thought to be public opinion, does not bully here as it does there, and Respectability, which "stalks unchecked through the streets of Boston," is not worshipped for its own sake. Indeed, when manifested in excess, it subjects the decorous possessor to general suspicion of being a humbug. To the Californian a visit to a New England town—any of the towns where Colonel Breckenridge used to utter his bland and improving lectures, while Miss Pollard remained at the hotel with a headache, and where he will perhaps lecture again—reveals a state of existence that appalls. Conformity is the guide of life. Thou shalt do as thy neighbors, is the commandment that rules men who value social position and desire success in business. There are finer churches in many an Eastern town of twenty thousand inhabitants than in San Francisco, and one preacher there has more of the authority and dignity of the cloth than all ours have. He is not only respected for what he is as a man, but feared as one in office who can if offended excommunicate, without publication of a bull. Herein is one of the disadvantages of the church's dominance anywhere. The outward deference it enforces encourages rogues to put on its uniform and get the benefits of membership. Among these is the privilege of casting upon any accuser of the hypocrite the reproach that he is assaulting the church. Another is that to the pretender's side is drawn that immense influence which deems it of the first importance to morals that the reputation of the church shall be protected, even at the expense of its character. Commonly life in a pious community is not conducive to piety. Men are prone to content themselves with seeming to be what under less coercion from their neighbors their consciences would urge them to be. It is not the Christian, but the non-Christian, who must carry the cross if he belongs to the middle, respectable class in almost any of the older States. The crime of declining to be, or to appear to be, like everybody else, is a high one, bearing heavy commercial and social penalties. Colonel Breckenridge worked the veins of piety and respectability of the Eastern and Southern ledges up to their assay value. Like an Irish Catholic running for office as an Irishman and a Catholic, and ready to direct the avalanche of the "Irish vote" upon anyone who "drags race and religion into politics," the Christian statesman of Kentucky found the cloak of the church immensely useful to him in his business. It was ample enough to cover even Miss Pollard, so long as she considered it to her interest to remain under

its folds. Had the Colonel lived a good many centuries ago, and been one of a certain party of Whitecaps, he would not have been backward in accepting Christ's challenge to cast the first stone with a sinless hand.

Colonel Breckenridge did well not to come to California, which is confessedly crude, and obviously godless in the churchly sense. By a deliberate vote at the polls the people fourteen years ago caused the repeal of the Sunday law, and have gone on keeping the Sabbath precisely as they did while the old statute sanctified the book and gave to many that strange comfort which they find in official acknowledgement by God's creatures of His existence and authority. The uniform of the sanctuary here is not a certificate of self-evident good character to the community, and therefore our Breckenridges are reduced to doing business on a small scale. Before Dr. McDonald tried the experiment of utilizing the uniform in the conduct of the Pacific Bank, to be a superintendent of a Sunday school, or any other kind of a pillar, did not serve as a high recommendation for financial trust in the business world; and since that bank has tumbled and Dr. McDonald retired for meditation to the more congenial Atlantic shore—the depositors remaining unpaid—it is not probable that those who are tempted to make merchandise of their religion will for some time be encouraged. Of course as we advance in civilization and class lines broaden and deepen, the field for Breckenridges, big and little, will expand. The more any uniform imports in respect of numbers, wealth and influence, the more ready will rascals be to put it on and bring it into shame, but as yet California's population goes in plain clothes, every one dressing pretty much as he pleases, and not drawing on his neighbor's moral wardrobe to eke out the deficiencies of his own. That is why California is a pleasanter place to live in, in some important particulars, than the better organized and more trim Eastern communities that kowtow to Respectability, whether the worshipper really adores that grim and narrow god or not. Politically we are in the bonds and wear the spiked collars of the conscienceless rich, and industrially and commercially we are field hands on their plantation, but no one is charged with assault on Christianity for asserting that Mr. Lloyd Tevis and Senator Fair and Judge McKenna and "Nobby" Clarke are not the most exemplary of Christians, or that their pastors are not models for all shepherds.

The exposure of the Breckenridge-Pollard liaison in a court-room has been accompanied and followed by some suggestive phenomena. The trial has privileged the

newspapers to publish a great deal of scandalous matter, and the press—whose object is to sell papers—can be depended on always to make the most of such opportunities to please the prurient. But, in this instance, women who protested, as they did in this city, against the printing of the testimony were shallow and silly, as are the generality of women who meet in formal session to pass resolutions in the interest of public morals. Women who concern themselves least with public morals and most with their own, are the best purifiers of society. The newspapers, and every other agency that helped to let the whole country know what an odious person Colonel Breckenridge is, did good work, whether their motives were good or bad. There is no misunderstanding among men as to their reason for feeling gratified that Miss Pollard has won her suit and fifteen thousand dollars. They are not pleased because the woman has been enriched but because the money awarded her is a good, punishing fine on the Colonel. They are glad that he is punished not as an immoral man, an adulterer, but as a hypocrite. Men, especially men of the world, have a large charity for other men, and for women, too, who fall into sin through the temptations of the flesh. When the baronet who has the distinction of being the husband of the lady who was known among us as Miss Tennie C. Claflin, sister of Mrs. Woodhull, confessed in a London court the other day that it was true his relations with a woman who was suing him were not what they should have been, but that they had rested on a commercial basis, he went from the stand as one who had been forced into a humiliating position, but preferred to tell the truth rather than lie to support a character that he did not deserve. All but one or two in a hundred of the baronet's acquaintances will think none the worse of him for their knowledge that he was not a chaste bachelor. He has the benefit of the world's code, which, of course, is neither Christian nor moral. But, when Colonel Breckenridge sought to avail himself of that easy code, the meanness, the cowardice, the shamefulness of his position were doubly deepened. His plea was the same as the wicked baronet's, but the plea was a confession of life-long hypocrisy, for the Colonel has not only professed the higher and truer code, but preached it to others. It was as if a minister, convicted of unchastity, had cocked his hat over his eye, winked at the sinners and asked their debonair judgment on his little lapses. If men turn their backs upon Breckenridge, and the members of the House shall expel him, it will be because he is a stripped fraud who has forfeited fellowship with the strict, whose companionship and confidence and respect were given him, and who, as a pretender, is even more odious to men of the world than to men of sterner principles.

There is no confusion in the masculine mind as to why Colonel Breckenridge is infamous, but the feminine mind does not appear to be so fortunate. One body of ladies in Boston adopted resolutions scourging the

Colonel as a deceiver, and informing Miss Pollard that they deemed her "more sinned against than sinning." Sympathy shown for Miss Pollard by women, it seems to me, indicates neither clear nor clean thinking. It is true that she was "a mere school-girl of seventeen" when she met Breckenridge, and doubtless he seemed a great and fascinating personage in her eyes. But a young woman of seventeen has been taught as much by nature as she will know at seventy, and she is, if not deficient mentally, fully aware of the probable consequences, social and other, of unchastity. Miss Pollard knew that Breckenridge had a wife, but that did not deter her from becoming his leman, nor from waiting through nine years for the death of the wife to give her succession. Miss Pollard is not wanting in brains at all, and her villainess was, if not deliberately commenced, deliberately continued. Her motive for the suit was revenge for the breach of a bargain that was founded on adultery and depended for fulfillment on the death of a wronged wife. Ladies who can find it in their hearts to pity Becky Sharp with Jos. Sedley's fortune in her possession, will have tears for Madeline Pollard, and need careful superintendence from their husbands and fathers.

The young woman is no such fool as these. Indeed, it is since the conclusion of the trial that she has at all commended herself to sane sympathy. Her nervous breakdown is to her credit, and her refusal to go on the stage and make money out of what she rightly calls the "unholy, the damnable notoriety" she has brought upon herself, is more so. She means to study and take up writing under a nom de plume. "I will show the people," she says, "that a bad, sinful woman, a thoroughly disgraced woman, can by true penitence and absolute reform succeed in getting and retaining the respect of the people about her." That ought to be rather stunning to the Boston ladies who throbbed with generous pity for her as one more sinned against than sinning—and not one of whom would receive her socially, if there should be any social position to risk thereby—but her cry of shame and contrition will doubtless cause the fountains of their emotion to gush forth through other outlets. If Miss Pollard's repentance is sincere, not merely the evanescent consequence of the pain of national notoriety, she will show fruits meet for repentance, and the first of these will be to take Colonel Breckenridge's fifteen thousand dollars, when she gets it, and give it to an institution for the rescue of fallen women; and her anxiety to show "the people"—who will forget her existence presently—that she can be decent, will be far less than to prove the same thing to herself. She can never recover "social position," and it is right that she never should, but, venerable nonsense to the contrary, it is quite possible for a fallen woman of Miss Pollard's intelligence to recover respectability, marry, and lead a calm and not unhappy life. Social position, fortunately, however desirable, is not necessary to salvation, either in this world or the one to come.

Other ladies in Washington have invited discussion of an ever-current theme by demanding of the House that Colonel Breckenridge shall be deprived of his seat, to the end that a declaration be made by the National Legislature that the sexes should be held to the same moral standard. A resolution by a house of Congress, not to say of both houses, will hardly bring that ideal state of things about, since women are not to be controlled in their social judgments and actions by resolutions or enactments of legislatures. It is women who maintain the double standard in morals. There is to be a Woman's Congress here in connection with the Midwinter Fair, and I propose to the delegates a subject for debate. It is this: "Why do women in all civilized countries deal leniently with men and mercilessly with women for unchastity?" Many of the delegates, as the published list of their names shows, are endowed with good brains, and some of them, perhaps, are above the feminine littleness of imputing all women's defects to men and their merits to themselves. Few women, or men either, will dispute that the sexes in civilization ought to be held to one standard of conduct. There are social philosophers who deny this, going to nature for their arguments, but such philosophers do not yield allegiance to the social contract, which is made, and perhaps evaded, by the majority. Men have enacted the laws, and those of the United States are documentary proof that if any favors are shown on the score of sex it is to women. Wives may sue husbands for divorce on all grounds permitted to suing husbands, and more, for no man may appeal for a severance of the marriage bond on the ground of failure to provide. The same penalty threatens the male as the female adulterer; no man is privileged, however, to ask damages for having been led out of virtue's path, and the wronged lover who now and then brings an action for breach of promise of marriage is whirled out of sight on a gale of laughter. Ample social phenomena exist to warrant the inference that man is not by instinct monogamous, yet monogamy is decreed by law, clearly in the interest of women. Masculine opinion, outside the law, is in some phases equally self-sacrificing. Under gleeful and admiring headlines we read frequently of young women on the eve of marriage eloping with preferred lovers—conduct that in a man would be held treacherous, villainous and deserving of the horsewhip. These female scoundrels, however, are described by the newspapers as spirited girls, and are generally felt to be heroines of a rather romantic sort. In this country, if the laws of the courts are made by men, the laws of society are made by women. There can be no doubt of that. Women, as a rule, decide who shall be admitted to their houses and who excluded from them. Yet countless thousands of women have felt a thrill of approval on reading the demand of the Washington ladies that Congressman Breckenridge be ousted in order that he share Miss Pollard's punishment for unchastity—countless thousands who would not suffer their homes to be polluted by the entrance of an unvirtuous woman, but who

have no horror of men that live what is called a free life, provided such men have the manners of gentlemen.

Shall we inveigh against such inconsistency? If it shows want of logic does it not also show good sense?—practical sense, I mean. Multitudes of men who like to see prize-fighting, or patronize saloons, will with no hesitation at all vote for high license or prohibition and to make prize-fighting a felony. They draw, more or less consciously, a broad line between their personal tastes and their duty as citizens to give their voices for what they believe to be best for the community. So women, themselves of irreproachable purity, who receive cordially in their drawing-rooms, without thought of the bearing of their hospitality on morals, well-mannered men who have none, will nevertheless experience a glow of assent when reading the indignant resolutions of the Washington ladies, and all other resolutions of the kind. The concrete rake is tolerated, occasionally admired, but the abstract rake is condemned to that outer darkness where only the abstract rake finds himself, unless a rake be a boor. It is women's instinctive common sense that makes them merciless to the Pollards. If a woman were not punished socially for sin, what would become of the rewards of chastity—what of the distinction between the pure and the impure woman, a line that has on one side of it nearly everything that woman prizes and on the other nearly everything that she abhors or fears? All women who are themselves good feel in their hearts—if they can't straighten the thing out in their heads—that it is to the interest of their sex to increase, not lessen, the penalties of impurity, and to insist upon virtue in women, whatever men choose to do. The sense of men tells them the same thing, though in practice they reverse the feminine way of showing their real thought. Woman's charity for the abstract fallen sister is large, and her charity for the individual fallen sister microscopic; whereas men are apt to be severe on the abstract female sinner, but often honestly kind in their judgment of her in concrete instances. The point that the advanced and reforming sisterhood—who are doing so much good for, and a great deal of harm to women—fail to see is the old one that the standard of morals for the sexes differs because the point of honor is different. It is no shame to a woman to be a coward, and not much to be a fibber, but what happens to a man who pretends to gentlemanhood if it is proved that he wants courage and tells lies? The shoulder that is turned to him has the same temperature as that which the woman who has lost her honor in the way specially forbidden to women encounters. Overmuch attention to the immunity which the unchaste man is granted does not conduce to the moral uplifting of woman. What mother in enforcing the lesson of the Breckenridge-Pollard scandal to her daughter will dwell upon the injustice of man's superior license to do wrong?—though heaven knows, in this case any normal

human being would rather be in Miss Pollard's than the Colonel's plight. And it is to be desired that none of the ladies whose reprobation of Miss Pollard's conduct is swallowed up in their wrath at the spectacle of Breckenridge's blessed privilege of sitting on a pillory in view of the whole world, will permit their minds to become confused to the extent of supposing that matters can be equalized by leveling down instead of up. Yet is there some danger in their state of mind.

The *Examiner* on Sunday last was guilty of an atrocity attention to which may assist the Woman's Congress to arrive at a true answer to the question that I have proposed. There was nothing unusual in the *Examiner's* atrocity, for it was quite in the regular line into which enterprising city newspapers have fallen in their efforts to make their Sunday issues entertaining to the general reader, and particularly to the female general reader. A whole page, beautified by portraits, in home or party costume, of the subjects, was given to the young women of wealth living here who are marriageable. The size of their respective dots was stated in exact figures, or shrewdly speculated on, the writer dealing as frankly with the girls and their money as if they were race horses and their selling price the topic in hand. The good points, physical, mental and social, as well as financial, of the young ladies were considered without the smallest evidence that a thought of the impropriety of the thing had ever crossed the mind of the author or the editor. Twenty years ago such an outrage would have been impossible, or, if committed, there would have been bloodshed had the fathers and brothers of the girls done what public opinion would have justified them in doing. Now the outrage passes uncriticized, the girls and their relatives feel pleased and flattered, and other girls on the market would willingly furnish their photographs, too, for similar display. Twenty years ago Jenkins' existence inflamed the reputable press with anger and the doors of good society were closed against him and his chronicling pen. Fifteen years ago newspapers that hired him were ashamed. Ten years ago it was borne in upon proprietors that no newspaper that meant to be up to the times could do without him. To-day Jenkins has not to apologize for his existence. He has conquered the press, and the doors of all fashionable society are not only open to him, but if he does not condescend to appear he is sent for, and newspapers which are not avid of his productions are induced to surrender space to them at so much a line. Not to be in the society columns of the newspapers is to be out of society. A fashionable girl is as used to seeing her name in type, her good looks extolled, her dresses described and her movements recorded as a popular actress is. One inevitable result has ensued. The right to praise entails the right to blame. If a reporter is admitted to a house to describe an entertainment and lauds it—as in perfect taste and a dream of untinged hospitality, any other reporter there

is licensed to publish his judgment that it was bad in taste, vulgar in its prodigality or distressing in its niggardliness, as the truth happens to be. If a newspaper publishes a girl's portrait and declares that her face is lovely, her form charming and her eyes deep lakes of blue into which man has but to look to see bliss reflected, it is competent for any other newspaper with this evidence before it to say that the artist has clearly flattered his subject, that her face is not even made pretty with his assistance, that he hasn't been able altogether to eliminate the squint of the original photograph, and that no judge of the female form would admire her narrow hips. More than this, the criticising newspaper has a right to draw on other sources of information and inform the public that the lady has affected manners, derived blamelessly perhaps from underbred parents, that she is ignorant, forward, and that the man who marries her, if prudent, will save some of the money he gets with her to defray the expenses of the divorce that is bound to come in time. Newspapers don't exercise this privilege, which is undeniably theirs, but men in conversation do. If a girl is exhibited in the newspapers like an actress she is certain to be talked of as if she were one—her physique debated, and her character as well as her dowry made matter for speculation. With what sort of face could a man rise in a club now, as his father well could in his day, and rebuke the discussion of a lady there—if her portrait in a low-neck dress, accompanied by a list of her charms and belongings, happened to be in the daily paper lying among the decanters?

How can any woman who is paraded in the press, unless she has done something praiseworthy, expect deference from men? Such a girl needs to have a dowry. Insulting publicity, to the insult of which what passes for her delicacy is blind, has rubbed from her the freshness and the bloom that the minds of men, notwithstanding Jenkins and the advocates of woman's advancement, still associate with maidenhood. There are not many young men who could endure without a shock to their modesty the publication of their portraits in such a dress as would show their muscles and warrant their vigor, the publication being intended to advertise their eligibility as husbands. That, in effect, is what has grown to be the custom in the press' treatment of young women of society. So established is the custom, that the delegates to the Congress will not escape it, and some of them—lady lawyers, say—will let the newspapers present them in the décolleté gown of society that their learned brethren of the profession, and the public in general, may see what fine shoulders they have, not to mention hints of other charms which it is not polite to speak of, but which the camera is privileged to give.

None of the ladies of the Congress, however advanced they may be, will argue that men's morals are to be improved by rendering women less modest. Is it not thinkable

that there is peril that women not sufficiently intellectual to attend congresses, but who read of their proceedings, may be given a decreased sense of their duty to be the best they are capable of as women—that is, chaste spinsters or faithful wives—by the awakening of resentment against men for holding them to a higher standard than men accept for themselves? If, as we are told by the congresses, men stand in need of being uplifted, ennobled, refined by women, may it not be that the most fruitful direction that reform could take would be to supply women more plentifully with the uplifting, ennobling and refining forces, which all disappear from woman's possession when she parts with modesty? There are plenty of women who need to be taught the truth that the effect of a sin upon character largely depends upon how that sin is viewed by one's generation. Time was when no Christian could take usury without disgrace, but the most pious of the Puritans might, without loss of standing in the church, trade Indians and rum for negro slaves from the West Indies. Now a descendant of the Puritans who should attempt a stroke of business of that kind would be sent either to the penitentiary or the madhouse, whereas the most devout may take usury without shame. When one knows that he has done some deed that if disclosed would be deemed infamous—though his knowledge of the history of morals informs him that once his act would have been thought venial, or his mind tells him that in the future it might possibly come to be regarded as praise-deserving—the consciousness that he has earned the scorn or loathing of his time, will eat into him and rot his whole character. The hetairai were at the head of what was really the best society in Greece, but even the most unconventional of the professors at Berkeley or Palo Alto would not care to be seen in philosophical conversation with a courtesan. It is an old observation that fashions in morals change, and regard has to be had to the fashion that prevails if practical results are to be looked for. Hence one way of lessening the number of bad men is to endeavor to reduce the swarm of bad women. It is well to arraign men for their laxity, but it is not well to forget for one instant that in our day the consequences of unchastity to character are infinitely greater in the case of woman than of man. Abstractly the sin may be no worse in woman, practically it is immeasurably so. Perception of this verity is, I think, the answer to the question why women, who control social usage, have decreed so awful a disproportion in the punishment which they reserve for the sinning man and the sinning woman. And their judgment is concurred in by all men who have wives and daughters and sisters, and who take less interest in public morals than they do in the morals that affect the honor and happiness of themselves and their own womankind. But debate of the question by the Woman's Congress would be timely, instructive and interesting. Should it occur, I

beg that the fact be not lost sight of that no Breckenridge ever has to search far for a Pollard.

R. H. McDonald, Jr., who with impunity helped to scuttle the Pacific and Home Savings banks, has at last entered upon dangerous ground. He has invited the Grand Jury to investigate the conduct of his late attorney, Mr. Frank M. Stone, with whom he has quarreled. Mr. Stone, so Mr. McDonald practically alleges, is in partnership with M. H. de Young of the *Chronicle*. The scheme is for that leading organ, and moral and intellectual guide, of the Republican party of California to make things very unpleasant for persons with money who are engaged in litigation until they add Mr. Stone to the list of their attorneys; then the *Chronicle*, strengthened and refreshed, becomes their friend and admirer. Mr. McDonald may escape San Quentin for his share in the smashing of the banks, but this attack on the Midwinter Fair will hardly be overlooked by the Retail Merchants' Association, the Improvement Club, the County Commissioners and the other bodies and publications which hasten to the Fair's defense whenever Director-General de Young feels that its interests are in peril.

In other and happier days, when the export of a British syndicate arrived in a California or Nevada mining camp and the leading citizens in control of the properties investigated succeeded, by salting their claims or runs at the mills of rich ore from better mines, in bringing about an investment of English capital in American properties, they received the patriotic applause of their fellow citizens, and became eligible for any office within the gift of an appreciative people. Had Mr. Huntington turned his talents to mining he would have done well, and the world's capitalists been given a much closer interest in the development of our unequalled mineral resources than they now feel. And as a railroad man he has not been forgetful of his country. The British stockholders of the Central Pacific will testify to this. They were writing to the *Times* not long ago protesting against the Central Pacific directors voting away the Central's dividends to themselves, as Southern Pacific directors. It was cabled that Mr. C. E. Bretherton would be here with proxies to get representation on the Central Pacific board and prevent the annulment of that portion of the lease to the Southern Pacific whereby dividends were secured; and also it was threatened that an investigation into the entire business of the Central would be demanded and enforced. The annual meeting was held the other day, and Mr. Bretherton did not appear, though his proxies did. They were used to elect himself and Mr. Charles P. Eells, a local attorney, to the directory. The dividend clause of the lease was eliminated, and the British stockholders will draw down, instead of dividends, the assurances of Mr. Huntington's respectful sympathy. As for the threatened investigation, there are happily no signs of the approach of that. Mr.

Eells, as a citizen, could hardly be expected to lend himself to anything that might bring reproach upon the fair fame of American enterprise.

The local Democrats who have by mass meeting and otherwise expressed their condemnation of Senator Hill for his protection speech against the Wilson bill, stand for the spirit that alone will save their party from going to pieces after the smashing defeat that is ahead of it. "Safe" men, "conservative" men, men who substitute promises of "well-considered and prudent measures of state-manship" for logical and immediate legislation—that is to say, the trimmers and jobbers—have done the Democratic party most of the harm that has happened to it since the war. There appears now every prospect that the Democracy will be deprived of power for its cowardly evasion of its promise to reform the tariff, which it ought to have needed no courage to fulfill. That will seem a victory for the Republicans, but the latter in bullying their opponents away from very moderate reform have insured the transformation of the Democracy into a free trade party. Whether the Wilson bill be defeated or not, the war on protection as a system is certain to gather head. Every Democrat who can think at all has been taught by what has happened to his party since Cleveland's election that making friends with the enemy is the worst possible policy in practical national politics.

The new charges brought against the Carnegie Company for frauds in making armor-plates for the new navy, are generally accepted as true by the public, for the excellent reason that similar charges recently made were proved. With a remarkable kindness, President Cleveland reduced the fine imposed on the company by the Secretary of the Navy, making the assumption that its officers had been ignorant of what its workmen were about. The McLuckie charges are still more serious, but Mr. Cleveland's tenderness for Mr. Frick and his fellows does not warrant the expectation that anything like full justice will be done, should they be established. The punishment for these frauds ought not to end with fines. The penitentiary is the place for men guilty of such treason. The good Mr. Carnegie in jail would, on armor-plate and other grounds, furnish an acceptable concluding chapter to a new, and last, edition of "Triumphant Democracy." Triumphs, however, are not being won at present by the Democracy.

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The Industrial armies have ceased to amuse anybody. A few weeks ago the movement of the unemployed upon Washington seemed to be a mere picnic of the idle, who preferred marching with banners in company to working singly for food, or seeking that privilege. A fortnight since the armies consisted of two thousand men from California, and a few hundred from Ohio under the lead of Coxey. What was wanting then to give serious significance to the picnic has been supplied—the general sympathy of the people who make their living with their hands. The old armies have swollen in numbers, new armies have sprung up, and wherever they go the workmen in the cities, and the farmers in the country, cheer them, feed them, and give them money. Even the rural maidens of Iowa come out with smiles and baskets to encourage and sustain the heroes of the new crusade. The events at Omaha which followed the calling out of the militia and nearly bred a riot, demonstrated how lively is the fellow feeling of the masses in that region for the Industrials. The leaders of the hungry battalions show more wisdom than the authorities. To all exhibitions of police and military force they have opposed an early-Christian meekness that has abashed the representatives of organized society and put multitudes of others into the mood to fight for them. Commander Kelly refused a train that had been captured for him by an Omaha mob with the consent of its hands. Here and there threats to meet force with force are made, but they do not come from the armies. An Industrial militia to protect the Industrials from the militia of the States is talked of with favor. The Knights of Labor in Pennsylvania, an association many thousand strong, has put forth resolutions of an angry sort to the effect that if unarmed citizens bearing petitions are to be excluded from the national capital, another kind of army to uphold labor's cause may be looked for presently. But no disorder is permitted among the Industrials. Men who drink, or fight among themselves, or attempt to forage, are rigorously expelled. There was a riot on Boston Common last Sunday, but the Industrials were the attacked. Even under this provocation from the forces of law and order, there was no resistance, no effort at reprisal. Chicago has become alarmed. The Common Council there has forbidden the armies to

enter that city. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia have likewise taken official action in the same line. The stock market is affected. Europe cannot understand why the great republic, where all men are free and have a new continent to support them, should be traversed by hosts of hungry men demanding work and food. So our securities go down.

No man can tell where this thing is to end. It may be only a small stirring of the turtle of labor on whose back the earth rests, or it may be the revolution that most of us hoped, or believed, was still far in the future—say somewhere toward the middle of the twentieth century. The hard times that have afflicted the country for more than a year, have but to continue for another in order to rock this nation as it was never rocked before. There are a great many people in the United States and they all believe they are entitled to something to eat. Deny any considerable proportion of them the plenty of food to which they have been accustomed, and the devil (or the savior) will be let loose. They will not feed on nettles and try to stay hunger with grass, as the French peasantry did, educated as they were by a thousand years of submission to hereditary oppression. And the sympathy of the overwhelming majority of American men and women will go out to those who are ready to fight that they and their wives and children may not starve. The popular feeling manifested for the present meek Industrials whithersoever they march is proof in advance of that. The tremors that are felt by the Council of Chicago and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia at the approach of the Industrials, betray how incapable the government here is to deal with the problem that the Industrials represent. Suppose the armies which are moving on Chicago decline to obey the order of the Council to stay away, what then? If the police and militia were to shoot down these unarmed men, fancy the fury that would rage from end to end of the country. There would be but one thing for the Federal government to do, of course, as to Washington, and we should have the spectacle of the capital of the republic turned into a military camp to protect it against the advance of citizens with empty hands, whose only cause of coming was to ask that work might be supplied them! The traditional duty of the authorities would be clear. Order must be restored and preserved at any cost; otherwise, there would be anarchy. But given nation-wide excitement and anger, efforts to restore order might, for a time at least, increase the disorder. This is not Europe. We have no standing army, and American citizens are not used to being coerced by visible force. Sympathetic riots

have lightning in them. Recall how they spread, even as far as San Francisco, from Pittsburg in 1877. And the Pittsburg railroad strike was a mere nothing in comparison to what will be on our hands should this Industrial army movement continue to grow and encounter government lead and steel. That it is growing rapidly, and spreading beyond the ranks of the miscellaneous unemployed, is betokened by the intending visit to Washington of thousands of iron-molders, members of the unions, from many of the Eastern cities. A lot of Pennsylvania workmen went (in passenger cars) the other day to protest against some provisions of the Wilson bill, with the concurrence of their disinterested employers, no doubt. If these loyal protectionists may present a "petition in boots" to Congress, why not the iron-molders, and why not the Industrials? Petitions in boots are no new thing in Washington. Mr. Huntington has always one or more there when Congress is in session, and so has every corporation that wants the government to help it make money.

The iron-molders are going to ask for several things that will shock our very best people and appal conservatism should the requests have any chance of serious consideration—which they won't while the country is ruled by the elements of the population that we are accustomed to consider supreme. The molders want legislation to regulate iron mines and their products. That is by way of immediate business as workers in iron. Incidentally, as patriots, they will ask for the abolition of the United States Senate, the government ownership of railroads and telegraph, restriction of immigration, the building of roads and the drawing off of the surplus population of cities to waste places. General Coxey and his fellow leaders contemplate similar demands, including the employment of the idle in bringing the arid lands of the West under irrigation. "Professor Hourwich of the Northwestern University here," a Chicago dispatch tells us, "who has been collecting statistics of the unemployed, speaks in high terms of the character of the men about to leave Chicago for Washington. "They are," he says, "very largely connected with labor unions and have none of the symptoms of tramps. They are sober, intelligent and conservative, but he thinks most of them are tinctured with Socialism, although they don't seem to know it." In other words, the workingmen—farmers are workingmen—who cast three-quarters of the vote of the country, are "tinctured" with the belief that the government should be run for their benefit. It is an exceedingly cheering sign. If it is Socialism for the poor to look to the government for relief when times are hard, the rich have set them the exam-

ple by looking to the government at all times for legislation in their own interest, and getting it. The force of that example is not to be forever offset by speeches from Major McKinley, magazine articles from Mr. Carnegie, interviews with Mr. Huntington, and a steady outpour of editorials from the daily press, on the evils of paternalism in government. The plutocracy's sleep is going to be disturbed for a good while to come, even though their benevolent heads be permitted to remain on their shoulders. Politico-economic chickens are coming home to roost. Paternalism for Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Huntington and laissez-faire for everybody else is a scheme that has built up splendid fortunes, but it also accounts for the Industrial Army. The masses may easily deceive themselves as to the power of legislation to supply what is only the wage of honest work, but they are perfectly level-headed in their belief that it would be just as well to have such benefits as legislation can grant transferred from the plutocracy to themselves. Moreover, good and not harm will always be the ultimate result in a republic of faith in the government to work wonders. It is that faith which keeps the people going to the polls and trying by their votes to better things. Remove it, and where would we be? Besides, there is no doubt at all that legislation could work beneficent wonders, if the legislators had in view the welfare of the masses instead of the further enriching of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Huntington.

There are far too many people in the United States. That this should be a fact accuses the intelligence of the people and their ability to govern themselves. Our territory if subject to the right kind of laws—the kind that would result in an equitable division of the products of labor—could well support twenty times the existing population. But as conditions are, we have some millions in distress and Industrial armies marching about to advertise the inability of the many to save themselves from being plundered by the few. These armies march through cities packed with wealth, and through farming districts where agriculture is carried on chiefly for the profit of landlords, native and foreign. The natural resources of the country have fallen under private ownership. No man may go to the soil with his labor without paying toll to some other man. The intelligent citizens of New York pay Mr. William Waldorf Astor, of London, \$27,000 a day for the privilege of doing business or dwelling on Manhattan Island. The railroad, the telegraph, means of transportation in cities, water works and all the agencies for public service necessary to the existence of our civilization are in private hands. Great railroads built with public money were given to individuals by a government that fears the foundations of civilization would fall were it to do a thing so unusual as to employ hungry men in building roads, the ownership of which when they were finished would be retained by itself. The principle that con-

trols the government is strictly Scriptural: Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Money, which needs no protection, gets all the protection it asks for, and poverty gets none. These injustices are as old as the world, it is true, but then it was thought this republic was a departure from the old models. The mass of the people are still under the belief that this ought to be a poor man's and not a rich man's country. They keep voting to make it that, but when they have elected a President and Congress to do their will as to the tariff, for illustration, the interests of property are as puissant in Washington as the Spring Valley Water Company is in a San Francisco Board of Supervisors, or the Southern Pacific at Sacramento when the Legislature is in session. It is not to be denied that in the last analysis the people are to blame for every ill they endure, for they have votes. But the dangerous knowledge has been gained that votes don't count when Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Huntington determine they shall not. Thus is presented always the temptation to a majority to answer the craft and cheating of a minority with violence and confiscation.

It is coming to that, whether soon or further along. The "better classes" here have no wooden-shod peasantry to deal with. The masses are not wise, and not a bit more virtuous than their betters. The only difference between the predatory rich and the predatory poor is one of ability and opportunity. The trades union is a trust exactly as the combinations of their employers are trusts. Each grabs all it can and has no scruples about despoiling any other when the chance offers. The rich get the better of the poor in the game of give and take because brains are on the side of money—not the best brains, but the kind of brains that are good for larcenous purposes. The clumsy cheat is apt to lose his temper when he is beaten and is inclined to make up for his want of skill by hitting the clever cheat between the eyes. That is what may happen before we have done with the Industrial Army. But deeper than the strife between organized labor and organized wealth is a thing that is telling with tremendous force against the prevailing order. That is moral perception. You can't make it seem right to a man who is hungry, and who has a hungry wife and children about him, that the man over the way should dwell in a mansion and feast every day. He feels that it is not a square deal, and it isn't. Others than the man who has the losing end of the game of competitive civilization feel this as deeply as he does—not in their stomachs, but in their consciences. Note the multitudinous "movements," big and little, among the well-to-do for the amelioration of the lot of the poor. The rich as a rule are charitable, for they are human. See how the moneyed men of San Francisco responded to the appeal for funds to keep the unemployed from starving during the winter that is past. The pulp-

is uneasy, and gives the opulence of its speech and the penury of its intellect to the social problem, concluding always that a gospel which has had nineteen centuries of trial and failure is the only solvent. Men and women of education go down into the slums, dwell among the submerged and seek to diffuse sweetness and light as well as food and clothing. Leagues, guilds and individuals concern themselves with the sufferings of the poor and waste their strength in trying to better their swarming tenements. The magazines are full of the spirit of this blessed Socialism—blessed in its intention. Even the dainty Mr. Howells, the novelist of the drawing rooms, is ingeniously arraigning modern civilization and making Socialists unawares among the class who would have most to lose were justice and not charity given the masses. The chief end that all this sympathy serves, unselfish, noble as it is, is to confirm the growling workman in his conviction that he is a victim—which he undoubtedly is. But Lazarus is not to be lifted from the doorstep of Dives by gloved hands and led away to tea and cake and sermons and gratitude. Once he rises he will not be a man if he does not set himself to hurling rocks through the windows of the inhospitable house, and then try to punish meanness and cruelty, and recoup himself for his sufferings, by seeking to take the mansion for himself.

The horrors of a government of the people, by the people, for the people are readily realizable by every man who has a fondness for clean linen and the amenities of civilized life, but we are coming to it, and largely through the fault of our friends the millionaires. If the ordinary worker is deficient in sense, selfish, greedy and tyrannical to the extent of his opportunities, so is the millionaire. He and all the rich men who band together to increase their wealth through favoring legislation are as dense to the suggestions of policy as they are to the appeals of justice. They do not know when to yield a little in order to retain their hold on much. Witness how they have fought the paring of the tariff by the Wilson bill, and so insured ultimate free trade. They have by the exercise of their influence upon President Cleveland and the Democratic Congress brought about the hard times, to the extent that the course of the present administration is responsible for them. To oblige them, the currency has been contracted; to oblige them, manufacturing has been paralyzed by leaving in uncertainty the tariff, and therefore future prices. To their short-sighted greed we owe the Industrial Army—the appalling new fashion of marches on the capital by great bodies of men themselves bearers of petitions most of which are of a nature that if granted would entirely upset the established order. The line between an Industrial Army of the sort with which we are as yet familiar, and one with rifles on its shoulders, is easily crossed. Fortunes are readily mobilized, and the predatory rich flatter themselves that they could, if need were, enlist and arm forces to put down any

mob. But if the country were aflame over the petitions of the Industrial Army—and that could well come to pass if the hard times do not end—where would the recruits be got for Dives' legions? Governor Tillman of South Carolina learned a few weeks ago how slight is the dependence to be placed on the militia when public feeling is up—the feeling of the public from which the militiamen are drawn. It is to be observed that after the rioting and blood-spilling over the South Carolina liquor law, the Supreme Court laid aside such of its dignity as rests on slowness and declared the offensive statute unconstitutional. Courts can always find precedents to fit the times, and there ought to be a lesson to the Carnegies and Huntingtons in the South Carolina episode. Were we to experience such an upheaval on a national scale, the complaint being against the privileges of the rich, even Judge Field would be moved to see constitutional merit in laws passed under pressure of the infuriated masses. Law and order are good things, but they are not priceless. We pay too much for them when they cost us justice—when they secure safety to the associated villainies of the United States in the practice of their piracy. A taste of lawless disorder, however reprehensible lawless disorder may be, has seldom failed to have a salutary effect upon the highly respectable conscience. And we may be quite sure that the wrongs which have evolved the Industrial Army will not voluntarily be corrected by the predatory rich. Abuses are never reformed by the classes who do not suffer from them in stomach. The pangs of conscience may produce charity and literature, but it takes the man who needs meat to hit out in order to get it.

Suppose that the worst should happen. Suppose that the distress in the United States should so expand and deepen as to drive the people desperate and into collision with the guardians of law and order. Suppose the majority should secure the government and proceed to confiscate, guillotine, proscribe and persecute in the majority's interest. It would be dreadful, this majority rule, unquestionably. The French Revolution has written in red what the masses can do in the way of getting even when they seize power. Nevertheless, who will say that that Revolution has not worked measureless good for mankind? When it began the land of France belonged to the church, the throne and the nobility; when it was over the land belonged to the people, every monarch for all time was taught that his neck is severable, and all oppressors made to know that the people, patient beasts of burden as they are, yet have heels and teeth. If Mr. Huntington, Mr. Carnegie and every opulent thief in the country were compelled to empty his sack into the treasury; if every acre of land were seized and made government property; if every railroad were taken from its owners; if the Astors were told to make their money where they spend it, and every person now rich were made poor, would the sum of happiness be decreased in

the United States? The process of adjustment to a fairer distribution of wealth—a limitation on the power of the rich to grow richer as a result of the poor growing poorer—must be gone through. If there be in the country intelligence and virtue enough to accomplish it peaceably, well; if not, then it will be accomplished as it may, with every accompaniment of violence, outrage and horror, such as the Homestead workmen gave us a sample of when they had captured Pinkerton's men. Where are the intelligence and virtue to come from? They are not visible among the poor, and the predatory rich have no stomach for making concessions until they must. They are much more likely to cry out for a strong government and the man on horseback—to spend their money and other people's blood in trying to keep their hold than to seek to avert the storm by retiring from business as highwaymen. They have a gigantic advantage in the struggle. The law is on their side, and all who revere the law, no matter whether the law works justice or injustice, will stand with them. So will every friend of order-at-any-cost. But after the storm there will be new laws offered for respect of the rich and the lovers of order—laws that will make it more difficult for Carnegies and Huntingtons to steal fortunes, and make it easier to keep humble cupboards full; either that or a military despotism.

It is a cheerful prospect, assuredly, but, viewing the sort of animals that constitute the American plutocracy, one is not altogether without consolation in thinking of the possibilities of the next few years. A field that has grown such weeds cannot be plowed without turning under many good plants, but the land would be the better for the plowing, notwithstanding. And if the plowman is of a harsh and somewhat brutal nature, covetous, quick-tempered and revengeful, who is responsible for the breeding of him?

Meantime, let us watch the Industrial Army, and prepare to take sides. With poor crops, closed factories, colossal strikes and an incapable Administration, all things are possible. Mr. Huntington has reason to lose sleep.

President Cleveland always rises to an emergency in a way that delights the Mugwumps, who alone are gifted with the ability to see the esoteric meaning, the greatness, of his outgivings. His party's prospects having been ruined by its policy of dull cowardice in holding back the sword when the people had thrown McKinleyism at its feet for execution, and the country being in such a state of distress as to alarm every one that loves peace and fears insurrection, Mr. Cleveland meets the tremendous situation by writing a letter and sending a contribution of money to the president of an association of Democratic clubs. His theme is the promises of the Chicago platform. Listen:

All who are charged on behalf of the Democratic party with the redemption of these pledges should now be impressively reminded that as we won our way to victory under the banner of tariff reform, so our insistence upon that principle is the condition of our retention of the people's trust, and that

fidelity to party organization demands the subordination of our individual advantages and wishes, and the putting aside of petty and ignoble jealousies and bickerings, when party principles and party integrity and party existence are at stake.

That is only one sentence, and it is eminently Clevelandesque both in style and matter. He still believes in tariff reform, it seems, though he is mainly responsible for having cheated the people of the triumph they supposed they had achieved when they elected him to the Presidency. Instead of calling Congress in extra session for tariff reform work as soon as he was inaugurated, he "impressively reminded" those who knew him as Sheriff and Mayor of Buffalo that he was still a politician, by giving months of his time to a division of the spoils of office. And when he did convoke an extra session it was not for the redemption of the tariff-reform pledge under which the Democracy had "won its way to victory." It is eighteen months since Mr. Cleveland and a Democratic Congress were elected, chiefly for the purpose of taking as long a step as might be practicable toward free trade. Mr. Cleveland has been in office nearly fourteen months, and about all he has done in the cause, besides giving it respectful mention in his messages, is to write this letter, which would have been appropriate during the campaign of 1892. Mr. Cleveland is a small man and a large disappointment. Even the dwarfish Harrison exceeds him in force and masculinity.

The hope is to be nourished that the present Grand Jury will not violate the traditions by doing anything rashly unconventional in relation to institutions so respectable as the Pacific and Home Savings banks, and the leading citizens who have quarreled about their management. Mr. R. H. McDonald, Jr., who is still at large, has made charges of larceny against Mr. Frank M. Stone, who was his attorney, and also accuses him of being in a blackmailing conspiracy with Mr. M. H. de Young, the latter using his newspaper to abuse litigants until they took Mr. Stone into their service and paid him fees large enough to be divided by two. While the Grand Jury is investigating these accusations the depositors in both banks see what is left of their money being absorbed by attorneys of high standing, a course of procedure on which the Bar Association, the guardian of the morals of the profession, looks with profound reprobation and envy. There are some calls from the press on the Attorney-General to intervene and save the funds for the men and women to whom they belong, but why should Mr. Hart be expected to return good for evil by harassing his friend McDonald, who ever showed a willingness to grant him favors when the Pacific bank was doing business though rotten, a fact of which Mr. Hart was aware, if the public was not? Besides, Mr. Hart is busy on the water front case, doing work that Mr. Herrin, head of the Southern Pacific's law department, would doubtless have been obliged to do himself had not the Attorney-General, zealous to maintain the majesty of the State, thrown himself

voluntarily into the breach. The Grand Jury, if it be an ordinary San Francisco Grand Jury, will have due regard for the position of the parties to this unfortunate controversy. Mr. McDonald is a member of a family long revered for its piety, moral worth and non-alcoholic bitters; Mr. Stone is an ornament of an honorable profession, and Mr. de Young is eminent in journalism, politics and society. That it should find that the two first named are mere thieves, or that Mr. de Young could stoop to a deed so infamous as blackmail, would be too much to expect of a San Francisco Grand Jury. It is far more likely that Mr. McDonald will have another prosperous bank here some day, that Mr. Stone will be elevated to the judiciary, and Mr. de Young elected to the United States Senate, than that they will ever be landed in San Quentin.

The Midwinter Fair threatens California with something that would do California a great deal of good, but afford it no pleasure. That is to say, the Fair may reveal us as we are to the rest of the world, and by reflection let us see ourselves without the accustomed eye-glasses of colonial conceit. We profit much by the tradition of the debonair placer days, and the Californian away from home is commonly accepted as a toned-down Bret Harte miner, warm-hearted, impulsive, rather guileless in a large, generous way, and scornful of small change. The Californian in his visits to the East often, consciously or unconsciously, does what he can to live up to this character by an extra swagger and a freedom of expenditure which he does not practice at home. It is to be dreaded that, despite the sustained silence of the local press, the truth will escape, for there are correspondents of Eastern newspapers here, and many unhappy concessionaires, and visitors from abroad who have wandered through the Fair buildings and heard the eager solicitations of the unfortunates there for enough patronage to support life. The unhappy concessionaires have found out the difference between the real and the traditional California—that our appetite for his gold is even sharper than his for ours. The Fair is offered as a condensation of all that is most to be admired in California, and we shall have no right to object if we find ourselves judged by it. The management has been of a kind that would do credit to a pawnbroker or a confidence man, but to nobody else. The Assistant Director-General was permitted to “do” the Orientals in Chicago, and about everybody connected with the direction of the exposition is either proved to have made money by it for himself, or is under suspicion. Executive Secretary Badlam's fish concession, denied at first, admitted later, has been a failure, it is true, but the disgrace of its possession by him is not in any degree lessened because of that. Executive Committeeman R. B. Mitchell pocketed some thousands of dollars by drawing up the contracts with the concessionaires in his private capacity as an attorney. The latest instance made known of this species of knavery is the Mardi Gras swindle. Everybody was per-

mitted to believe that the spectacle was under the Executive Committee's management, but it turns out that it was a private speculation of only two members of that estimable body—R. B. Mitchell and A. Andrews. The *Examiner* has rebuked this deception and questioned the propriety of Executive Committeemen using the Fair for their personal profit in such a manner, but the matter has made no stir. We are used to it. It is Californian. Before we are done with the Midwinter Fair we shall probably be exceedingly sorry that the large brain of the public-spirited Mr. de Young ever conceived it and brought it forth in his own image. It is a catchpenny thing almost throughout, offensive to taste in most of its aspects, and the touts of the sideshows voice the soul of it accurately. That it has vulgarized the city and State I won't venture to assert, but assuredly that will be its effect on the reputation of both.

The onslaught of the San Francisco Police Commissioners on the officers and men of the force who have been taking bribes from the gamblers and prostitutes, white and Chinese, makes it evident enough that the Commissioners themselves are honest. Were they otherwise, they would not dare to challenge the enmity and tongues of the discharged policemen. But what shall we think of their acuteness? Every newspaper in town has for years been telling the Commissioners the things they have themselves discovered only now. Chief Crowley has broken down and become ill under the shock of the discoveries. He trusted his men and had a pride in them as a body that tended to make him a champion instead of an investigator when charges against them came from the outside. Of Chief Crowley's integrity there has never been any doubt in the minds of those who knew most about police corruption. In a position where he could have easily enriched himself by acting on quite respectable business principles, he has remained poor, and so earned a respect that is worth more than money to a man of his qualities. It is hard to see how the Commissioners can stop at dismissals. They should present their proofs of corruption to the Grand Jury and endeavor to send the guilty to the penitentiary.

The Congress of Religions has doubtless done the brethren good, if it hasn't excited the laity overmuch. It is millennial, truly, to see the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, the Unitarian, the Jew and the Theosophist meeting together and assuring one another of mutual esteem and affection. It is far better than the old practice of taking turns at going to the stake, of course; but in the days when the stake was a theological argument the sects believed that the differences which made them exist as sects were essential to salvation. Growth in liberality is well for the world, but what of the churches? If sectarian differences are no longer of importance, why should the sects survive? Want of faith and indifference produce liberality even more frequently than a benignant amplitude of mind.

The swiftness with which the Federal government can reach out for the recovery of a railroad train that has been stolen for temporary use is gratifying to all law-abiding citizens, of course. Nevertheless an arm so long and strong for one purpose should be equally so for others. What is the offense of the Butte City Industrials in stealing a railroad train for a day or two compared with that of Mr. Huntington and his partners, who stole a whole railroad, and kept it? A government whose arm is short and feeble when it has larcenous millionaires to deal with, and long and strong when the offenders are poverty-stricken fools, does not excite the veneration of the thoughtful. There is no doubt at all about the ability of Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic Congress to put down General Coxey and his army if they should grow violent in Washington, but who has any confidence in the capacity of the Administration to face and cure the causes that have made Coxey and his men a problem?

Chauncey Depew has let it be known that he is willing to accept the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and his party could not do a more fitting thing than to take him for its leader. Mr. Depew is ideally representative of modern Republicanism. He is rich, popular and commonplace. If he lacks personal dignity because of the after-dinner speeches that have given him the reputation (wholly undeserved) of a humorist, that is more than compensated for by his business connections, which are as respectable as the Vanderbilts themselves. Mr. Depew would be unusually acceptable to the pillaging rich, who form the backbone of the Republican organization, and they would support him with the same patronizing cordiality that might be looked for from a British nobleman who desired to advance in life a faithful butler of talents uncommon in one of his station.

Colonel Henry Watterson has not enriched himself as a lecturer in California, though he has had a good time. The Democracy feels honored by the presence of the earnest and talented journalist, and it ought to, for he is under the illusion that his party has in it all that is necessary for the republic's salvation—an illusion that is due to the fact that the Colonel is well on in years and not open to new impressions. Like his party, he is a back number. That is not to his discredit, but the problems that are pressing now cannot be treated with the old palliatives. Conservatism in politics to-day is charged with more peril than the most thoroughgoing radicalism.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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This *Letter* is a mistake. I shall stop its publication with the present number. The money received from subscribers will be returned, and the incident closed.

My mistake was in believing that a good many more people wanted the sort of paper I like to publish than I find to be the case. I have not deviated a particle from my original purpose; the *Letter* has been precisely what I intended it should be—and the public does not care for it. Inasmuch as I have printed the paper to please myself, and not the public, a difference in taste is made evident that compels one of two courses—to cater to the public's taste or retire from business. I choose the latter, and do it cheerfully. The step involves no humiliation, however much disappointment it may imply.

That disappointment is not due to any discovery that I have made respecting the general public. Twenty years of newspaper work had caused me to become well acquainted with the public's qualities of head and heart. I had conducted newspapers of large circulation, and knew the conditions on which that circulation could be maintained. Faulty as the daily press is—pretentious, demagogical, insincere, cringing and sordid—I knew it to be, as I said in my first *Letter*, a flattering mirror. But I did think that there was another public of better intelligence and character that would like a weekly which should be free from all the restraints upon truth-telling that render the ordinary journal offensive to men and women who are thoughtful and approve of candor. I announced that the *Letter*, besides ignoring all the conventional trammels of the editorial room, would scorn the practices of the business office—that no subscriptions or advertisements would be solicited. At the end of three months' publication, I have my reward in a subscription list of 160 names and an array of two advertisements. At one time I had as many as three. Altogether there have been four advertisers in the *Letter*. The sales of the paper have been even more encouraging to the adventurer into the wilds of individual journalism. Beginning with 15,000, they have gone down steadily since the fourth number, until the total circulation in town and country last week fell below 3,000.

The public having thus anticipated me in saying farewell, this concluding *Letter* is nec-

essarily somewhat in the nature of a private and confidential communication to the few who like the paper that the many have rejected. That rejection betokens a good deal which is significant in relation to the people and the press. For one thing it shows how much better newspaper publishers understand their business and their public than their critics do. My newspaper work having been mostly on the editorial side, it was not unnatural that I should have come to give a disproportionate importance to that part of the whole. I was in the way of hearing the complaints of the more intelligent regarding the cowardice of the press, and to have confided to me by hundreds their desire for a better journalism that should be rid of fawning to wealth on the one hand and of truckling to the rabble on the other. Journalists themselves most vividly realize the crimes and shortcomings of the press, and have the acutest distaste for coupons. It seemed to me that San Francisco and California were ready for a change—not the ruck of San Franciscans and Californians, but a minority that was neglected by the press, daily and weekly; a minority that was not satisfied to see the commonwealth ruled and robbed by opulent thieves, the newspapers in bonds to these brigands, the pulpit filled by dullards and toadies, and manhood everywhere denied a voice. It also seemed to me that I was competent to speak for this silenced minority, and I set about doing it modestly. I made no large professions, but took care to say that I had "no great message to deliver, no world-renovating reforms to advocate, no hobbies to ride," that I aimed at "nothing more wonderful, more daring, than to speak out truthfully once a week about the matters that are of passing or permanent interest to intelligent people." Also, I said that I would be personal to the extent of putting "men as they really are beside the statues that they have erected to themselves or had erected in their honor by dishonorable hands." All these promises I have kept. The kind of people that I have by preference addressed have shown the appreciation I anticipated. The men and women whose approval has for me intellectual and moral value, have given it, as I knew they would. There has been nothing the matter with the *Letter*. It has been honest and truthful, direct and genuine. It has laid the whip on deserving representative backs according to promise, and those backs have bled, and will bleed. But the men and women who approve, who are interested, are not numerous enough to make the *Letter* a financial success—that is to say, not numerous enough to afford me the comfortable livelihood which I can, as before, earn with my pen in other honest ways. Not being a crank, or even an enthusiast, I have not the motive for sacrificing myself to a "cause,"

particularly as my good sense instructs me that no cause would be advantaged by my sacrifice. If the *Letter* had begun with a circulation of one thousand and grown to less than it now has, I should not think of stopping it, for I am entirely willing to fight the associated villainies whose plantation California is, but crucifying myself for an indifferent people—lecturing to an audience that shows a stronger inclination to make toward the door than to listen to my exhortations—is not to my taste. I do not see that there would be profit of any kind to anybody in continuing the performance.

Speaking of the associated villainies, their manner of fighting should not pass unrecorded. The pettinesses to which they are not ashamed to descend one may not even describe without an uncomfortable sense of losing dignity. Not satisfied with refusing the *Letter* sale on its trains, the Southern Pacific has imposed upon the car newsboys the missionary duty of informing inquiring passengers that the paper is one of the disreputable weeklies that a moral corporation cannot be instrumental in spreading. Mr. Newlands, the Populist Congressman, millionaire by marriage, and Mr. Sharon of the Palace Hotel, have required the same service of their newsmen. Mr. de Young has been equally active and self-respecting. Discovering that personal appeals through mutual friends could not prevail on me to withhold my pen, he sternly set out to do his largest worst by taking away from newsdealers the bulletin-boards before their shops as a punishment for advertising on them that the *Letter* was for sale within. Even the newsboys on the streets have been threatened and bullied. All these efforts for the suppression of the *Letter* might have been spared, since the public has shown great willingness to perform the work far more effectually. Why that has happened is explained by the paper's original success. The conduct of the San Francisco News Company in breaking its contract at the last moment by refusing to circulate the *Letter*, made it necessary to adopt unusual means to get it before the public. This gave an exterior flavor of sensationalism to the paper which its contents did not warrant. The large sale continuing for several weeks deceived me into believing that plain, sober speech about social and political conditions in California was what the people desired, whereas the paper was really bought in the expectation that it would give what I distinctly disclaimed any intention of furnishing—"a weekly succession of flyings for flying's sake." It was not long before I discovered this, but my readers will bear me witness that the knowledge did not move me to turn an inch from the road I had marked out. It would have been easy—it would be

easy yet—to send the circulation ballooning again by selecting occasionally some citizen of prominence and depriving him of his skin for the entertainment of the multitude. To a man, my newspaper friends have counseled this course, for they deem me an adept at “roasting” the unworthy, but I prefer that the *Letter* shall die rather than break the pledge of entire sincerity with which it began life. I have attacked men only as they have stood for evil conditions, and the very fact that the general public expected me to be another Colonel Boone, and give them bear-and-lion fights, has, I suppose, influenced me to persist in a quieter vein of writing than that to which my inclination otherwise would have led me. I do not think just severity has lost by that course. There is satisfaction in the knowledge that no page of the twelve numbers of the *Letter* is disfigured by a single word of malignity, or by a thought or sentence that a gentleman's pen should not have written. It has not been my desire to earn money alone, but to speak frankly for the manhood of California.

Of course I am not accusing everybody who does not care for the *Letter* of being wanting in intelligence or patriotism. Men are busy with their own affairs, and like to be entertained rather than called on to think. I have been careless, too, of class feelings and prejudices, incensing the laborers in one sentence and offending the well-to-do in the next. I have spoken only for myself, and never for a class. It has not been my wish to enlist a following, but simply to utter the truth as I felt it. It has been suggested that I enlarge the paper, employ other writers, and offer variety instead of a monologue. Money to enable me to do this has been offered. But the increased expense of such a publication—a weekly on the regular lines—would make it necessary to send out solicitors for subscribers and drum for advertisements. That would be to surrender the complete freedom of expression the desire for which gave the *Letter* birth. I have no ambition to own a “property.” I would rather own myself. So the little *Letter* shall step into the grave that the public has dug for it, and suffer no loss of self-respect in expiring. The mourners will be few and the rejoicers many, for scoundrels of every degree have been made to feel uncomfortable by the consciousness of the possibilities imported by the *Letter*'s existence.

Mr. Huntington, I am sure, will not grieve when he sees the crape on the *Letter*'s door. It will be to him a gratifying assurance that his subjects are contented with his sway, in spite of the grumblers—that San Francisco is satisfied to be a one-road town, to be deprived of its natural advantages as a seaport and stripped of its power as a distributing center; that California, where not tapped by impudent competing lines, has no objection to having him as a sharer in the profits of every business, with no responsibility for the losses; that the State knows when it is well off in having so wise an old gentleman to make its

laws, choose its judges to interpret them and in general relieve the masses of the duties of self-government, for which they are unfit. He can point to the undeniable fact that criticism of him and his large and flourishing business as a pirate is not conducive to the prosperity or longevity of newspapers, whereas praise of him and his works causes the days of a journal to be long in the land and abundance to be awarded it by the public, as well as by himself. Mr. Lloyd Tevis, too, will cast a clod upon the coffin with hearty good will. The *Letter* has astonished as well as pained Lloyd Tevis. During many years he pursued his trade of money getting here without molestation, a busybody meddling in the affairs of others whenever there was a dollar to be made, a spite to be gratified or his vanity to be fed. I cannot recall a disrespectful mention of Mr. Tevis in print that I have not myself written. When he took a fee of \$50,000—that was the sum, I understand—from Mrs. Colton for acting as her friend in bringing about a settlement of her affairs with the railroad company, and accepted a like fee from the corporation, he enjoyed immunity from newspaper scoring. Even when he was forced out of the presidency of Wells, Fargo & Co., the journals paid him compliments, or in the instances where they did not volunteer to do this they printed his praises at the same rate charged for justifying the shooting of Judge Terry—one dollar a line. The newspapers have been as considerate of the feelings of this bad old man as is his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foute, of Grace Church, who would no more think of asking a millionaire parishioner to take the Ten Commandments seriously than he would to rebuke covetousness, cruelty and vanity from his fashionable pulpit. Mr. Tevis will not be surprised at the death of a paper whose editor has so little regard for the respectabilities of life as to refuse bribes and to call a man rascal who is rich enough to have the power of revenge. The Spring Valley Water Company, whose corruption of supervisors is as notorious as repetition of the crime year after year can make it; the gas company; the street car companies; the insurance companies, and all the corporations and men who need bought supervisors, legislators, judges and juries in their business, will agree in thinking that so disrespectful a publication as the *Letter* could not expect to live in the midst of Christian civilization. All the newspaper organs of these associated villainies, from one end of the State to the other, will be of the same opinion. They have doomed it from the beginning for being what the public has rejected it for not being—a personally abusive paper, devoted to the police work of laying bare the private, as well as the public, lives of their benefactors.

But more than all the others will Mr. de Young rejoice. I congratulate him on the happiness he will derive from the varied significance that the *Letter*'s death will bear to his acute and cultivated understanding. To Mr. de Young the small event will be an indorsement of himself as a citizen, a capitalist, a journalist, a candidate for the United

States Senate and as the Director General of the Mindwinter Fair. I owe an apology to Mr. de Young. Misled by too close observation of him and an undue confidence in my judgment of the intelligence and morality of the public, I have held him responsible for certain phenomena, the blame for which properly rests on other shoulders than his. It was my impression that his prominence, his authority, in this community could be accounted for only on the theory that he was not known and that the press by refraining from disclosing his real character had permitted him to impose himself on the public. My mistake was not surprising. Eying Mr. de Young, I beheld a gross, ignorant, impudent man, without either character or manners. I knew that he was a rogue and a boor, a person whose presence was disagreeable to honest men and intolerable to gentlemen. To me it appeared but necessary to convey to the public proofs of these qualities in order that Mr. de Young should go down to the bottom of public esteem. I furnished the proofs. The public enjoyed the presentation, not, I find, because a rascal and social barbarian was placed on his right footing, but because of the pleasure which the mob always takes in seeing one of the gentry harried. Mr. de Young's position in California journalism, politics and society has not, I am persuaded, been much affected by the truths I have told about him. He is still Director-General of the Midwinter Fair. The circumstance that Editor Hume of the *Post* confessed to me that Mr. de Young had paid him a bribe of \$2,000 to cease criticism of the Fair's management has not caused the Director-General's removal, or the taking of steps toward that end. The revelation of this transaction, denied by neither party to it, has not, I believe, even injured the circulation of the newspapers differed by the pair. Had the community a different moral standard both men would have been fugitives on the day the disclosure was made.

The *Chronicle* remains the organ, adviser and leader of the Republican party of California, which enfolds most of the property, piety and respectability of the State. There is no mystery about the sources of Mr. de Young's wealth. Every corporation that desires to be let alone, every corporation that has wished legislation in its interest, and many rich men with more regard for public opinion than the late Senator Sharon evinced, have had cause to know that the *Chronicle* exists. Nevertheless Mr. de Young is a candidate for the United States Senate and feels pretty confident that he will be elected. Mr. Huntington is his supporter, and all the corporations are for him—even those which have assisted him to wealth. He can see no reason why the people should not be glad to send him to Washington as their representative, and he knows the people of California well. He is assured that they share that limitless admiration for himself which is one of the characteristics that have brought him opulence and renown. Only a little while ago I should not have hesitated to place my judg-

ment in opposition to that of Mr. de Young in any matter save one involving money, but the lessons of experience are not to be ignored. We both have been in the publishing business; he remains in it successful, I go out of it defeated. To my mind it is atrocious that a man who can't write, who doesn't know good writing when he sees it, who is incapable of taking any but the pawnbroker's view of life, who is base in mind, instinct and conduct, should be accepted as a leading journalist by the people of California. Nevertheless Mr. de Young prints a journal that has an enormous circulation and great influence, and scarcely anybody wants mine. He has a manifest right to regard himself as my superior in judgment in our profession, and, arguing from that, to claim superiority in the other departments of life which he elects to ornament. To my imperfect taste a person whose conversation would be becoming to a peddler, and whose manners would be becoming to no one, cannot be pleasant socially; but Mr. de Young can point in refutation of this error to his standing in society here and in the cities to the eastward. President Harrison managed to sit through a dinner with him at the White House; I know others who were never able to achieve the feat anywhere.

In politics, also, I should have said that a citizen with a career like Mr. de Young's open for the inspection of his opponents and the public, would not be deemed eligible by a great party, but he has reasons to prefer his own judgment to mine. Governor Markham came very near to giving him the seat in the Senate now held by Mr. Perkins, and Mr. de Young has been so signally honored in various ways by his fellow Republicans that it must seem to him only the invention of enmity that he is not suited to receive its highest prizes. Twice a delegate to his party's national conventions, member of its National Committee, official manager of the Presidential campaign on this coast in 1888, by his own statement given the refusal of the nomination for Vice-President and a seat in President Harrison's Cabinet—why should he not aspire to the Senate? It is believed that he cherishes even a higher ambition still, aiming ultimately at the Presidency itself. And if the remainder of the United States is on a par with California, why not? Here he is our first citizen, by right of his powerful newspaper and his official position as Director-General of the Midwinter Fair. The people among whom he lives and who, therefore, know him best, have made him their representative, and as such he is accepted by all visiting strangers. One who has risen from the pavement thus by virtue of his own abilities and the public's approval and patronage, must necessarily be regarded by others throughout the country as a man of very decided talents. To those who think with me, Mr. de Young seems a very low type of creature, whose outfit consists of equal parts of greed, insensibility and impudence—a person fitted by nature to carry a pack through the country districts, or to loan

money on pledges in the city—but there are not many of us under this illusion. Mr. de Young has striven with his equals and risen. He is proud of the heights he has won, and the generality of California's people think him justified in his pride. They have offered him to the world for inspection as our most notable human product by making him Director-General of the Fair. Why should they not likewise offer him to the country for further inspection in the same capacity as a Senator of the United States? I say again to Mr. de Young that I owe him an apology. California, and not he, is responsible for that prominence which alone makes it necessary or excusable to discuss him in print. I lay the remains of the *Letter* at his triumphant feet as a small sign of my appreciation of the noble fruits of democratic institutions. So long as the supply of such leaders in journalism, politics and society does not fail, we shall be assured that government of the people, for the people, by the people, has not perished off the earth.

Although the *Letter* dies it has not lived in vain. As I knew it would, it is bearing fruit on boughs other than its own. Its frankness in dealing with public questions and persons whose station in the business life of the community, as in its political life, constitutes them public men, has had its effect on the journalism of the city and State. Moreover, I have shown the way to others. The fate of the *Letter* will hardly seduce any one to venture upon a continuous publication on like lines, but I have demonstrated the practicability of a man with something to say and no capital, making his voice heard. The newspaper trust can no longer maintain a conspiracy of silence when some question which it is not to its interest to discuss needs an airing. If, viewed as a weekly, the *Letter* is a failure, viewed as the inauguration of the pamphlet it is a success. It costs little to print a thousand or two copies of a sheet of this size, and when politics warm up, or some social evil is being ignored by the regular press, such sheets will appear and do good. For myself, I retain all the original capital with which I launched the *Letter*—the electrolytied heading and my pen—and should it seem expedient at any time to issue a special number there will be nothing to prevent me from having my say in my own way.

In closing this epistle to the Philistines I feel an impulse to address the young men of California, for one instinctively turns to the enthusiasm and strength of youth when repelled by the submission and narrow selfishness of the mature. But reflection curbs the impulse, since the young are sure to be copies of their elders unless their environment can be changed. There presses imperatively upon all but a few the necessity of earning a livelihood. That is the first business of existence, and men will earn it as best they can, their common sense teaching them that the easiest way is to accept the conditions amid which they find themselves, and to turn

them to their advantage if they can. The conditions of life here now, as for the past twenty-five years, have been such as to corrupt the successful and to degrade the struggling. If the police could have raided Mr. Huntington's house the other night, jailed him and locked most of the guests at his banquet in a reformatory, there would have been gaps in the ranks of the aristocracy, but wouldn't morals have been advantaged? In our time men strive to be millionaires as in other times men strove for distinction in arms, statesmanship, letters and art. Does anybody believe it is possible to become a millionaire and remain an honest man? Is there a mansion on Nob Hill that doesn't advertise the inability of the law to punish felony? And just as one English lord makes a thousand English snobs, so one American millionaire makes a thousand American rogues. Tar Flat is no better than Nob Hill. The men who possess the business mastery of a modern community possess also the political and social mastery. They set the fashion in conduct and ideals as well as in clothes and dancing. Consequently, California's manhood will remain enslaved and debased until the State shall be emancipated industrially and commercially. Of course there are individuals who will refuse to accommodate themselves to the general model. Always there are such men everywhere, and they keep alive those ideas of self-ownership and dignity that maintain conscience and put unworthy success upon its defense. But the mass of men have no other rule than to do as their neighbors do—and a very good rule it is, too, if to get on be the object in life. The mass can be lifted not by appeals to the individual conscience and pride, but only by a change in their surroundings which shall enforce a higher standard. That change will come to California not from within, but from without, and it will be a change wrought by business men in search of dollars. Reformers don't count for much in direct influence. If Christ should come again, and abstain from the use of supernatural power, he could do nothing for California unless he could first break the back of the Southern Pacific railroad. He might preach till he was hoarse—and we may be sure the pulpits would be shut against him and a policeman run him in, as Coxey was in Washington, should he mount the steps of the City Hall—yet while that corporation retained its monopoly California would continue abject. The people have tried to conquer the monopoly at the polls, and failed; the merchants of San Francisco, made desperate by dwindling trade, have offered the corporation battle, and been defeated; newspapers which go up against the stone wall of its power dash out their brains, and a discouraged and wearied and indifferent people yawn at the familiar spectacle. The rescuers must come from abroad.

To be sure, if the young men of the State had the intellect and spirit that should belong to the youth of a commonwealth for which nature has done so much, they would be irresistible. But our young men have

been reared on the plantation, have plantation manners and plantation minds. The hoe of servitude they have always seen in the hands of their fathers, and to them it seems if not an implement of honor at least an unavoidable penalty of existence. They have shown the capacity to band together. But for what? To meet in "parlors," march in childish processions decked in uniforms that have neither association with the past nor meaning in the present. They are of a grade to find a pleasure in such a title as "Native Sons of the Golden West"—a title that is matched in solid magnificence by the gilt paper star that a Piute buck is fond of tearing from calico and sticking on the side of his battered silk hat. There is even a "Stanford" Parlor in the organization, and the wonder is that there is not a Crocker Parlor, and a Huntington Parlor, and a Parlor of the Transcontinental Marvel of the Mighty Occident. The Native Sons of the Golden West are not averse to participation in politics, but their activity is bounded by the determination to give office to members, regardless of party, who are nominated in "recognition" of the order. Neither in its leadership nor material is the organization capable of large political action for the freeing of the State from the grip of the associated villainies. At best it is but a harmless aggregation of foolish youths, in whom the gregarious instinct is strong and who derive from their connection with it the same pleasure that boys do in marching with paper chapeaus and woolen swords. They are the product of California's conditions.

It is not possible that the scoundrels who own this State and paralyze it can forever maintain their reign. Mr. Huntington will die presently, and God has been good enough not to supply the heirs of his departed partners with brains as capable as his own. Besides, there are other men quite as eager as this insatiate old millionaire to make money. They have broken into and captured his preserves to the north and south, and ultimately they will contest with him the possession of San Francisco and such tributary territory as remains to it. Another overland road coming hither would be of little service in itself, but when it does come simple business sense will cause its managers, after a season of confederation with the old monopoly for the division of stealings, to branch out and build feeders. Perhaps the new men may be long-headed enough to grasp the ideas that it is poor policy to deprive a seaport of the use of the sea, and that the ocean and harbor may be turned to railroad account. But whether that shall happen or not, the Traffic Association has done sufficient to demonstrate that the Southern Pacific is vulnerable. The criminal compact in restraint of trade with the Pacific Mail has been broken, the Isthmus railroad is open to persuasion, the Tehuantepec railroad will soon be finished, and the prisoners in this commercial Andersonville are no longer quite hopeless of being able to break through the stockade. If that revival of hope is not strong enough to induce a successful upris-

ing, at least it inclines the prisoners to listen to the voices of any rescue parties that may be wafted over the walls. Others than the merchants here are being educated into the knowledge that prosperity cannot be expected while the Southern Pacific's stupid greed dominates the situation. The landlords of San Francisco, and of all Northern and Central California for that matter, have learned that the value of their property is at the mercy of Mr. Huntington. Nevada learned this long ago. Discrimination against that State in favor of California has placed her commercially farther west than Japan, for it is a fact that the freight on goods from the East to Reno is more than the freight on the same goods to Yokohama. Nevada has been sacrificed for California and California to Mr. Huntington's dream of building up the Southern Pacific and creating a great Southern port—to that and the lust of the corporation for the immediate dollar, which has always overcome the argument of future profit that would result from fair dealing.

But complete emancipation will not be given California until the Nicaragua canal has been opened. Everybody on the Pacific Coast who is not allied with the Southern Pacific wants that canal, and so general, so ardent is the eagerness for it that the people on this side of the continent are willing to pay any price for it—or rather, are willing that the country should do so. This eagerness causes delay, for the people of the United States cannot be persuaded to risk a repetition of their experience with the Union and Central Pacific companies. They have had enough of creating great properties with public funds and presenting them to corporations. If government money and government credit construct the canal, the people argue, the canal when finished ought to belong to the government. That is common sense, and if we are to have the canal it must be as a government work or as the result of unassisted private enterprise. There is no immediate prospect of construction by the latter means, but the country is ready for the other course. Were the Pacific coast to join heartily with those who want a government canal, but are hostile to subsidies and bond guarantees, the cause would be advanced immensely and swiftly. Without the canal we of this coast must continue to be colonial, no matter how many railroads may connect us with the East. Only short and cheap sea communication with the ports of the Atlantic side and Europe can merge us in interest and spirit with the populous centers of American life. As it is now, we are a side pool of still water away from the rushing stream of commerce and civilization.

It is quite true that the Nicaragua canal, with the tremendous stimulation of industry that must inevitably follow it, would leave us confronted with essentially the same social problems that face us now, as they do the whole republic. The canal and increased prosperity would not abolish poverty or reduce that inequality of fortune which has sent some thousands of able-bodied men

away from this young and thinly settled State to join Coxe's army. If Daniel Webster were alive and of the same mind now as he was in 1820, when he delivered his Plymouth Rock address, he would have another cure than a policeman's club for General Coxe, and doubtless would be abhorred and denounced as a Socialist by the respectable classes. In that address he was prophetic:

The freest government, if it could exist, would not be long acceptable if the tendency of the laws were to create a rapid accumulation of property in few hands and to render the great mass of the population dependent and penniless. In such a case, the popular power would be likely to break in upon the rights of property; or else the influence of property to limit and control the exercise of popular power. Universal suffrage could not long exist in a community where there was great inequality of property. The holders of estates would be obliged, in such a case, in some way to restrain the right of suffrage, or else such right of suffrage would, before long, divide the property.

However, the new conditions that must come with the Nicaragua canal will, at least, give us a change of masters; California will not be, as she is now, the maid-of-all-work of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. It will be possible then for a man to live in material comfort without wearing a corporation collar. Until that blessed change has been worked, the people and press of California will continue to be what they are. Under existing conditions common honesty is a virtue and self-ownership a luxury that can be practised and enjoyed only by the few who are willing to pay the price of an honorable poverty.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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When suspending the publication of the *Letter* in May last, this notice was given to the public:

I retain all the original capital with which I launched the *Letter*—the electrolytized heading and my pen—and should it seem expedient at any time to issue a special number there will be nothing to prevent me from having my say in my own way.

For some months past, as editorial manager of the San Francisco *Examiner*, I have been having my say, if not exactly in my own way at all times, at least with considerably more freedom than is usually permitted in a daily newspaper. Mr. Hearst, the owner of the *Examiner*, telegraphed me his desire for a change of editorial policy. It is, of course, the privilege of a proprietor to conduct his paper as best pleases him, and it is also the right of a journalist to give or withhold his professional services; therefore I wired my resignation rather than have any share in the responsibility of modifying the *Examiner's* political course. Hence the re-appearance of the *Letter*. I hope to make it a permanent publication. There is work enough for it to do, God knows. So also do the associated villainies, and so, too, should the people of San Francisco and California. I have a right to ask all who desire frank journalism and honest government to give the *Letter* their support.

California just now is in a state of mind that explains the ease with which those who know what they want, and have no scruples, may get it. There is not the least doubt that twenty-nine in thirty of the citizens detest the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. The company is alive to this, and knows that if the people could get a fair chance at it with their ballots the result would be a repetition of the vote against Chinese immigration in 1879. It is naturally, therefore, the policy of the Southern Pacific to prevent an expression of public opinion at the polls, and with that expression the election of officials who would serve the public by bringing the corporation under the control of the laws which the individual citizen, and less opulent corporations, must obey. Observe how it proceeds. For several weeks past the newspapers have been distended with the proceedings and envioning contests and quarrels of many conventions. There has seemed to be no end of the fighting between bosses, cabals and candidates. Three State conventions and half a dozen municipal conventions have put forward tickets. The speakers are on the stump everywhere, the

party newspapers are overflowing with political news and editorials, and the candidates are numbered by the hundred—the thousand. The ordinary citizen is confused by the situation. To him it seems hopelessly complex, and the task of selecting the best men to vote for appears beyond his powers of discrimination. On the average, the bewildered citizen feels disposed to take the line of least resistance, go with his party and scratch only in behalf of a personal friend or two, or some particularly well-known candidate on the other tickets. Of course the Southern Pacific is not wholly responsible for this state of things. Men always divide in politics, and political side-shows are inevitable weeds. But all the power of the Southern Pacific has been, and is being, exerted to complicate the situation, and so bewilder the voter who would like nothing better than to get the opportunity to let out a straight blow at the hated monopoly.

As a matter of fact the political situation is not complex at all but perfectly simple. There is really but one issue underlying all the noise and apparent confusion in both city and State. The discerning do not permit sham battles over pretended principles, or real skirmishes among candidates, or calculated tumults about nothing in particular, to withdraw their minds from the truth, which is that there are but two forces in the field. One of them is the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the other is the people of California. The first is a small and very intelligent, compact force, while the people are many, but incapable of organization in their own interest, and as easily led to destruction as were the children by the magic fluting of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

One can't feel much respect for the heads of the people while taking a look at San Francisco and California as they permit themselves to be placed on view at the moment. The readiness with which whosever wills may stir their emotions, to the suspension of their power of reflection and the eclipse of their common sense, moves one to the belief that the Almighty must be fond of fools, on the principle which induced Lincoln to believe that the Lord loves common men—because He makes so many of them. Honest men are not over plentiful in any walk of life, as everyone acquainted with the world is conscious, but it is not want of honesty in the masses that is the bane of California. It is want of sense. There are far more than enough voters—whether they be all honest or not—to down the Southern Pacific in fair fight. The blighting truth is that the average citizen, rich or poor, educated or uneducated, hasn't the brains to detect the common enemy under his many disguises. These disguises are poor enough to constitute

an insult to Californian intelligence—but the insult is deserved. I point to the State's history since the Central Pacific was built.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company. That is an imposing title. It abashes by its large impersonality. But, after all, what does it really stand for? What is it more than a corporate name behind which two men are entrenched—C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker. These two men rule California as no constitutional monarch would dare attempt to rule his kingdom. Yet, who are they that they should hold the rest of us like so many blacks on their industrial and political plantation? There is no man or woman or child in California who has not to pay unjust tribute to these two men on nearly everything eaten, worn or otherwise consumed. Their actual power to tax far exceeds that of the State or even the Federal Government, for governmental tyranny approaching theirs would be met by rebellion, since the government's tax-gatherer can always be seen and recognized, except when he hides in a tariff. The Southern Pacific steals in its freight and passenger charges, but we are used to them and no longer perceive their enormity. It steals our time by the slowness and irregularity of its trains, but those of us who know of Eastern travel only as it existed before the war think it in the order of nature that railroad trains should crawl and be irregular. The Southern Pacific builds up towns or dooms them to decay; it decrees what industries shall flourish and which shall not; it decides who may do business at a profit and who go into bankruptcy; it decides whether or not workmen who have offended it shall be allowed to earn a living in California. The Southern Pacific takes possession of our State Government in all its departments, and such local governments as it needs in its business—and its business is to take every dollar it can lay its hands on, no matter to whom the dollar may of right belong. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company does all this—that is to say, C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker do it, and year after year defy the people of California to prevent them from doing it.

And who, in heaven's name, is C. P. Huntington? And who the deuce is Fred Crocker? What are they that the inhabitants of an American State should unbonnet before them, and submit their pockets to their fingers and hand over to them the tasks of government? Are they so much more gifted in intellect than ourselves, so superior in morals and desert that they should reign over us?

Mr. Huntington, undoubtedly, is a clever old man. Nobody will dispute that he has a genius for making money. Neither will

anybody who knows his history dispute that he ought long ago to have been in jail. If the criminal laws which send a poor man to prison for any of the various forms of appropriation of what belongs to others could be applied to Mr. Huntington—as they would be were the people of California and of the United States as wise in policy, and as good themselves in morals, as are their statutes—the reward of his genius for money making would not be a mountainous fortune, but a cell in the penitentiary. While he remains free every thief in every American prison has a right to complain of unjust discrimination. This is not investive, but truth so naked, so familiar, that one feels guilty of sinking to the commonplace in writing it down. If we were to revere Mr. Huntington for his success, and admit that he has in that success a title to his royal power in California, then we should amend our moral code and make crime punishable only when its pecuniary returns are not large. Nevertheless Mr. Huntington is a man of brains, and when one is outwitted and plundered by a conspicuously clever rascal, at least one is spared the addition of the pang of humiliation to those of despoilment.

But Fred Crocker. What is his title to royal authority over the property and liberties of a people claiming to be free? Has he ever done anything in life save to inherit the stolen money of his father? With an independent fortune and the whole world open to him, its every avenue to distinction free to his feet, what have his talents, his aspirations prompted him to do? To climb the high stool of a clerk and go on dully drudging to add uselessly to the pile of money that has descended to him. Any counter on Kearney street is jumped by young men in every way the intellectual and spiritual equals of Fred Crocker, California's co-monarch with that able old pirate C. P. Huntington, who has brains enough for two.

Put this way, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company does not seem formidable. An honest grand jury, an honest petit jury, and an honest judge would serve to land Mr. Huntington in San Quentin, and Mr. Crocker by himself would not be capable of maintaining the despotism. But the money of these two men—their stolen money—gives them a power to command the bodies, brains and souls of other men. Thus reinforced, Messrs. Huntington and Crocker have no fear of honest grand or petit juries, or honest judges, or of people or press. No absolute monarchy, the king ruling by divine right, buttressed by a hereditary nobility and supported by the sanctions of time and usage was ever more firmly fixed in power than is this pair of bourgeois usurpers, criminal but rich.

Custom has so lessened the disgrace of entering their service that men not indifferent to the good opinion of their fellows no longer feel shame at putting on the uniform of the lackey. See how the lawyers snap at a "railroad case," with all that it implies. Though it is understood that the fee for professional labor buys the attorney's freedom, his manhood and all his activities as a citi-

zen, he receives the congratulations of the bar of San Francisco when it is known that the Southern Pacific Sultan has thrown the handkerchief. The lawyers of California—with the exception of the minority who prefer ownership of themselves to other property, and the much larger number who have not been invited to enter the harem—constitute (to change the figure) the Pretorian Guard of Emperor Huntington. It is the lawyers who attend to the juries, and see that their brother lawyers who are judges are of the right kind. It is the lawyers who go to the conventions, speak from the stump, propose and revise the laws passed by the Legislature, and on bench and at the bar protect Huntington and Crocker in their privilege to plunder and punish at will.

I pause here to say a few words concerning that which it has grown to be the fashion of most men to condemn—"personal journalism." It is abstention from the right kind of personal journalism that makes it possible for Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker to rule and rob California. The personal journalism that is flattering to the persons named is not objected to by them or by others seriously. Even the personal journalism that trots fashionable young women through the columns of the newspapers, and pictures them in their bathing costumes, no longer appears to offend, even though the amount of each girl's dowry accompanies her portrait. It is only when the disagreeable truth is told about persons that the voice of protest is heard against "personal journalism." Mr. W. F. Herrin, for example, would not demur were I to write of him, here or elsewhere, that he is a lawyer of ability, in receipt of an income as large as that of the President of the United States, and that he enjoys the deference of the local bar as well as a good social position. All that is true, but it is personal journalism, grossly personal. There are, however, other true things to be said of Mr. Herrin that he will not like so well to hear. If the press were in the hands of broadly honest men with a sense of responsibility to the public—a compelling sense of duty to utter the truth for the public good and to give the people leadership in the perennial struggle of the many to protect themselves from the predatory few—there would be no Herrins; no Herrins, that is, who would enjoy either the respect of the bar, a good social position or any other desirable thing save the high wages of a disgraceful calling. There would be no W. W. Stows either, out of jail.

Mr. Stow is also a lawyer of ability, and a millionaire. Being above the need of what he earns by his work for the Southern Pacific, it is a mystery of human nature why he does it. For years this rich, intelligent man, who gives his leisure free of charge to the public as a Park Commissioner, gratifying his taste for the beautiful by laboring to adorn the city's pleasure-ground—even inducing the tight-fisted Mr. Huntington to make a gift of \$25,000 for a waterfall—this man, with the wealth and brains and cultivation requir-

ite to make him a gentleman, for years has been the chief political agent of the Southern Pacific. It was he who arranged the original purchase for Stanford of the Senatorship that had been promised to Sargent, and four years ago it was he again who manured the State with money to re-elect Stanford to the Senate, incidentally electing the pitiful Markham Governor, and filling all the other State offices, including the Railroad Commission, with Republicans of the sort who hold their first allegiance neither to their party nor the people but to the Southern Pacific—that is to say, to C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker. Mr. Stow is as clever a man as Huntington himself, and Crocker might be his office-boy. Why, then, does he lend himself to his foul employment? It can only be a perverted love of power that is gratified by the discharge of his shameful duties. How far that power reaches, how it ramifies, politicians and journalists know. Though he is the leader and manager of the Southern Pacific's forces in this political campaign—though he has selected the legislative nominees of both parties and will decide who shall be the next Senator; though no move of importance can be made without his direction by the ostensible chiefs of either the Republican or Democratic party; though the bosses whose names dot the newspapers daily and whose doings take pages to tell are but district messengers when Stow exerts his authority, what does the public know of his present activities? Scarcely a newspaper mentions him, and then never with disrespect. The bold and independent press leaves him in the privacy he desires and proves its courage on his underlings—the ruck of minor bosses among whom Burns and Buckley and Rainey are tall.

Nearly an equal immunity from unpleasant publicity is given Mr. W. F. Herrin. The only advertisement in the press of Mr. Herrin's performances as a statesman have been from my pen, or at my direction. Mr. Herrin prefers to be known to fame only as a lawyer, and indeed his professional engagements are many enough to keep him busy were he not minded to fare beyond the legal sphere and "do politics" in the interest of his owners. He is at the head of the law department of the Southern Pacific, the principal attorney of the Spring Valley Water Company, and, I believe, of the Bank of California likewise. Also he has private practice in plenty. His income, as I have said, is equal to the salary of the President of the United States. His position in his profession he owes, no doubt, to his talents, but he has had influential friends to help him, too. Among them are his former law partners, Senator Stewart and Congressman Frank Newlands, of Nevada, anti-monopolists both. The aged, upright, and universally-esteemed Stephen J. Field, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, is also his friend. There are a hundred lawyers in San Francisco with brains as good and acquirements as great as those of Mr. Herrin, but no citizen would grudge him his astounding success as a law-

yer if he would be content to be one. Either his ambition, the orders of his employers, or the nature of the services required of him, however, induce Mr. Herrin to act the part of a minor Stow. He makes it his business to be friendly with Judges of the Supreme bench, and also of the Superior bench. He is not ashamed to be seen arm-in-arm in public with a Levy. Or with a Maurice Schmitt. His intimacy and conferences with the latter, however, have had to do with the legislative rather than with the judicial branch of government—government by the Southern Pacific, Spring Valley and the allied corporations: the associated villainies. While Mr. Stow deals with the large matters of state, such as Senatorships and Governorships, Mr. Herrin concerns himself with the Board of Supervisors and with the San Francisco delegation to the Legislature. It has been decided, I am informed from the council chamber of the great—the servants of C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker, to wit—that the next Legislature is to be Republican. The Southern Pacific deems it well to give Senator White a Republican colleague—perhaps that modest gentleman and ornament of public life, Colonel Dan Burns, or may be that deserving and intellectually gifted representative of San Francisco journalism, M. H. de Young, who is in a fair way to be made respectable by competition. But more will be required of the Legislature selected by Messrs. Stow and Herrin than to advertise at the national capital the brains, character, and culture of California. Relief bills for Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker, to cover losses suffered by the late strike, are desired. Laws are also needed to give Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker easier control of their workmen in the event of future strikes. The assistance of other corporations has been secured to elect a Southern Pacific Legislature by the promise that when Mr. Huntington's and Mr. Crocker's business has been attended to, such laws as the subsidiary corporations may wish will be enacted, and such legislation in the public interest as would diminish their profits be prevented.

In his capacity as a statesman, Lawyer Herrin has given much thought to guarding against the selection of men for Supervisors who would be so revolutionary as to consider the interests of the city superior to those of the Southern Pacific and the Spring Valley Water Company. His conferences with Maurice Schmitt and Messrs. Rainey and Buckley on this head have been entirely satisfactory, but he encountered an unexpected obstacle in Colonel Burns, who declined to surrender the Republican nominations to Mr. Herrin. However much the Southern Pacific—that is to say, Mr. Huntington and Fred Crocker—might want a monopoly of street-railroad franchises, extensions and the like, and the Spring Valley protection from the calamity of being compelled to charge honest rates, the Colonel was loyal to his friend, John D. Spreckels, who wishes a Board of Supervisors that will grant the telephone franchise which the present board has refused. The difficulty has been settled,

I believe, by Mr. Herrin and Mr. Spreckels agreeing to divide the ownership of the Board between them. Then, doubtless, all other corporations which assist in electing the board will be permitted to use it in their comparatively small way, precisely as the Legislature, after it has elected Mr. Stow's Senator and passed the relief bills and such statutes for future use as the Southern Pacific craves, will be at the service of the smaller members of the combination.

It will be seen that Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin and the corporations they represent are entirely non-partisan. All parties that have any strength at the polls find in them friends and benefactors. The associated villainies hold themselves above so base a prejudice as party spirit.

In the prosecution of their ordinary business of making sure in advance of the people's elected servants, squabbles occasionally occur. Mr. Herrin, Mr. Buckley, Colonel Burns and Mr. Rainey are but human and have their feelings. Mr. Stow never has any that are allowed to interfere with business. If the others quarrel about a nomination for this or that office, or a question of precedence affecting personal dignity, an appeal is had to Mr. Stow, who in his cold, calm way smooths ruffled feathers or issues the imperative word of command. He seldom interferes in details while the legislative or supervisory ticket is being arranged by his underlings, unless there seems danger of their nominating by chance a fairly respectable man who might be elected. In a district where a Republican is pretty sure of success a serviceable person is nominated, and a first-rate Democrat permitted to run, and be defeated. Or if a Democrat's success is desired, his Republican opponent will be of the worst possible character. There is the same absence of partisanship in the choice of the judiciary. Huntington, Crocker, Stow, Herrin, Buckley, Burns and Rainey are all agreed on Levy for Superior Judge. He is a most invaluable man. Of course, respectable people will not vote for Levy, but the corporations and the criminal element, in and out of good clothes, will be required to "plump" for him—that is, to vote for no other judge. This is expected to give Levy a relatively large vote, which will at once elect him and be a rebuke to Mr. Hearst, myself and all other disturbing and disreputable persons who have spoken evilly of this useful jurist. The bar, also, appears to be for Judge Levy. A reputable attorney nominated him in the Democratic convention, and the newspaper reporters try in vain to get attorneys to say in interviews what they think of him—though everybody knows what they do think. The voice of that portion of the bar which really admires a judge of Levy's varied talents and acquirements, legal and material, speaks through Mr. Henry I. Kowalsky, to whom the Judge rendered friendly aid when proceedings in disbarment were in progress. What an attorney must be who stands in danger of disbarment in San Francisco the lay mind can scarcely conceive, but Mr. Kowalsky actually did offend against the

moral sensibilities of the Bar Association, and Judge Levy helped to vindicate him; and one vindication earns another. The bar of San Francisco deserves that a Kowalsky should be its spokesman in defense of the bench, and San Francisco as a city deserves the renomination of a Levy. The logic of conduct is inexorable.

Mr. Herrin, as I have said, joins Mr. Kowalsky in deprecating newspaper assaults on Judge Levy. There are many things which Mr. Herrin deprecates now which he did not think it compatible with a gentleman's or a lawyer's duty to deprecate before he became the attorney of the associated villainies. The service required of him by the Southern Pacific and his other corporate clients would not once have sat well on his stomach, but custom inures to anything. Time was when the work that this eminent attorney, with an income equalling that of the President of the United States, does on the streets, in convention lobbies and in barrooms was done in the private offices of Fourth and Townsend streets. Even Creed Haymond had sensibilities. Really, if Maurice Schmitt were not quite so illiterate he would be an ideal head for the Southern Pacific's law department—which illustrates the evil of neglecting one's books in youth; for Mr. Schmitt is now merely a drudge and errand runner for Boss Buckley.

The uses to which judges chosen by itself can be put by the Southern Pacific—meaning Mr. Huntington and Fred Crocker—will occur to every mind, but there are special reasons for retaining this proprietorship now. Through its ownership of the bench the Southern Pacific can control the grand jury and turn it into an auxiliary of its law department, thus exemplifying the benefits of the American protective system. As things stand, the Southern Pacific has no fear of the present grand jury, and has no need to dread the next. Due attention to politics, it will be seen, is not alone necessary to the business interests of Messrs. Huntington and Crocker; it also simplifies the labors of the law department. By electing a Legislature that will make the laws, judges to decide cases and a Supreme Court to affirm the constitutionality of the laws and confirm the decisions, court-room work is minimized, and much anxiety as to the results of testimony and arguments escaped.

It is plain enough why the Southern Pacific is in politics, but it is plain why the people of California should help the Southern Pacific by voting for any man nominated by its influence? Who gave orders to the Republican State Convention? Dan Burns. Who is Dan Burns? Whatever else he may be, there can be no question at all that he represents, in his more conspicuous but less powerful way, the Southern Pacific as fully as does W. W. Stow or Mr. Herrin.

And why should a people who are filled with an angry desire to turn the tables on the two men whose castle is at Fourth and Townsend streets bear with the servants of

these men—servants whose business it is to keep the yoke of Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker on them? Men who give such service against their fellow citizens are public enemies, more dangerous and immeasurably less odious than hostile soldiers. Yet these men—I mean W. W. Stow and W. F. Herrin—who should be whipped daily at the cart's tail by the public press for their ignoble treason, escape even disrespectful mention in the newspapers. The newspapers are afraid of them, because behind them looms the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which, though it is but a corporate name for Collis Huntington and Fred Crocker, can rally to its support for the work of punishment most of the wealth and most of the respectability of San Francisco. It has but to wind its horn and the money and cowardice of the metropolis answer with a doglike speed and fidelity.

If San Francisco had one newspaper with business sense equal to the local opportunity—I say nothing of public spirit or any higher motive than a business one—C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker would soon be bucked from the back of California. While these two men rule, commanding their force of Stows, Herrins, Burnses, Buckleys and the rest, and dominating the business life as they do the politics of the State, California and San Francisco cannot advance except with turtle-like steps. In the nature of things, a donkey that is bled and choked and burdened and goaded must remain weak and staggering. Trade cannot broaden out into enterprise under existing conditions here. No business is more dependent upon the general prosperity for its special prosperity than that of the newspaper. Yet the press only intermittently strikes at the cause of California's lethargy. And when a newspaper is spurred into protesting against the Southern Pacific blight it attacks the company as a pygmy might a giant—with noise and fury but without hope. Ordinarily the dissatisfied newspaper does not go beyond a mean snarl, an ugly and doleful growl at fate—as though the Southern Pacific Railroad Company were a creation of God and no more to be shaken than are the Sierra Nevada mountains. Under the weight of this mere machine for carrying things, large men have been crushed out of California. The last real journal we have had perished when the people allowed Huntington & Co. to murder the *Sacramento Union*. We have infinitely better newspapers now, but no journal like it. The *Bulletin*, with all its limitations, is the last of the species, but it knows the enemy better than the *Union* did, and is old and discouraged. Nevertheless, one first-rate newspaper under the ownership of a man of youthful energy, mental breadth and masculine courage could down the keen old man and the very ordinary young one who have their golden throne and hold their sordid sway at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. If Adolph Sutro were twenty-five years younger, and Huntington were insured, with him, a quarter of a century of life, and Sutro

had a newspaper, Huntington would spend fifteen of his twenty-five years behind the bars. Adolph Sutro wouldn't fire heavy guns at long range at so large and impalpable a target as the "Southern Pacific Railroad Company." He would go behind that cloudy shelter to larceny, drag Huntington out by the collar, and cudgel and prosecute all lackeys wearing his buttons—the Stows and Herrins and Buckleys and Burnses. He would fight like a man—hard and long, and not be satisfied until he had stopped the stealing of property and the corruption of public and private life by Collis Huntington. More, he would bring that criminal to justice though he had to spend the years necessary to get the people to elect judges different from the Levys, and to awaken a spirit that would put common honesty in the jury box. Then—I address myself now to the newspaper publishers of San Francisco—fancy what circulations would be attainable, and advertising patronage, in a California freed from the grip of the Southern Pacific and opened to manufacturing and commercial enterprise and immigration!

The people have the power to accomplish all this without the leadership of any newspaper. But the people of California decline to clear their eyes and see straight. They are so dull as to let the political agents of the Southern Pacific confuse and divide them and give them Buckleys and Burnses to boss them and Markhams and Estes to vote for. And the people treat a Herrin with respect and are grateful to a Stow for consenting to take the honorable office of Park Commissioner. Until morals improve, until those who should be in stripes cease to be first among us, the Southern Pacific will hardly be overthrown. No man of sense needs any one to tell him who is the railroad's candidate for Governor this year, or whom Mr. Huntington wants for Congress or Railroad Commissioners. Yet, who feels any confidence that Huntington's favorites will be beaten? It is customary to write, in such cases, of the influence of party spirit, the political habits of a lifetime, the drawing of personal friendships, the magnetism of individual candidates, and the like. But to say that any or all of these considerations sway the average uncorrupt voter is only another way of saying—whether he does business on Front street and lives in the Western Addition, or carries a hod for a political contractor and dwells on Tar Flat—that he is a fool. If the men of California don't know enough to vote first of all for freedom from the slavery under which they live, have they sense enough for the responsibilities of liberty?

The Non-Partisan ticket as a whole is the one that intelligent San Franciscans who want good local government will vote. It is to be regretted that the ticket is not headed by Mr. Sutro instead of Mr. Ellert. Of course the Non-Partisans could not very well have passed the latter over in favor of anybody else, since he was brought out originally by them. Nevertheless, Mr. Sutro would

have been a better nomination. I expect to see Mr. Ellert elected, and that will be no calamity, for he has made a respectable Mayor. But Mr. Sutro ought to be elected. He is San Francisco's most public-spirited citizen and has more vigor in him, despite his years, than a dozen Ellerts. I knew him over in Nevada and learned to respect him there for his determined and successful battle with the Bank of California, which was to Virginia City what the Southern Pacific is to San Francisco. Single-handed he met and overthrew the allied wealth of the Comstock, which opposed his tunnel project. I have known a good many millionaires, but none who has so creditable a notion of what a very rich man should be as Adolph Sutro. What he has done for San Francisco and means to do for it proves that he feels that responsibility attaches to wealth, and he has a very human desire to possess the esteem and affection of his less fortunate fellow-creatures. And he is a man of sound sense, democratic to the backbone. As Mayor he would be really the head of the city's government, and nothing could shake him from his purpose to do what was right, and best for the community. If the Democratic Convention had belonged to the Democratic party instead of to the railroad company, working through Rainey and Buckley, Mr. Sutro would have been endorsed, and his election made sure. I know Mr. Ellert as well as I do Mr. Sutro. He disappoints. He has plenty of shrewdness and is a smart politician, but he is far from being a man of large mind or firm character. He is in no danger of doing flagrantly wrong things, but it is not easy to induce him to do right things that require courage. There is overmuch policy about my friend Ellert. It is more than probable that he will reach the Governorship at which he is aiming, but he will never rise to a higher rank than that of a careful official, whose regard for appearances and the votes of the eminently respectable are his controlling motives of conduct. Sutro inspires a hundred times more fear in the associated villainies than Ellert does. And if San Francisco recognized the opportunity to get a Mayor of boldness, pugnacity and grasp, who would attack corruption wherever he found it and bring the corporations to their senses, San Francisco would elect Adolph Sutro.

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The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTERS are stereotyped and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

The reception of the revived *Letter* gives me renewed assurance that in San Francisco, California and throughout the Pacific coast I have a clientele—men and women who want the truth spoken about the evil men and evil influences that rule and rob the western side of the continent. The *Letter* sold well, and my old subscribers are sending in their names again. New subscriptions in considerable numbers reach me also.

This time I shall not, however, depend wholly upon volunteer support. The three months spent last spring in publishing the *Letter* taught me several things. One was that the associated villainies will fight untiringly and resort to any pettiness. Besides inducing the San Francisco News Company to break its contract and refuse to circulate my paper, they forbade its sale on the trains of the Southern Pacific, bullied the keepers of news-stands, and even the newsboys. In fine, they attacked the *Letter's* circulation in ways so little and mean that I cannot without a certain sense of loss of dignity specify them. I have also learned that business and professional men are accustomed to being sought. They did not come to me with their patronage, and as I had determined to solicit neither advertisements nor subscriptions, I received comparatively few of either.

I am resolved now to make the *Letter* a permanent publication, to enlarge it, and to vary its contents. In order to do this I must have both advertisers and subscribers, and will seek both through agents, in accordance with established business usage. When I have obtained a page of advertisements the *Letter* will be doubled in size. Friends who think that my pen is needed in the public's service have offered me the capital necessary to publish a weekly as large as the *Argonaut*, but I wish to make no experiments with borrowed money. What I want is that a journal, able to stand on its own feet, shall grow up around me and fit my principles, desires and characteristics. I have declined, also, offers of profitable professional employment. The *Letter* has been started again and I mean to stick to it and make it a success. When its earnings justify the outlay, I shall engage other writers, and employ artists. Ultimately I hope for a weekly of which the *Letter* will be the editorial page.

That this *Letter*, whatever its size, is needed here, every one who understands how manhood, and therefore journalism, has been

degraded in California by the despotism of the criminal rich in business, professional, political and social life, is as well aware as I am. I have a right to appeal to the honest men of the Coast, to every independent spirit, to support this *Letter* with their subscriptions and advertisements, that it may be made known that it is possible for a paper to exist in San Francisco in spite of the Southern Pacific and the corporations and rich men who, allied with it in felonious interest, dread an independent pen as the small thief does the policeman. The associated villainies know several things about me that give them no comfort. They cannot question my professional standing or personal character; they have learned by experiment that I am not to be bribed, and have satisfied themselves, I hope, that bullying is no more efficacious than offers of checks. They comprehend vividly the peril to them that the continued existence of such a paper as mine involves. They are not better intrenched than was Tweed. He robbed and corrupted in New York as they do here; there he had the same grip on the newspapers—even the newspapers of millionaire owners—that they have in San Francisco. Yet Tweed at last fled the country and was brought back to die in jail. The men supreme in California now are criminals, whose only power is their stolen wealth. And criminals are never safe, however safe they may seem.

I have faith that it is possible to bring C. P. Huntington and his agents in corruption to justice. The *Letter* will aid in hastening the change in conditions that must be worked before the law can get its grip on their collars. Therefore, I ask all citizens who believe in making war upon the confederated scoundrelism by which we are plundered and governed, to give the *Letter* their support.

General denunciation of the associated villainies, or even exposure of their specific crimes in print, will not serve to give us the change in conditions, except so far as denunciation and exposure shall move honest men to combine for definite and aggressive punitive action. P. B. Cornwall, for illustration, has been exposed as a conniver at the bribery of Supervisors by the Electric Light Company, but P. B. Cornwall is in no present danger of punishment. He remains, without protest from the press of his party (a fact unspeakably disgraceful to that press), Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. I exposed Mr. Cornwall in the *Examiner*, and gave him the opportunity, in addition, to exhibit himself as a denier of his own statement to the Wallace Grand Jury that he was a participator in guilty knowledge of the bribery of public officials. Under existing conditions, the exposure resulted

simply in bringing to his assistance the associated villainies. Mr. Lloyd Tevis took his case in hand at once. Mr. Cornwall haunted Mr. Tevis' office, and Mr. Tevis haunted the offices of the newspapers, using his influence successfully on all except the *Examiner* to compel them to silence. The *Examiner* alone ventured to speak the simple truth about so eminently respectable an offender as Mr. P. B. Cornwall. Lift the cover from any manhole of the political or financial sewers, and the chances are always good that you will see that old rat Lloyd Tevis scurrying away from the sudden light into the foul, accustomed darkness. Stow, Herrin, Buckley, Burns, Kelly, Crimmins—all the unclean instruments of the Southern Pacific—have been exposed, yet all are still out of stripes. But it is a mistake to suppose, as it is common to suppose, that the associated villainies are not vulnerable to legal attack. Juries could be got in San Francisco who would convict, and judges upright enough to sentence such scoundrels, had we a District Attorney sufficiently honest and courageous to file informations against them.

What this town needs to begin the work of retribution and purification is merely a small organization of men who are not afraid to fight crime, and are willing to go to a great deal of trouble and some expense in the warfare. The facts are common property. Everybody here knows that the Southern Pacific has its judges on the Superior bench, and in the Supreme Court, who are ready always to obey orders. But these judges are not in the majority, despite the labors of Mr. Herrin. Proof of judicial crime—the sort of proof required under the rules of legal evidence—is obtainable. It could be obtained by an association of men of the kind I have indicated. One of the purposes of the *Letter* is to induce the forming of such an organization—a new Citizens' Defense Association, smaller in membership than the old one, which needed weeding. There were too many politicians in it, and it was too easily discouraged.

I say the facts are common property. A few days ago I was in the office of one of San Francisco's best-known lawyers and he said to me:

"I can't help being surprised at the freshness of the indignation that your *Letter* shows at a state of things with which you, like the rest of us, must have grown familiar long ago. I've got over being indignant. I'm only disgusted and hopeless. I've got tired trying to fight the whole world. The bare truth is that a lawyer who doesn't face the situation as he finds it in San Francisco and accommodate himself to it can't practice with success. That is, he cannot hope for big cases. An honest attorney stands a good chance of starving to death. Here, read that."

He handed me a letter he had written to a professional friend elsewhere who contem-

plated coming to San Francisco, and had inquired concerning the prospects here for a man of respectable attainments and ability. I persuaded the lawyer to give me a copy of the letter. He vehemently denied the request at first, but yielded to the plea that he should, as an American, do something for decency. This letter, coming from an attorney in active practice, has obviously much greater weight than would an arraignment of bench and bar by any layman. It was penned, remember, without the faintest expectation that it would ever see print. Here it is:

"The manner in which law business is conducted in San Francisco is such that knowledge of the law and of methods of procedure are of the least consequence. The successful lawyer here is the one who has a 'pull,' and this has got to be so notorious that certain firms boast of the fact that they control certain judges and can do as they please in certain courts. As a matter of fact these firms get considerable business. In my personal experience I know that they have not only debauched judges, but in close cases where it is not desired that too much responsibility be thrown upon the occupant of the bench, they have purchased outright the attorney on the opposite side, and caused him to try his case in such a manner, and to have the findings so prepared, that appeal on the record would be idle. The old time standard of ability and honesty is practically unknown in San Francisco. Cases are won, largely not on their merits, but by manipulation. This last word means a great deal: it covers the fine work done with judges, juries, deputy clerks and deputy sheriffs.

"With some of our leading firms certain members never do any court or office work; their entire time is devoted to 'rustling' up business and manipulating things so that success may be certain, and to advertising the fact that in order to win it is necessary to employ that firm.

"I had a case the other day—and quite an important one—where my client was instructed by the judge of the court to pay a large retainer to a certain firm of attorneys in this city, which advice he naturally followed. It is needless to remark that the judgment was, in our favor. The whole situation may be summed up in one sentence, namely: 'Legal ethics' is a thing of the past, and rottenness, chicanery and 'the pull' rule the roost."

There are twelve judges on the Superior bench of this city. I asked my lawyer friend if I might have one guess at the judge who had given his client that tip and the favored firm a retainer. There were eleven chances against me, but I hit the mark at the first shot. And the judge was not Levy. I set the fact down in justice to that harassed jurist, who is going about the town with a paper certifying to his good character and getting lawyers to sign it. "I shall sign it myself," said my friend. "Levy is no worse, and a good deal abler than others on the bench, and, as I said, I've grown tired of kicking against the pricks. I have a wife and family to support, and I am no longer in rebellion against the Southern Pacific. Huntington is king, and I am loyal. I know how ignoble I am, but I'm also a man of sense."

Another lawyer of position was still in rebellion. He declined to sign the desperate Levy's list just yet. "I'll sign it," he said to his Honor, "when you have sued Arthur McEwen for criminal libel. Either he or you ought to be in San Quentin."

"Levy," said the first attorney, "is a bright judge, and I don't think it fair to single him out for punishment. The judge who gave that tip to my client that I speak of in my letter has built a row of houses since he was elected. He's worth at least \$80,000 and he's been on the bench only four years at a salary of \$4,000 a year."

Then he told me of still another Superior Judge who refused to grant a new trial in a criminal case until he had received a bribe of \$12,000, part of the criminal's stealings, presumably.

Why do I not print the names of these scoundrel judges? For two reasons. The first is that it was stipulated that the conversation should be confidential as to names; and the second is the prudential one that I could not rely upon the men who have positive knowledge of these crimes to tell as witnesses in a court-room what they talk of in private and tell to me and others in confidence. To give testimony would mean ruin for them, since the Southern Pacific would never forgive, and unexposed judges of the same kind would take revenge in decisions. Under present conditions the lawyer who should go upon the stand and lift the cover from the mass of corruption, of the existence of which all lawyers are aware, could no longer practice in San Francisco. But if there were a band of citizens of solid standing and good repute, pledged to war upon this rottenness, lawyers brave enough to speak the truth would rise. Lawyers commonly are intelligent and educated men, and understand the gentleman's code. Only the vilest among them do not wish for a change. They remain silent because they feel helpless to remedy. It is too much to ask any man to stand out alone and incur ruin in a cause that is no more his than it is the cause of every citizen who prefers government by law to government by bribery and intimidation. We owe the courts we have to C. P. Huntington and the men of the corporations that are partners in interest and criminality with the Southern Pacific. Business men, being business men, accept things as they find them, and very few of the men of the corporations approve of their own deeds. Like Mr. Cornwall, when he told the truth to the Wallace Grand Jury, they in their individual capacity express detestation of the system which they are chiefly instrumental in maintaining. Their view is that of Mr. Max Popper, who, feeling compelled to bribe the Supervisors to pass his street-sweeping bills, compared himself to a wayfarer held up by a highwayman. It was his money or his business life. To Mr. Popper, and Mr. Cornwall, or any of their kind who possess remnants of conscience and a sense of decency, it has not occurred that men are under no compulsion to enter upon lines of business the successful prosecution of which requires the habitual commission of felonies. Mr. Huntington does not trouble himself with moralizing. The system that pays best satisfies him. He is at home in the moral at-

mosphere which he and his partners have created in San Francisco. He likes it.

While upon the subject of the associated villainies, I desire to correct an injustice done in last week's *Letter* to their chief attorney, Mr. W. F. Herrin. I reduced his salary by half, and it is but right that I should raise it to the proper figure. So far from his income being only equal to that of the President of the United States, it is fully twice the sum enjoyed by Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Herrin receives, I am informed, not less than \$100,000 a year. And he earns it all. To the handsome total the Southern Pacific contributes \$30,000 and the Spring Valley Water Company \$20,000. How much he gets from the Bank of California, which he serves as a lawyer, and from his private legitimate practice, I am not aware, and it is none of the public's or my business. Indeed, if Mr. Herrin were satisfied to render professional service only to the Southern Pacific, Spring Valley and other corporations, it would be grossly impertinent in me to inquire into his income. It is because Mr. Herrin has become something very different from a lawyer that he incurs public treatment. He has set up as a political manipulator, not only for the corporations named, but also for the Gas Company, the Electric Light Company, the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Pacific Telephone Company. These corporations have pooled their interests as they are likely to be affected by the action of the Legislature, the Board of Supervisors and the courts. They comprehend the strength of union and the impolicy of dealing with many bosses. The outlook is blue for Buckley and Rainey and Burns. Criminals and Kelly are, of course, out of business. Mr. Stow has reason to be anxious. He at this end, and Senator Stewart, Judge Field and Congressman Newlands of Nevada at New York, originally induced Mr. Huntington to employ Mr. Herrin as the head of his law department. Mr. Herrin still consults with Mr. Stow, but it is the belief of those who interest themselves in the affairs of the railroad's department of statesmanship that Mr. Herrin will supplant him in turn as Mr. Stow supplanted Mr. Carr. Whether Mr. Herrin has the peculiar ability needed to discharge the functions of the place to which his ambition has lowered him, I question, but certainly he is able to descend very far. In his wish to learn the source of my information concerning his work and income, Mr. Herrin, who had standing as a professional man until I revealed the nature of his activities in the *Letter*, actually has had detectives dogging my steps day and night during the whole of this week. The men are in the employ of Curtin's Agency. They have been stationed opposite the portals of the Occidental Hotel, where I live, and whenever I have gone about my business they have followed. It was a friendly detective who informed me of this espionage, which otherwise I should never have suspected, and enabled me to identify the men. As I have no secrets to conceal, it has

amused me to let the poor devils earn their wages.

No Californian merchant who lived through the "special contract" era will be surprised at this revelation of Southern Pacific methods. There is nothing too small, too prideless, too base for "the railroad" to do when it has a purpose to serve. The plunder to which the people of the Pacific coast are subjected is not the heaviest part of the burden of government by Huntington & Co. The brutality, the stupidity, the insolence of Southern Pacific rule goad manhood into revolt. The day is not far away, I trust, when manhood will organize here and wrest abused power from the hands of these men and put them in the dock. When that time comes some of their judges now on the bench will sit beside them. And I cherish the hope that Mr. Herrin will not escape when the round-up occurs. Of his willingness to do the work of the Stows and Carrs and Buckleys, that is advertised, but I doubt if he is adroit enough for it. I used to think, when he visited me on behalf of the Spring Valley's interests, when I was managing editor of a newspaper here, that Mr. Herrin was rather a clumsy diplomat. And one needs to have much savoir faire in order to earn in safety twice the President's salary in the risky business of manipulating legislatures and boards of supervisors and judges who don't know what to do until they are told. The new Citizens' Defense Association will, I am confident, find Mr. Herrin relatively easy game to hunt, for he leaves a broad trail.

But pending the rise of a Citizens' Defense Association, the people of California can do a great work in behalf of civilized government. Government by Huntington can be given a smashing blow at the coming election. It is not easy—indeed it is impossible—for the ordinary citizen to select from among the great multitude of candidates men to vote for of all of whom he can be sure that they are not acceptable to Mr. Huntington. But at least every citizen who wishes can avoid giving his ballot to the candidates who are notoriously in the railroad's interest. Not being a partisan, I am unable to sympathize with, though I understand, the sort of party spirit that leads a man to vote his party ticket, when he knows it is not a good one. That is a kind of prejudice which is dignified by the name of loyalty, for it is discernible to the intelligence of him who is moved by it. I cannot comprehend how any sensible citizen, who is hostile to the reign of the Southern Pacific, can stomach Mr. Estee. The convention that nominated him was as openly the property of the Southern Pacific as Mr. Herrin himself is. Some good men got places on the ticket because of the skillful work of their friends, it is true. Politicians can compel even Mr. Huntington to make a disagreeable choice between what he regards as two evils—that is to say, between two good men. That was the case as to Judges De Haven and Henshaw. The latter I believe to be as upright as he is able. But Mr. Estee is a

perfect type of the sort of candidate the Southern Pacific loves. He is a frayed and shabby political hack, who has been on his knees to the corporation for twelve years, begging forgiveness for the crime of running for Governor in 1882 on an anti-monopoly platform. Stanford never did forgive him, though Mr. Estee took the stump for him four years ago, and at the Wigwam here, while the modest President of the Southern Pacific sat on the stage, troweled him with flattery. Mr. Estee has kept company with the railroad people, gone to National conventions with Creed Haymond and Fred Crocker, and been careful ever since 1882 to avoid offense. For his repentance of his course in 1882 Mr. Estee merits contempt. During most of the dozen intervening years I have written mine freely. His desire for an office is not an ambition, but an appetite—a disease. He has been "mentioned" for office so often and so long as to have made himself a jest. It is this appetite that has degraded him. Originally Estee was a good deal of a man, mentally and in character, but the hunger for office has induced him to be everything to everybody, so that he has become shifty and flabby. Were he elected, his first thought would be turned to his reelection, or his elevation to the Senate. Any influence that could assure him either prize would possess him—and the Southern Pacific is a tremendous influence. To make Mr. Estee Governor would be to give the Governorship of California to Mr. Huntington.

Why should any Republican who is an anti-Southern Pacific man give his vote for such a result when there are two other candidates for the same office in whom Mr. Huntington has no title? I do not know Mr. Webster, the nominee of the Populists, but those who do know him, and in whose judgment I have trust, declare him to be a clear-headed, honest man, who is very much in earnest as an anti-monopolist. As to Mr. Budd, the Democratic candidate, I am able to speak from personal knowledge. Twenty years ago we were students together at the State University—room-mates there—and our intimacy has never been broken. As a man I have found him to be what he was as a boy—a stalwart fellow. He is sound to the core—warm-hearted, clear-headed, strong-willed, courageous, shrewd and, being a gentleman, incapable of the betrayal of a trust, or of any dishonesty. All of Budd's instincts are manly, hearty and large. He is at once a keen man of the world and a man of heart. The enthusiasm that he arouses in his canvass is not understood by those who do not know him. The people like him because he goes about the State and lets them see him as he is. I have seen him under varied circumstances, but never other than himself. He has none of the actor's capacity to change his apparent characteristics. It is because I know Mr. Budd as a friend of half a lifetime that I feel justified as a citizen in vouching for him. As Governor he would be his own master. And, unless office has the power to change a man's nature, he would be a good Governor, exerting all his

authority to execute the laws righteously and bring Mr. Huntington to his proper level as a subject, and not a monarch, in this commonwealth. Office did not change Budd when he served in Congress. There he was, as everywhere, himself, and did far better work for California than Californians as a rule—to judge from the meager references in the Democratic press during this campaign—are grateful enough to remember. He was bold and cared little for the solemnities. Quick in debate, he made his mark in the House as a new member, and like a good politician, cared constantly for the interests of his district. But for the failure of his health he would have accepted the renomination that was offered him. Why should any citizen of California refrain from voting to make Mr. Budd Governor? He is in the vigor of manhood, of unusual capacity, and of unblemished character.

But if the circumstance that Mr. Budd is a Democrat seems an insuperable objection to him in the eyes of Republicans to whom party names are large things, even when, as now in California, the issue is simply one between Mr. Huntington and the rest of the people of the State, why not vote for Mr. Webster? He is a creditable half-way house for such citizens, and surely his election would be immeasurably more honorable and beneficial to the community than the success of the Southern Pacific in the person of Mr. Estee. And if I were a Populist I should assuredly feel that I was doing more to advance the cause of government by the people, as opposed to government by the purse, if I gave my vote to Mr. Budd than to Mr. Webster, for the practical reason that I should in that way better help to make Mr. Estee's defeat certain.

Consider the interests and influences massed on Estee's side in this battle, and then say if it is possible to doubt that his election would be a triumph for the associated villainies. Huntington is for him, Stow is for him, Burns is for him and, according to Burns, so is Buckley. All the corporations which have pooled their sacks and joined in selecting Mr. Herrin as political manipulator, would supply the torches for a procession should the people be so stupid as to give their own enemies such a victory.

And what would the people of California be compelled to think of themselves should the Republican candidates for the Railroad Commission be elected? The Populists have done a thing for which they should be censured by keeping up their candidates in opposition to Messrs. La Rue, Phillips and Marcus—the first two Democrats and the other the nominee of the Traffic Association, which organization endorses the Democratic nominees; though what a Railroad Commissioner's politics may be ought to have no interest for any rational citizen.

Judge Maguire ought to be returned to Congress. He is a bright man, a good fighter, and the Southern Pacific is determined to beat him if it can, for his re-election would

mean the defeat of the Reilly Funding bill. It will be disgraceful if Maguire is punished for his honesty and ability.

In the Sixth Congressional District there is a fight progressing that would attract the attention of the State if the Democrats had a press equal to its duty. Mr. Patton is running for the House there against a railroad Republican, and a Populist who ought to be in better business than helping Collis Huntington by his candidacy. Patton's nomination was a knock-down blow to the Southern Pacific. It fought him hard, Mr. Herrin giving the aid of his leadership to the forces. It was Mr. Patton who wrote the railroad plank in the Democratic State platform. I met him when he was seeking the nomination, and was impressed by the quickness and strength of his mind, and his easy good-humored pluck. He accepted battle, and pushed it, on the railroad issue, and is making his campaign on the same line, boldly, like a man. The pamphlets he is issuing to the people are admirable in their directness. He knows how to write, and how to talk from the platform. The Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles is behind Mr. Patton, regardless of party. That body, of which he is a member, sent him to Washington as its representative to protest against the Southern Pacific scheme to destroy San Pedro harbor in favor of its own new choice of Santa Monica. There, before the committee of Congress, he encountered Mr. Huntington and bearded the unwearied old money-maker and, as a consequence, peremptory orders were sent out to Messrs. Stow and Herrin not to let this cool and bright-minded man come back to the capital as a congressman. In defiance of those orders Mr. Patton got the nomination, and it is yet to be seen if Mr. Huntington will be more powerful at the polls than he was in the convention. If Mr. Patton, making this open fight against the common enemy of the people of the State, can be beaten, then the truth will be without disguise that, while party lines remain as they are in California, the ballot is useless as a weapon with which to combat the Southern Pacific.

I find I am writing more about candidates than is to my taste, but this is a time of candidates and not the season for generalities, however true. There is, I repeat, really but one issue up for settlement at the coming election. It is: Shall the Southern Pacific (that is to say, C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker) or the people of California rule the State? Every vote that is not thrown against the railroad company is a vote given for it. Wherever a candidate appears for any office who is not wanted by Messrs. Huntington and Crocker it is the duty of every citizen, no matter what his party sympathies ordinarily may be, to cast his ballot for that candidate. No man among us better represents the popular cause than Adolph Sutro. He has given endless energy and a great deal of money and time to fighting the Funding bill. To him the press of the whole country is indebted for numerous pamphlets laying open the criminal history of the Central Pacific and its swallower, the Southern

Pacific. He has maintained a committee at Washington, headed by ex-Representative Charles A. Sumner, to explain that history in detail to Congress. He has worked hand in hand with Judge Maguire. At home he has called mass meetings to give public opinion expression, dealt good blows at the corporation in print and on the stump, and greatly aided in swelling the list of signatures to the *Examiner's* petition for government ownership of the subsidized overland roads by sending canvassers through the city and environing towns. Huntington hates and fears Sutro, for he knows his extraordinary persistence in any task he undertakes. It would gratify Mr. Huntington endlessly to see San Francisco refuse to elect his formidable enemy its Mayor. He would infinitely prefer to see Mr. Ellert, Mr. James or even the grotesque O'Donnell elected instead. Because Mr. Sutro has not received the nomination of either the Democrats or the Non-Partisans, who were committed long in advance to Mr. Ellert, their candidate two years ago, I fear that Sutro, with only the indorsements of the Populists and the Blennerhasset Non-Partisans, will fail, for want of an organized party vote and the division of the real non-partisan vote between him and Mr. Ellert, who has made a respectable official. But Mr. Sutro himself believes he will be elected, and so do a great many much more experienced judges of municipal politics than I pretend to be. They count on a fair proportion of the business men to stand by Sutro, for he is one of them, and the workmen, to whom he has been a benefactor. It is a pity that the *Examiner* and *Bulletin* and *Call*, all three of which are hostile to the Funding bill, could not have found the courage to be consistent, and champion the man who of all others is deserving of credit for the stoppage of that impudent plan of larceny at the last session of Congress. It is praiseworthy in the relatively reputable newspapers of the city that although they advise for Mr. Ellert, they do not assail Mr. Sutro. A few years ago they would not, as partisans, have been able to resist that temptation. An advance in journalism is to be recorded. But I know the tactics of newspaper warfare, and I shall be surprised if my ingenious contemporaries do not presently raise a concerted cry of terror over the awful prospect that Dr. O'Donnell's election is imminent unless the respectability of the town rallies to the standard of moderation and invertebrate goodness, as represented by my friend Mr. Ellert. The device has worked before, but really the discredit of Sutro's defeat would be far greater than the humiliation or danger of O'Donnell's success. The doctor, who is a travesty on all demagogues, is only one-sixth knave. The rest is fool. He would make a holiday season for the reporters and bring laughter on the city, but he would do no great harm. As a Mayor he would probably be what he was as a Coroner—an absurdity, yet honest and efficient enough. But to give Collis Huntington the satisfaction of seeing Adolph Sutro beaten—is San Francisco ready to do that?

Barclay Henley should be made District Attorney. He is not a Native Son of the Golden West, to be sure, but he has backbone, a hatred of crime, and all the pluck needed to fight the hoodlums, big and little. He was foreman of the Wallace Grand Jury. Young Mr. Barnes, his Republican opponent, was District Attorney at that time, and heard all the testimony presented to the jury in the Cornwall, Buckley, Rainey, Kelly, and other cases involving the bosses and rotten politics. It has been in Mr. Barnes' power every day since then to proceed on this knowledge by filing informations against the villains who were saved from prosecution by an obliging Supreme Court. That he has not done so is sufficient reason why he should be defeated and Mr. Henley elected. The success of the latter would mean the renewal of the war on boodle which was stopped when the Wallace Grand Jury, of honest memory, was burked.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

To my mind the human race, which is always in the mass idiotic, never appears more so than in these seasons of demmed political absorption. What the dickens is it to me or any other man of sense who is elected or defeated, who gets the offices or doesn't? Yet the club is barely fit to live in with the confounded chatter that is kept up day and night about the "campaign." Curse the campaign! I can't take my afternoon nap in the bay window for the bawling that goes on around me.

"Hang it, you fellows," I said yesterday, waking up with a start and turning on George Marye, and that monstrosity able but too oratorical fellow, Senator Lynch, "Hang it, I wish you'd take your politics out of this club to the saloons, where they belong. By George, I'm amazed that men like you—gentlemen, begad—should go in for anything so low."

"Persiflage," retorted Senator Jerry, who can be rude on occasion, "you're getting so doosid old that nothing newer than the Revolutionary war interests you. Go to sleep again, like a good old thing. When a chap's eighty he takes his life in his hand if he stays awake."

The Senator proffered a cigar, in his graceful way, to show that he was jesting, and I bear no malice, though when a fellow's turned fifty, as I confess I have, these witticisms on age are distasteful. Jerry himself is getting as gray as Colonel Andrews, and as for wrinkles, egad, he has no more reason to court the sunshine than I have.

But speaking of these infernal politics, of course I can understand that when a fellow wants an office for himself, it is rational and becoming enough to go down among the mob and mingle in the mess. To some men that sort of thing is as stimulating as wine—and a doosid deal more so than some of the wine that that Greenway works off on us at our functions. There is my fellow journalist, De Young, whom I so often meet at the houses of the aristocracy. It is meat

and drink for a man of his composition to be in politics. I encountered him on Market street with his traveling bag in his hand the other day, and gave him two fingers.

"Ah Harry," says I, "bustling about to get that Senatorship, eh?"

"Well, no, Persiflage," says he, taking a cigar from my vest pocket, and biting off the end before my instinctive effort to recover it could succeed, "the fact is, I've dropped that. I've about decided to quit."

"What, really?"

"Well, it's paramount to that. The fact is—and you won't offend me by mentioning it in fashionable circles—I've almost concluded to let Dan take the seat. Burns wants it, and as he's a friend of mine, he can have it. I'm not a hog."

"I'm glad you think so," says I, "but what are you going to do?"

"Me? Oh, I'm going East."

"Now?"

"Yes, sir; I'm on my way to the train this minute."

"Business or pleasure?"

"Well, Persiflage," he returned, taking me by the button and blowing clouds of smoke from my cigar—the very one bestowed upon me by Lynch—in my face, in that easy, debonair society manner which endears Henry to the *haute volée*, "the truth is, I'm going on politics. Don't speak of it except in our set, but I've made up my mind to go East and have a talk with McKinley."

"To get him out to make speeches for Estee?" was my innocent inquiry.

"Estee?" laughed Harry gayly. "Oh Lord! Why, Persiflage, Estee's as cold now as if he'd been dead as long as Markham. No, sir; I'm going to see McKinley about the ticket—the national ticket. They are shouting for him in the East for the Presidency in '96. He's not strong on the slope, though, and I may possibly consent to take second place and pull him through out here."

Mr. Fillmore passing at the moment, Mr. De Young deserted me, and putting his arm through that of the flattered railroad functionary, went on his way ferryward, while I continued my promenade, ruminating. I cannot but admire my friend De Young, and share his belief that he will yet be President. And when he does reach the White House I flatter myself that the power behind the social throne there will not be that impostor Ward McAllister.

"Howdy, Persiflage," cried a loud voice behind me on Kearny street yesterday. Not being accustomed to accostings so rough and familiar, I turned sharply and stared haughtily at the speaker, who actually proved to be the Kowalsky person. He held out his hand, which, of course, I ignored, and fairly trembling with rage, I demanded:

"Who paid you to do this, sir? Was it Chambliss?"

"Paid?" gasped Kowalsky.

"Yes, sir, paid. It is known that a fee can employ you to do anything, and you must have been well paid, sir, for the impudence you have shown in daring to address a

gentleman in public. To be seen speaking with you, sir, is now as much as a man's character is worth. Has it become your trade, sir, to hire yourself out to ruin men by seeming to be on speaking terms with them? Go and consort with your Levys and Kellys, you scoundrel, and never address me again or, by god, I'll call the police."

With that—which I must say was devilish well put and to the point—I turned on my heel and sauntered off, exchanging bows with Judge Sanderson and Attorney Ackerman at the moment. I wonder if it was Chambliss? I confess I've been saying rather freely about the clubs and drawing-rooms that the absence of horse-ponds in this region was chiefly to be regretted on his account.

As a man of the world, I go everywhere and meet all sorts of people. I attended an affair given out in the Western Addition, on Wednesday night, by Madame X., who has just won her suit and come in for the millions of her late husband—a distinguished pioneer—whose will was contested by a colored lady claiming his name. The first person I faced after greeting the hostess, happy in her triumph, and eager to regain the social footing that was lost when her fortune seemed to be endangered—the first person I faced was Judge Levy. He was effusive, of course, and I was cold, indeed freezing.

"Persiflage," he said, in a low and imploring voice, "for Gawd's sake don't cut me—not here. Why, there's forty votes in the room."

"Excuse me, sir," I replied, frigidly; "I have no interest in your election, and feel free to select my acquaintances. Good evening."

"Persiflage," he pleaded, in a whisper, and controlling the convulsive workings of his countenance with difficulty, "Persiflage, you don't mean to say you believe it?"

"Believe what, sir?"

"Why, that I'm—I'm—that my record isn't straight."

"Sir," I answered, "a drawing-room is no place for the discussion of *your* record." And, with a formal bow, I moved on, carefully wiping the sleeve which his pleading hand had touched.

Then Madame X. beckoned to me. I am doubtful about the woman's social prospects and naturally do not encourage intimacy as yet; but, when a lady's fan commands, who can disobey!

"You wicked old creature," she giggled, in that nauseous girlish manner of women who are so-so as to years, and conscious of a desire for another husband—though this one, egad, wouldn't have me, I'm sorry to say. With her five millions, now that that colored lady is out of the way, I'd take her fast enough. "You wicked old creature," says she, and her ogling gave me such a shiver that I was obliged openly to readjust my teeth, "I suppose you'll be putting all about my party in the papers—writing up all the people here, eh?"

"Madame," said I, "I think, begad, you've shot at the wrong mark if you take me for a damned reporter. When you invite a gen-

tlemen to your house again, ma'am, don't poke his profession under his nose, or presently you'll get no gentlemen to come and have none but Levys in your rooms."

And I bounced out of the place, leaving her as red as my friend Fargo. I know I was infamously rude, and it wasn't like me to lose my temper in that way, especially with a woman, and a rich one at that; but confound it, there's just one thing that, as a man of fashion, I can't stand, and that is to be reminded that I am obliged to add to my income with my pen.

I defy any one to point me to a finer, gayer, better-dressed and more gentleman-like lad than young Will Ashe used to be when he took life seriously, attended to his toilet and conducted himself as became a dancing man. Two days ago I met him coming out of the California Hotel wearing a slouch hat and baggy-kneed trousers, and chewing an unlighted cigar. On one side of him was Governor Daggett and on the other General Clunie!

"Heavens!" I couldn't help exclaiming, as I drew him aside, "what has happened to you? Go home and dress yourself, or your friends will see you. What is it—drink?"

"No, Persiflage," he groaned, wringing my hand. No it's not drink. But, it'll be all over in another month, and then, thank God, I'll have this load off my shoulders."

"Load? What load, my poor boy?"

"The Democratic party," he said, and went off miserably to rejoin the Governor and General.

I must wire Porter.

The boy brought me a card a few evenings ago when I was having a quiet hand at old sledge with Joe Clark at the Pacific Union. I flushed with anger at the presumption of the thing, for the card read, "Joseph P. Kelly, Regular Democratic Candidate for Congress, Fifth District. Honesty and Reform."

"I wonder," I said to the boy, sarcastically, "that the gentleman didn't come up."

"Well, sir," answered the flunkey, "he said he thought you mightn't like it. He wants to know if you'll come down."

"No, tell him no—not till he does."

Clark roared.

Since Colonel Burns has become so great a personage, I have felt obliged to recognize him, notwithstanding the diamonds and neckties. I took him to task in the office of the Palace, where I found him with my honored friend Spreckels, discussing affairs of state in whispers. I could not help being an eavesdropper to the extent of overhearing the words "Markham," "damn," and others not suitable for print. Of course both rose to greet me respectfully, and without any preface I freed my mind.

"Colonel," said I, "I must say I admire your assurance."

"What's the matter now?" inquired the startled Burns.

"Journalism's the matter, sir," I returned. "Take my advice and keep out of it."

You're scarcely the man, sir, to set up as a censor—to attack other people in type."

"Me?"

"Yes, sir; you. It is notorious, sir, that you are doling out dollars to blackguard dailies and squalid weeklies. It can't be concealed, Colonel. They know your vanity and puff you, and any paper that does that advertises its connection with your pocket."

"I assure you, Persiflage—"

"And I assure you, Colonel Burns, that I feel concerned for what is left of the honor of my profession. I advise that if you have any money to spare you had better hand it over to the State treasury, instead of bestowing it on the vermin of the newspaper sewers."

The man turned livid, and in some alarm I grasped my cane firmly and felt to see that my wig was secure; but Spreckels, who has infinite tact, proposed a bottle of wine. So the incident was closed, as we used to say in diplomacy when I represented the Government, as consul at Algiers, in 1840.

My opulent friend, William B. Carr, is a man of most original mind. Like everybody else, he is unable at this detestable time to refrain from talking politics. While we stood in the rotunda of the California, discoursing of the effect that the new tariff is likely to have upon the price of wool, Mr. French, the Prohibitionist candidate for Governor, approached, and solicited his support.

"No, sir," cried Mr. Carr, "I have no use for Prohibition. Thank God for whisky. If it wasn't for whisky I couldn't hire sheepherders. You are an enemy of vested interests, sir, an assailant of property, a foe of civilization, and I'll see you at the devil before I'll vote for you."

As a political economist, I concurred in these views, and felt no regret when the anarchical French refused to join us at the bar.

PERSIFLAGE.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Room 98, 100, 101 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, Cal.

REMOVAL.

D. M. DELMAS and S. M. SHORTRIDGE, Attorneys at Law, have removed their office to the Crocker Building, third floor, corner Market and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE SUTRO RAILROAD CO. incorporated under the laws of the State of California, has acquired the charter granted to Adolph Sutro, Esq., for a road, starting from the corner of Central Avenue and Geary Street, and running thence on Central Avenue to Washington Street, First Avenue, Clement Street and Point Lobos Avenue to the Cliff, with a branch line to the Park.

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DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET,

ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 6th, 1894.

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LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR

W. T. JETER.....Santa Cruz

SECRETARY OF STATE

BEN M. MADDOX.....Visalia

ATTORNEY-GENERAL

A. E. PARIS.....San Bernardino

TREASURER

J. C. CASTRO.....San Luis Obispo

CONTROLLER

MICHAEL MEAGHER.....San Francisco

SURVEYOR-GENERAL

D. M. ANGLIER.....Sacramento

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C. S. SMYTH.....San Benito

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ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1894.

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FOR SENATOR, 23d SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

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Executors' Sale of Real Estate.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND County of San Francisco, State of California. In the matter of the estate of WASHINGTON M. RYER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the second (2d) day of October, 1894, in the matter of the estate of Washington M. Ryer, deceased, the undersigned will sell at private sale to the highest bidder, upon the following terms—to wit: For cash, and subject to the claims of the said Washington M. Ryer, deceased, at the time of sale and balance upon confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest, claim, property and estate that the estate of said deceased has acquired since his death, by operation of law or otherwise, in and to all those certain lots or parcels of land particularly described as follows—to wit: First—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows: Commencing at the corner formed by the intersection of the southeasterly line of Market street with the southwesterly line of Third street, running thence southerly along said line of Market street 75 feet; thence at right angles southeasterly 70 feet; thence at right angles northeasterly 75 feet to the said line of Third street; thence at right angles northerly along said line of Third street 70 feet to the point of beginning, being a portion of the lot of land known as 100-vara lot No. 25.

Second—All that certain lot of land, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at the corner where the easterly line of Stockton street is intersected by the northerly line of Ellis street, and running thence northerly along the easterly line of Stockton street 115 feet, thence easterly at right angles and parallel with Ellis street 75 feet; thence southerly at right angles and parallel with Stockton street 75 feet, more or less, to the northerly line of Market street; thence southerly along the line of Market street 70 feet, more or less, to the intersection with the northerly line of Ellis street; thence westerly along the northerly line of Ellis street 192 feet, more or less, to the corner where it intersects the easterly line of Stockton street at the point of beginning; the same being portion of the official map of said city and county as 100-vara lot No. 25.

Third—All that certain lot of land situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing on the easterly line of Stockton street distant 115 feet from the northeasterly corner formed by the intersection of Ellis street and Stockton street; thence northerly along the line of Stockton street 115 feet, thence easterly at right angles with Stockton street 75 feet; thence southerly 6 inches; thence westerly on the line, which separates the property belonging to Washington M. Ryer from the property belonging to Joseph Fiegel to the place of commencement; the said land being covered by a brick wall built by Joseph Fiegel. Also one-half of the brick wall built by Joseph Fiegel on the southern boundary of his land, in pursuance of an agreement dated August 5, 1892, recorded in Liber 12 of Conveyance, page 350, to which reference is made.

The sale will be made on or after WEDNESDAY, the twenty-fourth (24th) day of October, 1894. All offers or bids must be in writing and may be made and will be received at any time after the publication of this notice and before the making of the sale at the office of G. H. Umben & Co., Real Estate Agents, No. 14 Montgomery street; in the City and County of San Francisco, or delivered to and accepted personally.

Said property will be sold as follows: The lot of land hereinafter marked and numbered "First" will be sold in one parcel, and the lots of land hereinafter marked and numbered "Second" and "Third" will be sold in one parcel. Dated October 3, 1894.

FREDERICK RYER,

CHARLES A. FIEGEL,

MARSHALL H. RYER,

CLARK H. SAMSON,

ELIZABETH L. RYER.

Executors of the Last Will of Washington M. Ryer, deceased.

GARNER, ROALT & BISHOP, Att'ys for Executors.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

10 CENTS.

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Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly by mail will please notify this office.

Copies of the Letter are sent to former subscribers in the expectation that they will notify this office whether or not they will again subscribe.

The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

Although a United States Senator is to be chosen by the next Legislature, the press of neither the Republican nor Democratic party in this region has given more than the slightest passing attention to the legislative candidates. This silence on the part of the Republican newspapers is comprehensible enough, for the less that is said about the Senatorship the better the Republicans will be satisfied. But why the Democratic press should abstain from discussion is not so clear. Four years ago the Southern Pacific controlled the Democratic State Committee, had Buckley, the Democratic boss, in its employ, and was sufficiently influential to all but gag many important Democratic newspapers. The excuse given then for refraining from examining the fitness of Leland Stanford, President of the Southern Pacific, to represent his corporation and the people of California in the Senate at the same time, was that it would be unwise to "provoke unnecessary antagonisms." Consequently Mr. W. W. Stow was permitted quietly and in comfort to soil the State with money and elect the "Legislature of a Thousand Scandals," not the smallest of which was the return of Huntington's partner to the seat that had been bought for him six years before. This year, however, the Democrats have a State Committee that is not owned by the Southern Pacific, and that is, like Mr. Budd, eager to give battle to the Southern Pacific. It is doing so, too, in the literature which it sends out to the voters, but it is not seconded by the Democratic newspapers of general circulation.

It is not necessary to seek a corrupt motive for this disinclination to touch upon the Senatorship. Democratic journalism in California is of the mild type, fearful of offending Republican sensibilities, and anxious to seem above the asperities of partisanship. If the Senatorship is discussed it is obviously inevitable that the candidates must be named and their characters dealt with. That cannot be done without an appearance of extreme severity, which would make an unfavorable impression on strangers, and perhaps enrage a percentage of Republican subscribers. Consider the candidates. They are George C. Perkins, M. H. de Young and Daniel M. Burns. Of Mr Perkins it can be said with perfect truth that

the joining of his name with the other two constitutes the semblance of an insult. I mean nothing of the kind. Mr. Perkins is not a great man, certainly. He does not pretend to be and is intelligent enough to understand his own limitations in statesmanship. Neither is he a reformer, and nobody would expect him to lead in a war upon the powers that dominate California and usually decide Senatorial elections. But Mr. Perkins is a respectable man. If he would not travel far to smite established scoundrelism, at least he has no love for scoundrels, and assuredly is not one himself. He is civilized, and comprehends the point of view of men who are not vile in politics and out of politics. You can think of Mr. Perkins sitting in the Senate Chamber without experiencing a sense of incongruity, and think of his meeting men and women in a Washington drawing room without your comic nerve being affected.

That a Burns or a De Young should be even thought of in connection with the United States Senate is sufficiently disgraceful; that they should be serious candidates would be appalling to every decent citizen were it not that every citizen, decent and other, has become habituated to Southern Pacific rule. The capacity to measure the depths of our degradation is passing away. Even a De Young as a Senatorial candidate no longer surprises or shocks. He is not yet loved, it is true, even by the masses of those who will vote for the legislators pledged to him, but familiarity with the fact of his candidacy has taken the edge away from the old-time horror of it. Once De Young's ambition seemed to the ordinary mind preposterous, grotesque. Who laughs at it now? And why not? Has Mr. de Young grown in virtue? Is he better educated, better mannered than of old? Have the passing years thinned the veil with which his Creator was pleased to caul his intellect, or diminished at all that cheerful approval of self that has ever made him his own if not California's favorite son?—for Mr. de Young is a self-made man, with the help, willing and unwilling, of the patrons of his newspaper. He is the same atrocity, of course, but San Francisco has a way of getting used to things, as tanners have to the perfumes of their trade, which tanners in the end, it is said, actually grow to like. A community that can induce itself to accept a Lloyd Tevis and a P. B. Cornwall and an Alvinza Hayward as "leading citizens" certainly has reason to fear that it has within it the possibility of becoming reconciled to Senator de Young, and of admiring him, too. I have heard men—men of some intelligence and a great deal of property—express admiration for him. They were business men of the kind who regard a Senator as bearing the same

relation to California when in the national capital as a drummer on the road bears to a mercantile house. If ever Mr. de Young shall reach the Senate he will undoubtedly be representative of the brains, morals and culture of the majority of his fellow citizens, for if the majority were in dead earnest in opposition to Mr. de Young, and all that Mr. de Young implies, his election would be impossible. There are no special providences in politics to save the people from the just consequences of their sins. A State that can elect a Senator de Young deserves a Senator de Young.

It is to be set down to the credit of Colonel Burns that he denies his candidacy, but it is also eloquent of the value given his word that nobody believes him. There have been other occasions, highly important to Colonel Burns, and to the State, when he has not hesitated to use his word as a convenience to obscure truth. All the politicians who are of consequence on either side say that he is a candidate. It may, therefore, be assumed that he is. Burns is a better man than De Young though he has come nearer to going to jail. He has more heart and ten times the manhood. One may say all this and not be highly complimentary. Nevertheless, Burns' candidacy is as impudent, as unspeakable in its incongruity and presumption as De Young's. Colonel Burns was Clerk of Yolo County, and there was a shortage. He was Secretary of State, and there was a shortage. I do not care to pass upon the question of his guilt or innocence in either case. He and his friends unite in saying that he was an injured man. But I do know that when a witness on the stand, Colonel Burns admitted that as Secretary of State he doctored his sworn official reports to conceal the defalcation, which was never divulged by him, but was brought to light by others. Colonel Burns asserted that he doctored his reports to protect a thieving deputy. Let it go at that, and the fact remains that the State was cheated out of a large sum of money. The money was stolen from the Secretary of State's office while Colonel Burns was Secretary of State, and though now he is a rich man, the amount has never been made good to the despoiled people. I think Burns is a good deal better in some ways, and even much honest, than not a few men who have had no such unpleasant experiences with the criminal law; but a decent regard for appearances is incumbent upon civilized men, and however amiable Colonel Burns may be, and good to his friends, and liberal with his money, that record ought to bar him from the United States Senate. It would bar the mention of his name for any office in any community acknowledging ordinary standards. With that record, Colonel Burns may be good enough to be the

leader of the Republican party in California, and its loss in San Francisco, but he is not good enough to sit for an American State in its highest representative body.

I don't say that Colonel Burns hasn't a right to aspire to the Senate—meaning by right merely reasonable expectation of success. Why should he not aspire? He has seen De Young aspiring, and he knows his own hands are enow by comparison. He is a Republican, and he sees his party in California owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which is Collis P. Huntington, who is a thief. He sees that party officered by criminals, many of whom are the salaried officials of the Southern Pacific. If Mr. Huntington may be a statesman, and Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin, why not Colonel Burns? What reason has he to fear that his party or its press would object to a Southern Pacific Legislature sending him to the Senate? The titular head of the party is Mr. P. B. Cornwall, who confessed before the Wallace Grand Jury that the Electric Light Company of which he was President had systematically bribed public officials. What Republican voice has protested against Mr. Cornwall's remaining Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee since I caused that confession to be made public, two months ago?

If we look for signs of health in our public life anywhere we must turn our eyes away from the Republican party. Mr. Popper, the Democratic Cornwall, without Cornwall's pretensions to high respectability, resigned his party honors on demand, and the Democratic State Central Committee has done all in its power to force from the ticket Mr. Joseph P. Kelly, Popper's partner, and candidate for Congress. The Populists, too, have weeded their ticket under less strong inducement. But the Republicans of California appear to be sunk in a deep content with the infamy of their party's ownership and putrid fruit. Let us honor the *Bulletin* as an exception. Since I began writing to-day's *Letter* it has warned its party that a vote for the Republican legislative nominees in San Francisco is a vote to make Mr. De Young United States Senator. Of course the *Bulletin's* hostility to De Young will be imputed to business rivalry and the grudge of a lifetime. But allowing for these motives—and such a grudge is a practical virtue, creditable to the holder and useful to the community—the *Bulletin* is entitled to be judged on higher ground. It is a newspaper with a conscience. There are others in the State, but as of late I have not had access to the press of the interior, I am not acquainted with their more recent utterances concerning the Senatorship. Not all the Republican legislative candidates in San Francisco, however, are favorable to De Young or Burns for the Senate. Two have told me they were not, but I must add that they asked me not to let their secret be known, lest its disclosure would hurt their chances of election!

The alternative of the Republican ticket is the Democratic ticket, and experience does not warrant the hope that the election of the Democrats would give the metropolis a creditable delegation in the Legislature. But at least the Democrats would not vote for De Young or Burns. The party has no candidate for the Senate, so far as heard of, whose election would put the State to shame or make it the jest of the Union. I do not know many of the Democratic candidates and speak at second-hand when I say that the delegation, if of that party, will be better than usual. The reason is that the Southern Pacific managers, who supervised both tickets, permitted some exceptionally good, if obscure, Democrats to be nominated in strong Republican districts, where it was taken for granted that they would have no chance of election. But the roughshod statesmanship of Colonel Burns has given such offense that there are revolts in all these districts and independent Republicans running against the regulars. Old notions of propriety linger in the rural districts longer than in cities, and it is not improbable that the Republicans will lose the Legislature. That does not mean that the Democrats will gain it, though they have the majority of the hold-over Senators. The Populists may hold the balance of power. So even if those who would redder to confess themselves Californians if visiting Washington, were Senator De Young or Senator Burns sitting there on exhibition—even if the men who have not yet accommodated themselves to the Southern Pacific standard of American citizenship be in the minority, they need not be wholly discouraged. There is still hope that ordinary decency will not be shown the door.

Our public life, as exemplified by such candidacies as those of De Young and Burns, and such a spectacle as Chairman Cornwall, is but the reflection of our private life, commercial and social. The corrupting power of the Southern Pacific has reached everywhere, and whatever it touches it rots. Our merchants, our banks, the pulpit, the bench, the bar—all men who have the natural ambition to achieve material success—are made to fear the Southern Pacific. Those who accommodate themselves to its sway are permitted to get on; those who revolt, or show even the disrespect of restiveness, are punished. The black-list is not confined to strikers. The wealth of the city, as well as its manhood, is cowed. And no wonder. No business man, or professional man, here or in any part of the coast where this greedy corporation, which is as malignant and revengeful as it is greedy, needs to be told by me what the hostility of the Southern Pacific means. Fathers and mothers, brave enough where their own interests are concerned, may be, are made cowards by the thought of their sons' careers and their daughters' social prospects. Collis Huntington is monarch of California.

"The only hope for freedom here," a tired and soured lawyer said to me the other day, "is that a great and good man may discover a great gold mine. He could afford to fight Huntington, for gold is not bulky enough to give the railroad the customary power to exact all the traffic will bear. We'll have to wait for that conjunction of greatness and goodness and unlimited gold, if the people go on shouting against the Southern Pacific and voting for its candidates. If we are to have Estee, in consistency's name let us take Burns or De Young for Senator, too."

The villainies of this town, and this State, are associated—how intimately only those who are in the confederacy fully know.

"I'm surprised," said one of the principal officials of the Southern Pacific, not long ago, "not at how much but at how little you know of the rascality there is here around us." His advantage of position justified his smile of superiority. The bench is rotten—not as a whole, but in frequent and large black spots. The bar is filled with men eager to win success at the price of subservience to the associated villainies. They know that only lawyers with a "pull" on the judges owned by the Southern Pacific, and loaned to the Southern Pacific's friends when needed, can make fortunes in San Francisco. They see men put on the bench in reward of services to the allied corporations, and occasionally, as a higher reward, taken off the bench, and presented either with treble the official salary or a case or two that will yield a fine income. Let one of the villainies be injured and its cause becomes the cause of all—there is a sympathetic strike instant. The Wallace Grand Jury, which was penetrating the intrenchments of the united corporations, fell before their united charge. And they will stand together again to prevent the election as District Attorney of Barclay Henley, who was foreman of that courageous, intelligent and determined Grand Jury—such a jury as no Levy or Murphy or Sanderson would willingly give us, though nine-tenths of San Francisco should petition for it.

Mr. Estee has the associated villainies behind him in his candidacy for the Governorship. He is the nominee of the Southern Pacific. His best present financial friend is Alvinza Hayward, who vouches for him as an anti-monopolist and supplies campaign funds. Alvinza Hayward was at the time of the Wallace Grand Jury the heaviest stockholder of the Electric Light Company, which, through Manager Roe, according to Mr. Cornwall's confession, bribed the Supervisors. Mr. Hayward testified that he knew nothing of those criminal transactions. The Supreme Court intervened in time to prevent the jury from proving what it thought of Mr. Hayward's veracity. Since his brief appearance on the stage as an anti-railroad man in 1882, Mr. Estee has been earning the pardon of the Southern Pacific and its allies. Attorney Russell Wilson denies that Mr. Estee was indebted to the Stanford estate, but he was, and is, indebted to the estate of Creed Haymond, predecessor of Mr. Herrin as head of the Southern Pacific's law department. At least the residuary legatee of Haymond's estate is threatening legal proceedings against Mr. Estee to make him pay up. His financial transactions with Creed Haymond may all have been legitimate, but Haymond did more than law business for Stanford and Huntington, and Estee begged favors of him till Haymond complained to his friends. He begged the railroad's influence to get him office—what office I cannot specify, and I dare say the badgered Haymond if alive could not accurately recall, so many were the offices for which Mr. Estee in his time was an applicant. I am not insinuating that Mr. Estee has had relations with the Southern Pacific that would not stand the judgment of the statutes. I know nothing that would justify me in calling into question his pecuniary honesty. But I do know, in common with most journalists and all politicians in San Francisco, that Mr. Estee for the past dozen years has been a hanger-on of the Southern Pacific—a melancholy, deprecating hanger-on, but yet not as one quite without hope. The Southern Pacific having taken pity, and feeling able to trust a man who had suffered under the rod and given so prolonged proof of sincere penitence for a

temporary departure from the faith—induced by the need which his party felt to compete with the Democracy of 1882 for the anti-monopoly vote—has nominated him for Governor at last. And all the corporations and all the corporations' men stand in with that unanimity characteristic of the associated villainies. Cohesion is the condition of their continued existence.

If the men of the Southern Pacific and Spring Valley, and the Gas Company and the Electric Light Company and the Telephone Company did not hang together, how long would they be out of jail? Let Mr. Henley be made District Attorney, and the chances of some of them going to jail would be good enough to send a thrill of panic through the most respectable circles. He carries the memory of all the revelations that were made to the Wallace Grand Jury, and knows, in consequence, the trails of the associated villainies as well as the shepherd knows the paths of the sheep through the chaparral. He knows what judges are corrupt, who corrupts them, and what lawyers make a specialty of exercising the "pull." Mr. Barnes, his Republican opponent, knows all this too, but Mr. Barnes would rather be quiet and popular than wage war on the powerful. Mr. Henley was also a member of the Citizens' Defense Association which sought to carry on the work of the assassinated Wallace Grand Jury. His election would be the signal for the organization of a new and stronger Citizens' Defense Association, that would be a permanent grand jury and back him up in laying informations against opulent scoundrels and prosecuting them. Mr. Greany, the Democratic candidate for the office, is, I learn, a young man of good repute and ability, but the citizens of San Francisco, if they want an assault in force on the criminal rich, will ignore party, beat Mr. Barnes, because he has earned defeat, decline to vote for Mr. Greany, because he is inopportune, and elect Barclay Henley District Attorney. That would be an earthquake for the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, a judgment on Spring Valley and a notice of justice at hand to every corporation which, like the electric light company of Messrs. Hayward, Cornwall and Roe, makes bribery a part of its business routine in diseased San Francisco.

And the associated villainies are against Mr. Sutro for Mayor, as they are against Mr. Henley for District Attorney. Mr. Sutro has had the audacity to refuse to submit his pocket and his independence to the Southern Pacific. That is enough. The railroad whistle has sounded, and the whole mercenary army has rallied for defense and revenge. Two weeks ago I thought there was no prospect of Mr. Sutro's election; a week ago I expressed less decidedly the same belief. Now I think there is a prospect, a good prospect of it. Mr. James, the Democratic candidate, is scarcely heard of in the canvases, and the Democrats are tending to Sutro. Dr. O'Donnell will lose the bulk of the workmen who have followed him hitherto. The contest is between Ellert and Sutro. Mr. Ellert has the advantage of the Non-Partisan nomination and the Republican endorsement, and the active support of the *Bulletin*, *Examiner* and *Call*. All that constitutes a formidable backing, unquestionably. But then the organs of the Southern Pacific and dependent corporations are also battling against Mr. Sutro, and that sort of opposition is understood by the people of San Francisco. They have been taught by experience to recognize the voice of Mr. Huntington in the press. The men who are not out on the

streets "doing politics," but earning their livings in the factories, in the offices and behind the counters, are not in love with the associated villainies, and the ballot is secret.

Mr. Ellert is a pale figure by the side of Mr. Sutro. The one is respectable, discreet, politic and solicitous to make no enemies who would have power to thwart his ambition to be Governor, which is an honorable ambition, and I have no doubt Mr. Ellert would make as presentable a Governor as he has a Mayor. The other, though old enough to be his competitor's father, has five times his vitality and is incomparably his superior in vigor of mind and strength of character. It would be a bad day for the privileged corporations and a good day for San Francisco should Adolph Sutro be elected Mayor. The main plank of the platform on which he is standing—and he put the plank there himself—is a declaration of war upon Collis Huntington's right to reign over San Francisco and rob everybody in it at will.

Mr. Sutro is not afraid of the Southern Pacific, and Mr. Ellert is. I happen to know this, having found it out for myself. I visited him as editor of the *Examiner* when the danger of the passage of the Reilly Funding Bill by Congress seemed imminent, and urged him to call a mass meeting of the citizens to protest against the outrage. He agreed with me as to the importance of that measure, which would hand us over for another half century to the Southern Pacific, but he faltered. What he feared was that he "would be accused of demagoguery" if at a time when the people were being roused to their peril he should take the leadership, even in so simple a thing as the convoking of a mass meeting. He asked for twenty-four hours in which to think it over. At the end of that time he wrote me that, "for the reason stated," he had decided not to call the meeting. Some days later he sent for me and gave the information that he meant, "as a compromise," to invite the mercantile bodies to a conference to take some action regarding the Funding Bill. The mercantile bodies, in due season, informed him that they must decline to take any action. Mr. Sutro at the time expressed his scorn in print for the cowardice of these mercantile bodies, which had more fear of Mr. Huntington's displeasure than of a renewed term of fifty years of slavery for the commerce of San Francisco and the Pacific coast. Mr. Ellert said nothing. Nothing could induce him to say anything that would for a moment place him in antagonism to bodies so respectable, yet so submissive to the Southern Pacific, as these, which—by their names appearing to be the peculiar guardians of our commercial interests—had not the courage to raise a voice in their defense.

It is with regret that I throw this light upon Mr. Ellert's character. Two years ago, impelled by a warm personal liking and a belief in his manliness, I gave him the support of my pen. He has good qualities, and too much self-respect, too clear a knowledge of what is right, to be seduced, even by his ambition, into positive wrong-doing. But he has disappointed his friends who, like myself, have had occasion to test his civic courage. He is not brave enough to stand out against the aggressions of the powerful corporations, or to rebuke by example the timidity of the influential when pluck should be looked for from them in the public interest. He has gained the support of Mr. de Young and the *Chronicle*, and the *Examiner*, which was against him two years ago is for him now, but I don't think Mr. Ellert stands as well with himself as he did.

He has made sacrifices to policy instead of making fights for principle. It would be immeasurably preferable to have him for Mayor again, of course, rather than either Mr. James or Dr. O'Donnell, but when the people can have such a man as Adolph Sutro instead, for the asking, there ought to be no doubt of the outcome of the election. I do not say that Mr. Ellert is the Southern Pacific's choice—the corporation would be delighted with Mr. James, or accept Dr. O'Donnell gratefully in preference—but Mr. Huntington would be made the happiest man in the Union on election day if the news should reach him from California that San Francisco had defeated Adolph Sutro, the most formidable of the foes of his vested privilege to loot and tyrannize over this city.

Having had the hardihood to go up against the chief of the associated villainies, Sutro is, of course, being attacked by the whole flock. He said to a reporter, what every other man in the city who cares to speak his mind would have said, that the Spring Valley Water Company bribes the Supervisors to make water rates to suit the corporation. In the nature of things, such a charge is difficult to substantiate by legal proofs. None are better aware of this than the men who give and take the bribes. So the suspected Supervisors, with the permission of Spring Valley, which has a secure trust in the honor of the Supervisors, demanded of the Grand Jury that it summon Mr. Sutro to make good his monstrous accusation. There is plenty of circumstantial evidence of Spring Valley's guilt, so notorious are its methods of securing its desires from officials and the press. Even the recent Republican Municipal Convention made the customary charge. It said:

We denounce the bribery and corruption that has been so frequent in connection with the establishment of water rates as dangerous to our institutions, subversive of good morals and disastrous to the well-being of the community in its results.

How that charge managed to slip into the platform of a convention bossed by Dan Burns and owned by the associated villainies is a mystery that astounds the innocent. Colonel Burns is a statesman of the order that cares little for platforms so long as he can dictate the nominations and get the votes. And Mr. Herrin, who is the attorney for Spring Valley as well as for the other corporations which need him in their business, was doubtless absorbed in selecting a Board of Supervisors while the platform was being written and adopted. Yet when all is said, that water plank is as embarrassing as it is true. The Grand Jury can obtain the names of the Republican platform committee by consulting the files of any local newspaper, or on application to Mr. Herrin or Colonel Burns. Why not summon that committee as well as Mr. Sutro? And General W. H. L. Barnes might make an enlightening witness as to Spring Valley's practices. I am informed that when in conversation with a member of the water committee of the Wallace Grand Jury he complained of the tightness of the money market and his own temporary want of cash. "I don't see how you can be hard up, General," said the juror, "when you draw down \$25,000 a year from Spring Valley." This was news to General Barnes. He investigated and found himself on the company's books, as the juror had said. So the story has been told me. If it is not strictly accurate as to General Barnes, there is good reason to believe that it reveals a device of the corporation to cover its expenditures for bribes. The Grand Jury could learn something, if it cares to learn anything dangerous about Spring Valley or the other corporations which employ Mr. Herrin, by examining the books and as-

certaining how many eminent attorneys, who get nothing from the water company, are down for large salaries. It is the custom of the Southern Pacific, too, to lump an annual outlay of between three-quarters of a million and a million for occult services under the head of legal expenses. It will be recalled that Leland Stanford refused to tell what had been done with about four millions, spent at a time when legislation affecting the Pacific roads was pending in Congress, for which expenditure there were no vouchers. The Federal Railroad Investigating Commission, of which Governor Pattison was chairman, endeavored to force him to tell what these costly "legal services" were, but his friend Judge Field decided that it would be a revolutionary invasion of the sacred rights of the citizen to compel him to confess.

If the Grand Jury has any doubt—which it hasn't, and can't have—about Spring Valley's guilt, it may summon me, and I will give it direct testimony as to the attempted bribery, not of an official, but of a journalist. The attempt was made by a stockholder and representative of the company, and it was made upon me. At the time, I was managing editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, which paper was calling upon the Board of Supervisors to lower the water rates. The argument Spring Valley's representative made was that I was raising the price of votes in the board, and that I "might as well take \$10,000 or \$15,000 as to let it go into the pockets of the scoundrels." He added that he would be greatly pleased, and his company would be greatly pleased, if he "could go back to their right now and tell them that the *Examiner* had quit." The *Examiner* did not quit, and the board lowered the water rates, but the associated villainies rallied as usual, and the Supreme Court invalidated the board's order. Then the Supervisors were made to listen to reason, and Spring Valley fixed its own rates in the time-honored way.

I have published these facts before, but it is well to republish them now, when a Grand Jury that has not the courage to deal with Hayward, Cornwall and Roe, pretends, by its summons of Mr. Sutro, to be brave enough to be ready to charge Spring Valley with crime. A Grand Jury not dominated by the associated villainies could get evidence on which to base indictments, but this Grand Jury will indict none but crude criminals. I look for it to be particularly severe on thieving clerks and embezzlers of no social position. If we had a Henley in the District Attorney's office even this Grand Jury could not save the responsible men of the bribe-giving corporations from prosecution.

When the new Citizens' Defense Association shall be formed, it will follow the example of the old organization and seek the passage of laws that will tend to sever that partnership in interest now existing between the briber and the bribed. The Purity of Elections Law that is causing so much embarrassment to the politicians with money to spend, was drafted and pushed through the Legislature by the old Citizens' Defense Association. It is not perfect, and it is being evaded to some extent, but it is a good law, and its existence is an honorable monument to the association which procured its enactment. A still more effective law would be one that should make it no offense to accept a bribe but a very heavy offense to give one. That would place the briber forever at the mercy of the purchased official. As it is now the laws stupidly supply each party to the crime with an equal motive for con-

cealing it. As the statutes stand, either the man who buys a vote at an election or the man who sells one is given immunity if he shall be first to reveal the transaction. The same law, so modified as to give the lesser scoundrel the stronger motive to tell, ought to be extended to bribery of supervisors, assessors and all officials. The present state of the statutes bearing upon this crime, which is the master evil of the time, is what every villain would desire it to be, for it is, in practical effect, an almost invulnerable shield to criminal wealth.

Governor Markham has had the assurance to appear on a public platform and make a speech, in which he challenged the correctness of some of Mr. Budd's figures bearing on excessive taxation and expenditure. Mr. Budd may be in error as to his figures in relation to the cost of government in California and other States, though I see no reason to surmise that, since official reports are at everybody's easy command, and Mr. Budd is a lawyer, trained to accuracy of statement in matters of money. But even if he is wrong the Republican party should have chosen some one else than Governor Markham to set him right. Governor Markham and veracity have been divorced. His uncorroborated word is of no value among men any more. The Supreme Court of the State, composed of judges of the same political party as himself, has formally convicted him of being a liar. He is the only Governor of any State who has earned so infamous a distinction. When he was a candidate four years ago he denied the authorship of a letter which he wrote, because he feared that acknowledgement of its authorship would lose him votes. He lied not only to the public but also to his political associates and managers, for the Republican State Central Committee offered the Democratic State Central Committee \$1,000 if it could prove the genuineness of the letter. The Democratic Committee proved the letter genuine, recovered judgment for the \$1,000 in the Superior Court, and the Supreme Court affirmed the judgment. Governor Markham has not yet paid the money, and it is not likely that he will do so. Irwin C. Stump, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee four years ago, will probably have that pleasure. Under these squalid circumstances Governor Markham's appearance as an advocate of the party offered by Huntington, Stow, Herrin, Burns and Cornwall may not be inappropriate, but it nevertheless is painful to every citizen of the State who retains a normal moral sense. A Governor of whom anybody would be justified in swearing that he could not believe him under oath is as humiliating to California as the presence of De Young or Burns in the Senate would be.

How can decent men who are Republicans stand their party as it is organized and directed now in California? Fealty to party is a strong sentiment, I know, but names are not things. Whatever the Republican party may be elsewhere, here in California it is simply the expression of the political desires of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and those desires are chiefly criminal and all against the welfare of the commonwealth. This is not the view of partisanship, for I am not a partisan, but the statement of a fact within everybody's knowledge. The party of history—the party of Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, Sumner and Morton—is here the party of Huntington, Stow, Herrin, Burns, Cornwall and Markham. That the Democratic party is not free from the influence of these men I am, of course, aware, but at least that influence is not commanding.

It does not command Mr. Budd, it does not command the Democratic State Committee. The Democracy is giving Huntington & Co. battle. Therefore it should at this election, for local causes, receive the support of all decent citizens in California. I comprehend how powerful are the reasons that have given rise to the Populist movement, which is a protest, and a just protest, against the corruption and feebleness of both the old parties. But there are special reasons now in California why the rebuke implied by a vote for the third party should be withheld. The election of the Republican ticket would be a victory for the Southern Pacific. Who really doubts that, however disagreeable the knowledge may be? For myself, I should cheerfully vote for the Republicans were they standing where the Democrats stand. And were I a Populist, I should hold that a vote for Mr. Budd, and the candidates for the Railroad Commission endorsed by the Traffic Association, was a vote cast more directly against the evils which Populism assails than would be a vote given for the Populist ticket. It is by dividing the votes of citizens who are in rebellion against its rule that the Southern Pacific hopes to retain that pirate rule over us. Democrats, Republicans, Populists, Prohibitionists—all Californians who are hostile to the Huntington despotism—ought, as men of sense, to seek to strike in the most effective way the blow they ache to deliver. They should sink minor differences of opinion and aim, and by uniting on Budd for Governor, and La Rue, Phillips and Marcus for Railroad Commissioners, teach the Southern Pacific that the people of California are not fools who can be divided and made to defeat themselves.

ARTHUR McEWEN.*

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THE TWADDLER.

This has been a delightful week at the clubs. Such an event as the arrival of Herman Oelrichs does not happen often enough not to make a stir among us, and, again, we need stirring up out here, for when all is said we're comfoundedly provincial. We don't feel it until we encounter some one fresh from the real world, brimming over with ideas and news of the life that is worth living. Herman ad Downey Harvey and Harry Veuve and Dr. Younger and Uncle Joe Clark and myself sat down to a little dinner at the Pacific Union on Wednesday, and the conversation was such as I haven't participated in since I left New York after the war. We spoke of society as it is found in the various centers of high civilization, and made comparisons, without which there can be no sparkle in talk—Newport, Narragansett, Old Point Comfort, Baltimore, and, finally, of unapproachable old Philadelphia. After dinner we set out for a round of the theatres, and, begged, I confess that the conversation had raised me so far above my dull San Francisco surroundings that I was walking on air. A man stepped out of the shadow of a building and essayed to address me. I had one arm through Oelrichs' and with the free hand I waved my accoster away, saying, testily:

"No, dommit, I have nothing for edgers."

"Oedgers!" cried the man, "why, cause your old wig, I'm Greenway!"

Examining him through my glass I perceived that he was correct, but simply taking Veuve's arm as well as Oelrich's I replied :

"Well, it doesn't matter, Edward, I'm in no mood for small distinctions."

And that was true. Ah, but it doesn't take as long to come to earth again after these brief flights to the higher air that are now and again vouchsafed us. I dare say if I should meet Greenway to-day I'd be quite civil to him. He does well enough in his way, for the town.

My friend Joe Redding has got back from abroad with a monstrous fine lot of English clothes. Poole has made Joe, always handsome, positively beautiful, and foreign travel has improved him. It does anybody. It was travel that gave me my repose. I congratulated Joe on the betterment of his manner, which has lost all that hesitating timidity which used to make him rather painful for his friends when there were strangers present. But we are not to see much of him.

"I rather like Paris," he said, "and can put up with London. Of course Berlin and Vienna are out of the question, and Rome is only a flyer. I've about determined to stick to Paris."

"Art?"
"Of course."
"Which?"
"All of them."

Joe yawned, and on my inquiring if he had taken a distaste for San Francisco, replied :

"Well, no, Persiflage. San Francisco will do—for the frontier. But really I can't afford to live here. When a man's sought after as I am it is much more expensive to stay among strangers."

Regarding us through his London monocle, Redding gave me a specimen of his growth in aplomb.

"Why in blank," he said, "don't you get some clothes?"

"That's very fair, Joe," I returned, patting him on the shoulder, for I love the boy and I am proud of him, for I have really formed him. "Very fair, Joe, but I'll match Poole in against Poo's any day."

That settled him, and with the hearty handshake of men who have measured and appreciate each other, we linked arms and sauntered off to the Bohemian.

Speaking of Paris, I have news of the Gilligs from there. Dear old Frank Unger has been provided for for life. They got him into the Hotel des Invalides, and have resumed their tour of the world. Their place at Larchmont has been sold. They didn't like it after the novelty wore off. The only society was four English families, all decent.

Disturbing reports reach me concerning my friend Colonel Trumbo, who is in Salt Lake, where he has taken up his residence to qualify for the Senate. He has purchased the Guardamansion there and moved to it from his San Francisco home—where often I have seen good company and had my knife and fork, alas! all his furniture, pictures and the statuary specially constructed for him at Rome. His two colored footmen, who gave his establishment among us so distinguished an air, have worked mischief with his political prospects, it seems, in the new State, which is still primitive to the point of barbarity. They are the first liveried servants ever seen in Utah, and the coarse natives have not only exhibited indignation but thrown rustic ridicule upon the Colonel. When Badlam and Harry De Young—who understands statesmanship if anybody does—heard of it, they wired Trumbo impudently to sink the blasted fleaskeys. They have financial interests that make Trumbo's election important to them. They sought my advice, and I gave it at once. The thing had been done, I said, and for one I did not regret it. Every gentleman, I urged, should be prepared to make sacrifices for principle, and Trumbo, I held, ought to stand by his servants and educate Utah up to civilization. Then I sat down and wrote privately to the Colonel. I was not born yesterday, and had no intention of those two crafty politicians like Badlam and Harry should steal my thunder. The counsel I gave Trumbo will, if he follows it, restore him the good will of the Mormons. I simply recommended him to live his own life as a man of fashion, in spite of the criticism of sagebrush yokels, but to accommodate himself to his surroundings to the extent of marrying again a little as a concession to local prejudices.

"Well," I said to Jefferson C. James the other day when he stopped to ask for my vote, "I can't understand why a man of your wealth should want the vulgar trouble of being Mayor, when you might go in for elegant leisure and refined pleasure."

"Oh," he laughed in his hearty way, "every hog to his waller, Persiflage. You're all for style, but give me office. If you'd had as hard a time to get the nomination as I had, you'd want to be elected, too, durned if you wouldn't."

"So they opposed you, did they? Dear me."
"What?" he cried, "you don't mean to say you didn't hear of it? Why, the papers was full of it. It was tough."

"Fought you, eh?"
"Oh, yes; the boys fit me, but I snuck through."
I couldn't bear it.
"Don't," I winced, "don't, for gad's sake, say snuck, James."

"Well, snook, then," he conceded, amiably.
We must permit these things to our millionaires.

Confound these politics. There's no escaping them. Colonel Burns, with whom our friend Spreckels has reconciled me, came to consult me on Thursday.
"Before you go any further," I said, as he began to lay the whole situation before me, "I want to say that I consider it decidedly dishonorable to be arranging to trade off the whole lot ticket for votes for Estee."
"Persiflage," declared the Colonel, "it isn't true."
"But everybody believes it," I insisted.

"Well," he asked, "how can we expect to elect Estee if we don't?"

For some time we discussed this view of the matter, and the conference ended in his getting my reluctant consent to the move. In statesmanship we do not do what we would like, but what we must.

PERSIFLAGE.

JOINED THE ASSOCIATED VILLAINIES.

Giuseppe Harrington, the eminent ecclesiastical painter and Italianized Irishman, has just completed a historical picture which bids fair to attract a deal of attention in art circles. It represents a scene from Scott's "Ivanhoe," and will be put on exhibition at the Art Association shortly. He has a stream of visitors just now, admiring his masterpiece, and congratulating him upon his sudden accession to wealth—for Joe has now reached opulence, and can laugh at Fortune herself. Some time ago his brother died, leaving him an estate of eight thousand five hundred dollars. It has just been settled up, and Mr. Harrington has purchased a magnificent suit of broadcloth and recovered his ancestral jewels from the Safe Deposit.

"It's a great change that's come over me," says Mr. Harrington. "Why, man, I'm like a billionaire. I've assumed all the airs and dignity of a graceless bond-holder. It's devilish queer how money alters a man's soul. Here I've been living the life of a Bohemian all my days, and drinking champagne whenever I sold a picture, and giving the coat off me back to my friend, and waking up in the morning without knowing where I was going to get me victuals, and hobnobbing with Dagoes, Papists or A. P. A.'s indiscriminately for a chance to sell a picture. But in one day me spirit and habits is changed. I'm suddenly, in one day, become as penurious and as mercenary as old Luning or Jim Fair. Why, man, me rapacity is positively grand, and I'm haughty to insolence. I met Dan O'Connell on the street Sunday, and gave him only the tip of me gloved little finger, and I never said so much as a hint about treating him to drink. Years ago we starved together over the old Donohoe building with Tracy and Lemon, and we had a common purse. But now I'm that proud and rapacious through me wealth that I look on Dan's poverty and mode of life with the superb airs of a Jimmy Pielan or a Charley Crocker. Charley Robinson, the painter, says to me, 'Joe, for old times' sake, let me have ten dollars till Monday,' and would you believe it? I made him give me security on his big black horse, with a promissory note in the bargain!"

"As for me models," continues Mr. Harrington, "they're simply crying over me meanness. God help the poor blackguards! I've reduced the

rate on them one-half, and I don't furnish a pitcher of beer while they're sitting any more. Why, a little Dutch girl, as beautiful as a dream, that I'm painting for me grand conception of Potiphar's Wife Tempting Young Joseph, was shivering with the cold, and I wouldn't so much as light a stick of wood in the stove, because of the waste!"

"Why, man, I've left off eating at Camp's, and gone to a two-bit place in Broadway street, and now I'm looking round for a ten-cent joint, and next, I suppose, I'll be consorting with Chinymen."
"I work day and night to make money, and have left off all me elegant little vacations. Sundays I go out to see if the Hibernia Bank is still standing. I'm in a reformed mood, and I don't own father, God rest his soul, wouldn't know me!"

HARRY BOKLOW.

The Press on This Letter.

The reappearance of Arthur McEwen's Letter is hailed with delight, as it fills a place in journalism that is occupied by no newspaper. The name and fame of Arthur McEwen is known to anybody who has read anything. A decade or less since, when Pilex's energy, mental breadth and masculine courage were at their zenith, we loved to read the Argonaut. Amid his individuality now brightens it, but generally it reflects some unworthy successor. But now comes McEwen, whose ability will shine out in the Letter as did Pilex's in the Argonaut.—*Abuckee News*.

Arthur McEwen, the caustic, the abusive, the brilliant and only Arthur, is no longer in charge of the editorial page of the Examiner. Mr. Hearst telegraphed that he did not like the policy of that page, and Mr. McEwen tendered his resignation. Now he has gone to work on his Letter, and number one of the new series turned up Saturday last. "Mr. McEwen has reached that point where his pen and opinion can no longer be molded with a twenty-dollar piece," remarks the Woodland Reporter. Anyone who puts him in an editorial chair must expect to take what he has in stock, and Mr. Hearst pretty well understood that in the beginning.—*Marysville Appeal*.

Arthur McEwen's revived Letter fell flat as the traditional pancake in San Francisco. Nobody wanted it and the newboys could not give it away. The whole number was devoted to a bitter and untruthful attack on the Southern Pacific Railroad, winding up with a column of fulsome slobber over Adolph Sutro. It does not take half as easy to understand the meaning of the attack on the one wealthy corporation and the sickening ecology of the other wealthy elite seeker. But it is scarcely probable that the Southern Pacific will pay the slightest heed to the onslaught.—*Bakersfield Californian*.

Mr. McEwen has started his weekly Letter again. If the people of San Francisco support it they will have what that city badly needs, an independent paper that is not afraid to say what it thinks.—*Carson Appeal*.

Arthur McEwen has revived his famous Letter, and his pungent pen is visible in every man. Right or wrong, he has surely said the things that are true, and it is no mistaking the meaning of what he says. The Letter will undoubtedly gain a large circulation, for everybody likes to read the sayings of a bright, aggressive and courageous man.—*Martinez Gazette*.

Arthur McEwen has started up his Letter again. It deserves the support of every decent citizen.—*Coast Seamen's Journal*.

Arthur McEwen's Letter is brighter and better than ever and has "come to stay."—*San Francisco Star*.

What Arthur McEwen publishes everybody wishes to read. He doesn't disappoint. His Letter established its reputation with its first number, and during its all too brief life became a power in the land. The second series, of which the first number was published last Saturday, is as strong and full of meat as were those of the first series. Mr. McEwen is the only working newspaper man entirely independent of the dictation of a publisher. It will be better for California if Arthur McEwen's Letter becomes a permanency.—*Oakland Record*.

Arthur McEwen, late editorial manager of the San Francisco Examiner, is out with the first number of the second series of Arthur McEwen's Letter. The writer is too well known to need commendation at our hands. The productions from his unglazed pen are enjoyed by the general and observing reader.—*Martinez Gazette*.

Arthur McEwen is a fearless writer, and so fluent and vigorous is his style that his Letter is read by many who dissent entirely from his opinions. He is a veteran journalist, and his services as an editorial writer on the great San Francisco dailies are constantly in demand. But every daily has a "policy," and Mr. McEwen declines to be held in check by any policy involving silence on things which in his opinion deserve editorial comment. So now, for the second time, he resigns an editorial position (this time on the Examiner) to undertake once more the publication of his Letter, to the support of which, he says, "I have a right to ask all who desire frank journalism and honest government."—*Berkeley News*.

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SECOND SERIES. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

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The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

The shepherds and shearers of the people of California have great confidence in them. Colonel Dan Burns, superintendent of the political sheepwalk, advertises his belief that the party which he represents will have a majority of about twenty thousand at the polls next month. Possibly he is right. I have seen too many elections to dare set up as a prophet. But if results shall meet Colonel Burns' expectations the men of this State will take a lower rank in morals and intellect than one can think of and retain a bracing faith in the capacity of the masses of California's population to govern themselves.

What may happen no one—not even so deep and variously gifted a statesman as Colonel Dan Burns—can foretell; what ought to happen anybody with more brains than are necessary to outfit a sheep under-stands.

The intelligence of California's people will be tested by this election. Under all the noise of the campaign there is really but one question of great moment waiting to be settled. That question is: Shall the people or the corporations govern California?

If this issue could be put so nakedly as to admit of settlement by a yes or no vote, all the people would be against government by the corporations except the few thousand who are on their pay-rolls, or would like to be. But the issue has been confused, partly by design and partly because of the inherent incapacity of the multitude to discriminate between the real and the apparent. Party spirit has been roused, minor questions have been sedulously magnified, the personal contests of candidates have absorbed the attention of their friends and partisans, and all the incidental excitements of a canvass tend to distract the common mind from the one essential issue. Everything which helps to do that is so much gained for the shepherds and shearers. The ability shown by the people to penetrate this many-hued cloud of confusion, perceive the main point, and stick to it, will give the measure of their capacity to discern what they want and to vote themselves into possession of it. If the people are fools they will give Colonel Burns his twenty thousand majority; if they are not fools they will expel Colonel Burns from politics and give his party the beating that it needs, and the leisure in retirement to reflect

on its degradation as the leman of the corporations, and so put it on the road to amendment.

Only a very shallow person can expect that the election of Mr. Budd and the other respectable candidates on the Democratic ticket would result in anything very tremendous in the way of lifting California's politics, California's commerce, and California's life generally, out of the mud of corruption and lethargy into which they have been sunk. Mr. Budd is an honorable man of good, patriotic intentions, and his party pledges itself in its platform to many excellent things, but the habits of twenty years of slavery to the Southern Pacific are not to be removed by one administration, however well-meaning. Indeed, it is very doubtful if rescue lies at the end of the political road at all. I am disposed to hold with those who believe that a competing railroad in the San Joaquin valley would do more for the minds, as well as pockets, of the people than any victory at the polls, and that full freedom from the debasing Huntington bondage is not to be hoped for until the Nicaragua canal shall open the ocean to Californian commerce once more. Men who have lived long are not sanguine about the complete fulfillment of party promises. Even when bribery—in the form either of money or political ambition—does not come into play, evil conditions press upon the successful candidates and weaken purpose.

Still, every citizen, whether he hopes much or little from the ballot-box, has an equal duty to give his vote for the party and candidates that are headed in the right direction, and against those which are allied with the influences hostile to good government, and productive of social conditions that degrade men by filling them with fear of the powerful and making them feel that self-ownership is a luxury beyond the hope of any save the fortunate few.

If the Democratic party of California is not everything it should be, nor big with promise of regeneration, the Republican party certainly is about everything it should not be. At this election every clean and patriotic hand in the commonwealth should be raised to smite it, for it is but the organized political agency of the forces which have depraved the State, and care for power only that they may continue to use it for their dishonest financial profit. Doubtless thousands of reputable citizens will vote the Republican ticket. But however reputable these citizens may be they are not thoughtful men, or they could not bring themselves to give their votes for the triumph of those who alone will have intelligible reasons to be glad of a Republican success. Party loyalty, as it is

called, leads men to do strange things, and none stranger than deliberately to vote as their enemies wish them to. Mr. Upham, for example, presided at a Republican mass meeting in San Francisco the other night. Mr. Upham is President of the Traffic Association. The Traffic Association was born of the travail of the merchants of this city. When they could no longer endure the thievish tyranny of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, they revolted and banded together for self-protection. The Association exists to fight the exactions and break the monopoly of the Southern Pacific, yet its President can bring himself to think that it is right, sensible and expedient for him to give his political energies to combatting his own commercial interests and desires. I don't know Mr. Upham, but I take it for granted that he would not be President of the Traffic Association were he not deemed a man of character and intelligence by his brother merchants. In the ordinary relations of life, I presume that he is all that, but party spirit transforms this substantial, judicious and respectable man of business into an ass when he turns to politics. Under the circumstances, it is impossible to reverse Mr. Upham's head, or to think that the Traffic Association chose wisely when it selected its President.

If Mr. Upham (I utilize Mr. Upham because he is representative of the kind of men who are led into hurtful folly as citizens by the prejudice to which they give the fine name of party loyalty) were asked to do anything in a business way that would tell against the interest of the Traffic Association and advantage financially, and gratify otherwise, the Southern Pacific, he would, no doubt, consider the request an insult at once to his intelligence as a merchant and his integrity as a man. Yet who would rejoice most, and have most reason to rejoice, at the election of Mr. Estee as Governor, and the success of the whole Republican ticket this year? One name must occur to every mind in answer. The chief rejoicer would be Collis P. Huntington. Such a result of the election would mean to him victory over his foes, a new lease of power as the real Governor of California, a warrant to tell Congress that the State does not oppose the Reilly Funding bill, and an extension of his license to share at will the contents of the pockets of the people of this State. How the president of the Traffic Association can reconcile with his common sense the bestowal of his aid to bring these blessings upon the smart head of Mr. Huntington I confess myself unable to divine. Minds of the Upham order work out conclusions from premises and by processes that are dark to those who employ mere human reason to

arrive at motives for conduct. And, unhappily for the State, the Uphams are nearly as often dressed in good clothes as in jumpers and overalls.

The question at issue in this election is in no national sense political. Even in the Congressional contests the battle is between the Southern Pacific and the people. The candidates may differ as to the tariff and silver, but Mr. Huntington is liberality itself on these large national matters. Congressmen may think what they please about free trade or protection or the single or double standard, so long as he can rely on them to vote his way on the debt of the Central Pacific. That, too, is his non-partisan attitude as to Governors, Railroad Commissioners, Judges, and all other State officials. Sometimes he gives the benefit of his influence to Democratic, sometimes to Republican candidates. All this is known to the people of California—so well known that it is nauseous to write down facts so trite. Yet until the people of California act upon this hackneyed knowledge it is imperative that men who can use the pen and care for the public good should write the familiar truth.

I say the battle is not political. Politics should have no more to do with the election of the Governor this year, and of the Railroad Commission and Attorney-General and Judges, than with the election of the Mayor and Supervisors of San Francisco. Mr. Herrin, attorney and manipulator for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the Spring Valley Water Company, and the gas and telephone and electric light companies, cares nothing for the political complexion of the Board of Supervisors so long as he can control their votes. To their Democracy or Republicanism he is as indifferent as is his master to the party classification of his Governors and Congressmen and Judges. The interests of the associated villainies are on one side, the interests of the people are on the other. Whatever may have been the case at intervals in the past, nobody this year who is not willfully blind to what is before his eyes—like Mr. Upham—can gain say that the Southern Pacific is against the Democratic and with the Republican party. Railroadism and Republicanism are now in California interchangeable terms. Employees of the corporation are the chiefs of the party. W. W. Stow draws a salary from the Southern Pacific, and his business is to nominate and elect a Legislature that will suit Mr. Huntington and give him a Senator according to his desires. Mr. Herrin, the head of the Southern Pacific's law department, assists Mr. Stow in these legislative labors, but gives his special attention to Judges and Supervisors. The organized corporations which need local ordinances and State laws to secure their unjust privileges, are leagued with the Southern Pacific and are contributors to Mr. Herrin's unclean income. The official organ of the railroad company, the *Sacramento Record-Union*, is also a Republican organ. That is true also of nine-tenths of the newspapers of the State that are subsidized by the Southern Pacific, and which derive subsidiary bribes from the other corporations. There are some Democratic railroad organs, but not many now. If even one Southern Pacific official were also an official of the Democratic party would Mr. Upham, in his quality of presiding officer at a Republican mass meeting, have neglected to "make capital" of it? What are the relations of Colonel Dan Burns with the railroad company? And what are Mr. Estee's relations with Colonel Dan Burns? And with Mr. Stow? And with Mr. Herrin? Does it any longer excite remark when railroad attorneys and lay retainers of the

railroad rise on the stump to make Republican speeches? The Democrats have not made use of the eloquence of Colonel Irish, or Mr. Daggett of the Mint. The old Democratic railroad contingent, the parasites who loved and admired and leeches Senator Stanford, have been sent to the rear. The Democratic party is making an open fight against Southern Pacific rule this year. Let us be fair and give it credit for that.

When men are old it is very hard to break away from the mental habits of a lifetime. This accounts for the painful struggles of Mr. Fitch of the *Bulletin* to square his opposition to the Southern Pacific's purposes in current politics with such support of the Republican party as tradition and habit compel him to give it. Mr. Fitch is the one proprietor of a daily newspaper in San Francisco who has a conception of journalism that is not walled by the business office. He has a very real sense of duty to the public, and though his paper has characteristics that often set one's journalistic teeth on edge, there is a man's courage and a man's earnestness in the *Bulletin*. The election of Republican Congressmen who would serve Mr. Huntington, and a Legislature that would send Mr. de Young to the Senate, and the choice of Republican Railroad Commissioners who would obey the Southern Pacific, Mr. Fitch declines to regard in the light of a Republican victory. He has said so in the *Bulletin*, and said it repeatedly and with strength. This is going far for a journal which, while never a party organ, has still been a stout Republican partisan. Why does not Mr. Fitch come further and join me in urging the defeat of the whole Republican ticket, with the exception of Judge Henshaw, who has clean hands and a good brain, and one or two others? Surely Mr. Fitch cannot doubt that Mr. Estee's election is wished for and being worked for by the Southern Pacific. The *Bulletin* has no illusions about Colonel Burns' aims or connections in politics. Yet, is there a single reason for non-partisan action in municipal affairs that does not tell with equal force for non-partisan action in State affairs?

Mr. Fitch and the *Bulletin* no longer belong with the Republican party of California. It has left him, as it left Newton Booth, and gone over to Huntington. Mr. Fitch is in the plight of every honest Republican in California, who, in addition to being honest, also allows himself the use of his brains. He neither likes nor trusts the Democratic party, but he knows the Republican party has fallen utterly, and is leading a life of shame. As he will not (conviction and expediency forbidding), go over to the Populists, conscience and common sense require that he should make his choice between the two. To herd with Huntington, Stow, Herrin and Burns, and help to elect their choice for Governor—how can Mr. Fitch, and other Republicans as intelligent and clean as Mr. Fitch, endure this association and consent to such participation? As a Democrat, I should as soon think of herding with Buckley and Rainey and voting for Joseph P. Kelly or Geary for Congress, Murphy for Supreme, Levy for Superior Judge, Bryan for Assessor and Nealon for the Board of Equalization.

Parties have often sunk into moral bankruptcy elsewhere, but for penury of morals the Republican party of California can evenly match the Democratic party in New York city. Time was when to be a political

boss here it was necessary that he should be a saloon-keeper; now he is not qualified unless he has a criminal record. Buckley and Rainey were indicted, but the Democracy is no longer following them; their endorsement is equivalent in San Francisco to a sentence of ignominious political death, unless the endorsement has been forced, or antedated by a Non-partisan nomination. Is that the Republican attitude toward Boss Burns? He was indicted, too. It is true that he stood his trial and was acquitted, but he confessed to swearing to official reports that were doctored to conceal a large defalcation in his office when he was Secretary of State. Given that it was a deputy who stole the money, and whom Burns protected, that money has never been restored to the treasury, though the ex-Secretary of the State has become a man of wealth. That is the record. And with that record Burns has been permitted by the Republicans of California to rise to a height of power in their party immensely greater than Buckley, a much cleverer man, ever achieved in the Democratic party. Burns—under the suzerainty of the Southern Pacific always, of course—is the most conspicuous Republican leader in California. It is his hand that is upon the lever of the party machine. Huntington, Stow and Herrin are behind him, and his political masters, but so long as he works in harmony with their object—which is to get everything that is to be had for the Southern Pacific—he may do as he pleases with the organization. He even aspires to the Senate!

When a party has rotted to such leadership, there is but one cure—the abandonment of the leaders by the rank and file. The fruits of such leadership are as characteristic as they are inevitable. Foul men must use foul instruments. Witness the Burns primaries, the Burns methods of legislating, as revealed by the story of the co-operative scheme of bribery that came out in Court when Faylor, the go-between, swore in his complaint that the Senators who took the money given them refused to be faithful to their felonious bargain, or to divide with him. But for the assassination of the Wallace Grand Jury by the Supreme Court, Burns would have been indicted as well as Buckley. Note, too, the favorite newspapers of the Republican party. When the organization is officered by Huntington, Stow, Herrin and Burns, and when it is possible for the last, as well as a De Young, to raise his eyes to a seat in the Senate, it is fitting that a *Post* should be the vehicle of their appeals to the public. If there lived in California a man who was not sure that the Southern Pacific preferred Estee to Budd as a successor to the wretched Markham, that uncertainty must, one would judge, have been removed by the publications made during the week by Burns and his associates relative to Mr. Budd and the Neff litigation in Oregon. Those publications have shocked California, but not in the way their procurers expected. Many years ago Mr. Budd was, under the investigation of a fee-hunting attorney, sued by a humble family whom he had served professionally and befriended personally. He was accused of plundering this family in a style that, had he been guilty, would have fitted him to enter the law department of the Southern Pacific. He was also accused of seducing a daughter of the family, of being instrumental in her death to conceal his crime, and finally, was charged with inducing the girl to make a will in his favor, and so robbing the natural heirs of her estate. On all the charges relating to property the Oregon courts exonerated Mr. Budd; the charge relating to the girl was stricken out.

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

As to her, the truth has been disclosed that he, at the risk of his life, visited her at her call when she was stricken with smallpox, procured for her the best care, and, refusing to touch a dollar of the property willed him, gave it all to the hapless girl's brother, who remained his friend. All informed of the details of the litigation—Mr. Arthur Rodgers, the lawyer of this city, a man of the highest character, among them—declare that Mr. Budd in his every relation with the Neffs bore himself with honor and forbearance. Mr. Budd himself asserts as emphatically as language can do it, that his association with the girl was that of a brother. His wife stood by him through the whole scandal, and she, assuredly, should be the best judge of her husband's loyalty.

This is nasty writing—as nasty as the band of criminal politicians who conceived it possible that the publication of such a mess in such a paper as the San Francisco *Post* would damage their political opponent in the estimation of any decent man or woman. Mr. Budd told me the whole story a dozen years ago; he told it over again to me immediately after his nomination, for he looked for it to be regarded as campaign ammunition by the sort of political managers directed from the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets. I was with him on Sunday last when he dictated his statement in reply for print. I can testify to the scorn and disgust of his manner as he met the stale and foul old accusations in their order. It was not pleasant work for him, and his reply was not pleasant reading for the blackguards who smeared themselves by the publication. Only one of his denials rests upon his unsupported word—all the others have the corroboration of the judicial findings. The exception is his denial of the charge of seduction. In the nature of things, he alone can know the truth or falsity of that. He denies it, pronounces it "an infamous lie," and that is all a man can do. Those who are nearest him believe him. Pure and disinterested spirits such as give the Republican party of California its present high aims and noble aspirations, are at liberty, of course, to give Mr. Estee the benefit of their doubt of Mr. Budd's chastity, even as they gave Mr. Estee the benefit of the original publication in the *Post*.

What effect this atrocity in the way of party tactics may have upon the political fortunes of Mr. Budd—and it will be astounding if it is not beneficial—is relatively a small matter. The grave thing is the view we get of the grade of intellect and moral perception prevailing among the leaders of the Republican party here. The *Post* is about as low and repulsive a thing as any American city has had in the way of pensioned newspapers, but it is in the journalistic scale quite as respectable as the politicians—the Stows, Herrins and Burnses—who employ it and give the Republican party its programme and tone. The *Post's* editor is a young man who should rise to political eminence, I should say, if the people shall at this election maintain the Southern Pacific in possession of the State Government and the Republican organization. He is a predatory immigrant imported from Chicago by Mr. de Young a few years ago, and Mr. de Young has been punished for that effort to reduce the compensation of reporters in San Francisco, since Mr. Hume, when he came into possession of the *Post*, blackmailed his importer. I was an editorial contributor to the *Post* when this occurred, presuming Mr. Hume to be as decent as the ordinary newspaper proprietor. The sum he received was \$2,000. I had this information from Mr. Hume him-

self, and he was unaffectedly astonished that the confession resulted in my refusal to write further for his paper. Members of the Democratic State Committee inform me that Mr. Hume endeavored to get a subsidy from them early in the canvass, and failing to obtain it gave the advocacy of his paper to the Republicans. That a person like this should be able to live by publishing a newspaper in San Francisco cannot be deemed surprising. The same public which permits the *Post's* existence also permits a party to exist, and prophesy victory for itself, that is not ashamed to be generated by Messrs. Stow, Herrin and Burns, and to keep at the head of its State Central Committee Mr. P. B. Cornwall, who admitted to a grand jury that he was privy to the action of the electric light company, of which he was President, in bribing public officials to grant it exclusive privileges. Such journalism is the legitimate fruit of such politics. I exposed Mr. Hume long ago, but he still has subscribers and advertisers and holds his head up. But so do Colonel Burns and Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin and Mr. Cornwall.

Mr. Fitch should come out and away from all companionship with a party that has sunk to leaders and courses like these. So should every other Californian Republican who has self-respect and political principles and a wish to see his party restored to honesty and cleanliness. That can never be while it is owned by the Southern Pacific. Party names are of no use in this State now except to the allied corporations, which are glad to employ them to divide the citizens. Democrat or Republican, the Californian who cares more for his State's interests and his own than he does for unmeaning political partisanship, will give his vote against the party which has Mr. Huntington for a proprietor, Colonel Burns for a boss and the continuance of the robbing privilege of the associated villainies as the soul of its real platform.

The thunder and the shouting of the contending Republicans and Democrats cause the Populists to seem a pale and silent minority by contrast, but the Populists are, I think, going to astonish the politicians, and all who take note only of surface indications. The very squalid leaders of the third party profess to hope for the election of Mr. Webster as Governor. Anything is possible, of course, but if that shall happen, Mr. Estee will be a tardy third in the race. On the other hand, if Mr. Estee shall get a plurality he will owe his good fortune to the Populists. If the people of California are in earnest in their wish to subjugate the Southern Pacific there will be a great defection—a "landslide"—from the Republican party, but whether, if the landslide occur, it will slide to the Democrats or Populists cannot be foreseen. The chances, in such an event, are altogether in favor of the Democracy, however, since it is the more prominent, and therefore, on the usual principle, the more attractive party. The main hope of the Southern Pacific rests upon the Populists. If enough anti-monopoly votes can be driven out of the Democratic party to them the Republicans can win as a minority and monopoly party. The Democrats are setting an example to the Populists in San Francisco which the Populists throughout the State should imitate, if they are not more ambitious to record a large vote for Mr. Webster than they are to defeat the Southern Pacific's candidate. Mr. James, the Democratic candidate for Mayor, is believed, because of his interests as a landowner and stock-raiser in the interior, to be in no position to antagonize the railroad

company, and his kindness as a Supervisor to the Spring Valley Water Company indicates his tenderness where local corporations are concerned. The mass of Democratic voters who have nothing to do with the bosses will not support Mr. James. They are going to vote for Mr. Sutro, and in all probability their suffrages will elect him. The circumstance that Mr. Sutro is the Populist candidate will deter no rational Democrat, who wants in the Mayor's office a man of capacity, pluck and character, from voting for Mr. Sutro, and no rational Populist who wants a man of that kind in the Governor's office will well be deterred from voting for Mr. Budd because he is the Democratic candidate. If Mr. Estee shall be elected by a plurality, Mr. Budd will owe his defeat to the Populists, who believe, as he does, that the people and not money should govern the State.

Letters come to me asking that I print a State and local ticket composed of such candidates, of all parties, who, in my judgment, should be the choice of independent voters. I have not the knowledge that would fit me to do this. The candidates are many and I know but few well enough to take the responsibility of vouching for them. As to some, however, I do so unhesitatingly. Maguire, Patton, Denman and English, Democrats, should, in my opinion, be elected to Congress. Geary is a shifty fellow not to be trusted, and Caminetti is a small politician who stands in awe of Mr. Huntington, I am told. For Secretary of State, Mr. Waite, the incumbent, who was refused renomination by the Burns' Convention, but is in the field on petition, has claims on all citizens who resent bossism. Mr. Maddox, the Democratic candidate, is a man of character—one of the best men on his party's ticket. Mr. Jeter, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, is far preferable to Mr. Millard, Republican. He has brains and stamina. Jackson Temple and A. P. Bridgford, Democrats, and Judge Henshaw, Republican, are, in my judgment, the best men for the Supreme Court. For Railroad Commissioners, La Rue and Phillips, Democrats, and Marcus, Traffic Association, should be elected. The first two are endorsed by the Traffic Association. Dr. Stanton, the Democratic candidate for this district, was nominated with the assistance of Herrin and Buckley. His amiable personal qualities should not count against that disgraceful fact. Judge Levy, of course, will be beaten, if respect for decency survives in San Francisco. He typifies all that is worst on our Superior bench. That is to say, he is the exact opposite of Judge Coffey. Judge Daingerfield, Democrat, is clean and capable. Between Mr. Dunne, Democrat, and Mr. Merzbach, Non-Partisan, the choice inclines to Mr. Dunne. Mr. Merzbach is without judicial experience, whereas Mr. Dunne has served creditably as Justice of the Peace for two years past. Mr. Baggett, Populist nominee for Superior Judge, is a man of first-rate character and ought to be elected. I suppose Mr. Castro, Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, ought to be beaten because he keeps a hotel in San Luis Obispo to which a bar and gambling game are attached. Yet I am informed that Mr. Castro is a Spanish gentleman of good character and courtly bearing, greatly respected by his neighbors. My Nevada experience was that professional gamblers, when elected to office, were scrupulously, proudly honest. They felt themselves upon honor. However, this is not '49, and the accepted standard of respectability cannot be fitted to Mr. Castro who, I dare say, is a far more respectable man than many who are engaged in more

seemly lines of business. Locally it will be safest for the citizen, when in doubt, to vote the Non-Partisan ticket. But the discriminating will not cast it straight. Sutro is a better man than Ellert. Sutro's defeat would be shameful to San Francisco. Mr. Fitzhugh, the Democratic nominee for City and County Surveyor, should have been endorsed by the Non-Partisans, and would have had not the contractors made war on him. He is a graduate of our State University, has filled the office cleanly and capably, and I hope, will be re-elected. So, too, I hope for the re-election of Mr. Creswell, City and County Attorney, renominated by the Democrats, and endorsed by the Non-Partisans. I knew him in Nevada as a State Senator in a corrupt Legislature, and no lobbyist ever thought of approaching him, for he is a gentleman. As District Attorney of Lander County he stopped the trains of the Central Pacific and compelled the company to pay its taxes before it could resume traffic. Charles A. Low, Republican and Non-Partisan, deserves re-election as a Police Judge. He is fit by reason of character and acquirements for a higher judicial seat. Barclay Henley is a Non-Partisan nominee who is entitled to every independent vote. Mark Strouse, the Populists' selection for Assessor, is a business man of excellent repute, but Mr. Siebe, the Non-Partisan nominee, will doubtless be re-elected, as he ought to be, for he is a good official who has earned the public's confidence. The same is true of County Clerk Haley. Honest Supervisor Hinton will get the support of good citizens of all parties. It is not to be hoped for that a board beyond corporation control can be selected from the various tickets. Mr. Herin had a hand in framing them all. Mr. Daniel Meyer was one of the committee that chose the Supervisors for the Non-Partisans, and Mr. Meyer, though a very respectable citizen, is nevertheless the financial agent for the Southern Pacific and Spring Valley Water Company. He places their bonds on the market—a perfectly legitimate business function. Yet, under the circumstances, Mr. Meyer should keep out of politics. Mr. Freese, Public Administrator, deserves re-election. As for the legislative nominees, no citizen who has any pride in California will vote for a Republican until he has had assurances from him that he is not favorable to the election of De Young or Burns to the Senate. Should there be any doubt on that vital point, the Democratic or Populist candidates offer a recourse.

The *Examiner*, I am sorry to see, is getting itself into trouble by making hasty statements which it has to undergo the humiliation of retracting. Recently it affirmed that a note of Mr. Estee's for \$5,000 was among the assets of Stanford's estate, and later was under the necessity of apologizing. The inventory of that estate is open to inspection and the error was, therefore, inexcusable, unless the *Examiner* had good reason to believe that the note was not included in the inventory. That is the case with the notes of Mr. Estee to the late Creed Haymond. There are two written acknowledgments in existence of money owing by Mr. Estee to Haymond—one for \$5,000 and the other for \$11,000, I am informed. They are not to be had for reproduction in fac simile in the newspapers, as Haymond's residuary legatee is more anxious to collect the money than to give the Democratic Central Committee a sight of the papers for campaign purposes. The *Examiner* has also had to apologize to Mr. William H. Mills, of the Southern Pacific, for accusing him of being the editor of the San Francisco *Post* and the publisher of the *Neff* nastiness. On Wednesday Mr. Hearst

offered this extraordinary explanation of how he was led to make the accusation, which Mr. Mills repelled with becoming speed and indignation:

When the *Examiner* accused Mr. Mills of editing the *Post* it had in mind Mr. Hume's statement to Arthur McEwen, and the fact that in McEwen's presence Mills and Hume discussed the terms of the Southern Pacific subsidy to the *Post*.

Where did Mr. Hearst see any such statement as that from my pen? I never wrote it anywhere. Whether it is true or not is beside the point. I am not now editing the *Examiner*, at least directly, and I cannot see why Hearst should get behind McEwen when he has brought a fight on his hands by speaking without definite knowledge. Moreover, it ought not to be necessary for Mr. Hearst to turn to me for light as to Southern Pacific subsidies to San Francisco newspapers. He is in a position to know immeasurably more on such a subject as that than I am. Having apologized to Mr. Estee and to Mr. Mills, Mr. Hearst will, I trust, be obliging enough also to apologize to me for dragging my name into his columns without authorization. I am competent to tell all I know in my own paper about newspaper corruption. And while my friend Hearst is about it, I ask that he comply with a request already made—that he state that my resignation from the *Examiner* was entirely voluntary and without suggestion from him. The organs of the Southern Pacific and of Colonel Burns—the vermin of the newspaper sewers—continue, I see, to affirm that I was discharged, presumably at the instance of the associated villains. Of course that, if true, would bear far harder on Mr. Hearst than on me, but I do not see why I should permit any part of the burden to rest on me. In order to neutralize the effect of the rejoicing of the railroad organs at my retirement, Mr. Hearst has found it needful to continue the battles against rotten politicians, corrupt judges and thieving corporations which I inaugurated in the *Examiner*, though it was Mr. Hearst's objection to the continuance of these battles that constrained me to resign the editorial management of his paper. Mr. Hearst owes it to me, and to himself, to set this little matter of history straight. The *Examiner* reaches many more readers than this *Letter* does, and though the thing is of no great importance, it is better that the exact truth concerning it should be recorded in the *Examiner* and go to its public.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

I have to confess that I'm getting to be dencely discouraged about the Bohemian. Horace Platt, Jimmy Phelan and others of us have torn ourselves away from the Pacific Union often enough, the Lord knows, to go down to the Bohemian and do what we could to elevate it. But, egad, what are you going to do with a club that takes pride in having had a visit from James Anthony Froude and a letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes—a couple of mere writers? I'm a writer myself, but nobody, I hope, would suspect me as a gentleman, of taking pride in the fact. Money a man of fashion must have, like other people, and if he hasn't got it, and can't borrow it, why he must earn it as he may. I'm nearly ready to give up the Bohemian and let it go to the deuce in its own way. So long as Greer Harrison, Ned Hamilton, Dan O'Connell and that sort have their say in the act of sitting down, Alee Hamilton pulled the chair away and I sat on the floor. That is no trifle for a man in his fifties, yet the boors in the smoking room broke into a roar of bee-having laughter.

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"Here, Persiflage," said Louis Sloss, landing me my wig, which had been bumped from my head by the shock, "you've dropped your waste basket."

There was another roar at that, and really I don't complain, for the hit was rather neat. It was a full minute before I fired back the retort:

"Young man, when you get a waste basket of your own I hope you'll have as good material to fill it."

Louis came down at once, owned himself out-chaffed, and ordered refreshments—but not wine.

I say Sloss did not order wine. In fact scarcely anybody orders wine at the Bohemian—now—or at the Pacific Union or Cosmos or University either. The truth is, there are now in the clubs so many agents for wine that it has come about that if a fellow orders a bottle he falls under suspicion of doing it to advertise the brand. I am endeavoring to start a movement to have all wine served without the label—except on brand in which I admit, I am interested to the extent of a modest commission. Of course, rich brutes like Fillmore—I can't bear the man, for he grins in my face openly and pokes his fat thumb in my waistband when passing, in a contemptuously playful way that is maddeningly exasperating—orders wine or anything else he likes. Ah, it's a fine time to have a full pocket, and I defy any one not to respect Fillmore when he throws himself in his chair and grunts out "two bottles." He poked me and gave this order at the Pacific Union on Wednesday night, not even inviting me to join him in a goblet, for he likes me no better than I like him. I should keep him as much as I respect him. I would keep his grin and his thumb to himself, confound him. Joe Redding strolled up, and beckoning a waiter called for a glass, sat down and took possession of one of Fillmore's bottles. Dear boy! He's not afraid of wealth or arrogance. He is what I was at his age.

"I understand," said Joe, not minding in the least Fillmore's frown, "I understand, old man, that they're taking another back at the pay-roll down at headquarters—cutting off all sorts of fellows. They'll reach the lawyers presently. I expect it any day." And Joe drank.

"Oh, you're all right Redding," growled Fillmore, "you're all right for now to come. We haven't got along down the list anywhere near the fiddlers yet."

I tried to catch Joe's eye, for really the wine did look tempting—it was my own brand—but Joe's eye was fixed on Fillmore.

Speaking of wine, and apropos of my little clash of wit with Louis Sloss, I often think when my glance rests on him of an incident that occurred some years ago in the private office of Dr. McDonald, then President of the Pacific Bank. My purpose in being there was to put the graceful finishing literary touches on a brochure of the Doctor on "The Good Evil of Rum and Tobacco." Louis then but a slight, boyish looking fellow of the plump, gifted and good-looking young man of the present, entered with his father.

"Louis," said the Doctor to the elder, after business had been discharged, "you are an old friend of mine. We came across the plains together. I like you and I never forget you in my prayers, but you have shocked and pained me. I saw you only yesterday—after business hours, it is true—take your son, this doomed, unhappy boy, into a saloon and give him beer. You drank beer and saw you. The door was open; I paused without your soul. I was grieved. That isn't the way to raise a boy, Louis. It's wrong, it's wicked, it's ruinous. What can you expect him to become, under Providence, but a wreck and a disgrace? Be warned, Louis. Look at my son Dick. I never took him into a saloon and gave him beer, and see what he is today! At the head of a bank, Louis."

We were all dencely impressed by the good Doctor's lecture, and hence, if I had the heart to accept, when on our leaving, the elder Sloss asked if I didn't think a cocktail would cheer us up a bit.

I am not in as close touch with this Administration as is my friend English, whose years of enthusiastic loyalty to Cleveland has been rewarded with the office of Surveyor, but if I had the President's ear as he has, I know one man, confound me, that should be an Admiral with his head in the clouds, that gallant and meritorious officer, Captain Emory of the *Petrel*, who is now in town, down from the North, and cabin'd at the Bohemian, which, I hope, will learn something from him. Patriotism isn't much in my line, but patriotism like Emory's would stir the blood of the dying. While up in the Arctic with the mouth. I allude to the fact that he has a little function at Onalaska, and summoning his subordinates to the wardroom he said:

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SECOND SERIES. No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

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It is just as well that the campaign is to end in a few days. Everybody of sense is tired of it, for the chief issue and the secondary issues that are involved in it have been fully presented. The rest is necessarily repetition, which bores. Before the next number of this *Letter* is published we shall all know whether the people of California have decided to rule themselves or continue to be ruled by the corporations. The leaders of the three parties profess to expect that victory will come to them. Leaders always do. Being practical politicians, they know less about politics than other men. This is not because they are less intelligent, but because, like soldiers in battle, they see only what is going on immediately around them and are debarred from a view of the whole field. And even when, as officers, they mount a knoll their desires so bias their judgment that it is worth little. Colonel Dan Burns, for example, predicts Mr. Estee's election by from twenty to thirty thousand plurality. That is absurd, of course, but it is quite possible that Burns believes it. His confidence in the power of money and "interests which control large blocks of votes" is great. On his level of life men are commonly able to buy what they want, and the Colonel can see no reason why the rule should not apply to the Governorship of a State. Often it does. It did four years ago, when in the process of buying the election of a Legislature that would return Stanford to the Senate, the success of Markham and the whole Republican ticket was also bought. The Australian ballot was not in use then.

As I said in last week's *Letter*, I look for a "landslide" away from the Republican party. I shall not be surprised if Mr. Estee stands third in the poll. The situation in California this year is much as it was in the Presidential canvass two years ago. Judicious observers then held that Mr. Cleveland would be elected by a great majority—a "tidal wave"—or not at all. Everything depended on the persistence of the tendencies that were apparent before and immediately after the opening of the campaign. Strikes, lockouts and all the signs of the approach of hard times had followed the passage of the McKinley bill. Then came the Homestead affair. Republicans recognized the gravity

of that illustration of the benefits of Protection to American labor, and admitted that had it come within a week or two of the election it would be decisive against them. But they hoped it would blow over in the intervening months, that the rattle and excitement of the canvass would cause it to be subordinated, if not forgotten. But the workmen, and all men who had been doubtful as to the power of tariff taxes to enrich the payers of them, remembered, and Cleveland was elected—elected to disappoint all who looked to him to lead in the work of tariff reform. Brass bands and stump speeches and campaign literature do not always prevail against facts. They didn't in 1892 throughout the Union, and they will not in 1894 in California if the majority of the State's population is as intelligent as I think it is.

My reasons for expecting a landslide away from the Republican party here, while it is almost certain that there will be a landslide away from the Democracy the country over, are readily set down.

1. The Republican party of California is not only allied with, but owned by, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which has associated with it every other predatory corporation in the State. The people know this. It is a truth not to be honestly denied. What rational ground, then, is there for expecting the people of California to oblige the Southern Pacific by voting with its party and for its candidates? The strike of last Summer tested California's feeling toward Mr. Huntington and his railroad. From end to end of this State the strikers were given the sympathy and encouragement of the public. This sympathy was not given because it was generally believed that the men were justified, on ordinary business principles, in striking, for they had no complaint to make against the Southern Pacific on the score either of lowered wages or other ill-treatment. Men of business, men in the professions, and others of the classes who in the East and West sided against the sympathetic strikers, here sided with them. The press of the East and West was hostile to Debs and his followers. Here very few newspapers not in the receipt of subsidies from the Southern Pacific antagonized the men. It is not to be supposed that the public eastward of the Rockies had less pity for the sufferings of Pullman's employees than had the public in this region. The difference in sentiment and opinion is easily accounted for. Here the Southern Pacific is hated, and Californians and Nevadans, seeing it in a fight, sided with the corporation's antagonists, precisely as they sympathize with Japan in her war with China, though they neither know nor care a

great deal what the war is about. They dislike the Chinese, as they dislike the Southern Pacific, and it is average human nature to wish ill to those whom one dislikes. When the *Examiner* printed a petition to Congress calling on it to foreclose the government's lien on the subsidized overland roads and to take them out of the possession of their present holders, a large majority of the citizens of California signed the petition. It would be preposterous to suppose that the ordinary signer had well thought out views as to the expediency of government ownership of railroads. The petition simply gave him an opportunity to record his hatred of the Southern Pacific, and he took advantage of the opportunity eagerly. Why should the majority of citizens—all of whom have votes—who signed the petition and applauded the strikers, be expected to feel more kindly toward the Southern Pacific's candidates for office than they do toward the Southern Pacific itself? Of course, every anti-monopolist who means to vote the Republican ticket denies that his party is the Southern Pacific's party. But he knows that the ticket he will vote has the support of Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin, and of every Southern Pacific employee who takes a hand in politics. He doesn't need the information from me that Fourth and Townsend streets will rejoice if Mr. Estee is elected Governor, and be made apprehensive and unhappy by the success of either Mr. Budd or Mr. Webster. The anti-monopolist who votes as Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin want him to vote is welcome to his own opinion of his intelligence, and of his worth as a citizen.

2. Four years ago, because Boss Buckley had a powerful voice in the Democratic Convention that nominated Mr. Pond for Governor, the Republican press insisted that Mr. Pond was a Buckley candidate, though his nomination was as agreeable to Boss Buckley as Mr. Ellert's for Mayor this year has been to Boss Burns. The cry of "Boss" undoubtedly contributed to the defeat of Mr. Pond, who was in all ways Markham's superior for the place; but the main cause was Stanford's money, distributed by Mr. Stow. Buckley's hold on the San Jose Convention which nominated Pond was feeble in comparison with that of Burns on the Sacramento Convention which nominated Estee. Pond had no personal relations with Buckley before or after his nomination. Burns and Estee are intimate, and the Boss addresses the candidate in his letters with all the familiar freedom of a friend, whose use of formal titles of respect would be inappropriate. If the unwilling participation of Boss Buckley in Pond's nomination injured the latter, why should not the commanding insistence of Boss Burns that his friend be the only candidate considered by the Repub-

hican Convention alone be sufficient to insure Mr. Estee's defeat? The ordinary Californian Republican is no fonder of bosses than the ordinary Californian Democrat is. The reputable Republican press, speaking for the Republican masses, did deeply resent the dominance of Burns at Sacramento, and Mr. Estee's nomination was received coldly. I don't think that that resentment has much abated or that that coldness has been lessened by the lapse of time. The *San Francisco Bulletin* and *Call*, edited by Mr. Fitch, have refrained from giving Mr. Estee their support, and no newspapers in the State have belabored Colonel Burns more earnestly or more deservedly than they throughout the canvass. The refusal of the Burns Convention to give De Haven, an honest Judge, renomination to the Supreme Court would of itself have revealed the Southern Pacific as the controlling power behind the Boss, if any light had been needed as to that. Moreover, the Republicans of California are under no illusions as to Colonel Burns' character or purposes. He has grown rich and is the right-hand man of Messrs. Huntington, Stow and Herrin, and is the commander of the Republican party in the field, but he is still the same Burns who was Secretary of State, and a defaulter.

3. The Burns Convention, as was natural, said nothing that could jar upon the sensibilities of the Southern Pacific—that is to say, upon the sensibilities of Collis P. Huntington and Fred Crocker. The Democratic Convention, which was without a boss—Buckley, as exultantly proclaimed by Burns, having come over to his service—did go up against the Southern Pacific with boldness in its platform, and nominated for Governor Mr. Budd, who in Congress twelve years before advocated what the *Examiner's* petition prays for, government ownership of railroads. In his speeches, Mr. Budd has recognized that the corporations, the associated villainies, are determined to beat him if they can, and he has warred upon them manfully. Mr. Estee, also, has ventured to declare against the Reilly Funding Bill. But it is Mr. Estee's misfortune to have taken his stand in this regard after the State had been polled by the *Examiner*. It is also his misfortune that the people of California know that Mr. Huntington is not so foolish as to forbid a candidate whom he wants elected to oppose with his voice the interests of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Estee says that General Stoneman was elected by the railroad in 1882 and himself defeated by the same corporation. Granting the truth of that statement, it is but a proof of what I say—that Mr. Huntington permits his candidates to be anti-monopolists on the stump, for General Stoneman rallied against the monopoly quite as vehemently as Mr. Estee did in 1882. But it is not true that General Stoneman belonged to the Southern Pacific, as Mr. Estee and the Republican organization in California now belong to it. The old General, though not a wise man was an honest one. The Southern Pacific threw its strength to the side of Stoneman and the people in that election, not because it wanted an honest man for Governor, but because it was angered by the Republican platform, which bid for the anti-monopoly vote in competition with the Democrats, and because it resented the desertion of its friend Estee, who was willing to pay the price for the Governorship of treason to the railroad. So the railroad punished him and the Republican party, and neither has ever forgotten the lesson. The party returned to the corporation yard, humbled and contrite, not to stray again, and Mr. Estee

has been on his knees praying pardon these twelve years. That a man of his ability and fitness for more manly things should have been so reduced in character and dignity by his diseased appetite for an office is pitiable. And it is also another reason to expect a landslide away from him, his party, the Southern Pacific and the associated villainies.

4. There is no class of men in California who do not detest the Southern Pacific. None have greater reason to detest it than business men. Most of them are Republicans. But can they be depended on to vote a Republican ticket nominated by the Southern Pacific? It is insulting to their good sense—their capacity to perceive their own interests—to think so. California is in a bad way. It can never be in any other way for the producer and shipper, and therefore for the wage-earner and consumer, while the State remains in the grip of a railroad monopoly which has not brains enough to look ahead and discern that its own is dependent upon the general prosperity. The *Examiner* during the week has done a public service by reviving the history of the Southern Pacific's league with the Standard Oil Company, by which the rate was lowered when the latter wanted to ship oil and raised when anybody else wanted to do likewise. That was a criminal conspiracy, but it is typical of the principle upon which the Southern Pacific does business. Other railroads than Mr. Huntington's were involved in this scoundrel scheme of favoritism. That, however, does not lessen the Southern Pacific's share of the guilt. A better argument than this exposure for government ownership of the railroads has not been advanced. So long as unrestrained power to rob lies in men's hands they may be expected to exercise their power. Railroads are too necessary to the orderly course of civilized life to be intrusted to private ownership, and therefore to the exploitation of private greed. But the immediate lesson of the Standard Oil story is that whosoever gives a vote to strengthen the grasp of the Southern Pacific upon the government of California gives a vote against the State's business interests. All our merchants, all our farmers, all our manufacturers are aware of this. So we have another reason for expecting a landslide away from the political party officered and owned by the Southern Pacific.

5. The question of the Senatorship burdens the Republicans. If they get the Legislature who will have the backing of the Southern Pacific? M. H. de Young is Mr. Huntington's first choice. Colonel Burns wants the place for himself, and either of the two has a "pull" that Mr. Perkins cannot pretend to. The *Examiner* has discovered that the only doubt of Mr. de Young's fitness is awakened by the nature of his management of the moneys of the Midwinter Fair—whether it has been honest or dishonest. That must strike the Californian mind as being a queer view to take of Mr. de Young as a Senatorial aspirant. If it should be learned that Mr. de Young had pocketed half the receipts of the Fair his reputation would not be materially affected. There are many reasons why, in the opinion of nineteen-twentieths of Californians, Mr. de Young should not be sent to represent the State in the Senate of the United States, and they are all summed up and advertised in Mr. de Young himself. As for Colonel Burns, he is as heavy a load for a party to carry, either as an impending Senatorial peril or a Boss, as Mr. de Young is. Either would in Washington impeach California's civilization. It has remained, by the way, for a Republican journal, the *Bul-*

letin, to measure Colonel Burns, as the leader of the Republican party of California, against his criminal record as Secretary of State. That is a good deed, one worthy of the *Bulletin*, which throughout this canvass has spoken for the conscience and self-respect of its party. I regret that Mr. Fitch, having done so much, should not do more, follow his logic, and come out frankly for Mr. Budd. Party names ought to count for nothing at this election. It is a square fight between the associated villainies and the citizenship of the State.

If the generality of the voters of California are men of ordinary sense, who know what is good for themselves and bad for their enemies, they will, for the reasons I have set forth, go to the polls on next Tuesday and vote exactly contrary to the way in which the Southern Pacific wishes them to vote. That the generality of Californians have the small quantity of intelligence needed to enable them to perceive their opportunity, I, of course, am not able to say with entire assurance. But I think they have. If I am mistaken, the smallest of my disappointments will be the disappearance of whatever repute I have as a political prophet. The chance to deliver a wounding blow to the associated villainies by taking away from them the Governorship, the Railroad Commission and some seats on the Supreme and Superior bench, is so apparent, that it is nothing short of an affront to the men of California to believe them incapable of seeing and seizing it.

That there will be a majority against the Southern Pacific nobody doubts. But the hope of Mr. Huntington and his servants is that this majority will be divided between the Democrats and Populists, and that Mr. Estee will get his election on a plurality. That will happen if anti-monopolists who are Populists vote in large numbers for the candidate of their party instead of for Mr. Budd. The situation, it will be seen, is so arranged that a man very earnestly opposed to the Southern Pacific despotism may vote for its continuance while intending to vote against it. Not to give a ballot for Mr. Budd, under existing conditions, is to run the most serious risk of helping to elect Mr. Estee, and so obliging Mr. Huntington. I shall not envy the feelings of a patriotic Populist who has "stood by" Mr. Webster if Mr. Estee secures a plurality. Common sense, rather than any sense of the unworth of the old parties on general grounds, should move every Populist capable of thought, to vote at this election in the way that is sure to disoblige the Southern Pacific most.

Californians ought certainly to have brains enough for once to unite for the overthrow of the most sordid and debasing tyranny—political, commercial and social—that curses any State in the Union. Tammany's rule is American freedom by comparison. There never was a more propitious time to deal a stroke for emancipation. The press of the State as a whole is doing its duty. Only the railroad organs, which draw pay for their work, are defending the monopoly. In *San Francisco* the *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Examiner* and *Report* are in rebellion against the Southern Pacific—all our daily newspapers except the *Chronicle*. As that is owned by Mr. de Young, and Mr. de Young wants to go to the Senate, the *Chronicle* naturally stands by the Republican party. I omit the *Post* from the list, for the *Post* is not a newspaper. It is a gamin on Newspaper Row, begging for pennies from every window, and having the best luck under that of Colonel

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

Burns. The *Post* should be put to death after election, and probably it will be. It is not only a disgrace to journalism but to San Francisco, and San Francisco feels it. Ordinary blackmailers must be appalled by the *Post*. Nothing like it for obscene willingness to do dirty things for dirty money has been seen in California.

Everybody who has a spark of courage is up against the Southern Pacific. The Traffic Association is proof that some of our merchants dare to fight it. Backed by the press, and by a vote of the majority of the people of the State, already taken by the *Examiner*, surely the most timid among our business men should be able to find the pluck to speak out; or, if that be too much to require of them, at least they can be brave enough to give their votes against the Southern Pacific and the Southern Pacific's ticket. That corporation environs us and permeates our life, fouling us at every point of contact. It should be smashed flat at the polls.

"Good heavens," said a New York journalist to me the other day, "Why are you all roaring, and roaring all the time, against the Southern Pacific? It's only one railroad. Can't you find anything else to complain of?"

And the answer was that the temperature probably excludes other topics of conversation in the Pit.

Within the past three or four weeks a tide has risen in San Francisco that tells of the state of the political waters throughout California. It is but a little while back that Adolph Sutro, having been denied the Democratic nomination, and having been passed over for Mr. Ellert by the Non-Partisans, seemed to stand no chance at all of being elected Mayor. Now his election is considered all but certain. Nearly everybody I encounter tells me he is going to vote for Sutro. Those I meet are lawyers, journalists, doctors, business men, clerks and workmen. There is not one daily paper in San Francisco advocating his election, and only this *Letter* among the weeklies. Nevertheless Sutro's defiance of the Southern Pacific, his direct appeal to the people on this one chosen issue, has, added to his other claims on the consideration of San Franciscans, found popular response, and he is unquestionably in the lead. The Democrats will have none of Mr. James; but not, as the *Examiner* fastidiously explains, because he is "illiterate and uncouth." The people of California have ever been merciful as to the grammar and manners of their public men, but Mr. James needs favors from the Southern Pacific in his business as a stock-raiser, and his kindness to Spring Valley, as a Supervisor, is of record. Besides, he was nominated by Boss Rainey. So Democrats who are anti-monopolists want an anti-monopolist for Mayor, and will, therefore, vote for Sutro. Mr. Ellert isn't enough of an anti-monopolist to alarm the monopolies. He has been far too careful a nurse of his ambition to make powerful corporate enemies. But in his solicitude not to give grave offense to the "great interests controlling large blocks of votes," of which Colonel Burns wrote to Mr. Estee, Mr. Ellert has rather lost sight of the obscure citizen who controls only his own vote. As for Dr. O'Donnell, civilization has to put up with the sort of citizen who can prefer him to a Sutro or an Ellert for chief magistrate of an American city. The candidacy of Adolph Sutro attracts. It is felt that with this vigorous, pugnacious old man in the Mayor's office the Southern Pacific, the street-car companies, the water and gas and telephone

companies—the corporations that use the streets of the city as if the public had no rights in them, buy up the Supervisors and generally ride over us roughshod, with a contempt that has grown from and been justified by their experience of official feebleness—would be brought to book and taught to respect the law. Huntington has made a personal enemy of Sutro, and that is a piece of good fortune for San Francisco, since there is no harder fighter in the country than he. He is a millionaire such as we are not accustomed to have among us—a man who besides possessing the money-making talent in high degree, also has a heart and a human capacity for getting angry and staying angry at injustice. Adolph Sutro represents in his person the general enmity to the hogish greed of the Southern Pacific, to its arrogance, its dull disregard for the rights of others and its determination to use the governmental machinery of an American community to despoil that community. Sutro can afford to be defeated for Mayor of San Francisco, but San Francisco cannot afford to let Sutro be defeated. He stands for the battle of citizenship against the associated villainies. Hence I believe that the landslide away from the Republican party will, as one of its good results, carry Mr. Sutro into the Mayor's office.

Since the above paragraph relating to Mr. Sutro was written, he has won an unexampled single-handed triumph over the Southern Pacific. The monopoly has yielded to his demand for a single fare from the city to the ocean. Sutro's vigorous prosecution of the work of building his competing car-line accounts for the Southern Pacific's surrender. His first impression on receiving the news was that it was a move to beat him for Mayor—to give to the public the notion that he had entered into an arrangement with Mr. Huntington and would abandon his competing enterprise. But the public will not take it that way. Mr. Sutro has brought the Southern Pacific off its high horse, and the people are as delighted as they are surprised at his victory, for they have grown accustomed to witnessing the defeat of all who offer battle to the monopoly. Mr. Sutro will be Mayor.

But the landslide, let us trust, will be discriminating. There are some Republicans who should not be buried and a good many Democrats whose election would be a misfortune. Judge Henshaw, Republican, is in all ways preferable to Judge Murphy, Democrat, for the Supreme bench. And Judge Levy, Democrat, is no better qualified, except as a lawyer, for the Superior Court than Judge Campbell, Republican, is for the Police Court. It is impossible to say anything of this pair that their conduct has not already said louder than words can. Levy's defeat would be a sore affliction to the associated villainies, and Campbell's election a gratification to every citizen to whom an appearance in the prisoner's dock is not an improbability. In the Fifth Congressional District Joseph P. Kelly, the Democratic nominee, repudiated by the Democratic State Central Committee for his connection, as charged by his partner, Max Popper, with the bribery of Supervisors, will be beaten, but that does not mean, I hope, that Mr. Loud, his Republican antagonist, will be successful. Mr. Loud is a forceless person, satisfactory to the corporations. Mr. Denman, Democrat, has been endorsed by the Central Committee. He is known as a gentleman, a man of brains and convictions, and his presence in the House of Representatives would be a good thing for California. Mr. Rogers, the Populist candidate, has character and ability, I am told.

This is creditable to him and his party, but if his candidacy shall, with Mr. Kelly's assistance, procure the election of Mr. Loud, it will be unfortunate.

Mr. Kelly adds to his other claims to contempt an effort to win votes as an Irishman and a Catholic. He sets up as a martyr to the "A. P. A." It is such Irishmen as he who account for the existence of that organization. Mr. Nealon, Democratic candidate for the Board of Equalization, is another. To me Mr. Nealon gave the intimation—and the giving was intended to deter from adverse criticism—that his Irish and Catholic friends in the convention, and out of it, would be displeased at opposition to him, and regard condemnatory comment upon his candidacy as an attack on their race and religion. I didn't believe Mr. Nealon, and I hope I was justified in my unbelief. It is not pleasing to an American citizen to think that there are many Irishmen in San Francisco who deem a Nealon the embodiment of all that is politically deserving in their race and faith. The Kellys and Nealons, who ask office on the ground that they are Irish and Catholic, ought always to be beaten on that ground alone, if no others exist. They are a dangerous element in our politics, since they stand for race and religious prejudice. To vote for a Kelly or a Nealon because either is Irish or Catholic is quite as squalid an offense against American ideas as it would be for an "A. P. A." or any other Protestant bigot and dullard to oppose Judge Coffey because he is of Irish blood and the ancient faith. I don't know much concerning this "A. P. A." that my churchly contemporary, the *Monitor*, has been rending the heavens about, but if the "A. P. A." should defeat Judge Coffey—a jurist of pure character and learning and courage, with a gentleman's scorn for the prizes of life that are to be won by mean concessions to the conscienceless powers that back a Levy—I shall be willing to believe that it is all the *Monitor* pictures it; that it is a voluntary organization of men who equal in ignorance, unreason and rancor the sort of Irishmen who accept the leadership of a priest like Father Scanlan, who uses the influence of his sacred office in politics. Mr. Burke, who is the Democratic nominee for State Senator, in the 24th district is, I should judge by his name—though I neither know nor care—also an Irishman. So, I suppose, is Mr. Mahoney, the Republican nominee. Mr. Williams' name leaves his nationality and faith open to guessing. He is the independent Republican nominee. But Mr. Burke should get the vote of every decent citizen in the district, for he is a respectable man, while Mr. Williams was charged with being a member of the "Faylor combine" while in the Senate before, and Senator Mahoney, the special protege of Colonel Burns, has had his record sufficiently exposed in the *Call*, the only San Francisco journal that has seen the need of preventing the return to the Legislature of this person, by telling the people what his career has been as a law-maker in Sacramento. Mr. Mahoney's re-election would be as infamous as the return of Judge Levy to his present position on the bench. I have no room in this *Letter* for the details of Senator Mahoney's performances in the Legislature. It is enough to say that his vote for a bill subjected it to suspicion, and that he was so anxious to earn the notice of the Southern Pacific that he asked the newspaper correspondents, as a friendly favor, to brand him as the "leader of the railroad gang." Though Mr. Mahoney were as Irish as his name implies, and as pious as a sixteenth century buccaneer, I am quite sure

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

that no Irish Catholic who is intelligent enough to deserve the privilege of the ballot will vote for him on either account. And if there is an "A. P. A." who can find no better reason than Mr. Mahoney's Irish blood and name and Roman religion to vote against him, that "A. P. A." is as perilous, in his degree, to American institutions as Mahoney himself. It is rudimentary to say that questions of race and religion have no rightful place in our politics, but at the same time men who seek to derive advantage in politics from their race and religion have no cause of complaint if they are made to suffer because of them. This applies with equal force to the Neals, the Kellys and the candidates with any or no theological beliefs who truckle for the votes of such organizations as the "A. P. A." Every good American citizen, who loves his country and has a just notion of the sphere of religion, will take pleasure in rebuking both on every occasion offering, at the polls or elsewhere. This, I understand, is considered a "dangerous subject." I don't see why. Persons who are incapable of comprehending the plain sense of keeping old-world religious and national hatreds out of the politics of this republic, are not entitled to have their prejudices treated respectfully by American journals. At all events, this *Letter* will show them no respect.

Alexander Vogelsang, Democratic candidate for the Senate in the 39th District, should be elected. He is a young lawyer of high intelligence and excellent character. Mr. Powers, Republican candidate for Assemblyman in the 41st District, is classed as a De Young man by the *Examiner*. I don't believe it. Mr. Powers is not of the intellectual or moral grade to be a supporter of a De Young or a Burns for the United States Senate. Between Mr. McNab, Non-Partisan, and Mr. Whelan, Democrat, for Sheriff, it is hard to choose. Each is a sterling sort of man. The one thing against Mr. Whelan is the charge that he has agreed to give Boss Rainey part of the patronage of the office. This Mr. Whelan denies, and he is entitled to belief, for he has long defied the bosses. Supervisor Hinton ought to get his re-election by a great majority, for he is an upright official who has demonstrated that unclean money offers no temptation to him. City Attorney Creswell and City Surveyor Fitzhugh should be re-elected, and Dr. Stanton, nominated by the railroad and Buckley for Railroad Commissioner, ought to be beaten. Dangerfield and Dunne, Democratic candidates for the Superior Court, are men of tested probity. Mr. Baggett, Populist, nominated for the same high place, stands well at the bar and in the community. Mr. Freese should be re-elected Public Administrator. The death of Mr. Waite ought to insure the election of Mr. Maddox, Democratic nominee for Secretary of State. He is a journalist of talent and, what is better, a man of character and connections. Mr. McGlynn, his Populist opponent, is also of good character, and likewise a journalist. Moreover, Republican candidate for the State Board of Equalization should be beaten by the people of his district. He is a servant of the Southern Pacific, as are the Republican nominees for the Railroad Commission. The men to vote for for this latter board are La Rue, Phillips and Marcus, all endorsed by the Traffic Association. County Clerk Haley and Assessor Siebe should be re-elected. And, of course, Barclay Henley ought to be the next District Attorney. If the people of San Francisco want war made on the boodlers, high and

low, they will elect Mr. Henley. For the rest, in the local field, the Non-Partisan ticket is safest to follow.

It is, naturally, repugnant to my feelings to have any clash with Mr. Hearst of the *Examiner*, with whom for years past I have had professional relations as a writer, and sometimes as managing editor, or director of his paper's editorial page. But Mr. Hearst must deal with me straightforwardly. In my last *Letter* I asked him to do two simple things, and he has not complied. He published me as his authority for his statement that Mr. W. H. Mills of the Southern Pacific was editor of the unspeakable San Francisco *Post*, and therefore responsible for the printing of the Neff filth about Mr. Budd. As Mr. Hearst had apologized to Mr. Mills for this, and to Mr. Estee for accusing him of being indebted to the Stanford estate, I thought it but fitting that he should apologize to me for his unauthorized use of my name in support of his insult to Mr. Mills. Also, I deemed it right that he should deny the assertions of the organs of the Southern Pacific and Colonel Burns that I had been discharged from his employ for attacking the associated villainies through the *Examiner*. Early last month I wrote to Mr. Hearst making this same request, and his reply was a visit from his secretary to convey expressions of good will (which are certainly reciprocated) and to say that anything I desired would be published, if I would suggest the form. Of course I felt bound to leave that to Mr. Hearst and his accomplished writers, and likewise gave due thanks for the information that my return to the *Examiner* would be gratifying to Mr. Hearst, but this honor was declined. Under the circumstances, I am unable to understand Mr. Hearst's silence. An apology for erroneously quoting me I am willing to forego, if Mr. Hearst would find it more painful than apologizing to Mr. Estee and Mr. Mills; but I am under the necessity of insisting that he set right the small matter of history involving the cause of my relinquishment of the editorial management of the *Examiner* in the midst of a political canvass. That has been misrepresented by the corporation press in a way that is injurious to us both. I desire to be as free to criticize the *Examiner* in this *Letter* as I am to criticize any other newspaper, and do not care to be placed by Mr. Hearst's unaccountable silence in a position where I may be accused of personal rancor, with any appearance of plausibility, in the event that I should ever express disapproval of either Mr. Hearst or his newspaper, which is in many ways so admirable. Consequently, if Mr. Hearst does not accede to my request and place the truth on record as to my retirement from his service, I shall be compelled, however reluctantly, to publish in my *Letter* the correspondence between us that resulted in my resignation of the direction of the editorial columns and political policy of the *Examiner*.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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THE TWADDLER.

Passing up Market street on Tuesday I beheld my former friend Herrin, walking arm-in-arm with Judge Levy. I tried to evade recognition, of course, but Herrin—who like all men on the downward path is a victim of fate—hailed me.

"Perrisidge," he said, with an assumption of the old cordiality, "what do you think of the election?"

"I was not thinking of the election," I returned, freely, ignoring a painful smile of recognition and salutation from Levy.

"Indeed!" cried Herrin, with a forced cheerfulness that had infinite sadness in it, "and what else could you be thinking about at a time like this?"

"I was thinking," was my cold response, "which of you suffers most by being seen in each other's company."

And with a stiff bow I left the Judge and the unfortunate Herrin rooted to the pavement.

Harry Brady drew me into a corner of the club smoking-room yesterday and read me a letter from Searles, the relic of Mrs. Hopkins, written from New York. In it Searles said he would never, if he could help it, plant foot in California again. "San Francisco abuses me continually," he wrote, "whereas it ought to be proud of my gifts and grateful for them. Actually, they are calling on me to put up a monument to my wife. I'm sure I could erect no better monument than the magnificent building I have bestowed on the Art Association."

"Begad, that's true," I said warmly, "and Searles is quite right about it."

"Hold on, Perrisidge," said Brady, "there's more."

"I am tired of San Francisco," continued Searles in his letter. "It's nothing but ask, ask, ask. I'm sick of being importuned for money, and if I had back half that I've given and lent I'd be a much richer man."

"Confound him!" I cried in a rage, "I never knew a meaner or more money loving man than a gentleman! Harry, if you'll lend it to me, I'll send him that ten by the next mail."

"Perrisidge," said Brady, blushing, "you know nothing would give me greater pleasure, but the fact is—er—I was just on the point of asking you if you had twenty or so to spare. Dem Searles! Really, I agree with you, his wife's confoundedly businesslike and ungentlemanly."

I didn't think it of Searles, and I'm sure Brady shares my feeling.

My friend Dan Burns—who since our reconciliation through the good offices of the amiable Spreckle has warned me to wonderfully—came to me on Wednesday last, grim and disturbed in mind. "Perrisidge," he said, "I want your advice. Here's the *Bulletin* gone and published all about that \$31,000 odd that I couldn't conveniently turn into the Treasury when I was Secretary of State. It was Reynolds took it, as I'm a gentleman."

"But whoever took it, Dan," says I, "the State hasn't got it back, and now law, you're right, you ought to do the handsome thing and make good the amount embezzled."

"I can't do it under fire!" cries the Colonel.

"But, hang it, man, they rubbed the thing into you four years ago, and you haven't been under fire since until now."

"That's not the point," says Burns, hotly. "Thirty-one thousand dollars is thirty-one thousand dollars, whether a man's rich or poor; and, hang 'em, I've as much right as another to enjoy the protection of the laws of my country. What's the good of the statute of limitations if it isn't to be operative? What I want is your judgment as a gentleman, Perrisidge, on whether I ought to call Fitch out."

"To fight a duel?"

"That's it," agreed the Colonel, a fierce light in his blue eye.

"He wouldn't go."

"Then he's a coward, dash him!"

"Not necessarily. A gentleman, you know, isn't required to fight one who isn't a gentleman."

"D'ye mean to say," roared the Colonel, "that I'm no gentleman?"

"No; but Fitch might. He can say you are barred from an appeal to the code of honor until you return the money that was stolen from your office while you were Secretary of State."

"What!" cried the Colonel. "Pay thirty-one thousand dollars for the privilege of fighting old Fitch, and running the risk of being killed in the bargain? I'll see him hanged first!"

"Very well, Colonel Burns," I responded coldly, "that is a matter for you to settle with yourself."

"But see here, Perrisidge," he pleaded, "do you

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

think it fair to rake up things against a gentleman that's fourteen years old?"

"I'd advise you, sir, as editor of the *Post*, to consult Mr. Budd on that point."

And I left him. He sent me a basket of wine the next day, and I must say that whatever Colonel Burns' character may have been as an official, or may be as the leader of a great party, he has the instincts of a gentleman when it comes to social life.

Charles Webb Howard and Horace F. Cutler called me into conference at the Pacific Union Wednesday night and asked what I thought ought to be done to stay the flight of the Kindergarten to the University Club.

"Egad, gentleman," said I "you've knocked at the wrong door. As for me, I'm devilish glad the young fellows have found us too dull to please them, since they're gone there's a chance for a little quiet in the rooms."

"But," urged Howard, "some of them are very highly connected."

"Oh, of course," I admitted. "God forbid that I should say anything disrespectful of their families, but, nevertheless, our young friends, Dick Tobin, Tom Cassey, and the other fellows, and even Truman Beale are better at the University than they are here. Nice boys enough, you know, but not quite the—the—*ton* for the Pacific Union, eh?"

"Tut, Persiflage," interjected old Cutler, "they had a way of making game of your faded airs and graces, and that's what's the matter with you."

"Yes," chimed in Webb, "I remember how Wheeler and the rest used to josh you about your wig and false teeth."

"Demme, gentlemen!" I cried, "did you come to me to remind me that I am past the first flush of youth? You want to know why young men don't like to come here, and how to bring them back. Stay away yourselves for a while and see if a reduction of the current duties of the world won't send them to return. Webb, you're showing your growth of girlhood. I advise you to lay in a new pair of stays."

Egad, when it comes to repartee I'm not afraid to cross swords with a couple of infernal money-spinners—though I have nothing to say against Persiflage and Cutler, and I respect them, but they don't live. Yet, when it comes to *de esprit*, the purer, more ethereal side of things, you comprehend—

At Union Hall on Monday night, after the speaking, I got my able friend, Senator White, away from the demmed politicians and took him around to Norman's for a quiet oyster and a glass of draught beer—then which there is nothing so good for brain lag, which both of us were suffering from.

"Stephen," said I, "Where the dorse did you pick it up?"

"Pick it up what, Persiflage?" asked White, stroking his beard in that large, free, flowing way that a man brings back from Washington. He caught sight of himself in a mirror, and readjusted his necktie, which was as bad as a Los Angeles haberdasher's best.

"I speak of your style, Stephen," I said, giving the affable nod of recognition to Norman, who was passing. Every gentleman owes a compliment. He was an officer in the German army. "For a man of your ability, Senator—and, demme, you have some brains—you've the worst style of any orator of any pretensions that I have heard on the platform in California. And, egad, that's saying a good deal."

"Confound it, Persiflage," I—

"Come, come, Stephen," I said soothingly, lifting my beer to look at it through the light—and if it had been claret instead of yellow lager it could not have been redder than White was—"Come, Stephen, take what I say as it's meant—for your improvement. Why can't you be natural on the stump? Why do you puff out your chest like a pouter pigeon and fetch your voice from below the belt, and move around with the slow grandeur of a statue off its pedestal? That sort of thing has to be awfully well done to pass muster, and you do it as badly as it's possible to do it—like a man past middle age who's trying to call up the rhetorical airs of his graduating orator. I can't stand it, White. I can read your speech, and, withstanding the large, flowing, comely, stately flow of your language, I can respect the earnestness of the ideas, but your speaking always drives me out of the hall. Why, Senator—"

They needn't tell me that it was my friend White who did it, for I was looking straight at him when consciousness suddenly fled. Nor do I believe that a low Levy could have been guilty of it, though I sat at a table not far behind me. It may have been Will Ashe who did it in a playful mood, as has been often suggested, but whether the beer-glass was propelled by the hand of enmity or humor, it certainly hit the mark hard, wiped out my wits for half an hour, and utterly spoiled my second-best wig by cutting a gash in it three inches long.

PERSIFLAGE.

THE KENDALS IN "THE IRONMASTER."

It may be the old story Zangwill tells so naively of the pudding that was spoiled by leaving out many of the ingredients—the economical pudding of Hans' wife, so disappointingly different from that luscious compound over which Peter smacked his lips, or it may be a certain British inflexibility of the Kendals and their company, which makes *The Ironmaster* so unlike *Le Maître des Forges*. At any rate the play has not gained in the adaptation, and the players have so Anglicized the characters that that very subtle thing, the Gallic wit, the sparkle, the passion—the essence, in short, of a romantic, emotional play—has evaporated.

In this as in his other plays, Onnet deals with sentiment, the problems of the mind and heart. And in such plays, effects must largely be made by the personality of the actor. "Claire" is the typical aristocratic French girl. As such she is cold and proud, but she must also be young and beautiful. Her action of the "Ironmaster" and her selfish sacrifice of him to her wounded father, make her intelligible in the inexperienced daughter of the marquise who has, for the first time, really felt the strong hand of trouble upon her. But "Claire" is excusable only by reason of her youth; her cruelty is half innocence. And Mrs. Kendal's beauty is too mature, too sober, too sober for the part. It is evident that her "Claire" is cold and that she appreciate the wrong she is doing. Of course, Mrs. Kendal has too much good taste, experience and ability to make of any role she attempts anything other than a good piece of work, clearly conceived and carefully acted. But she herself has set the standard by which she must be judged, and those who have admired the play, and the presentation of strength of her "Paula" cannot be satisfied with a "Claire," soft and womanly, it is true, but lacking the touch of fire, of passion, that should animate and lighten and crown the character.

Twice Mrs. Kendal rises above the mediocrity so unworthy of her. First, when she is alone, mentally preparing herself to beg her husband to forgive her, and again in the last scene with him. Her touching humility as she sinks before him kissing his hand, and her final appeal to his love are the oases in a desert of commonplaces.

"Philippe Derblay" is Mr. Kendal's opportunity. His English reserve is not out of place in a man standing by the "Ironmaster," and his presentation of the character is logical and strong. His manner is quiet and natural, his appearance prepossessing, his bursts of passion doubly effective contrasted with the calm that precedes and follows them. At the close of the last scene between "Derblay" and "Claire," he makes his strongest point. Faith in his own sincerity, and in the possibility of their future happiness, and courage for the encounter that lies before him—all struggle in his voice as he puts her from him and rushes off.

The company is not at its best in *The Ironmaster*. Miss Campbell's "Suzanne" and Graham's "Mouliet" are thoroughly acceptable, but "De Bligny" is not so good, and Miss Marion Lea, who made of "Elean" last week a novel, sweetly serious ingenue, overacts inexcusably as "Athenia."

At the California, Katie Emmett is singing and dancing her way through a maze of difficulties and thrilling dangers. It's a pretty way, frankly Irish, with all the traditional Hibernian virtues and the stock detestation of England and Englishmen. But her stage-worn characters and the plot of *Killing Time* are nothing new. Her theatrical about Kate Emmett with her unflinching spirits, her jolly laugh and irresistible accent. She is winsome and merry, and the miraculous events which bring "Kitty Burke" back to fortune are accepted by an audience delighted to see such charming virtue rewarded. Her engagement closes with this week.

It is at once the delight and the dismay of the actor's profession that reward or punishment follows so promptly upon his performance. To know oneself great, and to feel that greatness multiplied by every quickened pulse, by every brightened eye that responds to the voice of genius, is to mount to Olympus and enjoy a foretaste of the nectar of the gods. To doubt one's power, and to see that distrust spread and grow upon the wearied faces and listless, indifferent figures of others, and then to read failure again in the people's delegated censor, the newspaper, is to descend to the lowest purgatory of self-contempt. And this, after all, is just. But there are other conditions to be considered, and these are the conditions of the actor's responsibility of the critic lies. It has happened though rarely, that an actor realizes his own incapacity, and knows that praise, if it be bestowed, is unearned, undeserved. But even this is not so demoralizing, so disheartening, as to be assured by

the highest, the most exacting tribunal, one's own conscience, that his work is good—that years of careful study have ripened his judgment and matured his powers—and then not meet with recognition. The result in the first case is a dangerous lowering of standards, but in the second the hurt is a grievous one, a sore sense of unfair treatment and a natural contempt for and disregard of criticism.

It is of this injustice that San Francisco is accused by an actress whose ability is conceded and admired in two continents. The greatest work she has ever done, she claims, has been unfairly judged—is not appreciated here. And with an unflattering recognition of her own lack of availability under correction, she waits for the "horns' nest" her words will stir up; and she has not been disappointed. Like a sulky, spoiled child San Francisco has resented the honest criticism so well deserved. We stand abashed in our provincial crudity and conceit, our contrived mock modesty, and we complete the exhibition of our littleness by a pettish resentment and an unworthy revenge. If Mrs. Kendal's censure had been undeserved, our surest way of proving her to be in the wrong would have been to show that we are broad enough, large-minded enough, to realize that the artist and the person are entirely distinct. Mrs. Kendal giving to her reporter an adverse opinion of our intelligence and appreciative faculties, and Mrs. Kendal, the actress, are not the same, and may not be confounded save by a wrathful public whose self-love is wounded—a public which has put on the cap and wears it now as though it had been made to order.

Criticism is neither hostility nor scorn," says one of the foremost critics of America. And he quotes: "Praise is a debt that we owe to the virtues of others."

It is easy to find fault, easier than to discriminate, to weigh the good points and reject the bad. Wholesale blame is the refuge of the literary paragon, whose unadmitted taste of our appreciation the delicacies set before him. Give him the coarse meats to which he is accustomed and his praise is as overwhelming, as injudicious, as was his condemnation.

"In the past two years the people here have condemned everything," says Mrs. Kendal. "And now they are finding fault with nothing but my work."

It is one thing to preserve an attitude of independence, to virtually say to the actors who come here: "We are a republic in art. No European or Eastern stage patent of nobility is recognized here. If you would wear the laurel in our hearts and minds, you must earn it." It is quite another thing to affect for strangers a vastly higher standard than we exact from our own actors, and churchily refuse to listen to any suggestion that the fault may be in our dulled palates rather than in the dish we put aside. The theater is an institution higher and finer than any amusement, and the men and women who devote their lives to the study, the practice of acting are not trifling men. The banks hoping to provoke a laugh by cutting a caper. It is to San Francisco's discredit that she has not upheld the dignity and worth of good acting. The greatest comedians in the world are the French. Why? Because in France the stage occupies a prominent, a respected place. The actor's is a legitimate profession, and he is not one of those who would succeed continued application, besides fitness and talent. In Paris his ability is recognized as it is nowhere else. He is treated with grave consideration, his work is appreciated, and he knows that not one touch of genius is unnoticed and, what is quite as salutary, no one fault is overlooked.

It is suggested in our defense that we did appreciate Bernhard, that Irving did not play to empty houses. But one may not claim specially keen sight if he can detect the sun by day and the moon by night. It's a workaday world, and we on the edge of a comparatively new civilization are not so favored by the stars of good fortune as those that is no reason why we should refuse to bask gratefully in the gentler rays of some lesser planet.

The condition of the theater in San Francisco is the natural result of the kind of criticism and patronage the stage has received. To an actor his work is no light affair. It is the business of his life. It is due to him that he should be paid and honestly, fairly; that he should be given the benefit of serious consideration. His reputation and his future are to a great extent at the mercy of the critic. That that future should be jeopardized by a frivolous or an unjust criticism is an ignoble abuse of power, a shameful flouting of an honest man's earnings.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

Frank H. Dunne, Regular Democratic Nominee for Judge of the Superior Court, has the confidence of the community. He has served for two years as Justice of the Peace and has been elected to that position as an upright, clear-headed jurist. He will undoubtedly be promoted to the Superior Court bench.—Adv.

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

MR. MCCARTHY WAS IN IT.

A LITTLE LOCAL DRAMA WITH AN ARISTOCRATIC ATMOSPHERE.

Scene: Burlington Club House.
 Time: Last Sunday.
 Dramatic Persons: The select.

PAUL BROWN (*zipping dry sherry*): "I have just had a letter from Will Crocker."

MAJOR RATHBORN: "Ah!"

DICK TOWN: "Fancy!"

JOE GRANT: "Indeed?"

TALBOT CLIFTON: "Really!"

WHITE HAT MR. MCCARTHY: "An' what do he say?"

PAUL BROWN: "Why, he says that he is going to lease a villa near Chantilly, because the Paris atmosphere agrees with his health. I sat down at once and wrote him that I considered it far more advisable that he build one than lease. He is going to get a bad bargain, you know. Now, if I were going to live just outside of Paris, I'd put up a charming little box in the Louis Quinze style—By the way, Harold, come into my studio to-morrow and I'll show you the drawings of a villa that I have recommended to Will in the present emergency. Better come to-morrow, for I may have to go out of town for some time on Tuesday."

HAROLD WHEELER (*startled*): "What! Are you going East again?"

PAUL BROWN (*hesitating*): "Well, you see—I—I can't exactly say yet. But I may have to take a trip to Europe. However, that's another matter. You know, Harold, I must give you a letter to my old friend, Casimir-Perier, the French President. He'll give you a most delightful time."

TOWN: "And I'll give you one to Lord Abergavenny. He's a marquis, you know."

TALBOT CLIFTON: "I'll have you put up at the Carlton, old chap, if you find yourself in London." White Hat Mr. McCarthy: "Thanks, thanks, to you all, but, you see, my departure depends upon a cablegram, which I expect in the morning."

JOE GRANT: "I wish I had time to skip across to the other side with you, but my new cottage is taking such a time to build and is going to cost me no many cents that I don't exactly see how I can manage it."

FRED WESTER (*maliciously*): "You're putting that up for him, aren't you, Page?"

BROWN (*nettled*): "Of course, I am, and it's going to be a wonderful creation, too, in the mixed style of the Swiss chalet, with just a few Ionic pillars thrown in to give it a Greek touch."

WHITE HAT MR. MCCARTHY: "Joe Grant, it's all beautiful to talk about the house yet is going to have, but where's them horses for your Talbot-ho coach? Why, man, I got an elegant bargain fixed up, and you wouldn't come to the point."

MR. GRANT (*nervously*): "Well, you see, Mac, I'm going to wait awhile. Hobart has agreed to send me two good ones over to the East."

MR. MCCARTHY (*disguisely turning away*): "Clifton, me an' you'll have the devil of a time Chuesday at the races. What do ye think of that Flambeau filly of Macdonough's?"

CLIFTON: "He won't sell him—it's no use—he never sells anything."

Alexis (*entering, in the verandah, presently returning with a florid young gentleman arrayed in light tights and a pink waistcoat*).

TOWN (*with great impudence*): "Gentlemen, permit me to present my old friend the Honorable Augustus Arnold Anson, son of the Earl of Litchfield, who happens to be visiting this coast just now."

PAUL BROWN (*earnestly greeting the new-comer*): "Ah, Mr. Anson, delighted to see you again. Have you decided on buying a ranch yet? If you have, let me show you some plans I have in my studio for ranch out-houses. They are positively perfect as designs."

ALEXIS (*addressing*): "No, dear boy, no. I've thought some of taking a trip to Japan lately; and then, again, I had a mind to pay a visit home for a time. But, you see, I'm undecided as yet, and I have no exact plans. After a time, dear boy, after a time, you know. Ha! Ha!"

ALEXIS (*turning to Mr. McCarthy*): "You said, Dick, a while ago, that you had received a letter from Lord Craven to the effect that he was coming here on a visit."

TOWN: "No, Major—not from Lord Craven, but from his friend Lord Grosvenor. We are old chums, you know. He entertained me on his yacht at Cowes last year. It was very delightful. It was the first time I had paid any very lengthy visit to Cowes and the Isle of Wight. It was marred by only one little incident, however. Lord Chesterfield once remarked that no one should ever tell a story on himself, but on this occasion I will venture to depart from the rule, because it is so very good. Ha! Ha! You see, I was invited by Craven on board his yacht to dine, and of course I fancied it was de rigueur to wear a dress-suit; but I found that it is not, when I arrived on board. The men—

would you believe it!—were all wearing smoking jackets! Even Jack Caserly had one. You see, Grosvener or Grosvenor, as he is called in London, I was quite startled when I saw him there and was introduced to him. However, his lordship was more than charming, and to make me feel thoroughly at home he said that he thought he could find an old jacket of his own which he had given to his valet. Sure enough, he did, and I wore it the entire evening, greatly to the enjoyment of the other guests. It was vastly amusing! Ha! Ha!"

[Just at this juncture Mr. McCarthy espies a stout, well-built man coming up the driveway and rushes out to meet him.]

MR. MCCARTHY (*returning a moment after with his radiant friend*): "Gents and Talbot Clifton, old boy, I have the honor to present me esteemed friend, the Honorable Frank McManus, King of the Potrero! Ye majesty, I'm introjocin' ye into me own set. What are all yowse goin' to drink? For meself I'll stick to Larry Veuve's wine."

HARRY BIGLOW.

DU MAURIER'S "TRILBY."

A ROMANCE OF HYPNOTISM.

For it is that by anything—a romance that could have been written only by a Latin; indeed, one of French blood or birth. No purely British author would have dared heget "Trilby" and yet no entirely French teller of tales could have created *les trois Anglaises*. One forgets the writing in the writer, if perchance the latter would have it otherwise. Mr. Du Maurier is boldly, if not rashly, iconoclastic, like one who would destroy all set laws in imaginative books. He has twisted and broken the chains that bind freedom in modern novel-making—as when he assembles all his principal characters together in a studio in the very first "part." He has no chapters, nor does the novel contain many subdivisions. He carves from tenacity alone words to round his thoughts. "Genialce" may not be found nestled amid dictionary leaves, yet it leaves a winning impression from its very quaintness upon the vision and memory—certainly more attractive than the rough though equally unknown words of the stern seer Carlyle.

Why should not adjectives be made chieftains? It is not that he employs one word than two, to write careless than most careful? Does it not give strength as well as terseness to the phrase? Du Maurier, however, though industrious in the making of new words, is often careless in the use of old ones. The little laws of the construction of sentences he naïvely ignores with graceful nonchalance. His sentences are daubes and brackets that disfigure nearly every page are solecisms that he wittingly employs. Of course with the numerous illustrations and foreign phrases one recalls involuntarily Thackeray; but Thackeray wrote better English and worse French than Du Maurier. I am not quite sure, however, that his style is more florid than Thackeray's. Du Maurier weds together his pen and pencil in a most charming manner. One does not know which to praise or censure.

Except in "Pelham" I can recall no other modern novel where foreignisms are so redundant. And other ideas besides, for the man has endeavored to show that within the compass of a little story he is as encyclopedic as Brougham.

Not his personages, but himself, express recalcitrant thoughts and odd words. They speak naturally and sensibly while the author is lost frequently in an abyss wherein no one can follow. The recital of Trilby's singing "Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre" is almost grotesque in the desperate effort to rise like the songster higher and higher while the pathos of the mournful couplet—

Aux nouvelles que j'apporte, vos beaux yeux tout pleurer.

is quite lost in the whirl of bewildering words. Trilby in form and figure is the same conventional girl that Du Maurier has drawn for us the past fifteen or twenty years in the pages of *Punch*. Tall, graceful, statuesque, with perennial bloom upon her cheeks and lips, this girl is lost in an English duchess's drawing-room. That does not seem to be in accord with the nature of things, yet is it impossible for a woman? Trilby has rare gifts of sweetness, patience and a way of talking that goes straight to one's heart. She is the same gentle, unassuming creature from first to last, yet hypnotized by Svengali. A lovely character that men cannot avoid loving though her errors be all that a woman can commit. Is it the true or the false that we seek when we purchase a novel? Do we want the real or the unreal? Do we admire the good girl and love the bad hero? Trilby by her own confession had never been with three men, yet Little Billie, the son of an English clergyman, and two other Englishmen besides, were willing to marry her. All three were not only willing to marry Trilby, but they de-

clined possession on any other terms. It would seem the statement is its own answer, and yet, there is the book for everyone to read. Even Murger, in his "La Vie de Bohème," does not imagine such fantastic mental evolutions, though that luscious work contains the bizarre history of a score of Trilbys of the Latin Quarter. Written, too, by a Parisian Frenchman. It has not been and it cannot be—more's the pity—except, perhaps, in some cases where folly has broken, but not shattered, the glass.

For the rest, what can one say? If we believe it a little we must believe it all. I have known of people being hypnotized, mesmerized or what you please, for an evening, but not for years. And yet the voice—surpassing that of any girl who knew neither music nor song. Still, if the one be possible all is possible. It is a psychological problem that cannot be solved, nor even debated, in a cursory criticism. Only to claim the bird Lu Maurier has taken for his snake a cringing, conscienceless Polish Jew, as if he were the lowest type of the European races. No wonder Little Billie paled with anguish when Trilby died in his very presence, uttering the word Svengali!

In completing the perusal of this remarkable but unsatisfactory romance, one feels, indeed, that—

La vie est brève
 Un peu d'espoir,
 Un peu de rêve
 Et puis—bonsoir.

JEREMIAH LYNCH.

"Trilby" for sale at Cooper's, 743 Market street.

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Freelholder	J. W. WHITING	343
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We likewise strongly recommend on the General Ticket:

For Board of Equalization, First District
 A. CHESBROUGH
 For Railroad Commissioner, Second District.
 ALFRED J. MARCUS

THE RECEIVER APPROACHES.

SHAKY FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

The Southern Pacific Company, alias the Southern Pacific R. R. Co., alias the Pacific Improvement Co., alias Mr. C. P. Huntington & Co., are certainly in a bad way financially, and have a peck of trouble on their hands otherwise. They publish every year the "Annual Report of the Southern Pacific Co., its Proprietary Companies and Leased Lines" ostensibly for the information of their stockholders and persons interested.

That for the year 1893 forms a quarto volume of 126 pages, bristling with figures and tables and apparently giving a deal of information, but in reality so constructed as to impart as little as possible that is likely to be of any service to one endeavoring to ascertain the real financial condition or prospects of the concern. There are, though, some things that cannot be entirely concealed, however the parties may endeavor to envelop them in a mass of figures running up into millions. The ability of the concern to keep its head above water much longer is to be doubted. If an assembly could be convoked of those to whom the company has borrowed money, and each member called on to declare truly the amount due to him, and the securities held for it, I fear there would be an awful panic and calling in of loans both in New York and San Francisco.

It may be asked why bankers and money dealers will lend on securities so unsubstantial as these people have to offer. The reason is that they offer high interest, and always, so far, have paid it. Money being plenty, and safe investments that will pay four and even three and a half per cent. per annum extremely difficult to find, people are tempted, rather than have their money be idle, to lend to them. These lenders know the existence of danger, but each one hopes to be able to "stand out under" before the inevitable collapse occurs. The collateral, too, has a specious appearance; it sounds well. "Sixes" of the Southern Pacific of Arizona or New Mexico, "Fives" of the Southern Pacific of California, are all quoted regularly on the stock exchange, and appear to have a market price; and, of course, a stock that actually has such, and is listed in the board, can hardly be realized on at once, by a slight concession from the current quotation.

There is, however, such a thing as a fictitious market price, created and maintained by washed sales and pretended bids, which are now pretty well understood, not only on the street, but among investors of ordinary caution, and there is little doubt that the prices referred to are of that character. True, the market is a broker in the board who wants them, and is ready to bid a shade below the so-called market price; but he only wants a very small lot—say \$1,000 or so—for a particular customer, and somehow he never buys any of them. An offer to sell 10,000 or 20,000 would elicit no bids whatever. Those of the bonds named that are currently quoted at a premium are sold in any quantity at 90, or even 85. Those quoted at 85, if forced, would probably not bring 60. There is, in fact, no price for them. People who have been stuck with them have found this out, but they do not like to make public the unsalability of their property, and hope in silence for a trustful buyer. But this thing cannot last much longer. Some one will have to take the bonds will die or fall in business, or Mr. Huntington himself may depart—he is over 72—or in some way a sale will be forced. Then we shall see a general debacle.

To show what thin ice these gentlemen are on at times, and probably at all times, I refer the reader to page 16 of the report above referred to.

[Communicated.]

MAYOR ELLIOT Deserves to be Re-elected.

L. R. Elliot deserves to be re-elected Mayor of San Francisco. He stands first on the official ballot that is to be cast next Tuesday and likewise he stands first in the good opinion of the community. Of all the candidates named by the different conventions, Mr. Elliot is the only man whose nomination gives promise of future good government, by referring to local history. He was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors from the Sixth Ward six years ago, and served to that capacity for four years. In all that time his votes were ever on behalf of good government and for the best interests of the community. The fact that he stoutly opposed the encroachments of corporate privilege is recorded in the history of every monopolistic franchise granted by the Supervisors during his term of office to the Board of Supervisors. The same has been true of a number of the Board of Supervisors have been consistently opposed since he was chosen to fill the chair as the city's Executive. This fact alone, around the mantle of the citizen's rights and banded followers, who are putting forth every possible effort to prevent Mr. Elliot's re-election. The Mayor of San Francisco should not allow them to triumph over a man who has so conscientiously performed every duty of his office. Mr. Elliot's record as Mayor has but served to strengthen public confidence in him. It has been that of a successful man. He has kept every pledge. He has not been exposed by any one, nor intimidated by the allied corporations into committing a single act that would discredit himself or wrong the city.

There is found an interesting statement of the liabilities of the Southern Pacific Company on December 31st, 1893. They are divided into five classes, viz.: 1, capital stock and bonds; 2, current liabilities; 3, deferred liabilities; 4, contingent liabilities. Of these, current liabilities are what concern us here, for they are all payable and demandable to-morrow morning, and if not paid on presentation result in protests, attachments, receiverships, etc., etc. These demands amounted on the day named to \$1,341,540.64. (They admit owing \$1,140,713.35 more interest, but as this is a contingent liability, "it is here omitted.") This amount of immediate liabilities is made up of

Loans and bills payable	\$ 3,742,204.70
Pay rolls and vouchers	4,512,550.98
Due to individuals and companies	544,569.38
Coupons due but not presented	101,105.60
Coupons due January 1st, 1894	2,819,005.41
Total	\$11,341,540.64

This sum they should have had on hand at the opening of business on Monday, January 1st, 1894, to meet their bills payable that day. How much have they had?

Page 15 of the same report gives us a list of their assets, classified somewhat in the same way as the liabilities are, into "Securities," "Property," "Current assets," "Deferred assets," and "Contingent assets." Of these, the securities, property, deferred assets and contingent assets, have no relation to the present inquiry. They are made over to the representatives of property mortgaged for much more than its value, and wholly unavailable as an immediate resource for paying debts. What are classed as current assets, are the only really available resources they had to show. Here they are as listed by themselves:

Stock in Wells, Fargo & Co. (at 100)	\$ 2,161,250.00
Stock in Pacific Electric Ry. Co. (their own bonds)	1,967,170.00
G. W. T. & P. Ry. bonds (their own bonds)	1,334,178.00
Oregon & California R. R. bonds (their own bonds)	706,500.00
H. S. A. Ry. M. & B. Ex. income bonds (their own bonds)	377,500.00
Material, fuel and other supplies	48,553.00
Bills receivable	73,732.00
Due by the Pacific Improvement Co. (themselves agents)	187,678.00
Due by individuals and companies	873,038.00
Construction advances for leased companies	3,754.00
Construction advances for other companies	48,874.00
U. S. transportation, Atlantic system	60,621.00
Money in the hands of agents and conductors	1,283,811.00
Cash	2,063,554.00
Total	\$15,184,508.00

Of all this pompous enumeration, mainly of debts due over themselves, the last two items are evidently all that are really available for payments liable to come in next day, for though Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stock is a good asset, it is not immediately convertible. It is even too much to say that the money in the hands of agents and conductors may be counted as cash, for it is subject to possible deductions and losses, and is slow in coming. But calling it cash—it will be seen that to pay its immediate liabilities, due and demandable next morning, amounting to \$1,341,550, this highly solvent company had available just \$3,934,465—the merest trifle over one-third of the sum!

Even this, however, is a statement much too favorable to the company, for if we look more closely at the cash item, and when it came in, it will appear that but for a circumstance about as lucky as a prize in the lottery, its treasury would not have contained on that evening of December 31st, 1893, as much as 4 per cent. of the amounts payable in cash next morning! The lucky circumstance referred to, was the declaration of a dividend by the Southern Pacific Railroad Companies of California and New Mexico, from which the Southern Pacific of Kentucky received in all \$2,297,763.50. These dividends were only paid December 30th. Deduct the amount of them from the cash they had on hand when balancing next day, and you find that the largest amount they could have had on hand on the morning of December 31st, was \$37,891.47. And they owed that day \$1,341,540.64, which was to be paid in cash within two days.

How long will banks and capitalists in San Francisco continue to loan money to a concern so desperately shaky as their own report shows these people to be? I have made no mention of the risky loans in my day, but I never lent to a concern that printed and published a report and balance sheet showing such a state of things as this.

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Judge Charles A. Low again appears before the people for their suffrages, and should again be chosen for the office of Police Judge, which he so ably fills. He has made a good record, and has the ability and training that make a good magistrate.—San Francisco Examiner, Oct. 25, 1894.

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Auditor. J. E. ROCKWELL
Recorder. HENRY C. LANGHEIR
Treasurer. JOE A. DAVIS
Tax Collector. GEO. W. H. PATTERSON
District Attorney. FRANK A. CATTEN
City and County Attorney. J. C. WATSON
Public Administrator. E. J. ESSION
City and County Surveyor. C. H. HOLZOME
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ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 6th, 1894.

GOVERNOR	Voting No.
JAMES H. BUDD.....	Stockton—1
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L. R. ELLERT,

FOR MAYOR.

ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOV. 6, 1894.

WILLIAM S. WOOD,

REGULAR REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE

FOR SENATOR, 22d SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

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If the results of the voting throughout the country on Tuesday last bring surprise to any thoughtful man, his surprise should be lost in gratification. Speaking largely, the people voted as they ought to have voted. If their blows were not in all instances directed at the right individuals, if good men here and there were beaten who should have been elected, no mistake was made about the party that deserved a thrashing. It has been made magnificently clear once more that the American people are sound at heart and retain plenty of capacity to rise up when cheated and smite the cheaters. The Democratic "landslide" of 1892 has been followed by the still more stupendous Republican landslide of 1894.

It is not worth while in considering this popular revulsion from the Democracy to deal in figures. The grand thing is the proof that blind party spirit, the political capital of demagogues and rascals in public life, has become so weakened in America that no party can trust to it as a shield against punishment for flagrant sinning or criminal blundering.

As laborers, after a great upheaving blast, return to the quarry and fall to work with sledge and pick and shovel on the resulting mass of broken rock, so the politicians, successful and unsuccessful, and the organs of both parties, are toiling amid the debris of the returns to explain their kaleidoscopic significance. The Republicans make the most of their good luck, of course, and picture sixty millions of freemen stretching out their hands for rescue from the Fiend of Free Trade to the party of Lincoln and Grant, which is also the party of McKinley and Carnegie. The Democrats prefer to attribute the cataclysm to the phenomenon of hard times, which always play smash with the party in power. In every State, too, and indeed, in every city and village, the defeated can point to potent local influences, in preference to admitting the main point of desert.

Of course, there were multitudinous contributory causes. They can be cited by the hundred. But the Mississippi is only the sum of springs and rivulets, and at present the political Mississippi is Republican. It may, and probably will be Democratic two or four years from now.

Unquestionably the hard times had very much to do with Tuesday's overturn, and it was right that the hard times should. The Democratic contention is that these hard times were brought about by Republican legislation. Granting that, and we arrive at the offense for which the Democratic party has been knocked down. Those who have such faith in the efficacy of legislation to affect the material welfare of men make themselves responsible for the evil laws if, having power to repeal them, they do not do so. The people, two years ago, ousted the Republican party and gave the Federal government over to the Democrats in order that the offered Democratic remedies might be applied. President Cleveland set the example of timidity and stupidity that the Democratic Senate improved on by adding corruption to the list of deterrents to action. The McKinley tariff was repealed at last, to be sure, but its repeal was so tardy and accompanied by such scandal as to disgust and incense the honest citizenship of the United States. Five months after Cleveland's inauguration the *Examiner* of this city warned the Democracy that the President, by devoting himself to the sordid business of distributing the offices and neglecting the work of tariff reform for which he had been elected, was preparing the way for inevitable party disaster. When I wrote that article on "The New Cleveland," nearly a year and a half ago, it seemed as clear to me that the Democratic party was headed for the rocks as it did when I wrote last week's *Letter*, in which I anticipated what has come to pass. Human nature is a good thing to rely on in forming political judgments. And it is not in human nature to like or respect either a man or party that is without courage to strike the enemy, and that does not deem a promise binding. The Republican party is triumphant because Mr. Cleveland had grown to be as "conservative" as the millionaires by whom he was surrounded and flattered for four years in New York after his defeat in 1888. The Democratic party has been belabored because it was afraid to attack the trusts which Republican legislation had created. The party was in want of a thrashing and it has got one that ought to gorge its appetite.

The Republican party will not profit much or long by its victory, for it is not the party that has either the capacity or willingness to correct the wrongs at which the people have struck. In all essentials Mr. Cleveland is a Republican. He is precisely the sort of President the selfish rich want and the masses of the people do not want. He is in accord with Eastern Republicans on the silver question, and he differs only from the successful party in his late reawak-

ening to the need for a reform of the tariff. It is on the tariff that the Republicans will come to grief. Mr. McKinley is its hero, and if the people have repudiated the Democratic party, it is to be remembered that they have also repeatedly repudiated McKinleyism. It is not for its tariff policy that the Republican party has been restored to power. It happened to be the heaviest club that lay handy, and the people have used it to discipline the poltroon Democracy. Those who can penetrate an inch below the surface see that the masses of the American people are at war with government by the few for the few, and it is no love for Republicanism—which has come to stand for the interest of the few more distinctly than any other party—that has caused the people to give victory to the Republicans for the moment. An act of just vengeance had to be performed, and the profit that the Republican party finds in the immediate consequences of the act is incidental, unavoidable. The spirit that asserted itself against the trusts in 1892 not only survives but is more angry and determined than ever. That spirit may be likened to a dammed and rising lake that seeks any outlet offering. When the right channel shall be prepared—as it must be if we are to escape armed revolution—the waters will rush out in a torrent and sweep away all obstacles to government in the interest of the many, even as this comparatively slight flood has washed the Democracy high up on the political bank. If the Republican leaders attempt to undo the partial work done by the Democrats in the direction of relieving industry from artificial burdens—and the pressure of private greed upon the leaders may be irresistible—it will be the Republican party's turn again to be swept away. Let us hope that before the day of reckoning comes we shall have a Democratic party ready to take its place—not a Cleveland party, officered largely by dullards, trimmers and disguised Republicans, but a Democratic party with the sense and courage to be democratic—a party that will stand for the rights of the people in this republic, and not for the manufacturers, the bankers, the speculators, the exploiters, the corporations, or for special interests at all. It is obvious, in the face of the political revolution of 1892 and of the political revolution of 1894, that the people, if they do not know just what they want, at least know what they don't want. And that is a Democratic party which thinks it wise politics to be as little unlike the Republican party as it can manage.

Every real Democrat should take satisfaction in Tuesday's elections, as every real Democrat did in the election of a year ago, which foreshadowed plainly what was coming and why. So long as the people can thus go to

the polls and correct things, caring little for party names but much for party deeds, the patriot has every reason to retain confidence in the ability of the American masses to govern themselves. They may rush rather blindly in great bodies, and let fall their angry blows without nice discrimination, but the impulse behind the rush is good and healthy.

In no State have the people shown greater intelligence by their votes than in California. In no State has so much independence and good judgment been evinced. The same disgust for Democratic breach of faith and cowardice existed here as elsewhere. California being a Republican State, the tendencies operative throughout the country had in this region the acceleration of party inclination. Nevertheless California has chosen a Democratic Governor while electing a Republican Legislature and a Congressional delegation with but one Democrat in it. Here, as in other States, many subsidiary causes contributed to the outcome, but at bottom the feeling of the masses is the same with us as in the rest of the Union. The battle for the Governorship was not fought on national issues, though the Republican leaders tried desperately to have it so fought. Mr. Budd, when his success was not wholly assured, wrote: "My election I shall take to mean that the people of California have decided to govern themselves, instead of determining to remain under the government of 'interests controlling large blocks of votes.'" That expresses the truth happily. Mr. Budd stood for a more economical administration of the State's affairs, but above all he stood for the struggle of the people to emancipate themselves from the rule of the corporations, with the Southern Pacific at their head—the associated villainies.

It was central and northern California—old California—that elected Mr. Budd.

The southern section, filled with Eastern people and blessed with some measure of railroad competition, is not embittered by a quarter of a century of robbery and tyranny at the hands of a monopoly that is restrained in its greed and love of domineering by neither conscience nor good sense. San Francisco, despoiled and throttled and humiliated by this monopoly, has by a tremendous vote against Estee, its candidate, and for Budd, its foe, hit it between the eyes with one hand, and by the election of Adolph Sutro as Mayor by a magnificent majority, hit it in the same place with the other. And old California has emphasized both these good and manly strokes.

Last week I gave my reasons for believing that while there would throughout the country be a landslide away from the Democracy there would in California be a landslide away from the Republican party. Also, I said that if events discredited the prediction the least of my disappointments would be the loss of my repute as a political prophet. And now, when my prophecies have been in the main fulfilled, the smallest of my satisfactions is the personal one. The candidate for whom Colonel Burns forthtold a plurality of between twenty and thirty thousand has got no plurality at all, and is retired from political life in permanence. I thought the vote against him would be much greater, and my error arose from want of acquaintance with the people south of Tehachapi. That is a region not moved, evidently, by the same influences that affect the older portions of the State. I spoke for Californians, and as one, could not conceive how Mr. Estee could be elected. He had three loads to carry, any one of

which was heavy enough to break the back of a candidate in the California whose history goes back to the seventies. His loads were himself, the Southern Pacific and Burns.

I feel sorry for Mr. Estee, and my compassion, surely, is shared by most of his fellow citizens who know him. He was made for better things, intellectually and in instinct, than to become the stalking horse of such a band of scoundrels as officer the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the Republican party of California. But his passion for office, degenerating into a disease, has made him ready to surrender his better self and led him to render every sacrifice, no matter how ignominious. Now, in his old age he has his reward in being defeated amid the general victory of his party. But for his associations Mr. Estee would have been elected. Those associations, however, were too much for California—that part of California north of Tehachapi. South of that they do not know as well as we of old California do the character and methods of Mr. Huntington and his lieutenants—Mr. Stow, Mr. Herrin, Mr. Cornwall, Col. Burns and the rest—as unprincipled a set of men as were ever leagued in any State to debauch it. Although they have not been killed in the battle, these officers of the associated villainies have been wounded severely enough to cause them to understand that when the people can get them within reach they will show little mercy.

The Legislature has been secured for the Republicans, and the great majority of the State officers also. It is not known to a certainty whether or not the Board of Railroad Commissioners has again been captured by the Southern Pacific, or what the character of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors will be. Hence it cannot be affirmed that we have seen the last of Colonel Dan Burns as a boss, or that W. W. Stow and Wm. F. Herrin are as those without hope. Sufficient has been done, however, to teach them that the morals and tactics of criminals do not suit Californian politics any more. The attempt to drown Mr. Budd in filth—an attempt worthy of a statesman of Colonel Burns' character and caliber—has not met with that degree of success which will tempt to a repetition of such campaigning for years to come. The voting in San Francisco has probably disposed of Burns locally. He has led the criminal elements of the metropolis to defeat, and Governor Budd will stand between the people and his legislative schemes of the "Faylor combine" order, should the Legislature accept him as a director of its energies. That is true, also, of the bills that Mr. Herrin has in contemplation in the interest of his employers, the privileged and corrupting corporations of the city and State. As for the Senatorship, it can only be hoped that California has not sent to the Legislature men sunk to the level that the election of a De Young or a Burns would signify.

The election of Mr. Sutro by such a vote as he has received is a demonstration that the people can at a pinch draw their own inferences from facts without editorial assistance. Not a single daily newspaper in San Francisco was for him, and no weekly that I know of except this *Letter*, yet had the press been unanimous in his advocacy the people could not have turned to him with greater unanimity. The *Examiner's* desertion of Sutro was extremely discreditable. It knew him to be an able man than Mr. Ellert, and had worked with him against the Reilly Funding Bill, and it advised his endorse-

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

ment by the Democrats. Yet it deserted him when its help appeared to be most needed, for the avowed reason that it did not think his chances of success were as good as those of Mr. Ellert, whom it opposed two years before. The *Bulletin* and *Call* were, by the logic of their Non-Partisan position, required to support Mr. Ellert, and the *Chronicle* had the excuse of its ownership and partisan character as a Republican organ. For the *Examiner* there was only the plea that it wanted to be on the winning side at all costs.

Judge Maguire, too, owes little to the daily press for the indorsement of his work in Congress as an honest and able man. He would have been re-elected without the scant and grudging commendation of the newspapers.

I should like to have been with the expectant Mr. Huntington when he received the returns from California. To him in New York it must have seemed that the political skies were falling and all Democrats disappearing from the face of the earth. Therefore the news flashed from California of the election of Budd, Sutro and Maguire, the three men of all others whose defeat he had desired and schemed for, came as strokes of a vengeful whip upon his deserving back. And when the intelligence followed that Judge Temple and Judge Henshaw had been chosen for the Supreme Court, Mr. Huntington could have remained under no doubt that a servile rebellion was in progress on his Californian plantation.

How extensive that rebellion is and how far its effects will reach, it is not possible intelligently to judge as I write. Though a weekly paper is dated Saturday, it must of necessity be written much earlier and go to press on Friday. But enough has been reported from the counters at the polls to encourage every citizen who longs to see the power of the Southern Pacific broken in California. Budd, Sutro, Maguire, Temple and Henshaw are all elected, and each is a man whose character is high and whose position will empower him to curb the rapacity and tame the arrogance of the associated villainies. Maguire, Temple and Henshaw have been proved in State office. Mr. Budd's energetic and useful service in Congress insures like work from him as Governor. He owes nothing to any of the corporations, which, from the Southern Pacific down, fought him with a venom and in a manner that disgraced the State. He will go to Sacramento as the choice of the people and their servant. Having known him from his boyhood I look for great things from him, for he is a sterling man, who has a man's hatred for those who abuse power, and a man's scorn for the sort of petty despots that reign at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, and find political instruments to their taste in a Burns and a Rainey. Mr. Budd is above using the Governorship to take personal revenges, but he will stand like a rock against the pushing of the predatory corporations for more privileges or the retention of those which they now possess that are hostile to the public interests. It is not in him to be contented with being a respectable official merely. He will be aggressive for what is right and make trouble for scoundrels in and out of office. He knows how to endure abuse and misrepresentation, for he is a strong man, and if he does not give the associated villainies a shaking-up, his nature will have been changed by becoming a Governor.

What Mr. Budd will be in Sacramento Mr. Sutro will be in San Francisco. The Governor will have a Legislature hostile in politics to himself, and only the unworlly

can expect that there will be a Board of Supervisors to work in harmony with Mayor Sutro. But there will be trouble here for the Southern Pacific and the rest of the incorporated and unincorporated rogues nevertheless. The confederated scoundrelism of the city has fought Sutro, under the orders of C. P. Huntington, with as little regard for truth or decency as the same power has fought Budd. Like the new Governor, the new Mayor owes his office to the people, and the best vengeance both can wreak upon their foul enemies will be to serve the people sincerely. To what an extreme Huntington was willing to go in his determination to beat Mr. Sutro we have had revealed by the frantic effort made at the last moment to elect Dr. O'Donnell. Behind that curious man, who has the brains of a child and who travesties demagoguery, all the strength of the Southern Pacific was marshaled—Mr. Stow, Mr. Herrin, Boss Burns, Bosses Buckley and Rainey, and their entire following of disreputables. The degradation to the city of San Francisco involved in the election of such a person as O'Donnell counted for nothing with Mr. Huntington. I don't say he took the same cynical pleasure in the thought of the community's humiliation as Hellogabalis felt when he outraged Rome by creating his horse Consul. The affront of the effort to make Dr. O'Donnell Mayor of San Francisco is but another item added to the long list of deeds for which Mr. Huntington, if he lives, and his railroad company assuredly, will ultimately be called to account.

With an honest and brave man in the Governor's office, another as San Francisco's Mayor, two more added to the Supreme Court, and Maguire to speak for the people in Congress, the sun is beginning to shine for California. The hold of the associated villainies has been loosened. Our business men will now dare to hold up their heads and to think it possible to own themselves, and assert a right to the possession of what is in their pockets. So much having been won the people will be braced to try for more. And better than all, the ambitious young men of the State have been shown that it is no longer true that before seeking public honors it is necessary to make a sacrifice of private honor to Huntington. That is a mighty gain for the morals and manhood of California.

One of the peculiarities of the campaign was the appearance of the "religious" issue, so-called. This was entirely new to Californians of this generation. Of course, considerations of race and religion have always affected the nominations of both parties and the chances of the candidates, but since the Know-Nothing flare of the Fifties we have had here no opposing forces organized on such lines. It was not until within a week or two of election day that I could believe the hubbub about the "A. P. A.'s" reached much above the humblest social stratum. I took it that the alarm of the Irish Catholic population was largely a reflection of the fires of bigotry burning in the Northwest, and most fiercely on the borders of Canada, in which colony the Battle of the Boyne is still an event as fresh in memory as Appomattox is with Americans. It appeared to me incredible that the elements could be found in California for anything formidable in the way of a religious conflict in politics. I was mistaken, however. Before the end I discovered professional men and business men, and other citizens of our best intellectual grades, feeling very warm on the subject of the "A. P. A.'s." I have not the advantage to be acquainted, so far as I know, with any member of that reviled organization, and am in

ignorance of its more particular purposes. But the election returns make it sufficiently obvious that the people of the State, and especially of San Francisco, declined to share the Catholic horror of the association, as expressed by the church's organ, the *Monitor*. Indeed the tremendous exertions of that publication to rouse all California to its own pitch of furious feeling evidently reacted upon its cause unfavorably. I have encountered many men who would as soon think of joining the "A. P. A." as they would of burning at the stake a neighbor who differs from them in theological opinion, who yet were irritated by the *Monitor's* endeavors to dragoon an American community into taking sides on a question of religion. I do not believe that the *Monitor* spoke with the approval of such enlightened priests as Bishop Montgomery, or expressed the desire of intelligent Catholics in general, when it insisted, as in the case of Mr. Sutro, that candidates must not only disavow membership in the "A. P. A." and sympathy with its objects, but also denounce it and disclaim a wish for the votes of those belonging to it. That behavior of the Catholic organ caused thousands of American citizens in California to think of the race and religion of candidates when voting who never did it before. The *Monitor* itself exhibited the spirit which it condemned in the "A. P. A.," and doubtless induced many to rebuke with their ballots that spirit, which when exhibited by any sect, is hateful to Americans. The "A. P. A." like other things that exist, has a cause to account for it. Nobody has, that I am aware, ever run for office in California on the ground that he was an Englishman and a Protestant. Many have sought office who relied on their Irish birth and Catholicism for votes. The cause of the "A. P. A." is the prevalence of the professional Irishman in American politics, and if the "A. P. A." shall help to abate him it will do good, though it is an offensive instrumentality. Multitudes of citizens stand ready to throw their ballots against the injection of religion into politics, whether that religion be Catholic or Protestant—citizens of the kind who voted for Judge Coffey and yet did not like at all the *Monitor's* appeals to the American people to rise in their might and crush all bigoted vipers who could not see that imperiled civil and religious liberty were personified in a Nealon and a Kelly, both of whom asked for support as Irishmen and Catholics. Good does come from evil, and when the Nealons and Kellys are extinct there will be no provocation for the "A. P. A." The latter, should it presume to assert itself as the *Monitor* has done, will find itself equally obnoxious to that class of citizens—and they are in the majority—who hold that in American politics there should be neither Catholics nor Protestants, Irishmen nor Germans, Englishmen nor Scotchmen, but only Americans. The doctrine is old, but it needs to be reasserted now in California, whose self-respect as an American commonwealth has not been raised by the noise of this vile and vulgar squabbling about birthplaces and churches.

The elimination of Judge Levy from the judiciary of San Francisco is another disaster to the associated villainies. The Southern Pacific wanted him re-elected, of course, and so did every corporation that has the same reasons as the railroad for wishing to have influence with the bench superior to that of the ordinary citizen. So did most of the lawyers of the city who do not feel called on as citizens to lift a finger for the purification of the courts, and either desire to profit

Barham's Clam Foulton is the best.

by having sinister relations with judges or fear to offend them. No candidate on any ticket had more numerous, or more unworthy "influences" pushing in his favor than Judge Levy. The success of the conspiracy to "plump" for him and elect him by withholding votes from better men would have been a public misfortune. The failure of the conspiracy, which did not apprehend failure, is proof again of how little the active workers in politics, from Mr. Herrin down to Maurice Schmitt—both which statesmen were Levy's earnest partisans—know of that great body of quiet citizens who do not mingle with politicians and deem it expedient to consult their consciences and care for public decency when making up their ballots. Levy will, no doubt, be provided for. There is room for him in the Southern Pacific's law department.

Judging from the returns at hand the Populists did not cast the vote expected of them. It is large, but not imposing. This does not mean, however, that the Populists have not grown in numbers, determination and hope. The special reasons which appealed to them as men of sense to make their ballots count for the most in California this year unquestionably moved thousands of them to give their suffrages to Mr. Budd instead of to Mr. Webster. Had they done otherwise—had they preferred to make a show of numbers rather than to help overthrow the Southern Pacific's despotism—Mr. Budd could not have been elected. These wise Populists did better work for the Populist cause than those who stood by the head of their ticket. It is not well that citizens who have equal earnestness and common aims should be apart, and by their division give power to the elements to which both are hostile, and which are hostile to both. The Populist movement is but a democratic protest against the lack of democracy in the Democratic party. In California there should be a union of the serious men of the two branches of what is in essence the same party. There is a home fight to make here against the scoundrelism which dominates and blights the community. What Democrat of sense hesitated to vote for Mr. Sutro because he was on the ticket as a Populist? He represented the cause of the people as against the unlawful privileges of the Southern Pacific and the corporations joined with it in criminal interest, as Mr. Budd did. There should be but two parties in California: the party committed to the disruption and subjugation of the associated villainies and the party—offered by the Herrins, Stows, Burnses, Buckleys and Rainey—committed to their defense. Division on other lines impugns the intelligence of Californians. On national questions there is room for honest difference, but until Mr. Huntington has been brought to justice and the Southern Pacific reduced to the rank of a simple common carrier, good citizens of this State have no business to be apart in State affairs. Why should not Mr. Sutro and Mr. Budd be in name, as they are in fact, leaders of the democracy of California, working hand in hand?

In publishing this *Letter* and uttering my mind frankly about men in their public relations, I naturally expect to be attacked in reprisal by the rascals to whom the truth about themselves and their criminal purposes is as hot coals on their backs. I expect libel in return for criticism—I expect Mr. Huntington and Mr. Stow and Mr. Herrin and Mr. Tevis and Mr. de Young and Boss Burns to strike back as best they can, and after the manner of their kind. But I did not expect that I should find Mr. W. R. Hearst

assisting these and other representatives of the associated villainies. Mr. Hearst has allowed to go uncontradicted the statement, which has appeared in the press of the Southern Pacific throughout the State, that I was discharged from the *Examiner*. I really care very little about this matter, but Mr. Hearst has given cause for a demand on my part that he state the truth. The cause is indicated in the following letter written more than a month ago:

OFFICE ARTHUR McEWEN'S LETTER,
429 MONTGOMERY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 6, 1894.

W. R. Hearst, Esq.—DEAR SIR: Since I resigned my position as editorial manager of the *Examiner* I have observed in the number of the daily and weekly newspaper organs of the Southern Pacific and journalistic dependencies of Mr. Dan Burns and Judge Levy, the statement that I was discharged from your paper. This assertion is made in particular by some of the vermin of the newspaper sews whose advertisements relating to contamination and attacks upon myself you take pay for publishing.

The matter is one that causes me no personal disturbance, but as it does in a manner concern my professional standing and business interests, I think I have a right to ask you to make an editorial statement of the fact that my resignation from the *Examiner* was without suggestion from you, and entirely voluntary. I had rather you would set this matter right than force me to explain it myself.

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR McEWEN.

Mr. Hearst's reply to this letter was a visit from his secretary to express friendly sentiments and an obliging disposition, but he has not made in the *Examiner* the statement required. Moreover, he has repeated the disgraceful offense of taking similar advertisements. Mr. Hearst must deal with me as one gentleman should deal with another, if he wishes me to consider him as desiring to hold that rank. We have rendered each other service and our personal relations have always been cordial, but he must not presume upon those services and relations to the extent of looking for immunity from me when he allies himself with the high-placed scoundrels of this town upon whom I make legitimate war in the public interest.

In June last Mr. Hearst engaged me as editorial manager of the *Examiner* in order that, as he put it, I might give his journal the same standing editorially which it possesses as a newspaper. In September, when he had been away from the city for three weeks and not in communication with the *Examiner* office, he sent me the subjoined telegram. I omit the opening portion, as it did not relate to my duties:

ALBION, Cal., Sept. 23d.

I would prefer somewhat fewer political editorials. Be careful not to be drawn into too many fights. We are now after the Democrats and the Republicans, the lawyers and the business men, with occasional side-wipes at the people. This sort of limits our sympathizers, and will also make the editorial page too truncheon to be interesting. I think a more calm and judicial tone in politics and a greater variety of subjects would improve the page. Think it over.

W. R. HEARST.

The Democratic municipal convention was in session at this time. The Democrats the *Examiner* was after were Buckley and Rainey; the Republicans, Huntington, Stow, Herrin and Burns; the lawyers, Judge Levy and the members of the bar who supported him for nomination; the business men, P. B. Cornwall, Alvinza Hayward and the others accused of bribing Supervisors to get special privileges for corporations. My answer to Mr. Hearst's telegram was another:

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23d.

W. R. Hearst, Albion, Cal.: Thanks for your hearty acknowledgment of my hard work. The public judgment is that the editorial columns of the *Examiner* now have what they very much needed—brains, courage and character. I have given all my energies and sixteen hours a day to your paper, and placed it on a higher level than it ever held before. You don't deserve such work,

for you are unable to appreciate it. Your telegram is equally ungrateful and stupid. Accept my resignation.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

If the publication of this correspondence is unpleasant, the fault lies with Mr. Hearst, who has had frank notice of my intention. For reasons unknown to me, he has thought proper to ignore a simple request, made as it courteously as the occasion called for, compliance with which would have rendered this publication unnecessary.

I recur to the election. This *Letter's* share in producing the fruits may have been small, but its work, I am happy to know, has wounded the associated villainies. And it will continue to wound them. I congratulate the *Letter's* readers, and all honest men, on the results of the balloting that tell for civilized government, and against the indecent wickedness which has ridden California as if it were a bridled ass, patient under the rod. There is a far better prospect than there was a week ago that we may eventually jail a corrupting millionaire or two, and dissolve the confederacy of crime by which we are ruled and robbed. Budd is Governor, Sutro is Mayor, Temple and Henshaw are elected. Coffey is retained on the bench, where Wallace also sits. It is a good time to move for a Citizens' Defense Association to gather evidence and prosecute the law breakers who govern San Francisco and California. The strenuous effort which Attorney Nougues, assisted by Attorney Clunie, is making in Judge Wallace's court to hunt down the stuffers of the register, and their paymasters, may be the beginning of a great exposure. Mr. Nougues deserves the backing of every man who does not approve of politics as conducted by Boss Herrin and Boss Burns.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

I am duced sorry to read statements that the Southern Pacific is in financial straits, and I wouldn't believe it until I had a little experience of my own the other day. I stopped on Montgomery street to shake hands with my opulent young friend Flood, when Admiral O'Connor came up and asked in his familiar way:

"Jiminy, has Will Crocker been after you to borrow that half million that came down from the Comstock in bars on Monday, that the papers had an item about?"

"Call at the bank," said Flood, stiffly, "and perhaps I'll let you know."

Well, I hadn't walked three blocks when who should stop me but J. C. Stubbs.

"Ah, Perfisage," said he, with unusual cordiality, "I have just heard at the club that you have drawn fifty dollars in the Louisiana lottery."

"That's true," says I; "what of it?"

"Well," says he, "if you would like to place your little capital advantageously—"

But, begad, I wanted no mors of the conversation, and got away from Stubbs with expedition. Mr. Huntington has, I confess, done me favors in his time, and one good turn deserves another, but a man in my circumstances can't reasonably be expected to take risks.

Yesterday I congratulated my statesmanlike young friend Dolph Spreckels on his election as a Supervisor.

"Thanks, Perfisage," he said; "And I can't get over being surprised. How do you account for it? Hioton, my opponent, is one of the best men in town."

"Poh," says I, "there's no mystery about it. It all happens the plesian rable to have a patrician confederate to beg for their votes."

"No," says Spreckels, thoughtfully, "I don't think that was it. You can't call the free and independent voters who supported me a rabble, hanged if you can."

"Perhaps," suggested Editor Fitch, who was with us, "Mr. Spreckels' great popularity can be traced to his record on the De Young issue."

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

Seeing Fillmore of the Southern Pacific approaching, I did not stop to debate the Senatorship, but went, once for all, to the Nevada Bank and deposited my fifty dollars.

On election day I was much impressed by the spectacle of three drags hung with bunting and decorated with flowers, which were occupied by a number of ladies in monstrous fine toilets.

"What the deuce," said I to Major Stonehill, with whom I had paused on the sidewalk to discuss the subject of wigs, "what the deuce does this mean?"

For answer a lady of about my own age, in a bonnet symbolic of the political Easter, beckoned to me from one of the landaus and handed me a card which read:

DON'T VOTE FOR
JUDGE COFFEY!

"Major," says I, "I'm glad I'm a Republican and have had the privilege this day to cast a ballot for a party which has declared unreservedly for female suffrage. We want the women in politics, sir, to elevate 'em and broaden 'em, begad."

"But what's the matter with Coffey?" asked the Major. "He's honest and able, ain't he?"

"Certainly, certainly," I answered, as in fairness I was compelled to, "but then, don't you remember that about three or four months ago he said women didn't make good clients for lawyers because they were petty-minded? You can't expect women who have bent their intellects to the study of the great issues dividing the national parties to overlook a thing like that, can you?"

"No," concurred the Major, "no; I'm a married man myself."

And lifting our hats to the patriotic lady politicians in their carriages, we strolled up to the Republican headquarters to consult Colonel Burns and Mr. Cornwall as to when the thirty thousand plurality for Esce might be looked for to arrive.

My friend Colonel Burns was not so cheerful when I met him next day.

"Perfisage," said he, wagging his head and dusting off the top diamond with a mourning handkerchief, "there's no encouragement for a gentleman to go into politics in California. Who the deuce would have thought it possible for Esce to be beaten again? In common mercy the people ought to have considered that whaling in '82 quite enough."

"To what, Colonel," I said, my visage as long as his own, for I am confoundedly cut up by what has happened, "to what do you attribute the misfortune?"

"To religious bigotry and an immoral contempt for the truth. As you know, I tried my best to pass the information privately to the public that Budd was the candidate of the A. P. A's, and had every reason to expect that the Catholics would stand by me to a man in politics. But they disappointed me, Perfisage. Then, too, I caused a smell in my paper that ought, by every calculation that a high minded statesman can make, to have turned the deacons and their wives away from that Stockton jackrabbit. But the smell had a reverse action, Perfisage, and I am done with piety and morals from this day."

The Colonel wiped the other diamond and invited me to accompany him to the mortuary chapel at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, but the consciousness of the new check book in my inside pocket deterred me.

On Thursday, I observed my friend Lloyd Tevis gazing with a dejected air upon the fire ruins on Pine street.

"Perfisage," he said, wringing my hand, "we men of property have a good deal to upset us at times. I shall be out the interest on the value of the building until my insurance companies pay up."

"Egad, Tevis," said I, "the first day has been a midfamine to you and the demmed traders on who were scorched, but that's nothing to what I have had to endure. The Bohemian has been made positively uninhabitable. That invitation to the Press Club has caused an incursion of scribblers, and it's impossible to talk about finance and the stock market and all his supply of the Argonaut with the Bohemians in any of your department. It's nothing now but literature and journalism and jokes."

"Scribblers?" said Tevis, puzzled, "why, ar'n't you—er—"

"Oh, hang it, of course; but one doesn't care to be jostled with fellows in the own trade," I explained. "If there were other Tevices in town, you would not like to have them around, would you?"

He understood and nodded.

"By the way," he said, suddenly, "I wonder how our friend Huntington—"

I was off of course, and hereafter, my check-book shall remain locked in my vest-pocket.

PERFISAGE.

THE CZAR'S DEATH.

IT CAUSES UNEASINESS AMONG THE LOCAL BRITISH STATESMEN.

The death of the Czar has produced a profound sensation throughout the world, but nowhere more than in San Francisco. Our prominent citizens, even in the midst of an exciting political campaign, have paused to consider the awful consequences and possibilities involved in the event.

Among the most thoughtful expressions of opinion heard in commercial circles during the last few days I have selected the following, since they are the utterances of men who are conversant with the real condition of things and who frequently stop amid the hurry and bustle of business to think great thoughts.

Mr. THOMSON (of the Thames and Mersey Insurance Company): "I believe that the death of the Czar is greatly to be deplored, happening as it does coincidentally with an Oriental war. It is more than likely to involve Great Britain in a serious conflict with Russia. Her gracious majesty, the Queen, has endeavored to preserve peace throughout Europe to the utmost of her ability, and I really believe that the Czar assisted her materially in that direction. But at this juncture Russia is endeavoring to encroach on Chinese possessions over the shoulders of Japan. China naturally belongs to England—that is to say, will in all probability be occupied by England some day, just as Egypt is now. So you see England will have to say to Russia, plainly, 'Halt!' 'Have you seen what you will see the end! For my part, I shall go right home and join the army at once.'

Mr. ARGYLE (of the insurance agency of Messrs. Balfour, Guthrie & Co.): "I don't anticipate any serious consequences; the new Czar seems to be a man of clemency and peace. He is quite young, to be sure, but then the circumstances of his becoming a happy bridegroom is certainly apt to soften his youthful nature. He has, through the mediation of her gracious majesty, the Queen, been able to obtain for his bride her beautiful granddaughter Princess Alix. Indeed, I think the Imperial House of Russia ought to be very grateful to the Royal House of the Guelphs for having secured in marriage two such charming princesses as his grace the Duke of Edinburgh and her Imperial Highness Princess Alix. However, if there ever should be war between England and Russia, you may be sure that I should not hesitate to offer my services to Great Britain without delay."

Mr. HARRISON (of the insurance agency of Caton, Bell & Co.): "I believe firmly that there will be war within the next six months. Great Britain has stood Russia's impudence far too long. Her gracious majesty, the Queen, is lenient but she is firm. I myself am a Conservative, and I recall that grand old song:

"We don't want to fight,
But by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the men,
We've got the arms!
We've got the money too!"

"As a loyal subject of her most gracious majesty, I should most certainly wish to offer my services to Great Britain."

Mr. JOHNSON (of the Commercial Union Insurance Company): "War certainly does seem imminent. You see, the present Czar is young and even though I believe he is robust, yet he is a Romanoff, and naturally of a harsh character. Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar, you know. The report that England has been deserted by Germany is untrue. They are natural allies against Russian encroachments on all sides, and the relations of her most gracious majesty, the Queen, to Germany, would naturally make them so. In case of hostilities, I should feel it my duty to seek a post in the British army."

Mr. ALVISON (of the insurance agencies of Newhall & Co.): "I am of the firm opinion that the friendship between the present Czar and her most gracious majesty, the Queen, will tend to prevent warfare between Great Britain and Russia. The death of Alexander III. will have little or no effect in the matter. The reports that the alliance between Russia and France has been broken is a canard. They are naturally as much allies as England and Germany are. As for the Dreibund, even though I believe it is broken, circumstances seem to point that way. Should there be hostilities, however, I should certainly wish to take up the sword in Great Britain's defense."

Mr. BROWN (of the London & Lancashire Insurance Company): "Yes, everything tends toward an open conflict, and I should not be surprised to hear of Paris being besieged by next Spring. Her most gracious majesty, the Queen, has done all she can for peace, but Russia is encroaching on China which, like India, is the natural birthright of Great Britain. Russia has Siberia and she must

be content with that. In case of war I should wish to take a hand in it in Great Britain's defense."

Mr. DRIFFIELD (of the Transatlantic Insurance Company): "That's the way things look. War seems imminent all over the world. I shouldn't be surprised to hear of the United States being involved, though such an idea seems chimerical, of course. Her most gracious majesty, the Queen, is not fond of the prospect of war, and in case of Russia needing another thrashing from us, I believe she would abdicate in favor of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. In that event my natural place of duty would be at the front."

Mr. McKENZIE (of the Springfield Insurance Company): "No, I do not credit the reported rumor of war on account of the death of the Czar. The triple alliance, which I firmly believe still exists, will prevent Russia's encroachments on English possessions. Besides, the great influence of her most gracious majesty, the Queen, over Czar Nicholas II. will exercise a great weight in the matter. Should that event occur, however, I should wish to return home at once and take up arms for Great Britain."

Mr. BENNETT (of Balfour, Guthrie & Co.'s Insurance agency): "For my part, war seems inevitable. With the Dreibund broken and Alexander III. dead it is hardly to be looked for that Nicholas II. will continue his father's policy. Her most gracious majesty, the Queen, will hardly make an effort to influence him, she considers the great importance that lies in putting a stop to Russian encroachments in China, which country more naturally belongs to Great Britain. No, sir; we will never permit another country to have China. It is a sort of Monroe doctrine with us. I think I shall write home very shortly to take steps for getting the British army."

Mr. DONOVAN (Consul in San Francisco to her most gracious majesty, the Queen): "I must positively decline to express any opinion in the case."
HARRY BROWLOW.

"LADY CLANCARTY."

For the greater part of the week the Kendals have given "Lady Clancarty," and they are happier in its performance than in any other play of their repertory.

Mrs. Kendal is suited to Lady Clancarty's dignity and wifely tenderness, and she is certainly more beautiful in the quaint gowns of the seventeenth century than in modern dress. She is a picture as she lies back in the tall dark chair, her shapely hands crossed, in the Earl of Portland's cabinet, or sitting slumped in a massive one in the room. She is winning and natural in her expressions of courage, faith and love.

Lady Clancarty is not complex. She is a good woman, not a coward; loving, confident, self-sacrificing. There is no unexpected development of character in the play, no tortuous channels through which her individuality manifests itself. She knows nothing of *fin de siècle* subtlety, and has no use whatever for self-conscious doubts and fears. She knows her heart, she is never only half-sure of what she wants and needs, and she works for her own and her husband's happiness with a singleness of purpose that is refreshing in its simplicity. All this Mrs. Kendal shows in her easy, finished way. She is ever sympathetic, gracious. In the scene where the husband she scarcely knows, in peril of his life discloses his identity, she is delightfully ready to welcome, to love him; and her softness, her shy happiness make Mr. Kendal's lack of passion the more incomprehensible. His Lord Clancarty is a handsome, stalwart, pleasant-looking Englishman, who is brave, good tempered, even merry through all his troubles. Kendal's bearing is manly and unaffected. Despite the temptation of a conspirator's sword, boots with spurs and a cavalier's plumed hat, he is never melodramatic, and the suspicion of a brogue he assumes is just enough to make vivid the traitor's innuendo in Clancarty's speech. Mr. Kendal is admirable, satisfying to the eye and to the ear; but if he would only make love to Lady Clancarty as she deserves to be made love to in the third act, one could forget for once that Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are man and wife.

"Lady Clancarty" gives an opportunity to the Kendal company to do some very good work. The scene in the prison among the Jacobite assassins when Cardell, the traitor, is thrown among them, is excellent. As Lady Betty Noel, Miss Campbell is pretty and painstaking. She is the touch of comedy in the play, and lightens and brightens every scene in which she appears. The scenery is gorgeous, the ladies' gowns are marvels of old brocade and beflowered satins. The stage is prettily set, and the play is a wholesome little romance with just enough unhappiness in it to make one relish the good, old-fashioned ending.

Saunders' "Nero" like other gladiators whose faces has come down to us, is braver than the lions and tigers he battles with, stronger than

all human antagonists, nobler than the nobles of Rome. By means of a good voice, an imposing figure and an intelligent appreciation of the worth of words, Mr. Downing presents this character so as to move his audience to admiration of the hero's virtues and pity for his woes. He does this, but he does nothing more. There is a higher goal which he never attains. The tragic play is full of action and of opportunity, but Mr. Downing does not yet make the most of them. His handsome face is impressive, and he uses his voice judiciously. He misses the finer shades of feeling, and withal his rage is not strong enough, his grief is not tender enough—save when in the first act he tells the story of the murder of his wife, and again in the last scene with Neodamia, his daughter, whom he kills to save from a martyr's death in the amphitheater. In these instances Mr. Downing shows what with time and experience he will make of his entire performance. He is earnest and ambitious, and the enthusiastic reception he has met with in San Francisco should encourage him to do his best work.

Miss Eugenie Blair makes an interesting heroine. She is sweet-voiced, graceful and a capable actress. At times she is more than this. Her inaudible repetition of Origen's profession of Christianity, her flushed, excited interest in his fate, are sympathetic touches which show study and insight. Her presentation of the gentle, loving Neodamia is correct and credible.

The play is well staged, there is good material in the company and the engagement is a very successful one.

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LIGHT FOR SIR RIVERS WILSON.

WHAT MUST BE DONE TO PROTECT THE BRITISH CENTRAL PACIFIC STOCKHOLDERS.

The English stockholders in the Central Pacific Railroad, who are said to have a majority of the stock of the company, are reported as about to send Sir Rivers Wilson, an eminent English financier, out to the United States to endeavor to negotiate an extension of the term for payment of the government lien. There can be no impropriety, therefore, in calling the attention of that gentleman to certain points in the case which he is liable to overlook if he permits himself to depend in any degree on Mr. Huntington for information or aid. Let him, then, understand that the first and the chief obstacle to his success is Mr. Huntington himself.

In the management of the various railroads he has conducted for so long a time, Mr. Huntington has pursued a policy so selfish, grasping and dishonest, as to have won the just indignation and hatred of the people who have been brought into contact with the roads, to such a degree that the fact that he is understood to desire or favor any particular measure is in itself sufficient cause for their opposing it. It is not believed that any measure asked for, or favored by him, can have any merit. If Sir Rivers wishes to oppose the opposition of the people of this State, his first step should be to cut loose from Mr. Huntington absolutely. It will not be sufficient to disavow any connection with him. He and his crowd must be deposed from authority in the Central Pacific board of directors and men put in their places who represent the interests of the British stockholders. The interest of the Central Pacific Company itself is distinctly adverse to that of Mr. C. P. Huntington and his partners.

Need I point out to Sir Rivers Wilson the reasons for this? If the interests of the stockholders of the company had been regarded by the board of directors would they ever have entered into the lease to the Central Pacific Company of Kentucky—to the owners of a most formidable rival road—by which they surrendered the control of their road to those rivals, and authorized them to make its earnings much or little at their discretion, and pay to the stockholders a large dividend or a small one, or none at all, according to whether the receipts of the road were large or small, while they themselves determined what these receipts should be? Was this an honest transaction? It is honest to the stockholders of the Central Pacific road, honest to its creditors, of whom the chief is the United States government? Does anyone suppose that the company, or those interested in it, can avoid the odium of such a dishonest proceeding while they keep in power the men who perpetrate it?

Let me be a little more explicit, as Sir Rivers Wilson is a stranger and probably not familiar with things that are notorious in this State. The directors of the Central Pacific road, ever since the organization of the company, have been practically the same set of people. They were the four men controlling the great money ring of this State, and a certain number of dummies—their clerks, relatives, dependants and creatures. The ring (Huntington & Co.) held control of the company and its direction down to the last election, when they consented to let in two other persons, said to represent the outside stockholders. These directors, years ago, leased the road to the Central Pacific Company of the Southern Pacific Company, the lease containing a clause providing for the modification of its terms if they were found to operate unfairly to either party.

This same railroad ring owned and controlled the Southern Pacific Railroad, and leased it also to themselves, under the same name of the Southern Pacific Company.

Having thus the control of both the roads, they embarked in the business of carriers between the Eastern States and the Pacific coast. Shippers as a rule only ask to have their goods transported and care little by which route they are carried so long as they arrive safely. Having control of both roads, these honest gentlemen (led by Mr. Huntington), who have sold out the bulk of their Central Pacific stock, send the great mass of the overland freight over the Southern Pacific road. They arrange the time schedules, too, in such a way that shippers must give the preference to it as the shortest in time. The result of this diversion of the traffic is that the earnings of the Central Pacific road fall off. The dividend, which was kept up to 6 per cent per annum while the Englishmen were buying the stock, fell to 2 per cent, and finally ceased altogether. When John Bull, who is a patient soul, complains, he is told that the receipts of the road have so fallen off that it no longer earns the dividend, and hence, as justice required a reduction of the rent, they had by mutual consent changed the terms of the lease and reduced it to suit themselves.

But why did the receipts fall off? Who sent all

the overland freight by the southern route and regulated the time schedule in its favor so as to secure the preference of shippers to it? The Southern Pacific Company—that is, Mr. Huntington himself. This is but a specimen of Mr. Huntington's railroad management, which has obtained for him a reputation on this coast more odious than probably any other man ever had or can expect to have. His destruction of the value of Central Pacific stock, after he ceased to have any interest in it, had an additional charm for him, for it injured the estate of his former friend and associate Stanford, against whom he had conceived a violent hatred for reasons quite understood here. Stanford had retained a large amount of his stock in the Central Pacific, and the inventory of his estate shows his executrix to be the holder of 32,973 shares of it. In reducing its value to zero, Mr. Huntington therefore had a double pleasure—that of wounding his friends, the confiding Englishmen who had bought the stock on the strength of the dividends it had paid, and his enemy Stanford, who had foolishly held this large block of his stock instead of knavishly selling it.

The Reilly Funding bill, now pending in the House of Representatives, is not, in my opinion, intended to give any relief to the Central Pacific stockholders, and if passed will not be found to benefit them. It is, in my opinion, a bill for the benefit and relief of C. P. Huntington and those who may be associated with him in a new railroad deal it is designed to inaugurate. One of my reasons for opposing it is that the 14th section of the bill provides that if it goes into effect the company empowers the Department of Justice of the United States to commence and prosecute suits against any persons who have ever been directors or employees of the Central Pacific Company to recover all moneys or assets belonging to it and dishonestly misappropriated by them, etc. The wisdom of our countrymen the door to the law against Huntington & Co., to a review of all the infamies of the Contract and Finance Company, the Western Development Company, etc., in connection with the original looting of the Central Pacific, wherein, although the books have been burned and most of the witnesses are dead, and Mr. Huntington's convenient memory will fail to recall the transactions, enough proof yet remains to establish the fraud and convict the perpetrators. But by section 12 of the Reilly bill the act is not to go into effect unless and until the directors of the company under their corporate seal formally accept it.

Now, does Sir Rivers Wilson suppose that while Mr. Huntington retains the control of the board it will ever accept the act and expose him to the confiscation of his fortune? If he does he has a singular misconception of Mr. Huntington's character.

The Central Pacific Company while he controls its board of directors never will accept the act so long as the provisions of its 14th section remain unexecuted, and hence as affecting relations to the English stockholders it will be ineffective.

If Sir Rivers Wilson wants to have such an act passed and take effect his first step should be to turn the Huntington faction out of the control of the board of directors and put in a set of men who will themselves take steps to recover from the ex-directors the enormous sum of money and assets and property belonging to the company which they have appropriated to themselves. If they will do this they can, in my opinion, obtain a recovery so large as to give substantial value to Central Pacific stock; and if they show their intention to do this by ousting the Huntington directors, and commencing such an action as aforesaid, they can fairly ask the government to suspend proceedings against them, and give them a chance to work something out of the property for themselves.

But the first step must be the withdrawal from all participation in this infamous partnership with Huntington.

Sir Rivers Wilson in the interest of his constituents, if he accepts this mission, should come to California and study the case here. He can learn more in San Francisco in three days than in Washington in a month, and important matters besides which he won't learn there at all. Let him come here and put himself in communication with this office.

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The Republican party, as it recovers from the natural exultation of its colossal victory and gives to it the reflection that comes with calm, is plainly growing embarrassed. And that embarrassment will increase. It is not agreeable to a party's pride to confess that it has been given power because of its opponent's unworth instead of its own merits. But that is the truth, and such Republican leaders as have brains, and deign to use them in talking for print, acknowledge it with more or less candor. Old Senator Sherman is not deceived into mistaking the apparent for the real. He knows well enough that although the Democratic party has seemingly been wiped out, that the great majority of the people of the United States are still Democratic in instinct and purpose. He has seen too many "tidal waves" not to be aware that every one of them has an undertow exactly proportioned to its size, and that the further up the beach of success a party is carried, the greater is its danger of being swept off its feet and out to sea again. If his party will listen to John Sherman's counsel it will abandon the "logic of the situation." It is logic that usually lures shallow politicians to destruction, and their party with them—logic, that is, which draws conclusions from premises that are pleasant to accept, but that don't happen to be correct. John Sherman is for letting the tariff alone, or touching it very cautiously. Whether the Republicans have enough leaders as prudent as Sherman to prevail in shaping their party's course, cannot yet be told. The party is not rich in men of large caliber. Its two most conspicuous chiefs just now are Major McKinley and Mr. Thomas Reed. The first is an earnest, narrow man, dominated by one idea—the idea of protection to everything for protection's sake that brought defeat to the Republicans two years ago, and which, as McKinley believes, gave them their triumph on the 7th. Mr. Reed is smart but not large. He is to politics what a bright paragrapher is to journalism. If these two have their way, swift ruin awaits their party, for each is a stickler for the "logic of the situation." They stand for the easy and simple theory of the Republican organs and stumbers that the American people were incensed by Democratic

meddling with the sacred McKinley tariff, and punished the meddlers for the sacrilege involved in reducing the burdens on industry. If they can induce their party to accept that logic and act upon it, the House two years hence will be as heavily Democratic as was the one that succeeded that which enacted the McKinley bill. If Republicans of Sherman's judgment control, the party will either let the tariff alone or return to the old Republican ground that it needs reforming, but should be "reformed by its friends." There is not in the party now, of course, sufficient statesmanship to get it back to the rational and tenable position of Garfield, who argued for "protection that would lead to ultimate free trade." Republicanism has pulled the cart of McKinleyism too long to be readily broken to new work. Therein lies the hope of the Democracy.

By the Democracy I mean here the leaders of the Democratic party who are either enthusiasts or practical politicians. The enthusiasts believe in free trade and are eager to keep up the fight for it, regardless of defeat; the practical politicians are so averse to new issues that they prefer familiar ones, even though they believe they have lost by them temporarily. To such men fresh ground has all the terrors of quicksand. We may look, therefore—thanks to the folly of the Republican leaders and the stubbornness and want of adaptability of the Democratic leaders—for a renewal of the fight over the tariff. In my judgment, the masses of the American people are tired of the tariff. They don't want a return to McKinleyism, but they do want the tariff as it stands to be let alone. The business men of the country are anxious for peace, for settled conditions, and most other men who are not in politics share their desire. The tariff, as an economic question, had very little to do with the results of the elections, and the Democratic blundering and cowardice in reforming it had very much. But only a relatively small number of those who voted to rebuke Democratic incapacity and want of courage wish to see the McKinleyites raise again the duties that have been lowered.

Those who survey the national field with the naked eye of good sense find in the elections a meaning which those who wear the spectacles of partisanship seem to be wholly incapable of perceiving. The American people simply stood up and delivered a kick at the Democratic party, not caring for, or resigning themselves to, incidental and ephemeral consequences. It was a national kick at the power of the corporations and rich men in the government, and it is a whim of fate, of circumstance, that the party which is the favorite political in-

strument of selfish, unpatriotic and corrupting wealth became the immediate beneficiary of the kick. It is as if the Democratic party in hurtling through the air under the impulse given by the national foot, came into collision with the Republican party, and shot the latter safely over the river by communicated motion, while it itself fell into the water. The elections mean that the American people are profoundly dissatisfied—that they are determined that men and not money shall rule in this republic, which was founded for the good of the plain people and not for aristocracies of birth or wealth. The democracy that has eliminated kings and nobles and a state church, and decreed equality under law, is not going to be forever thwarted by a handful of millionaires. The fight may be hard, and it may be long, but the American people will win. They are, with more or less intelligence, trying this weapon and that. The Australian ballot is a new one, but both the old parties have suffered from its sharp edge within two years. Mr. Waite, Colorado's Populist Governor, whose portrait as a crank and a firebrand has been drawn on most minds by the daily press, may be a fool in the practical administration of a State's affairs—I do not know whether he is or not, for his performances, good or bad, have not engaged my study—but he is a child of light when it comes to diagnosing the disease from which the republic is suffering. In his Thanksgiving proclamation issued the other day, after descending on the boundless natural wealth of our continent, the progress of applied science in the arts, and the readiness of wealth to follow industry, he said:

The overshadowing threat to our civilization is the constant recurrence of commercial and industrial panics, which blight the lives and hopes of millions of able-bodied and skillful beings. Monopoly—robbery under the forms of law—is the curse of our times and withers the best physical and mental energies of the people. And while we may be exceedingly thankful for our genial climate and unbounded resources, let us bear in mind that only by conscientious regard for the industrial rights of all the people can the blessings of religious and economic freedom be permanently established.

That is as true, and as comprehensive too, as if it had been uttered by Herbert Spencer instead of by Governor Waite of Colorado. It puts in words what the people put into the ballot-box on Tuesday week. It is a clear and manly challenge of the established. The "established" varies in appearance with locality, but everywhere it is essentially the same thing. In the old world it takes the form of royalty, nobility and a tax-supported church. In the United States we see it in such corporations as the Standard Oil Company, the great railroads, and millionaires of the sort represented by Carnegie, Pullman, Vanderbilt and Huntington. But king,

noble and money-grubber are of one blood. All stand for the privilege of taking what does not belong to them—other men's earnings.

Now, as ever, it has been infinitely easier to diagnose the disease than to prescribe a cure. But because monopoly has always enriched itself at the general cost, that is no reason why we should not hold the hope that it may be deprived of its privilege. If that hope were not alive men would not go to the polls and give their votes in the expectation of bettering things. Lazarus seated on the doorstep of Dives is a hoary figure, but Lazarus has a good many more friends and sympathizers in these modern days than he ever had before. Monopoly is attacking the pockets and the liberty of others than the poor. Commerce and invention have created the great middle class, but the progress of commerce and invention now threatens to destroy it. It is so easy for wealth to combine and plunder that those who have most to lose by the forays of the trust-united millionaires are turned into their bitterest antagonists. The producers, the independent manufacturers, the merchants, and all dependent upon them as employees, are impelled by self-interest to make common cause with the workman against monopoly. And, happily for the republic, this self-interest runs with patriotism. There are few Californians whose pockets are within the reach of Mr. Huntington's hand who do not detest as well as fear him. And though not many possess the courage to rebel openly at his theft of their property, lest worse follow, the majority do find nerve enough to vote against him in the safe privacy of the Australian booth. Mr. Huntington is typical of the predatory millionaires of America whose government must be overthrown—whether that government carries the Republican or Democratic name—if the people are to be left in secure possession of their own, and given the enjoyment of the fruit of their intelligence and labor. The vote of the 7th was against monopoly. And, under the circumstances, the vote was well directed. The Democratic party of Cleveland and the Sugar Senators was as thoroughly dominated by monopoly as was the Republican party of Harrison and Carnegie. Both, I am convinced, have had their day.

What is to take their place? The outlook for the Populists as a national party is not bright, but there is everything to encourage the spirit that gave rise to the Populist movement. That spirit has enlarged our politics. If the Democratic party is to exist it must be on condition that it will embrace in its creed all that is good and reasonable in Populism—that is to say, the Democratic party must again become democratic and leave to the party in opposition a monopoly of service to monopoly. There are issues enough for the Democratic party if it has in its leadership the breadth and bravery to recognize their imminence and vital importance.

There is the currency. Mr. Cleveland with his predilection for the gold standard has been sufficiently discredited as a financier, and all the Democratic and Republican doctors who declared with him that the certain remedy for the hard times was the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act. The first condition of rational treatment of the silver question is its separation from the mining interest. The latter is a matter of protection, not of finance. If silver mining must be encouraged at the common expense, it were better to deal with the miner as with the public-spirited citizen who confers sugar-beets on his native land—give him a bounty, and get rid of him, so that the currency

problem may be discussed undisturbed by his false clamor of concern for the national welfare when, like the protection-seeking iron and coal men of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Alabama, he is thinking only of his own. There will be a revulsion from the anti-silver legislation forced by Mr. Cleveland. Whether free coinage is safe or not, there is only a rather small minority of the American people who believe that it is well for the country to take for its measure of value a single metal that is much less stable in quantity than silver. Contemplation of the possible evils of free silver has for the time diverted popular attention from the actual and tremendously serious evils of the gold standard. Hard times are not confined to the United States, and the creditor nations, with England at their head, are finding that to impoverish their debtors is not profitable business. Bimetallism will have its innings again, and, I think, in the United States first. All the predatory rich are for gold as the "only safe basis of the currency," and the predatory rich are not solicitous for the interest of any save themselves. Though Blaine is dead and age has retired Thurman, silver is not without great advocates. Senator Jones, of Nevada, stands at the head of them, and it is significant of coming party attitudes that this stalwart Republican, the friend of Conkling and Arthur, has left his party in order to fight his battle for free coinage—for a volume of money that will automatically suit itself to the needs of the nation.

The report of the Federal Commission that has been investigating the great railroad strike which convulsed the country last summer has been made public within the week, and it points new issues. The commission finds that hard business principles and not philanthropy moved the Pullman Company to keep its men employed at reduced wages, and unredressed rents, and that the American Railway Union was the defensive answer of the workmen to the Managers' Association, which cut wages and tyrannized, and when a conflict came bad—because public order must be preserved—the whole legal and military might of the government on its side. The commission reports that powerful aggregations of capital, like that of the Managers' Association, either must be controlled by law or the railroads be taken possession of by the government. Experience shows how feeble is the law to control these corporations. Human nature being what it is, control is impracticable, but government ownership of the railroads is feasible. As to the indebted and defaulting Pacific railroads, the Democratic party of California has declared for their absorption by the government. Most of the people of the Pacific Coast believe in this policy, being moved thereto partly by the hatred of the Huntington despotism. The Populists as a national party are committed to government ownership of railroads and the telegraph. The Democracy will advance to that ground if it be wise. The arguments in its favor are but an extension of those which are made for municipal ownership of water and gas works. These instrumentalities of civilization are as necessary to the convenience of daily life as are elevators in tall buildings, and their ownership by corporations is as disturbing and absurd as would be the ownership of elevators by others than the owners of buildings—by companies that should charge all the traffic would bear, and be hostile in interest, pecuniary and political, to the landlords.

Socialism? Government railroads are no more socialistic—or quite as socialistic,

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

rather—than are public turnpikes. Golden Gate Park is a distinctly communistic affair. Organized society has a right to do what it wills for its own welfare, and the shameful breakdown of the corporation-owned railroad system of the United States—as marked financially by the prevalent bankruptcy, socially by the strike and paralysis of commerce in July, and politically by the corruption of legislatures and courts—enforces the alternative offered by the Strike Committee. Government ownership of the railroads is one of the questions of the new politics for which the country shows itself to be ready.

Believers in the single-tax—the theory expounded by Henry George that the unequal distribution of wealth is due to the unearned share which the landlord takes from the product of capital and labor—are hopeful that their scheme for relieving everything but land from the cost of government will shortly be brought into practical politics. But this is not likely, I think. We shall see the railroads nationalized long before the land. Nevertheless, the discussion of the single tax by the press must be reached ere long. It is sound in theory, and whatever is sound in theory is sure, sooner or later, to receive respectful consideration. The single-tax goes far deeper than either the financial or railroad question, for it attacks the social problem at its root. And it is the social problem that is harassing the American people, whether they know it or not, and keeping them oscillating between the ineffective political parties, year by year.

Here in California, the Democrats have elected the Governor because the party practically cut itself loose from the Eastern connection and fought on the railroad issue. Had it stood for the anti-monopoly principle only, and had its professions been accepted, it would have swept the State. But the Populists, who are anti-monopolists, stood by their ticket in great numbers, and the Republicans, as a minority party, have won as a whole. There is a tremendous majority in California hostile to the rule of the Southern Pacific and the allied corporations. If that majority has failed to make itself as effective as it might, at least it has rendered its existence indisputable and achieved some notable victories—victories that have disconcerted and scared the associated villainies.

The Southern Pacific despotism is nearing a smash. And it knows it.

Proofs gather that California will soon be emancipated from the tyranny which has cursed the State and made Californians of spirit ashamed of it these twenty years and more. The railroad monopoly is on the edge of a financial precipice. It has lived on borrowed money, vast debts are coming due, and it is without means to meet them. Its securities are regarded with increasing suspicion in all the money markets of the world. Its agents are out like book canvassers in search of loans. The Traffic Association astonished itself and the coast by making the discovery that the Southern Pacific does not know how to encounter competition. Its hold on the ocean seemed as tenacious as that on the land, but its hold on the ocean was loosened as soon as the Traffic Association offered it battle. The Southern Pacific made Adolph Sutro the victim of its characteristic greed and arrogance. It roused the wrong man. Single-handed he has compelled it to cut its fare from bay to beach in two. If it is a good business proposition for the railroad to do that now, it was a good proposition when Mr. Huntington sought to make himself a partner in Mr. Sutro's baths as a condition of coming down to a five-cent fare. But the Southern Pacific's management has never

been large enough to see the commercial wisdom of increasing traffic by reducing the cost of service. The immediate nickel has ever had for it an irresistible attraction that has blinded its small mind to every consideration of future good. The threat of a competing line down the San Joaquin valley has already caused it to lower the tariff on wheat. That is the beginning. Let the valley railroad project take definite shape and the rates on all freight will come tumbling. The action of the San Francisco Savings Union in subscribing \$50,000 to the Traffic Association's proposed line, on condition that similar institutions will do likewise, is a sign of what is about to happen. Probably this subscription will beget the others desired, but even if it does not, San Francisco cannot be deprived much longer of a competing line. The San Joaquin valley is lying open to capital and enterprise, and Huntington's name is ceasing to be a bogey to moneyed men of the East. I look for a connection between this city and the Santa Fe by way of the valley within the next two years.

The election of Budd as Governor of California and Sutro as Mayor of San Francisco, both declared antagonists of the monopoly, has cheered not only the men of the State who desire freedom, but advertised to the world that California is in rebellion against the Southern Pacific. Budd and Sutro are men of courage who have no fear whatever of Mr. Huntington, who did his best to beat them. And Mr. Sutro is a very rich man besides. He will be false to his nature if ever he shall abandon the fight against the "octopus," to which he has consecrated his energies. Not only will he use the power of his office in the interest of the people but his fortune, we may presume, will be behind practicable business schemes for driving the knife of competition into the vitals of the monopoly. The reputable press of the city, and of the State largely, is at war with the Southern Pacific, both as a thief and as a corrupter of politics and a debaucher of public officials. The downfall is approaching. California will wake up presently and find that this corporation which has looted and outraged us for a quarter of a century is under its feet, a financial wreck and a suppliant for mercy. When that time comes it will be needful for the men who have fought its wickedness through the years to stand between it and the fury of the crowd which has covered under its lash. I expect myself to be one of those who will help, in common magnanimity, to protect it from a vengeance like that which the cowardly brutes of Homestead wreaked on the Pinkerton men after their surrender.

An official of the Southern Pacific, who is something of a philosopher, said to me a few days ago that I made the mistake in this *Letter* of speaking of his company as if its rapacity and general conduct were unique. Any set of business men, he held, if given the same opportunities, would be equally ready to improve them. My answer to that is that the pillage to which the men of California have been subjected by the men of the Southern Pacific is not the worst of the wrongs which have been inflicted, though that pillage has been remorseless and gigantic. It is seldom that men so small have had opportunities so large. And it is because they are small that they have abused their great power so intolerably, so infamously. "I could live under a despot like the Czar of Russia well enough," Mr. Sutro remarked to me some months ago; "for though he is a tyrant he has the pride of his imperial descent and position to restrain him in the exercise of his power. All that impels a gen-

tleman not to be a hog influences the Czar, but here we are under a despotism that is ignorant of, or indifferent to, every obligation that causes one man to respect the rights and manhood of another. Huntington is the largest-brained of the lot, but he is at best but a big appetite for money. Fred Crocker is but a petty creature who should be a clerk, yet he has a king's power. Every citizen owes it to himself, simply as a human being, to fight so degrading a despotism as this. No decent man can exist under it without hot humiliation." These railroad men are not sample millionaires by a good deal. Lloyd Tevis, and Robert F. Morrow would match them in their place, but John Mackay is not a bully and slave-driver, nor is Senator Jones, nor was Senator Hearst. Men remain through life pretty much what nature made them. Wealth but gives them freedom to be themselves; and the railroad millionaires have been swine—good specimens of the "fatted swine of civilization in gilded pens" as Mr. Stead happily described the variety. They have robbed because the process of robbing not only enriched them but gave them pleasure; and while they have robbed they have shown none of the ordinary road agent's civility to the victims with hands up whose pockets are being rifled. They have insulted during the operation of plundering, and have encouraged in their subordinates an insolence to the public modeled on their own. It has not satisfied them to purchase service. The fee to a professional man has been the price of his manhood as well as of his special knowledge. Their tyranny has been wanton. To be able simply to outrage the pride of men has given their gutter blood an agreeable thrill of conscious power. Yet they have no pride. Witness their abject surrender to Sutro, their retreat before the Traffic Association on the water.

Huntington and his confederates know that the day of retribution is near. They fight with all the desperation and want of judgment seen in cornered cowards. One of the minor props of the monopoly has been its social prestige. Until quite lately it availed itself of the weakness of men and women for respecting wealth. It has been the habit of its press to take the superior tone and affect to speak for the property and conservatism of the community. We had a surfeit of that during and after the strike of last summer. But Huntington & Co. have quite abandoned this assumption now. The campaign tore away every rag of respectability from them. Under the leadership of such statesmen as Herrin, Burns and Cornwall, two of whom on their own confessions should be in jail, the railroad and its press appeared without any disguise and, I dare say, gave horrified surprise to many excellent people—the same sort of people who in their day thought Captain Kidd when ashore in velvet and lace ruffles a very gentlemanly person, and would have been astonished to see the real man when revealed by the passions and necessities of a fight in the prosecution of his business as a pirate. The Southern Pacific has disgusted and frightened classes in California who would have borne its plundering meekly enough had the work gone on with the regard for decency in appearance that Stanford enjoined—though he was ready enough, too, to ignore decency when his political interests required the sacrifice. The bold brutality of the recent campaign as conducted by the Southern Pacific astounded ordinary politicians. Its press dripped with filth, and the company made itself the organizer of all that was criminal, disreputable and squalid in the city and State. We got the true moral measure of

these masters of ours. Their attempt to impose Dr. O'Donnell upon San Francisco as her Mayor, backing him—under the generalship of Herrin and Burns, Stow, Buckley and Rainey—with the voting offal of the slums, was a crime against the city which the respectability of the city will never forgive. There were four candidates, and the Southern Pacific chose the worst—so much the worst that any man not fit for prison would undoubtedly have selected the least meritorious of the other three in preference. It was a vile thing to do. It was done to beat Sutro, and the city arose and elected Sutro by a vote such as no other Mayor ever received. In politics the Southern Pacific has had no better luck with him than it will have in competition with him as a railroad builder, should Sutro determine to do for the State what he has already done for the city.

The plea that Huntington, Crocker, Stow and Herrin only do what other men in their places would, will not answer. Warden Hale of San Quentin and Warden Aull of Folsom hear it every day from other moral malformations who occupy cells instead of offices, and wear homespun stripes instead of imported cloth. The men in control of the Southern Pacific, and particularly those who direct its political activities and have dealings with our legislatures and courts, are base men, criminals. And they are as little as base. Precisely as no robbery is too small to be overlooked by the freight and passenger department, so no revenge is too minute to wreak upon any opponent or critic. The business men of San Francisco have had long experience of the punishment that waits upon those who dare condemn any act of this corporation, or show the slightest disposition to resist any of its larcenies, great or petty.

The reign of these pillagers and revengeful nobodies is happily almost over. Some of them have done for themselves already. Mr. Herrin is now known to the public, and his usefulness in politics is past, though he may still earn his salary as the adviser of the Supervisors in behalf of the Southern Pacific, the Spring Valley Water Company and the other corporations which employ him. Levy leaves the bench in January, and the Supreme Court, strengthened by Temple and Henshaw, will not be Mr. Herrin's tribunal. As for Stow, he yet has a long time to serve as Park Commissioner, which is to be regretted on behalf of the good name of California. It is disgraceful that a man of Mr. Stow's known connection with the Southern Pacific as selector of Legislatures and Senators in its interest should be given any public position of honor or trust. Governor Budd will have the pleasure of appointing a reputable citizen in Mr. Stow's stead in due season. Burns is, in a way, the most respectable of the lot, for since the election he has gone into hiding. If his motive were shame one could think pitifully of him, but that he possesses the capacity for such foul work as he did forbid that charitable supposition. It is sheer chagrin that has driven him out of sight. Yet even such a degree of sensitive-ness to any phase of public opinion raises him in the scale of being above the Herrins and Stows. Though he was purveyor-in-chief of filth to the newspapers in the railroad pay, it is now proved that he is less brazen than his equally discredited associates. Burns is an evil man, with ideas of right and wrong as rudimentary as those of any savage of civilization, but he has the illusions of vanity. Those who worked with him and deem themselves his betters have no illusions born of vanity or any other weakness. They went about their

coarse villainy with cold minds. I take it for granted that persons of Mr. Herrin's and Mr. Stow's grade of intelligence know well enough what decent men think of them and their labors in politics, but they are past caring. The money reward and the depraved pleasure derived from the exercise of power doubtless compensate them. The difference between them and Burns is that he is an unconscious statesman.

But conscious or unconscious, statesmen of this brand should not be allowed to get off. The Southern Pacific re-elected Mahoney to the State Senate, and the investigation being conducted by Attorneys Nougues and Clunie before Judge Wallace into the details of that railroad triumph—which in its way is as great as would have been the election of O'Donnell—is deserving of the support of every man in San Francisco who wants to see scoundrelism in politics punished. Good citizens should put their hands in their pockets to help push the investigation. The work of the Non-Partisans ought not to end with the election. All San Franciscans who comprehend the need for making an example or two of the rascals who hold the laws in contempt when the laws stand in the way of success at the polls, have here an opportunity to do something practical toward bringing rogues to justice. Money should be supplied in plenty to follow up the clues that are developed. That the clues lead to the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets nobody who knows Burns or Mahoney will be inclined to doubt. Moreover, there should be a general investigation of the work of the Republican managers—a Lexow investigation. Immense sums were spent in the canvass, in hardy disregard of the Purity of Elections Law. Where the money came from everybody knows, and what everybody knows should in this instance be comparatively easy of proof. The Democratic State Committee is in a position to take an effective hand in this good work. No candidate who violated the provisions of the salutary Purity Law should be permitted to take his seat if honest judges can be found to apply the statutes, and despite the Southern Pacific's quarter century of corrupting, honest judges far outnumber dishonest ones in California. The clean elements of New York City by combining accomplished the overthrow of Tammany. San Francisco, which gave a majority for Sutro, should contain virtue and resolution enough to be able to bring Mr. Huntington and his statesmen to the bar for their crimes against the Purity Law and the statutes which guard the register and the ballot-box from the stuffer.

At this writing (Friday) it is not yet certain whether Mr. La Rue has been elected or defeated. Of course the Southern Pacific exerted itself in all ways to keep him off the Railroad Commission. He was visited at his home in Sacramento by Division Superintendent Wright shortly before the election and sounded as to his intentions toward the monopoly in case of his election. Mr. Wright was told that simple justice would be done it, and he took that answer as equivalent to being shown the door. The railroad employees were instructed to vote for Beckman and threatened with penalties, I am told, in case they did not. It is shameful to the people of the district that a person of Beckman's kind, who barely escaped expulsion from office by the Legislature because of his subservience to the Southern Pacific, should have stood any chance at all against a man of Mr. La Rue's character.

The American Railway Union has appointed me one of a committee to receive funds to pay for a proper defense of the ex-

strikers who are on trial in Judge Morrow's Court. The accused are poor men, and the corporation which is helping to prosecute them is immensely powerful. Of the men's guilt or innocence I have no opinion, but as American citizens they are entitled to a fair trial. Lawyers cost money. Any sums sent me for the defense fund will be acknowledged in the *Letter*, with or without the names of the donors, as desired.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

We are all excited about the Horse Show, of course. To my mind the affair will mark the beginning of a new era in our society—a departure from the colonial crudity which has afflicted me and every other well-bred man these thirty years. Although I'm past my youth, I confess it thrills me to know that we are at last coming into touch with New York. A love of originality is the sign of a raw mind. What we need to do, if we would excel and earn our own as well as others' respect, is to form ourselves on the best models. I am free to admit that I know very little about the Hackney, the sort of animal the Horse Show is intended to develop. I understand, but whether the beast is good or bad, it certainly is a boon to society. It fairly made me feel faint, begad, to read of those evenings in New York during the week when the beauty and the chivalry of the national metropolis assembled to gaze upon one another and some horses. It stirs the blood to see the newspapers publishing telegrams at last that are of some importance. I read column after column of them aloud at the Bohemian, to interested, even awed, men, and I know my words smarted when I came to such passages as these:

"His And Camerons wore a tumbled gown of silk and crepon of a curious shade of pink the skirts of the gown very full. A plain waist of lighter pink silk was made with immense sleeves and with trimmings of a darker pink velvet and white lace. The belt and collar of the gown were of the deep pink velvet. Her hat was of black velvet trimmed with dark blue. Mrs. Cleaver wore a dress of black velvet in black silk and velvet gown, with a small black, jet bonnet. Her vest of black velvet was made short, and with dress skirts. It was tight fitting in the back, but was worn open to show the lace tabs."

I say that I know nothing about the Hackney, but a horse that can so rouse our best society and the American press is deserving of every encouragement, and Lyons is now at work on my new work, "Deplored as my own ignorance of the Hackney is, however, I find that I am in good company. One of our very richest citizens—I forbear for obvious reasons to mention names—was, I am told, accosted by his charming daughter on his return home the other evening with:

"Oh, papa, won't you buy me a Hackney?" "Certainly, my dear," said he, returning her embrace; "get as many as you like, but tell Shreve not to send in his bill for 'em till the first of the year."

After the Horse Show, thank God, it will be impossible for the reproach of ignorance like this to rest upon the great metropolis of the West. For myself, when I see the bill I shall make it my business to look at him carefully.

Already I have had occasion to declare with pride that I stand with my friends Colonel Burns and Mr. Estee for female suffrage. It's mere prejudice to say that the ladies have the better intellect than that would fit them for dealing with large public questions. The devil! I know dozens of women whose brains, I frankly acknowledge, are quite as good as my own. When you come to it, a woman rises more quickly to an appreciation of the essence of things than does slower, and perhaps more logical man. Now, take the Women's Christian Temperance Union, for instance. You'd think that an organization embracing millions of ladies devoted to the single idea of stopping the debasing vice of intemperance in others, might easily be led into taking narrow views—of getting a bit over-zealous in the cause. Among my friends, the clergy, this often happens. You Christen Trampart and the people who hold the Sabbath by going fishing get drowned for it. Even Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn, a monstrously brainy man, considering his profession, has decided that the Lord burned down his church three times by way of conveying a hint that He was averse to the Doctor remaining in Brooklyn. There's no absurdity of that sort about the Women's Christian Temperance Union. When Mrs. Cleveland was advertised to christen a new ship at Pittsburg by breaking a bottle of wine on the bows, the Union memorialized her to use a bottle of water instead. And now that Mrs. Cleveland has refused to take

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

their advice the ladies of the W. C. T. U. are going to make a national issue of it. And, egad, I'm with them. A more senseless custom than christening ships with champagne can't be discovered even among savages. Such sinful waste of good wine deserves rebuke, and had the incident mentioned occurred before the election I should have been disposed to agree with the Women's Christian Temperance Union in attributing the Democratic overthrow throughout the Union to it.

Speaking of wine, it has been simply flowing in the clubs of late, in payment of election bets. Every one of us who ekes out his income by pushing a brand and taking a little commission, wagers heavily. Of course outsiders have to pay and be paid in bottles, but Harry Veuve, myself and the others just established a little clearing house, so to say, and paid in tags, when there was a balance. Harry won a dozen from me on O'Donnell, but as he lost a dozen to me on Hill, we both saved our wine, and sold the lot, and some more besides, to Jimmy Coleman, who was demented with joy over Budd's success.

I was much struck by a recent lecture of Professor Jordan on the "Common Man." He urged upon us of the better classes with great cogency the necessity of educating the common man in the duties of citizenship. I was talking about it at the Pacific Union the other night, and while I descanted on the dangers to a republic of an ignorant and vicious citizen, young Eugene Lunt (whom I respect for his father's sake) who had been scribbling, looked up and said:

"Persiflage, you're perfectly right. The need of the hour is for the aristocracy to give the mob instruction in virtue. It occurs to me that a course of lectures would be a good beginning. How does that strike you?"

And he banded me what he had been writing on the back of a menu, for we were in the dining room. It ran:

UPLIFT THE MASSES!

LECTURES BY LEADING CITIZENS.

Beams from Shining Lights to Illume Dark Places.

TURN OUT, ALL SOUTH-OF-MARKET-STREET AND LEARN HOW TO LIVE AND VOTE.

1. Mr. C. P. Huntington. Subject: "Honesty the Only Road to Wealth."

2. Hon. W. W. Stow. Subject: "How Senators Are Made."

3. Hon. James G. Fair. Subject: "Public Honors the Reward of Private Merit."

4. Hon. M. H. de Young. Subject: "The Substantial Value of Integrity in Journalism."

5. Col. D. M. Buell. Subject: "The Ten Commandments as a Political Guide."

6. Mr. Lloyd Tevis. Subject: "What Doth it Profit a Man to Gain the Whole World and Lose His Own Soul?"

7. Hon. Wm. F. Herrin. Subject: "The People's Guilt, or Why Judge Levy Was Not Re-elected."

8. Hon. P. B. Cornwall. Subject: "Defects of Municipal Legislation, and How to Guard Against Adverse Ordinances."

9. Hon. Alvinza Hayward. Subject: "Is Confession Good for the Soul? A Reply to the Hon. P. B. Cornwall."

10. Hon. W. R. Hearst. Subject: "Now is the Time to Subscribe."

"Gene," said I seriously, "it is an evil sign of the times when a young man of your wealthy connections can indulge in such coarse levity at the expense of the best men in the community."

And with that I stalked from the room. I am sorry to say that the gentlemen present encouraged the ill-timed and dangerous jesting by sending a laugh after me.

On Thursday I received an elegantly printed card from the Palace Hotel laundry soliciting my patronage, and I understand that wagons call for linen at the residences of patrons. Of course I am willing at all times to oblige my friend Newlands, but as I see that he has been elected to Congress from Nevada it rather surprises me, hunc me if it doesn't, to find him pushing for business in this energetic way. Had he been defeated it would have been another matter, but under the circumstances I feel bound to continue to give my washing to the Lick laundry.

It is extraordinary the lengths to which business rivalry drives our journalists. Here are the contemporaries of my friend De Young raking him up with their envious fire because he is buying Napoleonic relics and other curios in New York for his San Francisco museum. They even insinuate, begad, that he has chosen Napoleonic souvenirs in preference to others because he is running a history of the Emperor in his paper and wants to boom it. Objection is made, too, that the money is not his own, but the profits of the Midwinter

Fair. That's absurd. Really, I didn't suppose anybody was left now to question that the Fair was Harry's own, and therefore also every dollar that it made. He has taken my advice and treated with a perfectly silent and gentlemanly contempt all importunate demands for an accounting.

"Dear boy," I said to him, when he appealed to me for counsel, "does this criticism annoy you?"

"No, Persiflage," he answered, "but, confound it, they may make people believe I've hogged money that I hadn't no right to." Harry has his little peculiarities of speech.

"You think everybody would believe that, of you?" I asked, shocked.

"Well—I dunno," he said slowly, "there's no telling."

"But you have the money?"

"Have I the money? Well, I should say so."

"Then the best thing you can do," I decided firmly, "is to hang onto it."

"That's what I think," he agreed, brightening.

"That's what I've thought all along, Persiflage. Hang criticism, eh?"

My friend De Young is not understood—at least not in all his aspects. California is familiar with the De Young of business, the De Young of journalism, the De Young of society, but it is only now being introduced to De Young as a man of learning and taste. He is proving to the world that he has heard of Napoleon and places value on mementoes of that Frenchman. As a candidate for the Senate, my friend Harry comprehends the use of a little polish, and after all, egad, there's nothing gives polish like culture. I didn't subscribe to the *Mid-week Fair* fund myself, but if I had I'm sure, as a gentleman, that I couldn't have wished to have had my money spent in a more tasteful way than Senator De Young is disposing of his surplus in New York; where I trust he will be taken in by no infernal dealer in bogus curios. What he needs in these nice matters is to have me with him, and not for the approaching Horse Show, as I don't know but I might take a run East and save him from mistakes. It would be awkward to have the De Young Museum made a storehouse for counterfeit relics and other *objets d'art*. Badlam and I have wired him to see Verdenal and rely on his judgment. Colonel Andrews wants to go on, but the Horse Show, of course, is holding him like myself and the rest of the fashionable world.

PERSIFLAGE.

THE KNOCKERS' PATROL.

IT IS DOING GOOD WORK FOR GOVERNOR BUDD AND ITSELF.

The presence of muffled figures apparently watching in the vicinity of Mr. Budd's San Francisco residence has given rise to the rumor that there was danger of the assassination of the Governor-elect, from the desperate Republicans or some other hostile tong, and that these figures were the guard established for his protection. In the early fog of morning and the gloom of evening the shrouded guards are there.

It has been noted that whenever a visitor—and visitors, remarkable as it may seem, are not few—comes to the house he is narrowly watched, and immediately on his departure one or more of the mysterious figures darts across the street and into the presence of the Governor-elect.

As a matter of fact the guard is not there to protect Mr. Budd from physical harm but from political suicide, by the appointment of men to office who are not members of the order, for this faithful vigil is maintained by that new and occult organization, "The Knockers' Patrol."

The method of this secret society are somewhat on the lines of those of the A. P. A., though it is broader in its scope, inasmuch as its hostility is not limited to any particular religion, creed or nationality.

Its inception dates from the avowal of Mr. Daniel Rodgers' (President of the Young Men's Colored Democratic Circle and porter at the *Examiner* office) candidacy for the position of outdoor messenger to the Governor. The first official act of the body was a presentation to the Governor-elect of the record, failings and shortcomings of Mr. Rodgers.

The membership of the Patrol is a secret, only its two leaders—Judge Lawler of the Olympic Club and the Hon. James J. O'Brien being known. The aims of the order are, of course, to prevent the Governor from making mistakes in his appointments—the two leaders being particularly fearful that he will err in the selection of an attorney for the Board of Health and of Registrar. In this connection the Patrol has found it necessary to point out the Hon. James J. O'Brien as one of these offices and D. M. Delmas for the other.

An invitation to join was extended to W. D. English, Surveyor of the Port, but he is so much overcome by the treatment his honored and beloved chief, Mr. G. Cleveland, has received lately

that he declines to take any part in the politics of so ungrateful a community.

For another reason Mr. Gavin McNab refused to become Third Eminent Swatter of the order. Though his aims are as patriotic as those of the organization, he feels he can accomplish more by individual effort than by affiliation with anybody.

One of the most promising features of the new order's career is that the men who have inspired and been downed by the Knockers' Patrol invariably join the order and vie with the leaders in enthusiasm.

The order is growing rapidly, and it is calculated that by the time all the offices are filled, nearly the whole of the Democratic party of California will be enrolled.

PRO BONO PRIVATO.

"INGOMAR" AT THE CALIFORNIA.

During the past week Robert Downing has presented a number of plays to large audiences. Of these his performance of "Ingomar" is the most satisfactory. For one thing, Mr. Downing's physique is suited to the Barbarian's strength and power, and then the play shows the company's talent in fitting roles. Polydor is good. Mrs. Bates' Actra, the mother of Parthenia, is a decided improvement upon last week's Faustina. Myron is the good-hearted, weak-headed armorer Parthenia's father was meant to be. Mr. Hayes' Timarch is stately and pleasing. The Barbarians all, though a trifle too fond of prolonging their snarl of discontent, are well-costumed, reasonable, probable creatures. The performance is well balanced, and it is this very evenness which is most commendable, as it is most unusual.

The great fault of our "star" system is the production of plays, one or two, or possibly three characters of which are tastefully, even excellently rendered, while the support—the background, the coloring, the atmosphere of the picture—is so neglected as utterly to spoil one's enjoyment in it. That there is no role so insignificant as to be unworthy honest effort, no trifling detail which does not influence the listener's judgment and appreciation, we have been taught by the few finished performances San Francisco has enjoyed of late years—performances in which not one note rang false, not one tone jarred. Coquelin played the small role of Armand's father in "Camille," played it, too, in so serious, respectable and self-contained a manner that one recognized another merit in the great comedian whose Tartuffe and Mascarille the night before had justly monopolized attention. That "star" lustre must be faint indeed which requires the foil of incompetent support. The capable actor can well afford to lavish care and attention upon the minor characters of his play, for every part, even the smallest, if intelligently acted conduces to the delightful sensation one experiences in seeing any perfect thing. It would be absurd to say that the performance of "Ingomar" at the California lacks a flaw, is not susceptible of improvement, but as a whole it is well done, a fairly successful attempt to produce a complete picture.

Mr. Downing's Ingomar is a great, sturdy barbarian, honest, imperious, brave. In Downing's hands the character is imbued with a degree of humor, a hesitating simplicity, and one note is an original, natural conception of the part. From his first appearance—the wild chief of his lawless band—to the end of the romantic story, he is careful to show the growth of character. He makes us understand Ingomar's good-humored, natural cruelty, his slow comprehension of things beautiful and ethical, his transformation. One can more look for logical probability in a play of this kind than he demands strong sense in a comic opera. But, indeed, it is not difficult to become convinced of the power of love and innocence to change an outlaw into all that's desirable in a citizen—if Eugene Blair is the medium. She is an almost ideal Parthenia, delightfully girlish, gay and beautiful. The somewhat stilted and hackneyed lines fall from her lips with a new charm. Her naturalness, her youthful joyousness, her sympathetic voice are the weapons with which she attacks the reputation other actresses have made in this well-worn role. And she leaves a remembrance of innocent grace and artless coquetry, of almost self-sacrifice and devoted love that may easily rank with the other mental stage portraits one keeps to look back upon.

At the close of the second act, which Mr. Downing and Miss Blair make their prettiest scene, they were complimented by repeated curtain calls, and a gratified audience showered them with flowers.

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A FINANCIAL SHELL.

THE ENORMOUS LIABILITIES AND SHARV SECURITIES OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.

In my article published in this paper on the 3d inst. I pointed out the financial weakness of the Southern Pacific Company, as shown by their published balance sheet of December 31st, last, from which it appeared that to pay immediate cash demands due Monday, January 2d, amounting to \$11,341,540, they had on hand but \$2,675,654 in cash and \$1,254,811 in the hands of agents and conductors—or about one dollar to pay three. I also showed that of the cash all but \$377,391 had come in only the day before, so that but for the lucky dividend of the Southern Pacific railroads they would have had but \$377,391 wherewith to pay \$11,341,540. This is a pretty lame showing for a great transportation company, dealing in millions by the hundred, but bad as it is, worse remains behind.

The total receipts of the company this year from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31, 1894, amounting to \$11,341,540, given officially by the *Financial Chronicle* of Nov. 3d last, were \$27,563,383. Last year for the same period they amounted to \$31,182,913. The falling off, therefore, for the first eight months of 1894 is \$3,619,530, or at the rate of \$5,429,295 for the year! Meantime the bonded debt on which interest has to be paid was on January 1st, 1894, \$3,980,000 more than it was on the corresponding day of the preceding year, so that the next annual balance sheet should show payments larger than those of last year by \$199,000, and receipts smaller than last year's by \$3,048,410, or a total shortage of \$3,247,410. This showing, of course, forbids any doubt this year, and it is safe to assume that now will be made.

Whence, then, is this void \$3,247,410 to be filled? It must of course be borrowed, and the volume of the floating debt of the concern will probably appear in the next balance sheet as increased from \$3,742,338, where it stood last first of January, to \$6,989,748. But any startle at reading and suspect this is an exaggerated apprehension—that no great company like the Southern Pacific can be going to leeward at this rapid rate? I answer, let him test the figures by the authorities I have given—their own annual report and the columns of the *Financial Chronicle*. For my part, I firmly believe it to move far within the limits of sober truth. The Southern Pacific Company is exactly what General Grant called the Confederacy, "a mere shell," as anyone may see by reading its own reports. Its property is made up of the stocks of companies whose property is all mortgaged to from 20 to 50 percent above its cost or value, and the increase of debt which I predict for it this year is merely the repetition of what took place last year. The borrowed money due on January 1, 1895, as shown by the balance sheet, was \$1,934,634. On the first of January, 1894, it had increased to \$3,742,338, very nearly double. The figures I have given above bring out just about the same result for this year; an increase from \$3,742,338 to \$6,989,748 is as nearly as possible in the same ratio as that just quoted.

If Wall street is willing to continue increasing its loans to Mr. Huntington at this rate of geometrical progression, I trust that California street will at least call a halt. "Better by far," gentlemen, "cry over your money than cry after it." Let men in New York who are so loaded down with cash that they are compelled to lend it out at 1 per cent, per annum or submit to the hardship of leaving it unemployed, take these extra hazardous loans; you cannot afford to do so. Five or six millions, or double that amount, swallowed up in the melnstrom of the failure of the Southern Pacific Company would make but little difference to the vast accumulated capital of New York, but would seriously affect every branch of industry here, and prudent bankers will avoid such risks.

It is not to be supposed that the floating debt of the Southern Pacific is all that Mr. Huntington has to trouble him in this connection. All who are conversant with the matter are familiar with the name of the Pacific Improvement Company. Whoever has money to lend can have the name of either concern (or, for the matter of that, can probably have both) in exchange for it, in practically unlimited quantities. At bottom they represent only Mr. Huntington and his associates. Now, what is the situation of this last-named concern, and what the amount of its current liabilities or floating debt? That question I cannot answer with precision. Unfortunately it does not publish any reports or make any exhibit of its affairs, although its operations are on an immense scale and intimately connected with the railroads of the State. But though we have no means of access to its accounts, we are not absolutely without light on some of its operations. The published inventory of the

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estate of the late Senator Stanford shows him to have been the owner of 12,500 shares of its stock, which is just one-quarter of the whole. It does not require much astuteness to guess the owners of the other three-fourths. The Senator's inventory also shows over \$4,000,000 of bond and other securities of his which are stated not to have come to the hands of the administrator, although she has used, and is using, due diligence to obtain them! On the heels of the publication of this document we were informed by telegraph of an interview with Mr. Huntington, in New York, in which he said that these securities were placed by Mr. Stanford in the hands of the Pacific Improvement Company, together with corresponding amounts by the other members of the company, for certain purposes, and that when those purposes were fulfilled they would be returned. This is supposed, and no doubt correctly, to mean that they were lent to the company, to be pledged as security for its engagements, and argues, therefore, contributions of \$4,000,000 each for the four shareholders. These engagements, then, are large enough to call for a pledge of securities, borrowed for the purpose, amounting to about \$16,000,000. As the company has very considerable property and assets of its own, this borrowing of collateral from its stockholders to such a sum as \$16,000,000 looks extremely ominous, and is not at all calculated to inspire confidence in Southern Pacific finance.

I said above that the Southern Pacific Company is that General Grant called the Confederacy, "a shell." I shall take an early opportunity of going over its balance sheet and showing in detail its absolute want of anything like solid means.

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For a good many weeks to come, the Legislature will interest the public chiefly as the Senator-making body. It is the prevalent belief that Senator Perkins will be returned, that belief being founded on the optimistic notion that however hard Mr. de Young may try for the office, no Legislature can be induced to stomach him. It is also declared that Mr. Perkins has pledged to him a great many members from the interior of the State, and that the ruin of Colonel Burns as a Boss makes these pledges much more valuable as political assets than they otherwise would have been. As an alternative to De Young, Mr. Perkins has the good wishes of every decent Californian. He is civilized, intelligent, reputable. It is objected that he cannot be relied on to oppose very vigorously in the Senate the Funding Bill and other designs of the Southern Pacific; but what Republican can get to the Senate from this State of whom this is not true? There are plenty of Republicans in California, but there is no longer a Republican party. The organization is in the hands of the Southern Pacific, and while that is so, no man who is not prepared to remain on friendly terms with the corporation will seek to reach the Senate through a Republican Legislature. I don't think Mr. Perkins would enter into any corrupt bargain with Mr. Huntington, or that he would take orders like a messenger boy as Mr. de Young would; nevertheless, Mr. Perkins, being a practical man, whose business as well as political interests are more or less at the mercy of Mr. Huntington, naturally will accommodate himself to existing conditions and be solicitous to avoid trouble. The *Bulletin* says a stronger and more aggressive Senator than Mr. Perkins is needed by the State, which is threatened with a new period of slavery under Federal law to the Southern Pacific, and the *Bulletin* is quite right; but we must be thankful for the best the situation offers. The people chose a Republican Legislature, and the people will be fortunate if they get so respectable a Senator as Mr. Perkins, who is not by any means devoid of self-respect, and would rebel, I am persuaded, if pressed too far. One of the leaders of his party told me a few days ago that he was doubtful of Mr. Perkins' election because he "had it straight from railroad headquarters

that they had had enough of Perkins." If that statement be correct, it is to be presumed that the pledges of legislators will not stand against the orders of Messrs. Stow and Herrin. That Mr. de Young has an understanding, or rather a contract, with Mr. Huntington the whole course of Mr. de Young's paper, the *Chronicle*, goes to prove. There is a report that Irving M. Scott is to be brought forward by the Southern Pacific to beat Mr. Perkins. That may happen, but if it does it will be because Mr. de Young has determined to wait for a full Senatorial term instead of expending his substance and energies in order to get the two remaining years of Stanford's term.

The assumption that the Southern Pacific would prefer the respectable Mr. Scott to the disreputable Mr. de Young reflects only the wishes of Republicans who believe that a regard for appearances still has some weight with the statesmen of the railroad company. How sandy is the foundation of that belief may be inferred from the Southern Pacific's attempt to degrade San San Francisco by imposing upon her Dr. O'Donnell as Mayor. Mr. Huntington and his cabinet have in politics no shame, and take no account of that weakness in others. If Mr. de Young wants the Senatorship this winter he will have it, if the Southern Pacific can give it to him. And who doubts the ability of the Southern Pacific to have its way with the incoming Legislature? The reception given the suggestion that Judge De Haven be elected proves how universal is the expectation that the railroad company will control the Legislature. Politicians laugh at the thought of Judge De Haven's candidacy, and the ordinary citizen, who would gladly give a vote for the Judge, shakes his head and acknowledges that a man of such high character and such firmness in following his convictions stands no possible chance.

Of course, Mr. Estee is being "mentioned for the place," as he has been for every empty place in his party's gift through a generation. His latest defeat has aroused general commiseration, and should he appear as a candidate—as he is sure to do if there is a glimmer of hope of getting the office—he would have a popular support, formidable in dimensions, but cloudy as to substance. Pity for unfortunate age has developed a tendency to exaggerate both the abilities and deserts of Mr. Estee. Nature gave him good faculties enough, though nothing extraordinary, and at best he would have been an industrious, rather commonplace and useful public servant. There is not, and never was, a trace of brilliance about Mr. Estee, and his mind, though receptive and tenacious of information of the

kind that a partisan seeks, has at no time been robust. Years and successive disappointments have enfeebled him physically and mentally, and ever since he began, after his defeat as an anti-monopoly candidate for Governor in 1882, to strive to make his peace with the Southern Pacific, there has been a progressive deterioration of character. The final and saddest evidence of this was Mr. Estee's silence when his opponent was being brutally libeled by Burns' newspaper organs. He was willing to be given the victory over Mr. Budd by any means. He remains silent, too, while his party's managers are doing their imbecile and criminal best to cheat Mr. Budd of the office voted to him by the people. Mr. Estee, evidently, would take the Governorship on any terms, however unfair and discreditable. This is not the Estee of 1872, who went out as part of the conscience of his party in revolt against its corruption and unpatriotic purposes—not the Estee who joined hands with Newton Booth and other self-owning and courageous men in an attempt to rescue their party in California from that submission to Huntington & Co. into which it was falling then, and into which it has fallen wholly now, and Mr. Estee along with it. Doubtless he would take the Senatorship under any bonds of service imposed by the Southern Pacific. It is not in him to refuse an office, no matter by whom offered or how conditioned. That is the reason why when his party was successful everywhere he was rejected as Governor by the people of California, and however much he is to be pitied, it would be calamitous were that pity to find expression by giving him the Senatorship. He would be better than De Young, of course, for he is the remains of a gentleman. Better than De Young—that is the most that truth permits to be said of Morris M. Estee now. There is no man who aspires to any public office of whom the same cannot be said. And Mr. de Young can have the Senatorship if he deems the time ripe to go to Washington as the representative of California's civilization, and Mr. Huntington owns the Legislature, as there seems to be no reason to question. The Southern Pacific reveals its own moral and patriotic stature in its choice of a De Young for the Senate, an O'Donnell for Mayor, and a Levy for the bench. And the people of California have elected a Legislature to suit the Southern Pacific's wishes. Any punishment that may befall the people will be due.

The "new woman" who makes herself heard to a painful extent in California as elsewhere, and to whom heavy and perpetual sacrifices of type are offered, has her eyes turned expectantly upon the Legislature.

The Republican party is pledged in favor of extending the suffrage to women, and the Legislature will, of course, submit an amendment to the Constitution in accordance with that pledge. It is true that neither the speakers nor the press of the party pressed the suffrage plank during the canvass, but it is significant of the times that the Democrats did not antagonize the plank, either by argument or ridicule. Both sides were just a little afraid of the issue. It is new in this State, and whatever is new is deemed dangerous by the vote-seeking politician. Though the Populists, like the Republicans, have a platform favoring woman suffrage, the protagonists and antagonists of the innovation are not yet divided precisely by party lines. In all the parties it has foes and friends. Mayor Sutro believes in it, Congressman Maguire champions it, and Governor Budd is nearly converted. He said to me the other day: "While I haven't quite made up my mind that it would be best, you are at liberty to say to the public that there is no man who has better reason to know how much good sense and honesty there is among women, and that, in my appointments to the boards governing institutions of which women are inmates, I shall give women representation where the law allows it. But don't record me as a suffragist until I have given more thought to it as a practical political proposition." The ladies who want to vote, it will be seen, have no cause to fear Governor Budd.

Whether the men of California two years from now will be prepared to confer the ballot on women, I am not able to judge. If not then, they will do it later. Suffrage is coming—here and everywhere in the United States. It is inevitable. The new woman is with us and increasing so in numbers that the injustice of withholding the ballot from her is becoming obvious to all men who think. By the new woman, without quotation marks, I do not mean the uneasy vocal sisterhood. From the venerable and courageous and unwearied Miss Anthony down, the female advocates of female suffrage are not a cause but an effect. To the growing army of the new woman they are but one voice—an audible murmur of the steadily flowing stream. They are a sign of, not the creators of a social evolution that is irresistible.

The real new woman does not talk; she works.

The old conception of the proper relation of the sexes is disappearing fast, but not so fast as the relation itself. When millions of women go out daily in this republic to work for wages and livelihood, just as men do, the oak-and-vine theory of life is made preposterous.

The giving of the ballot will not be an Act of Emancipation for women, but a Declaration of Independence for men—independence of the old duty to support women.

The instinct of most men, and of most women too, is, as yet, hostile to the entry of women into political life. This instinct, so far as men are concerned, is derived from civilization, not from nature. The natural man feels no shame—no more shame than the civilized man is coming to feel—at the sight of women toiling. The squaw is the working animal of the wigwam. Women have no greater natural liking for labor and responsibility than men have, and therefore prefer to be maintained rather than to maintain themselves. Custom has secured the more fortunate in the privileges of dependance and protection, and set the mark of social inferiority on the self-supporting. Every "new avenue of employment opened to women"

over which the vocal and writing "new woman" rejoices as proof of the advance of her sex is but another blow at this shielding custom—another blow at the chivalrous ideal to which women in Christian countries owe about all that they have of liberty and dignity above the women of the harem. The women who attend Congresses and write with gladness of what they deem solely an intellectual awakening of their sex, do not see that the cause of their own and other women's perturbation, and anxiety to strive with men for the fine boon of drudging for a living, is chiefly industrial. Of course the growth of the army of female workers is accompanied by an intellectual quickening. If women must work, the more capable among them will, like the more capable among men, exert themselves to escape the curse of manual toil. So, as the factories become crowded with girls mentally unfit for higher occupation, the levels of lighter industries and the professions are being invaded by girls of better brains. Women must live, and if men cannot support them as wives, daughters and sisters—which is the harsh decree of our commercial and competitive civilization—they must support themselves. Therefore they should also vote.

Whether the state of the new woman is preferable to that of the old may be interesting to discuss, but the debate is not to the point. The new woman is here, and she is working like a man. If the proper sphere of woman is to be "queen of the home," she is a disinherited monarch, for there are not homes enough to go round.

No one can now forecast the social changes that must follow inexorably upon woman's altered industrial position, but that they will be profound there is no room for doubt. The new woman, being woman, will continue to love and marry, but not in the old way. With the vanishing of the protecting knight, the clinging lady will vanish, too. The marriage of the future will be a different sort of partnership from that of the present and past. The double standard in morals cannot survive. Let us hope that man will be lifted to woman's and not she brought down to his—though there will be danger of that, as a passing phase of development only, perhaps. The new woman of the platform and "Heavenly Twins" sort resents man's freedom, and envy is to be detected in the resentment.

The ballot will be given to women because men's minds are turning more and more toward legislative solvents for the social problem. The cheerful American optimism of the middle of the century, which held that there was in republican institutions a magic remedy for all social ills, including poverty, has given place to a desperate realization that the republic has developed, and is developing, on the old European lines—giving us the same inequality of condition, the same inordinate power to wealth and station. We are saved from revolution because faith in the ballot to give us better laws persists, and aside from being moved by the obvious justice of the act, the multitude of toiling men will give the ballot to women because they need their help at the polls to fight the battle against privileged money.

Old ideals, old prejudices, die hard. The new woman who is in evidence as a trotter from one convention to another, a haunter of clubs, educational, reformatory, charitable and social, as a public speaker, as a belligerent pioneer in occupations hitherto in exclusive male possession, offends masculine taste,

which is largely hereditary. That taste takes most kindly to the woman of the poets, idle and beautiful, and, by the shallow, the skirted champion of her sex is taken to be typical of the new woman. The true type is the girl of the factory and store. The skirted champion of woman's rights has her uses. She delays rash experiments in innovation. Being too often better endowed with shrillness than with eloquence, and having a desire for distinction in inverse proportion to her talents for worthy achievement, she is both annoying and ridiculous. The relatively few able women who give rational, argumentative voice to the plea for the suffrage are heard with respect. They are not for a moment to be classed with the garrulous nonentities who harass sensible women and men with their clatter. The women who do things in the world, either in literature, art, science, the professions or the factories, have neither the time nor wish to clatter. Their work keeps them busy. Yet, as demagogues in politics say much that is true, so, too, do these vanity-fleeced camp-followers of the swelling industrial army. Their own and others' error is the notion that they are leaders of the host. They are not liked now, and never will be. Women through all changes of environment will remain women, and desire to be loved. Gentleness and modesty will lose none of their power by being joined to trained intelligence. Beauty will never cease to dazzle and conquer men. But the mass of women are not beautiful and will, therefore, have to work. It is for this mass that the ballot will be useful, as it is useful, or may be made useful, to the mass of ungifted, working men.

A man in public life, who favors woman suffrage, said to me a few days ago that he advocated it despite his expectation that its first result would be a distressing and harmful outbreak of fanaticism in politics. Nearly all women are convinced that they are by nature of a finer moral fiber than men, and possess, as a sex, a reserve fund of goodness that should be applied to the uplifting of men. There is no diffidence shown by women when deciding on their own comparative goodness. But the world's experience does not bear out either this notion of superior goodness or the theory that women will improve men's morals or their own by escaping from the restrictions imposed upon them. Women have never been more conspicuous or important in life, or on so equal a plane in the eyes of the law, as during the decadence of the Roman Empire; yet women were then at their lowest state morally. When the race has run riot, as in England with the Restoration, and in France before the Revolution, and after, women have gone the pace with men. Always there is a bad woman to mate with a bad man.

The home woman is still the woman we have in mind when the sex is spoken of, and the home woman has her peculiar excellences. Chastity is her supreme virtue, and it ever will be the supreme virtue of woman, whatever her development away from the traditional wifely model otherwise. But the home woman necessarily takes an exclusively domestic view of life—which is good for the home, but would not be for the State. At first the home woman will go to the polls and try with her ballot to impose upon society the rules of conduct which she enjoins upon her young son. The minor morals will be to her the chief end of politics, and we shall have attempts at legislative interference with social customs that doubtless will be sufficiently trying. But her raids as a voter on the saloon and other resorts of the wicked will moderate with time and experience, and result in ultimate

good. She will find that it is no more the province of good women than of good men to war upon social evils, and that legislation is not omnipotent.

As the woman voter broadens she will not vote as a woman but as a citizen, and her political associates will not be chosen because of their sex but because of their political purposes. Women of business care nothing for the sex of a borrower but look to the security. Women who employ labor get it where it is to be had cheapest. Women who write books or paint pictures that are worth the writing or painting do not publish and exhibit as women but as artists. The solidarity of the sex will not last long in politics, except under religious influence, as in Utah, where women's votes were the mainstay of polygamy. If the Republican Legislature of California shall, as in duty bound, submit a suffrage amendment, and it be adopted, the new voters will eventually obey the natural laws that govern the voters we now have—intelligence and character will tend to co-operate against stupidity and viciousness. And neither sex has a monopoly of any of these blessings or curses.

The downfall of Tammany under the blows of the combined Democrats and Republicans of New York who are out of touch with that organization, has inflamed the preachers everywhere. Tammany's downfall is a good thing, and every friend of clean government rejoices in it. Dr. Parkhurst, by his attacks on the officials who gave countenance to and derived profit from the vice of the metropolis, unquestionably contributed materially to the success of the good work. But the pulpit view—particularly the rural pulpit view—that that brave and zealous clergyman alone toppled Tammany from the heights of power into the valley of defeat and humiliation, is likely to have practical consequences that will bear upon the fortunes of the suffrage amendment in this State. The pulpit of Oregon and Washington is stirred to emulation of Parkhurst, and is preaching a crusade against the social evils which we have always with us. California is catching the contagion. When the pulpit preaches a crusade the recruits are mostly women, since the congregations are chiefly composed of them. Men who gamble and drink and lead loose lives generally, are in for an unpleasant time. Doubtless they deserve it, but these intermittent assaults on vice breed melancholy—the results are so out of proportion to the exertion. The world organizes itself almost as unconsciously as an animal grows, and in spite of divine commandments, moral maxims, and enactments, effect follows cause. To attack the effect is not the way to remove the cause, the practice of the pulpit notwithstanding. Moral crusades, such as those now rising, are wasteful exhibitions of energy. Their chief good is the preservation of a tolerable moral standard; their worst result is the discouragement that follows their practical failure. If the same moral energy were intelligently directed at the polls to secure social conditions that would tend to minimize social evils, the gain would be enormous. And when women's moral energy takes a political channel, the clergy will gradually descend from their position of leadership. At present the churches furnish the outlet for the force which the majority of good women have to expend beyond their own homes. The enlargement of scope and increase of power that will come with the ballot must necessarily divert women's thoughts and inclinations to other lines than that of "church work." Considering the certainty of this widening of mind and secularization of purpose, those pastors who advocate the suffrage

are certainly unselfish. How much influence did the pulpit of California exert, or even try to exert, upon the voters during the late canvass? The theologian now has with men no standing in politics. With the second or third generation of women voters, he will be equally ignored by them.

But the clergy nevertheless will have a great deal to do with the adoption or rejection of the suffrage amendment in this State. If the coming crusade of ministers and their flocks against the saloon and allied evils shall be very widespread and violent the amendment will be defeated. The majority of Californians are, I should say, favorable to high license, or other forms of regulation which would reduce the number of drinking places and lessen inebriety and other kinds of vice, but there is only an insignificant minority that would countenance prohibition, or the spirit of prohibition, which is feminine—that is to say, interfering and intolerant. California voted to repeal the Sunday law, a vote which does not cease to afflict the clergy, though the Sabbath is as well observed as it was when the Sunday law lay dead between the lids of the statute-book. The order of mind that regards regulative restrictions on vice as legal recognition and sanction of it, is common among women, who get their ideas from the pulpit. It is that order of mind which rises to conspicuousness in crusades, and the men of California, being practical and willing to accept the lessons of experience, will be slow to take the risk of adding great bodies of enthusiastic, well-meaning, but unreflecting crusaders to the electorate. Men of sense, whatever their desires may be, know well enough that the curse of drunkenness is not to be taken from society by enactments aimed at the manufacture of alcohol, and that Mary Magdalen will remain in civilization while poverty does. Both are invincible to praying bands, mass meetings and the spasmodic exertions of a goaded police.

But, for good or ill, woman suffrage is coming in California. To the Republican Party belongs the responsibility, and let us trust, the honor of proposing it.

The local satirists have polished their wit on the Johnson art sale, at which \$100,000 was spent by local buyers for pictures, statuary and miscellaneous objects of luxury. For my part, I think the sale tremendously creditable to San Francisco. To be sure, all the purchasers were not connoisseurs, some, perhaps, made themselves ridiculous by their selections and by the prices paid for them, and the anxiety to participate in a fashionable affair, and to secure souvenirs of it for after display, was doubtless influential. What then? Is it surprising that there should be pretentious ignorance among the rich of an American city, or that there should be snobs in an English-speaking community? I dare say the buyers' knowledge of art was quite up to that of their most cutting critics, and that on the average the men and women who bought did so because they wanted beautiful things, or things that seemed to them beautiful. Making all allowance for the vanity of show, the sale betokened a spirit that is comforting to believe in on the increase among our wealthy people. The possession of good pictures and statues educates and creates a desire for better knowledge. Besides, San Francisco is far from being poor in men and women of cultivated taste. Why should it be? Our young people of the well-to-do classes have gone to the best schools, and, like their elders, have traveled and seen something of the world. Moreover, people from the ends of the earth are collected here

and mingle, and that lessens the narrowness which marks communities grown from the soil, as in the middle West, and the remoter East. Good artists have from the earliest days found San Francisco a profitable place to be in. There have been always others than parvenus to buy. There is a real civilization in this town, and it manifested itself in the Johnson art sale.

The Horse Show will invite the satirists, too, and there will be fair targets enough, but really, as a mere matter of prudent thrift, it is well for us, the clearer-eyed, higher-minded folk who write for a living, to be too hard on the rich who try to amuse themselves in the ways that give them most pleasure? Their ways may not betoken a superabundance of intellect or the most serious and worthy purposes in life, but so long as the opulent do no harm in taking their diversions, why shouldn't they have the royal permission of the journalists to go it? The newspapers themselves are largely responsible for the mixture of irritation and contempt with which less gay and ostentatious people regard the Four Hundred when on parade, for it is the newspapers that play the lackey and make a sight of the show possible to ninety-nine of every hundred of the spectators. Because the press takes the parades so seriously as to cram its pages with illustrated and deferential accounts of them, the participants are made to seem as if they regarded their harmless pleasurable occurrences of moment to mankind. To dance and feast and turn out to exhibit fine clothes may not be works insuring salvation, but at least there is nothing evil in them, and an assemblage of pretty women in their war-paint and men in black on their good behavior is a spectacle that even a newspaper satirist can gaze upon with satisfaction to his pictorial sense, if he be not bitten with plebeian envy. So I hope the Horse Show will bring out San Francisco's girls in their very best toilets, and that they will have a lovely time, in spite of critics who are great on the follies of fashionable life, but who would like very much, when all is said, to be as near the girls, and on as good terms with them, as the detestable aristocrats in claw-hammers will be. As the world is arranged, it is well that the rich should be encouraged in extravagance. It is good for trade and good for labor. It is easy to think of fairer and more dignified ways in which men who have nothing might get a share of what these who have too much possess, but it is not easy to bring any of those ways about. The world is not arranged on philosophical principles, and until it shall be, the extravagance of the rich must indubitably be deemed beneficial to the poor. Even if the rich were all to obey the gentle admonitions of their respectful pastors and suddenly turn virtuous, what would become of trade? Indeed if sin should disappear altogether from every class one trembles to think what would become of the professions, including cooking, law, journalism, and divinity. Let us, therefore, be kind not only to the Horse Show and the Four Hundred, but to all sinners, rich and poor.

Mr. La Rue is elected, and if Dr. Stanton is his own master, the Southern Pacific has lost the Railroad Commission, for the first time since the institution came into existence. The people of San Francisco had more confidence in Dr. Stanton than those who opposed his election, and I was of the number. The objection to him simply was that among his supporters were railroad workers and retainers of the Democratic bosses. As Coroner and Supervisor Dr. Stanton has made a good official. But for

the support that contributed to his nomination he would have been entirely satisfactory to anti-monopolists. We shall see now whether Dr. Stanton will justify the confidence of the people who voted for him and dissipate the suspicion that alienated from him many who otherwise would have been on his side. He is a man of good intelligence, educated, young, ambitious. Working with Mr. La Rue, Dr. Stanton can do more for the people of California to free them from the railroad's thievery than has ever been done yet. His opportunity at once to render an inestimable public service and honestly earn advancement for himself, is a noble one.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

While emerging from the Mills Building on Wednesday last, where I had been to consult my solicitor concerning the chances of recovering the sum I paid for what I supposed to be a Persian rug at the Johnson art sale, I encountered Asa Fisk, who in his warm, impulsive way, grasped my hand.

"Well, Persiflage," he said, after we had chatted of the weather, the rate of exchange and the new bond issue. "Well, I see Cleveland has been found out at last."

"Found out?"

"Why yes. Haven't you read the papers? He went into the White House without enough collateral to get a thirty-day note for a thousand, and now he's worth four million. Disgraceful, eh?"

"Disgraceful!" I replied, stiffening, "certainly not, sir. On the contrary, its entirely creditable. What the doose is the use of having friends if they don't do something for you, I'd like to know?"

"But doesn't it surprise you to know that Cleveland's a millionaire, Persiflage—the President, mind?"

"No, sir; it's surprising that anybody but a millionaire should be elected. They're the real masters of the country, as they ought to be, and begad I hate all hypocrisy. I tell you, Mr. Fisk, what does surprise me, and that is that a man of your means should join in this low demmed howl against wealth. It's news like yours, sir, that are bringing this country to revolution—this everlasting demagogic outcry against riches. I'm a Republican, sir, but I respect Grover Cleveland. He went into office a poor man, mingled with good society, met millionaires there, saw the error of his ways and is now rich, and is in sympathy with those who, like myself, take no stock whatever in this anxious babble about the superior virtue of poverty. Confound it, sir," I went on, growing to confess somewhat excited, and attracting a crowd, "I think Grover Cleveland's now as good a Republican as I am and has given over all his early and ignorant notions about the poor needing to be protected from the rich. What the doose are the poor for if it isn't to work for their betters? Who could get rich if they didn't?"

"But, God bless me, Persiflage—" "Don't take the name of your Maker in vain, you demagogic reprobate," I interrupted fiercely.

"I'm tired of such appeals as yours to the mob, and demme if I don't think the Declaration of Independence is a bundle of preposterous fallacies, and that the best thing for us would be to have a monarchy. Men like you, sir," I exclaimed, "who should know better, or anyway have some regard for the safety of your own property, go about flapping the rabble and inspiring them to rebellion against those who are naturally in authority over them. The day will come, Mr. Fisk, when you will have reason—"

"Here Horace Platt came out and drew me off as a policeman was shouldering his way through the crowd.

On reflection I own that I went a little too far in declaring for monarchy. We are not yet prepared for such a change, but still, my friend Fair to be said for the old system. In the first place it gives stability and tone to society, and next it accustoms common people to acquiesce in the possession of wealth by a hereditary caste. I won't live to see it, but, egad, existence would be worth more if instead of being despised and detested for what he's got, my friend Fair were the Earl of North Beach, my friend Tavis Marquis of Scrip, Colonel Crocker, Lord Raitton, Commodore Spreckels, Baron Baywater, and Captain Huntington, Duke of Yerba Buena, and it might make no real difference to them in actual power, of course, but it would dazzle the crowd and draw the fangs of such disturbers as Fisk. I'm too old to

hope for a title myself, but one, when you come to it, would do something toward dignifying and comforting a gentleman's declining years. As for President Cleveland, so long as he's got the four millions, he can afford to treat with silent scorn the beggarly critics of his wise prudence. I never thought he had it in him. Demme, the fellow's no democrat after all, and we Republicans might do worse than take him up for a third term. I'll sound the cluhs.

Mr. Budd, who is under the impression that he has been elected Governor of California, called me into consultation the other day.

"Persiflage," he said, "though you are not of my political faith, there is no man of sounder judgment than yourself. I want your advice. The office-seekers are overrunning me and making me ill."

"Why don't you tell them all to go to the doose?" I inquired calmly.

"Because," he said, "many of them have laid me under deep personal obligation by their unselfish work for the party."

"Which they now seek to realize on by unselfishly demanding something for themselves?"

"Precisely. Now, you see, I can't appoint anybody without offending somebody, and being a statesman, I want to offend nobody. So I have prepared a little circular letter which I send to all applicants, saying I am making no appointments yet, but will consider their claims in due season. Then I enter their names and wants in this little thing."

The Governor showed me a neat blank-book with an alphabetical index, and most of its pages were already half filled with names.

"What do you think of the idea, Persiflage?" he asked, anxiously.

"Capital," I said, "as far as it goes. But I would suggest something supplemental. It may cost a trifle, but if the campaign has exhausted your funds I will advance the money."

"God bless you, Persiflage," he murmured fervently. "What is your plan?"

"When you have got this book filled buy a dictionary."

I never saw a man more pleased and grateful, and, despite the fact that I am a Republican, Mr. Budd entered my own name in the book. I told him not to embarrass his administration on my account, but that if he was looking about in a non-partisan spirit for a Labor Commissioner I wouldn't say no.

"Persiflage," said Mr. Budd, rising and yawning to indicate that the interview was closed, "Don't you worry. You shall have a shake out of the box."

While standing in front of the Baldwin Theater yesterday waiting for the appearance of my friend Bouvier in order to congratulate him on the ending of the *Examiner*-Hayman war, and the prospect that dramatic criticism here might now rise above the level of the *Arizona Kicker*, two ladies paused on the promenade and stared at me. I took them to be ladies because they were very well dressed, and young and good-looking. I am not unaccustomed to the admiration of the fair sex, and in my time, egad—but the steadiness of the stares of these women soon not only caused me to regard their status as doubtful, but to feel uncomfortable.

"Well, ladies," I said at last, raising my hat and smiling queerly, "I trust your curiosity is being satisfied."

"Oh," Mr. Salvini, you must excuse us, but really—"

"Mr. Who?" I cried.

"Mr. Salvini. Why, aren't you Mr. Salvini?"

"No, girls," I said, bowing, coming up behind me from the box-office, "this is not Mr. Salvini, but the younger brother of Colonel Andrews."

The ladies giggled and made off. You can imagine my indignation at being mistaken for an actor. I couldn't hold it in and told of the mortifying incident at the Bohemian. I have learned since that those young scoundrels Joe Grant and Sam Knight are going about saying that they put the women up to it as a joke, but that is absurd.

"Persiflage," said my late friend Estee, drawing me into Montgomery street last Wednesday, "I want you to do something for me. The time has now come when all my friends should turn to and do something."

"Well, what do you want," I demanded, and rather crossly, for it isn't in human nature to respect misfortune.

"I only want you to do a little thing, Persiflage," he said, with an eagerness to be conciliatory that might have seemed pathetic to some, but merely irritated me the more. "I only want you to see the Colonel—Colonel Burns, you know. I'm beginning to fear that I haven't been elected Governor."

"You want the Colonel to count you in somehow, eh?"

Use Burnham's (Clam Bouillon.

"No," he replied, becoming dazed and absent in manner, "no, there doesn't seem to be any hope of that now, though at one time—"

"Well, well," I interrupted sharply, "come to the point."

He started, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Oh, yes, the Colonel. Well, you might see the Colonel and put in a word for me, Persiflage. You really might."

"A word for what, demmit?"

"Why, for the senatorship—the Senatorship, Persiflage. He urged me for the place once, you understand, though unsuccessfully, and it's vacant again, I believe. Yes, I'm quite sure it's vacant. Colonel Burns is a wonderful man. He can do anything. It's surprising how he figures out majorities and encourages me. It's in his power—"

I left Estee at once, and looking back I saw that he had not noticed my departure, but stood where I had left him, talking to himself. Hang me if it isn't melancholy. Confound it, something must be done in mere humanity. I shall use my influence with Mr. Budd to have him appointed to the Yosemite Commission.

I have, of course, made the acquaintance of Vining, the new manager of the Southern Pacific's street lines. He is a rising man. And he has the sense to inquire for information about the local interests and prejudices of a community that is new to him.

"My dear fellow," I said, when he had sought my counsel, "what you ought to do at once is to popularize yourself with the better classes."

"But," he remarked, "it is the general public who use street cars."

"Hang the general public," I retorted. "Make yourself solid with the ruling caste, and the mob may be left to take care of itself. You are not working for a corporation that cares an excretion for the general public."

"There's sense in that," he agreed.

"Now," I said, "the Horse Show will give you a fine opportunity to make your *entree* into the right set."

"The Horse Show? But I have no horses."

"You want none. Hire that twelve-mule team from Fresno and enter it on behalf of the Southern Pacific."

Vining grasped my hand and looked voluble.

"Ah, Persiflage," cried Senator Jones, of Nevada, at the Palace, greeting me with the old heartiness. But I ignored his hand, and only slightly nodded.

"Hullo," he said, "what's up?"

"Treason, sir," I replied; "treason and folly. You have deserted us and gone over to the Populists, Senator Jones, and you have been rebuked by the nation, which has returned *en masse* to the grand old Republican party."

"Oh, come now," urged Jones with that unfeeling good humor of his, "I had to stand by silver, you know. And besides I am not alone in my treason. There's Newlands, and he's been re-elected to Congress."

"That is a different matter, sir," I replied frigidly. "You are a man of great wealth and can afford, at some personal loss if necessary, to set an example of loyalty. Newlands is but a poor man in the laundry business, and needs the emoluments of office."

I was about to turn on my heel and depart when the Senator, who, politics aside, is a devilish good fellow, took me by the arm and said:

"I want you to read my last speech, Persiflage, and then you will realize the paramount importance of the silver question. And by the way, do you still do something in wine? That last I had of you when I was out here was the best I ever tasted."

I am reading the speech, and upon my word, Jones does make out a plausible case.

PERSIFLAGE.

THE THEATRES.

Alexander Salvini begins an engagement at the Baldwin next Monday, during which he will present the plays that made his success here two years ago. In addition he will give "Ruy Blas," the play in which Mounet-Sully, the French tragedian, made his greatness apparent to unbelieving Americans in New York last winter. Young Salvini is always welcome here. He brings with him an atmosphere of romance and adventure, the veritable atmosphere of intrigue and love and death which makes the never-failing charm of the elder Dumas' stories. It is a relief to escape occasionally from the drearily, sometimes thinly, drawn subtleties of modern life and modern character-sketching, revel in the breadth and action in which the heroes of other days lived and loved. It is good to be frankly interested in the plot of a story told dramat-

ically without the offensive interposition of a posing, bored author. And as Salvini is the embodied spirit of the old-time hero of active adventure, it is not difficult to understand his popularity.

At the California, "The New Boy," will run another week. It has had the success that usually attends farce-comedy. All the world loves a laugh, and will go to three-quarters of the way to meet it. Bert Coote is a comedian of the solemn, Private-Secretary kind. His make-up is good, and he does all that's possible with his absurd role and silly play.

California has a warm side for Thomas Keene, who is coming out to the Coast again, and will open at the California Theatre on Monday, December 31. The repertoire includes "Richard III," "Louis XI," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello," and the "Merchant of Venice." San Francisco remembers Keene as one of the old California Theatre Company who played everything, and played it well. He was as good in tragedy as in comedy, but for the past fourteen years he has stuck to the legitimate, and his work finds acceptance throughout the country, which gets more than enough of farce-comedy and tepid drama. The sale of seats, at the regular California Theatre prices, will begin on Thursday morning, November 29th.

WHAT HIS FRIENDS ADVISE.

SUGGESTIONS TO GOVERNOR MARKHAM AS TO HIS FUTURE CAREER.

Within a few weeks the name of Governor Markham will disappear from the stationery of the Capitol. He will be again the Colonel Burn from Pasadena that he was when Colonel Burns made his great discovery. It has always been a problem what a State or nation should do with its great men when their terms of office have expired. Chief Executives don't always die when they should, and when they do not they are likely to be around jeopardizing the State's dignity by adopting plebeian pursuits. What should Governor Markham do? Doubtless early next year, when he steps from his exalted station into the busy walks of unofficial men, he will be bewildered at first. A mistake would be easy, and to help him the advice of those who were his friends should be valuable. The suggestions are varied, for each suggester speaks from his own experience with Governor Markham:

IRWIN C. STUMP—Before returning to the unofficial walks of life Governor Markham should produce a thousand dollars to pay the wage it was necessary for the Republican State Central Committee to lay that he did not write that pro-Chinese, anti-Irish letter, which it was proved he did write after he said he did not. Otherwise, I may have to pay it. He should learn to tell the truth, which is likely to be valuable in any business. After that? Well, if I were to offer a suggestion it would be "Go to the devil!"

COLONEL DAN LUCE—There is a mission calling for Governor Markham. It should be his proud duty to take M. M. Esteve in hand and teach him the art of being elected to something in the face of popular disapproval. That is the highest thing in politics, and the education of Mr. Esteve in this branch would be a life work worthy of a man who had occupied the highest office in the gift of the State.

P. B. CORNWALL—By his masterly denial of the authorship of his own letter the Governor has shown that he possesses diplomatic talent of no mean order. It isn't every man who, without hesitation, will say the thing that is not when the truth becomes awkward. The unflinching service of a man's honor under such circumstances verges on the heroic. Now, in my own case—But to return to the Governor. If a diplomatic career in an international sense should not be open to him, a position at the head of a large corporation, whose interests required protection from Boards of Supervisors or other legislative bodies, would probably afford an excellent medium for the exercise of his peculiar abilities.

JUNIOR SCORCHIN MALONEY—He'd better be given the office or Inspector of Jelly-fish in San Diego Bay. He could sympathize with them and understand their peculiar natures.

MAJOR-GENERAL DIMOND—The Governor should adopt a military life. The anxiety he displayed to reach the scene of action at Sacramento during the strike shows his fitness for the shock and turmoil of the field. If the railroad had not been tied up by the strikers and he had not forgotten that the steamers were running regularly, nothing would have kept him away from the strike.

MAJOR-GENERAL SURGEON—There is a prominent vacancy made for Colonel Markham in this city. Ever since the Cogswell statute was pulled from its

base on Market street the cast-iron pedestal has been tenanted. Strangers entering our city over the tentacles of the Octopus remark the lack of a top structure on the fabric. Let Governor Markham step from Sacramento into the heart of the miserable district of San Francisco and take the place of the effigy of the eminent dentist on that pedestal.

MANY HARBOR COMMISSIONERS, INSURANCE COMMISSIONERS, SECRETARIES, PAISON WARDENS AND OTHER OFFICE-HOLDERS—Governor Markham should not long remain out of office. Whatever mistakes he may have made during the later portion of his term, his fitness for an office controlling vast patronage cannot be questioned. He is a rare judge of men, and it is unfortunate that the fruit of his splendid appointive sense should be interfered with by his retirement. There could not be a better occasion for the application of civil service reform principles to State officers than the present. His successor would thus reap the benefit of Colonel Markham's judgment in this important particular.

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A flower held captive with a thread so slight,
Its petal wings of bearded gauze
Are light as the wind, with every wind astrid,
Waiting sweet odors, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the moonlight sun, the dawning dew?
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DEGENERATE RACING.

THE ECONOMIC ASPECT OF THE SPORT AT BAY DISTRICT TRACK.

The races are draining San Francisco of the inadequate supply of free coin which for two years has served as the current medium of exchange.

Every man with generous blood in his veins likes to see a true competition, whether on the coursing field, the wrestling mat or among the magnificent modern thoroughbreds of the track, and it is not intimated by me that racing such as was done in earlier days is prejudicial to the business interests of any community. When owners stake their horses and run them out honestly over distances that suffice to test speed and power, what money passes does not disappear, but is circulated the more rapidly and encourages all business activities. In such racing, if a gate-chance is made the cash is at once distributed to pay the necessary expenses of track maintenance, racing and the other proper adjuncts of the kindly sport. But the conditions which governed in 1845, when Theodore Winters sent Norfolk three-mile heats against Loli for \$2,500 a side and drew twenty thousand citizens to the old Ocean House track, were quite different from those under which horses are now ridden.

The officials at the Bay District track, to whom high salaries are paid, are men whose homes are elsewhere than in San Francisco. The owners whose horses are sent over five-furlong dashes, or other short bursts, bred and raised their horses in the country east of the Rocky Mountains, and are in California simply for what there is in it. Their homes are in Kentucky or elsewhere abroad, and only the money to be made attracts them so far westward. Aside from the few seconds in which the horses are actually running, the attention of most of those who go daily to the track is centered in the betting ring. It is not foreign money that is being wagered and it was added to the circulating volume. The betting is done mostly by men who can ill spare either the time spent at the track or the sums placed with the bookmakers. The officials and foreign owners necessarily expend part of their receipts for maintenance, but such payments are small as compared with the sums backed for shipment to their home-places outside the State; and in general terms it may be fair to say that all the profits of the racing now being done go out from San Francisco, and by so much decrease the amount of floating currency, and confirm the financial stringency which has been so long oppressive.

It is estimated that in salaries to foreign officials and in purses paid to foreign owners a daily balance of about \$2,500 is struck against San Francisco and for the benefit of towns to the eastward. If that estimate is a proper one, it becomes a serious question how long the community can stand the outgo. Local banks are chary about loans, even on gilt-edged commercial paper, and absolutely refuse advances on realty unless it be central, unproved and rented. Merchants and shop-keepers begin already to complain about increasing difficulty in making collections and deplore the infrequency of cash payments. The racing drain is the only great one at present operative.

Whether the professionals who are now conducting the track events can be induced to return to the style of the generous old days is doubtful. The gambling element practically controls the sport and will not readily forego so lucrative a source of profit. Local horsemen may permit themselves to be jeered into acquiescence by men whose true motives are purely selfish, but there cannot be a doubt that, for the general good, horse racing as it is now conducted at the Bay District track should either be abolished or squared with the dictates of common sense and the instinct of self-preservation. The racing season is to last one hundred and eighty days, and it only \$2,000 is who turned into the accounts of men foreign to the State the total will make a disastrous showing under present conditions.

As to the moral aspect of the matter, everybody knows that business men dislike to have their employees frequent the track or the betting rooms, yet they must do so in person or by agents or the sport would die. Gentle men are of no use to gamblers. It is the money-making element that must pay it, and in some States the law has intervened to say that track-betting and book-making generally are prejudicial to commercial soundness and financial integrity.

That there is a divided opinion among horsemen about the excellence of racing as now conducted at the Bay District track can quickly be learned by anyone who will consult a few breeders of thoroughbreds. The more modern sport lacks in the very elements which commended it to the general pub-

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

lic. The horses are little known except to those who bet, and must perforce keep in touch with the stables. The owners, with few exceptions, are men whose personality is not commanding, and in whom as local representatives the city has no pride. The contests are so limited as to interest only those who have money placed and are eager to run it off and bet again. The great mile and repeat horses of substance and speed have been supplanted by exquisitely fine-drawn but quite undesirable animals, only fit to dash and be stable for another day.

Perhaps the remedy is to change the distances, abolish betting, localize the interest, have less racing and better horses.

No one can question the energy and devotion of President Thomas H. Williams of the Jockey Club, but he is undoubtedly the victim of a degenerate method, and will probably admit that the racing now being done by his club is weakening the city materially and must be injurious to the interests of true sport.

HORSEMAN.

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A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, November 20th, 1894.
J. D. Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

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The forms of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

One of the most painful developments made in the investigation of the cases of the stuffers occurred on Monday last when it was brought out that the prosecution had no money wherewith to pay the official reporter of Judge Wallace's Court. For nearly a month two well known attorneys, Messrs. Nongues and Clunie, have been giving their energies and talents to these cases, which all along have offered good prospects of bringing to exposure and justice the sort of politicians who seek to win elections by stuffing the register and packing hotels and lodging-houses with vagrant voters. It was supposed that the Non-Partisans and the Democratic State Committee were behind this prosecution, and that it had the sympathy and would have the active support of reputable citizens generally. It would appear, however, from the absence of funds to pay even the ordinary court expenses that the lawyers who are doing the hard work are the only ones whose serious interest has survived the election. That, though, is scarcely a fair inference. If two or three men outside the court would exert themselves as earnestly as Messrs. Nongues and Clunie are doing within it, there would be no great trouble found respecting funds. It requires only that somebody shall take the initiative, and it will be amazing if the revelation of the financial poverty of the prosecution does not result in a supply of clean money to bring dirty politicians to justice. There seldom has been so good an opening as these stuffer cases afford to throw the light on the criminals who debase the ballot-box and tamper with the vote after it has been cast. Senator Jerry Mahoney seems to have left a broad trail, and the Supreme Court by deciding that persons implicated in such villainy can be compelled to testify as witnesses, has removed the most formidable obstacle from the way of the pursuers. The prosecution, if properly supported, can do a work of purification in Judge Wallace's Court now such as his Grand Jury had set out to accomplish when it was stopped by the Supreme Court, to the infinite relief of all rascaldom. Senator Jerry Mahoney stands for much, both in his own person and by reason of his connections. He is a type of the political disreputable. In the Senate his course has been in keeping with the means employed to

elect him. It is only in jest that the people of his district are spoken of as his constituents. He has no conception of such a thing as responsibility to the public. Naturally, Boss Burns desired the election of Mahoney, worked for it, and, when it was achieved, regarded it as a personal triumph. Let the trail of Senator Jerry Mahoney be followed and it will, we may safely presume, lead into the headquarters of the Republican State Central Committee, the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and those of other corporations which have business to transact with the Legislature. When a collection shall be taken up to defray the cost of discovering who helped Senator Jerry Mahoney in his foul "campaign," it may be taken for granted that Mr. W. W. Stow and Mr. Wm. F. Herrin will not contribute.

The need for a revival and reorganization of the Citizens' Defense Association impresses others than myself. I am glad to see the *Examiner* urging this. It is still more satisfactory to learn that some men in this community who, besides being owners of property and possessing good standing, have the public spirit to move practically. I am informed that a Citizens' Defense Association is evolving. Its first work, of course, will be to back up the prosecution of the stuffer cases. Let that be done amply and vigorously and the stuffers, and even Senator Jerry himself, would be very small game by the side of the rascals who, in all probability, would be uncovered. A corporation which, going into politics, selects Dr. O'Donnell as its candidate for Mayor and a Mahoney for the State Senate needs the attention of a Grand Jury. As grand juries have become nullities in San Francisco, a Citizens' Defense Association can, and ought to, take their place. Such an Association does not need the consent of a Judge to hold its meetings and prosecute its good work—which will inevitably lead to the bench itself.

The action of the Supreme Court in upholding the provision of the Purity of Elections law which grants a participant in crime immunity from prosecution if he shall testify as to the facts, is of very great importance to California. It is one of the hardest blows ever delivered here at political corruption. Under our laws the same principle, also, is applicable to the purchase and sale of votes. An effort should be made to extend the principle to the bribing of officials. That would go far toward annihilating the power of bosses to deal in the votes of legislators and Supervisors and in decisions of courts. Mr. Stow would go out of business as the elector of United States Senators, and

Mr. Herrin's functions as an attorney of the Spring Valley Water Company and the allied corporations would be simplified. He would no longer be suspected of using criminal means to keep water rates up, and to obtain track-laying privileges. Neither he nor any other attorney or agent of ordinary sense would be thought so foolish as to place himself at the mercy of officials so lost to all honor as to be capable of taking money in private for their determinative acts in public. Once destroy that equality of interest in concealment which exists, and bribery, now a relatively safe crime to commit, would become enormously dangerous. Moreover, lawyers of integrity engaged legitimately in advocating the interests of wealthy and powerful clients before legislative bodies, would no longer be in peril of losing their reputations, as is now the case, owing to the state of the law, as Mr. Herrin has reason to know. He has scarcely a shred of reputation left, yet I have no doubt he is ready to make oath that he never bribed a Supervisor or a Judge in his life.

Such a change in the law can, I think, be secured from the incoming Legislature. Because it is Republican, and the Southern Pacific is the head and front of the Republican party in California, it is all but universally assumed that the Legislature will be utterly rotten. There is, of course, small likelihood that it will differ from its average predecessor of either party, but for all that there will be honest men in it, ready to champion good measures. Moreover, there are propositions so obviously right and decent that they cannot be antagonized by members who are not ready to advertise themselves as shameless promoters of crime. Bad legislatures can be got to do good things on occasion. Witness how the legislatures of nearly all the States passed the Australian ballot act, which is the longest step taken in our history toward securing an honest expression of the public will at the polls. The California Legislature that passed the Purity of Elections law was one of the worst that ever sat in Sacramento. It is a mistake to suppose that only a very few of the members knew what they were about when they enacted that measure, which is destined to work much evil to the bosses and the machine—the Burnses, the Mahoneys and the State Department of the Southern Pacific. It was voted for because nobody could oppose it without appearing as a volunteer in search of infamous distinction. Similarly, a bill to remove the guards which surround the crime of bribery and permit the hand of justice to clutch the collar of the criminals, will get the votes of many legislators who are themselves in their seats through purchase. Even the Southern Pacific lobby,

which is no more sensitive than its employer, would hardly dare to take the contract to defeat a provision so manifestly in the interest of civilized society.

Speaking of the Purity of Elections Act, there seemed but lately a chance that its far-reaching utility in the cause of non-criminal politics would be illustrated on a large scale. Colonel Burns and Mr. Spreckels and the other statesmen whose prestige has been destroyed and business plans disarranged by the defeat of Mr. Estee, desperately sounded the public, and more especially the Republican portion of it, on how the proposition to contest Mr. Budd's election would be received. The result did not encourage them, which on some accounts is to be regretted. For had this attempt to rely upon the partisanship of a legislature to reverse the result of an election been persisted in, the Democrats would have been forced into reprisal, and the outcome would have been a more or less thorough exposure of the management of the Republican campaign. If the facts which are of common knowledge among politicians were presented in Court, very few of the men on the Republican ticket who have been elected could, under the Purity Act, take their offices. I am informed on what I consider entirely trustworthy authority that the Republican State Committee spent \$150,000 in the canvass. It is not probable that the committee was the sole disbursing agent, either. No more respect was shown for the Purity Act by the managers than would be expected from Senator Jerry Mahoney himself. Gentlemen of Colonel Burns' and Mr. Stow's and Mr. Cornwall's delicate sense of moral and legal responsibility were in charge of the campaign. There should be vitality enough in the public conscience to insist upon a complete investigation into this whole mess of villainy without the provocation of a contest over the Governorship, but the safety of the offenders lies in the paralysis that falls upon the public when a matter is one that concerns all equally. It is a fair instance of the practical truth that what is everybody's business is nobody's. The trail in Judge Wallace's Court may lead to a full exposure. It will, if the Non-Partisans and Democrats are concerned for the State's welfare a hundredth part as much as they thought themselves to be before the election. Honest money is needed to bring dishonest politics to the light and to send dishonest politicians to the penitentiary. The conviction of Mahoney should be but the means to an end. He is an effect rather than a cause—the creature of larger and far more dangerous men who make a profession of debauching our politics.

Governor Budd will have the pleasure of taking dire revenge upon his enemies when he enters office. He can enjoy this pleasure to the full by simply doing his duty to the public in making appointments. By placing the Harbor Commission in the hands of men altogether free from the influences which now control it, he will wreak exemplary vengeance upon the Southern Pacific and the Spreckels connection, which have long had everything their own way on San Francisco's waterfront. Were the Southern Pacific the undisputed proprietor of our shore line, and the Harbor Commission one of its executive departments, it could not be in more secure possession. What it desires the Commission grants, and what anybody else wants in opposition to the Southern Pacific's wishes nobody gets. Mr. John D. Spreckels is a particularly fortunate man. Though the political partner of Colonel Burns, he escaped unpleasant criticism during the canvass, and has come in for only a little of it since he

has figured as one of the instigators of the project to seat Mr. Estee. Mr. Spreckels' wealth gives him a respectability of standing in the commercial community that serves him as armor against the shafts of the press—or rather, as a charm that restrains the newspapers from driving an arrow or two into him when he earns the attention, as he frequently does. In short, it has grown to be the habit to treat Mr. Spreckels with exceptional tenderness. His pleasant personal qualities are set against his pernicious activity in politics. Governor Budd, however, will not be justified in overlooking Mr. Spreckels when he turns the executive eye on the waterfront. In playing havoc with this gentleman's political interests and special business privileges the Governor will do San Francisco a good turn and benefit the whole State. Mr. Spreckels' "pull" has generally been exerted upon the entire working force of the Harbor Commission along the front. Its army of workers is well organized and is justly considered one of the most powerful factors in Republican politics. The Commissioners are Mr. Spreckels' friends, and at primary and regular elections they do not forget his wishes. The Spreckelses have large commercial interests to be cared for on the waterfront. Besides the steamers of the Oceanic Steamship Company and the tugs of the Spreckels' tow-boat line, the firm owns a number of sailing vessels. A kindly Harbor Commission charges the Spreckelses only \$150 a month for the Folsom street wharf, to cite an example. A regular charge is made for dockage and for tolls in addition, but the payment of the \$150, which secures absolute control of the wharf, means, I am informed, an advantage to the firm of about \$10,000 annually. Pacific-street wharf nets the State over \$21,000 a year, Spear-street wharf over \$12,000, and Jackson-street wharf over \$17,000, whereas the Oceanic dock in 1893 returned a net revenue of only \$9,676.68, including tolls. No vessels save those of the Spreckels line are allowed to land there. The State is the loser by this monopoly, for the reason that two-thirds of the time berths at this dock which might be profitably occupied are idle. If the wharf were let out as others are twice as many vessels would dock there, and the State's revenue be increased in proportion. It is but fair to say that all corporations with interests on the front are favored more or less. Outside shipping—that is, ships which visit the port irregularly—is, on the other hand, taxed outrageously, to the obvious detriment of the city and State. The complaint against this discrimination is chronic. How comfortably the Spreckelses get along with the Harbor Commission is exemplified again by an incident that has been brought to my notice. Recently the Commissioners ordered a shed built on Howard wharf, No. 3, for the use of the Spreckels tow-boat company. No rent has been charged for it, yet the Davie ferry which ran in opposition to the Southern Pacific, and conferred the benefaction of a permanently reduced fare, had to pay \$125 a month for a similar shed, and give a bond to secure the rent. The Spreckels sugar boats all load and discharge at reduced rates.

When we get from Governor Budd a Harbor Commission composed of men who regard the public as their employers, they will not only produce a radical change on the waterfront so far as the privileges of Mr. Spreckels and the Southern Pacific are concerned, but also adjust the rents of all the corporations doing business at the city's wharves in such a way as to abolish the harmful and disgraceful favoritism now pre-

Use Burnham's Claim Bouillon.

vailing. It will repay Governor Budd to go thoroughly into the affairs of the harbor. Every tax laid upon commerce is against the interests of the port, and there are many such taxes laid and collected in San Francisco that have no justification in the public need. When Mr. Budd appoints a new Quarantine Officer it should be with the understanding that he confine himself strictly to his official duties. By obtruding himself as a ship's doctor, and collecting from each vessel a fee of \$40, the Quarantine Officer can coerce the shipping of the port into paying him an enormous income. That is an abuse morally resembling blackmail, and Governor Budd should not tolerate it. But, transcending everything else, is the necessity of wresting the grip of the Southern Pacific from San Francisco's waterfront.

A suggestive consequence of the Lexow investigation and the temporary dispersal of the Tammany bandits in New York, is the clash between Father Ducey and Archbishop Corrigan. The Archbishop has rebuked the priest for his active participation in the labors of reform, and the priest retorts by accusing his superior, in effect, of having given the enemies of decent government the aid and comfort of silence. Had Corrigan spoken a word to show that the Catholic Church was in sympathy with the inquiry into the corrupt practices of the governing powers of the metropolis, Father Ducey thinks it would have given the Church glory throughout the world. On the whole the priest has the better of the correspondence. In his published letter to the Archbishop he hints, too, that when it comes to saying who is and who is not a friend and obedient subject of the Pope, he has facts in his possession capable of embarrassing his grace. This harks back to the struggle against Satolli, the Papal delegate, that Corrigan engaged in with other conservative prelates two or three years ago, out of which Archbishop Ireland and his liberal coadjutors came triumphantly. Ireland, it appears, reached out from Minnesota and took a hand in the New York campaign against the associated villainies, for which he was fiercely rebuked from the pulpit by Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, on Sunday last. The daily press has been liberal with its dispatches about the whole wrangle, but has, of course, refrained from throwing the beams of editorial explanatory light upon it. And the local press is not to be severely blamed for this caution. It is obvious that a large fire is smouldering in the Catholic Church of New York when a flickering flame or two is allowed to become visible. And the daily newspaper would much rather not mix itself up in church difficulties—Catholic Church difficulties. The Protestant churches don't count, for they are not organized, and being unable to resent affronts efficiently, are subject to bold and salutary criticism from the press at frequent intervals.

After Archbishop Corrigan's experience with the recalcitrant Dr. McGlynn, it is rather surprising that he should venture to take Father Ducey to task for exercising his rights in politics as an American citizen. The explanation of his apparent accession of courage is either that Satolli is not as high in the Pope's confidence and favor as he was, or that Corrigan is unable to resist his instincts. The latter is probably the truth. Archbishop Corrigan (I trust I may escape penalties here and hereafter for saying so) is a small and narrow-minded man, who has found neither his intellectual nor political environment uncomfortable. There are in New York, as elsewhere, many Catholics who are in touch and sympathy

with their educated, patriotic and progressive fellow citizens of other theological opinions. Lawyer Goff, who conducted the Lexow investigation and has been elected to office by a great majority, is typical of these. But Archbishop Corrigan is an ecclesiastical Tammanyite. Reared in the intellectual bogs of Manhattan Island, his small brain received its education in the schools of Rome, and in all essentials he is more an Irishman of the sixteenth century than he is an American of the nineteenth. All his tendencies are toward medievalism. It is not necessary to deny his sincerity and good motives in order to aver that he is out of key with modern life, and unsuited to wield power over men's minds and actions in an American city. When the Cabenslyites, mostly German Catholics, were petitioning the Vatican to preserve the separation of immigrants here by dividing them up on national lines among prelates and priests of their own race and language, Cardinal Gibbon, Archbishop Ireland, and other men of the church perceived the wisdom of breaking down such lines and encouraging all immigrants to become Americans. Archbishop Corrigan took issue with them and gave all his influence to the other side. When Monsignor Satolli, sensible man, decided against the Cabenslyites, Corrigan joined with them, too, in trying to make it uncomfortable for him at Rome, and got well rapped on his sacred knuckles for his pains. It is to this that Father Ducey (baring his teeth) alludes in his letter.

It is necessary, of course, that an archbishop should be a man of business as well as of holiness. The church in New York has vast material interests that must be cared for. It would be foolish, therefore, to sneer at Archbishop Corrigan for having a keen eye out always for the main chance. But it is true that he has not known where properly to draw the line at the allowable. Tammany has held the power of the purse, and it has always had a warm friend in Corrigan. If his voice has ever been raised against Tammany's corruption memory does not recall his rebuke. And Tammany's reciprocal attitude has been shown well by Mayor Grant when, the Archbishop entering the hall where a mass-meeting was in progress, his honor fell upon his knees before his grace and kissed the latter's hand in full view of an American audience. That was quite up to Mayor Oakley Hall's performance in standing in a green suit on the steps of the city hall to review a passing St. Patrick's day procession. In addition to these empty, if gratifying, acts of homage, Tammany has been able to meet the demands for appropriations, municipal and State, for the charitable institutions conducted by the church. In brief, so far as Archbishop Corrigan could make it, the Catholic church of New York has been in political partnership with Tammany. And as Tammany represents about all the evils which curse municipal government in the United States, and is mainly composed of Irish Catholics, Tammany, lay and ecclesiastical, has a good share of responsibility for the outbreak of anti-Catholic, anti-Irish sentiment that marked the recent political campaign throughout the country. If an "A. P. A." is an odious being in the sight of an enlightened American citizen, as an "A. P. A." certainly is, at least it is no hard task to account for his prevalence. And an "A. P. A." standing for race prejudice and religious bigotry, is not a bit more odious in American eyes than a Tammany Irish Catholic who stands for the same things, and utilizes them in politics for his own advantage, under the patronage of Archbishop Corrigan.

There is in New York, happily, a large Catholic and Irish contingent that neither likes Tammany nor approves of Archbishop Corrigan. This contingent joined with Dr. Parkhurst, lawyer Goff and the other civilized citizens who fought the tiger and choked him. It is such Irish Catholics who will bring the "A. P. A." to a good ending. They are too intelligent not to see that such a movement is essentially resentful and must have a provoking cause; and they are too candid not willingly to acknowledge that the provoking cause of the un-American "A. P. A." is the un-American Catholic. The latter will listen with more patience to an enlightened fellow-countryman and brother-believer than to others, and it is upon enlightened Catholics chiefly that the duty rests of acting the mentor and so removing, by the elimination of the cause, so forbidding a political phenomenon as the "A. P. A." Tammany shouted in the campaign that it was being persecuted because it was Irish and Catholic. If all the Irish Catholics of New York had believed that—or believed that it didn't deserve to be punished for what it had done to disgrace Catholicism and Irishmen in America—Tammany would not have been overthrown.

The educated, the rational, the American Irish of New York, and of the whole country, are achieving ascendancy in the church, and that is well for the United States. The Gibbons and the Irelands are to-day its most influential leaders, and Monsignor Satolli is with them. Though a stranger to the republic, he recognized at once the need of bringing the church into harmony with its spirit and interests, and, with the approval of the Pope, as it proved, turned the face of displeasure upon the narrowness and reactionary tendencies of the Corrigans. In his fierce sermon on Sunday, Bishop McQuaid said that Archbishop Ireland "was helped in his political and behind-the-door crusade against the bishops of the State of New York by high dignitaries of the Pacific Coast." If this means Archbishop Riordan, it is a high compliment. It came out in the Cabensly troubles that Archbishop Riordan was allied with Ireland and Gibbon, but he seems to have fallen away somewhat, else he would have used his influence to temper the fury of the church organ here, which undeniably gave the "A. P. A." a multitude of sympathizers that otherwise it would have been deprived of.

It may be loyalty, it may be provincialism, but the San Franciscan who hears his city attacked experiences a pugnacious impulse to defend her. There are none more ready than himself to criticise the town—in indeed, San Franciscans are rather noted for that—but when outsiders follow his example war ensues. Professor Melville B. Anderson of Stanford University may be famous in academic circles, but his renown had not extended to the herd until Monday last, when he made an entertainment given for the benefit of Emma Frances Dawson, the poet, the occasion for telling San Francisco her defects, as he sees them. The professor was spurred to the charge by the contemplation of the neglect and poverty from which Miss Dawson suffers here, and assuredly the city ought to be ashamed—though that talent should go unrewarded—is no new thing on earth. San Francisco he described as of American cities "at once the most occidental and the most oriental, the shabbiest and the most picturesque, the vulgar and the most romantic." Later he went on: "The crush of monopolies, the hard commercialism, the public jobbery and

robbery, the faint religiosity, the parody of social elegance, the make-believe literature and art—whatever goes to form the strange medley of San Francisco society—our poet is above it all." Never having heard of Professor Anderson before, I am unable to judge of his competency as a critic of cities—it takes familiarity with many to fit one for the office—but I should surmise that he is a young man, with a young man's fondness for sweeping generalizations and strong language. It is because Professor Anderson makes comparison that his arraignment of this town fails in force. San Francisco has all the faults he enumerates, but not in the superlative degree—not by a good deal. So far from being the vilest of American cities, for instance, San Francisco is really rather remarkable for her want of pretense, which is the essence of vulgarity. Her fashionable society is not nearly so obtrusive as the like society in, say, New York. And in comparison with Chicago, Minneapolis, or any of the other booming cities of the hustling West, this is the pink of modest diffidence. Certainly we have here the "crush of monopolies" in an exceptionally severe and odious form, and in the matter of "public robbery and jobbery" we rank among the worst victims, if the robbery and jobbery of which the monopolies are guilty be the sort meant. Our public officials, however, are quite as honest as the average. With "hard commercialism" we are sufficiently cursed, yet not to the degree of most communities on the eastern side of the mountains. The spirit of San Francisco is reasonably generous, as cities go, and social caste has not yet reached that development which steals the Atlantic Philistine against whatever is not respectable and is in need of help or sympathy. Our "faint religiosity" may be interpreted in our favor. So many nationalities and creeds mingle here that there is bred a tolerance of differences in faith, opinion, custom and taste that perhaps strikes a New England observer, objecting to latitudinarianism, with pious horror. To the San Franciscan mind this "faint religiosity" is the distinguishing mark of a civilization inherently superior to that of Palo Alto. Relative to our literature, what there is of it worth mentioning does not merit the Professor's special scorn. Mr. Bierce, Joaquin Miller, Miss Coolbrith, Mr. Cheney—now descended into Chicago—Miss Dawson, and a few others, have done work that is too original to deserve to be called "make-believe."

When Professor Anderson has been among us longer and made a profounder study of the fauna of San Francisco, he will, I think, be less inclined to be censorious. Men are but creatures of their environment, and California is only slowly emerging from conditions which have forbidden the growth of a very high civilization. Her foremost men have, from the necessity of the case, been merely rich men, and their efforts at a better life have mostly been in the direction of buying things the possession of which is supposed to be indicative of culture. Yet, unless some of these men had in them promptings of a good sort we never should have had the advantage of Professor Anderson's criticism. Leland Stanford plundered California of its substance, rotted its politics, degraded its manhood by dull tyranny, bought its public honors, and so perverted its moral sense as to get himself pretty generally regarded as a good man. Nevertheless, he gave some of his spoils to be the foundation of a university, which in time will become, if it is not already, a radiating center of sweetness and light. If at this university the young men and women are taught by Professor Anderson and the rest of

the faculty to hold in their proper estimation the material prizes of life, never to respect success that has been unworthily gained, and never to refrain from applying the standard of common honesty to every man and every man's memory, we shall presently have in commercial and vulgar San Francisco a group of simple and upright gentlemen and ladies whose influence will permeate the community and refine it into the sort of city that would not call down the fires of brimstone criticism. Pending the gradual increase of Stanford graduates, we who are down in the dust and grime of the daily struggle for a livelihood, must do the best we can, and hope that when the grip of the vilest railroad monopoly in the United States has been taken from our necks, we may be able to make some advances on our own account. If we could be allowed to keep what belongs to us we should have more money to spend for the things that beautify and dignify life. Professor Anderson will agree with me that a slave plantation, even though a fine university has been built upon it, is hardly the place where one would naturally look for the best intellectual and esthetic development. Happily, the slaves have won some victories, and the prospect for complete freedom appears much brighter than it did a month ago, when the partners of the late founder of the Stanford University were endeavoring to make Dr. O'Donnell San Francisco's chief magistrate and to replace Judge Levy on the bench. The town should be grateful for the Stanford professor's criticism, for it was well meant, and San Francisco is far from being so conceited as not to know that criticism is good for her. She also has a consciousness, however, that she is not solitary in that respect.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

Ah, this is life! 'Tis my soul I could believe that I am stopping at the dear old Hoffman and that Madison Square Garden is just across the avenue. How have we managed to exist without something of this kind? Damme, I can't help blushing when I see Reggy Rives, and I own I have kept out of his way, dodged all conversation respecting the Hackney and devoted myself to admiring the toilets, the beauty, the *mise en scene* of the show—given myself up to the throbbing delight of being one of the well dressed throng (Pohem makes a capital fit) and turning the cold shoulder on such men as are good enough for club acquaintanceship but are scarcely—*you understand*—when it comes to real society. Numerous offers have been made me by the newspapers to write for the Horse Show, but it is impossible. Naturally, the editors have sent to me as an expert, but, man of fashion as I am, it has been too much for me, and I suppose the dailies have had to depend for their pale, inadequate and preposterously incorrect accounts on poor Greenway and Chambliss. I have tried to write—I am trying to write now.—But I may as well confess that the collection of my thoughts and impressions is quite beyond the power of even my strong intellect. Ask a poet whose heart is wrung by the loss of his beloved, to mould his tears into verse, ask a bridegroom to elope the bride to his bosom to break away and jot down his sensations for publication, and you have my case exactly. So I shall not try to write of the Horse Show. In the weeks to come, perhaps, when I have grown calm, and reflection has succeeded upon joyous, tumultuous emotion, I may be able to do it; but not now, not now.

There is one final test of a gentleman. When he doesn't know a thing, and knows that there is no use for him to pretend that he does, he will frankly and cheerfully admit his ignorance. It is painful, of course, but I confess that I know very little about horses and not much more about equinages, and in this—as, I trust, in other things—I am typical of what is socially best hereabout. Of course early experiences on the plains of some of our best citizens, men of driving of milk, butcher and beer wagons in lumber days, laid the foundation. It is painful, and so forth, have spread among us some acquaintance with the noblest of animals. It is not to be

denied either, that quite a number of the second generation have far surpassed their elders in this branch of useful knowledge—the *jeunesse dorée* who have been East and abroad. I mention no names. Mr. Rives and the Horse Show are here, and he might reverse my judgment. I—yes, hang it—I do admit that Rives excels me as a judge of horses, and that he probably outranks me as an expert on the very newest things in equinages and in equine manners. This is not my fault. Such knowledge is not in any degree dependent upon the native strength of one's intellect. By abstract thinking no man can arrive at correct conclusions about where precisely to place a horse's ornaments and it is only by observation that one can learn the proper thing as to livery, furnishings, and all that. And what opportunities have the wealthy elements of society here given men of good blood and breeding like myself, to inform ourselves? Confound me, if everything short of a dump cart that has a horse to drag it isn't to be seen at the Park. All this, thank God, will be changed by the Horse Show, and here, and will give all of the opulent to their own shame. If they were not in need of such kindergarten instruction I should not be placed in the mortifying position of being obliged to confess inferiority to Mr. Rives in these things. I recall quite vividly the deep impression that was made, both upon New York and upon me, when an introduction of it of some English costumes, for which I was in part responsible. It was some years ago, not long after the war. Colonel Crenony, Colonel Andrews and myself were at the Astor House, and hiring a victoria at the door, took a drive to Central Park. We arrived there with the horses pretty well blown and joined the line. The victoria was a good one, and we were all well dressed. We had been partly of Indians, the people in the other carriages could not have stared at us with more polite curiosity. As for myself, I affected to ignore it by folding my arms, crossing my legs, and gazing at the sky, smoking my cigar in apparent obliviousness to my surroundings. Colonel Crenony was indignant, however, and felt the need of a reshoot, which he absorbed from his silver-mounted flask. Colonel Andrews—I record it in simple justice—remained perfectly undisturbed. He was supported, he afterwards said, by the consciousness that his diamonds were as good, if not better, than any of those he saw in the shirt-fronts of the swells. My inward reflections I kept to myself, and the boys who were in the kind of a school as to realize that. That is to say, schools, as the result of the Horse Show, will be opened here to teach us:

1. The kind of horses it is allowable to have.
 2. How to dress them.
 3. The kind of equinages in which it is not discredited to appear.
 4. The proper angle at which ladies in carriages should recline, and what to do with their hands, parasols, and other incumbrances.
 5. How gentlemen may sit bolt upright during a drive without an appearance of doing it in obedience to instructions.
 6. How many menials to take along, what to put on them, and the functions, conversational and other, which it is *en règle* for them to perform.
- San Francisco is on the eve of a great transformation. Next year, if Mr. Rives has the courage to revisit us, his surprise will be as great as that of our old friends who may happen down from the mining districts in the meantime, when we are out on parade on the heels. I wish, yes, it may as well come out—I wish, being, I were not quite so old, for it is hard at my age to pick up new customs. The drive or two I have taken with my friend Theodore Kearney in his tall drag never gave me pleasure, except as it was, of course, gratifying to be seen at such an elevation. I never really could get over my fear of falling out.

In order that we may not be entirely ridiculous in the eyes of Mr. Rives, I trust the Director-General will have finished the expenditure of the Midwinter Fair surplus, and be back to assist in directing the Horse Show. But for the duty of purchasing material for the De Young Dime Museum, which called him East, it would not have been necessary for Rives to come. Harry could have told us all about what to do. He has been everywhere and knows everything. What would San Francisco society, San Francisco journalism, San Francisco politics do without De Young? He has conquered the first position among us. Let him do what he likes and nobody now criticizes. It is recognized, at last, as useless to object when this really great man resolves on any course of action. Observe the calmness with which he trotted away with that surplus to spend it in New York, precisely as though the money had been his own. Anybody else might have been arrested for it. Egad, when Harry sets out to do a thing he does it, and cares no more for what people say than if he were an impudent, self-conceited vulgar fellow. Observe an elegance, a gentleman and the foremost man of the community. Hang me if he hasn't got us all at his feet, and I believe that if he cared to

do it he could make bad grammar fashionable in good society. What I fear is a dash between him and Rives. The latter, being human, may be inclined to put on a few airs, and Harry is not the man to take instruction from anybody in anything. I shall use diplomacy to keep them apart, or bring pressure to bear on Rives to defer to De Young's opinions.

Greatly depressed by the situation I tried at an early hour the other evening, and fell into a distressful sort of slumber. I dreamed that I was in a cemetery, a prey to the melancholy that accompanies loneliness and the unaccountable sense of inferiority. Scolding myself down again, and I buried my face in my hands, and lost myself in sad thought, disturbed not at all by the sighing of the midnight breeze in the cypresses. I was aroused by a harsh, creaking sound. Looking up, I beheld in frozen horror a flat grave-stone being slowly pushed at one end by a force from below. There presently appeared in the opening made beneath the marble slab a dark, ghastly, death face.

It was that of the late Governor Markham. The corpse fixed its glassy eyes upon me with a horrible eagerness of questioning desire, and there came from the drawn and purple lips the query: "Isn't there to be a Senatorial election soon?" Then the slab slammed down again, and I awoke to find that there had fallen to the floor from my sleeping hand a volume which I have just procured from London on "The Hackney: His Care and Use." And I was relieved to wake, too, though it was only to lie and toss and think about Rives.

Something should be done by society about this Professor Anderson who had the impudence to come up from Palo Alto and tell us to our teeth that we are vulgar. And why didn't he say, "Beasas, why can't the cannot make a living here writing poetry!" If that's the case, what is to prevent her from sending it to the literary centers? Postage is within the reach of all, even poets. Of course it would be pleasant if there were a better market here for literary products—who should feel free strongly about that if not myself—but, after all, poverty has its merits some advantages. Miss Hart was a monstrously clever woman, I dare say, though poetry not being in my line I have no opinion of my own as to that. But if she were prosperous instead of poor would everybody be writing and saying nice things about her? Would a champion appear from that seat of high morals and non-material civilization, the Stanford University? Egad, human nature is human nature. I remember when Bret Harte was a struggling young fellow here and I used to sound his praises at the clubs, where, then as now, I was a literary authority, but ever since he made his hit and went away it always has given me a wrench to say a good word for him. And I could hardly be civil to Joaquin Miller, who, two years ago, he came back famous from London, whereas now that he is an obscure rancher and forgotten poet over at Fruitvale I never lose a chance to give him a lift. Let Miss Dawson catch the world's ear and Anderson, like the rest of us, would take to criticising her verses instead of sneering at an unappreciative public. As for our vulgarity, I'll say nothing about that, as I labor personalities in journalism. After having labored for nearly forty years to refine a community and then to be scolded by a schoolmaster is hard to bear, of course, but, like Miss Dawson, I have ceased to expect much from the world. Yet, though I preserve a diffident silence, society has a plain duty to perform. Our present generation, that, as I labor personalities in journalism, is not to be assailed wantonly with impunity. Anderson's discharge should be insisted on.

I'm denuded glad the Legislature's Republican. It can make a proper retort upon that academic mugwump, Professor Anderson, for saying that California's the vilest community in the country. Let it elect M. H. de Young to the United States Senate.

PERSIFLAGE.

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THE BETTER ELEMENTS DEMAND A RECOUNT AND THE
SEATING OF MR. ESTEE.

An executive meeting of the Republican State Central Committee was held last evening. In addition to the members there were several other leaders of the party present who had been called in for consultation.

A letter from Mr. Estee was read in which he expressed patriotic sentiments, disclaimed a desire for the Governorship, and declined in advance to accept the office unless the Committee could devise some way to give it to him. He also wished it to be distinctly understood that he would not personally assume any of the risks of a contest. Nevertheless he could not believe that he had been elected Governor of the State without the approval of the voters, and he felt that in the face of the returns made it appear that he had run behind his ticket everywhere. This was strong inferential proof of Democratic villainy, and while he deemed it a high public duty to investigate, he preferred from motives of delicacy to leave the task to the Committee and to the advanced champions of honest, free and a fair count.

"That's true enough," concurred Colonel Burns, "but it isn't the malignness of money I object to. What gets me is its want of grip."

"That's a bulleye," asserted Colonel Burns. "If a recruit should show that Estee's been beaten it will prove one of two things to me—either that the powerful interests controlling large blocks of votes don't control 'em, and are not to be relied on, or that the man who runs 'em is a scoundrel. I don't know which of the two things was his with an exposure like this. I'm not a sack; that they were bribed, in short. I'm sure there was every reason to believe that we had things dead. The other side didn't have any money apparently, and seemed to take the Purity law in earnest. Registrar Evans, my brother-in-law, not having been able to do the useful thing in the interest of good government, is in favor of the record that is sure, which is, I think, a damned good one. I'm sure that if we had our campaign on our flags on the ballots, we would

"If you'd kept your amateur hands off, Dan," put in Mr. Rainey, "and let Chris and me attend to the business, there wouldn't have been any funeral gathering like this. For one, I'm against a recount. The vote everywhere, except in Napa, simply shows that the people wouldn't stand Esteve with you on his back, and a car-wheel in each pocket. The Angel Gabriel himself with such a handicap couldn't outrun a Stockton mud turtle. If we were a thoroughbred you wouldn't squeal as you're doing, and making a guy of the whole outfit. In my opinion, as a politician you're about as snide a —"

"That's correct," said Mr. Sprackels, nodding his approval. "We are not here to hurt epithets and engage in gentlemanly recriminations. The question before the house, as it were, is, how did it come about that he did not get a fair chance in spite of the folly of an innumerate populace?"

"Well, I'm sure," said Mr. Herrin, "that nobody can accuse the railroad of not having done its duty. The necessary orders were issued, and the other customary details attended to, yet we've lost the Governorship, the Railroad Commission, Levy's beaten, two honest men have been elected to the Senate, and some of our best citizens are in prison. I don't know, but I'd suspected the possibility of what was coming. I'd have paid less attention to the supervisors. We're all right there, thank God."

"Yes, and I don't hear anybody saying that we've lost the Legislature," observed Mr. Stow.

"The Supervisors and the Legislature are important, of course," remarked Mr. Spreckels, "but we

"Our' is good," murmured Mr. Buckley. "Gentlemen," said Colonel Burns in a loud and determined voice, "this outrage must not be. We laid all our plans for a victory and we must not be done out of it. In the name of republican institutions, in the name of the sacred rights of property, in the name of pure politics, in the name of the grand old Republican party, Morris M. Estee must be seated. I make a point to that effect."

WHEREAS, A crisis is upon us. The suffrage has been de-
bauched. The evidence of this is patent to every citizen.
Supplied with illimitable money and an ample force of
skilled labor for the count, we, the Republican leaders of
California, have made every preparation to secure a plural-
ity of 100,000 for our gubernatorial candidate, the
Hon. M. M. Estens. Our resources are unlimited. Our
financial resources and poor in skilled labor, yet the returns
show a plurality of over 1,200 for the Democratic nominee,
H. H. Budd, better known as "Jim." It is therefore
plain that "Jim" has been successfully attempted by the
adversary; and

WHEREAS, The Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican in both branches, and may, consequently, be confidently relied on to carry out the purposes of the chosen and approved leaders of the Republican party, which saved the Union and freed the negro. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That a recount be demanded and Hon. M. M. Estee be seated in the Governor's chair, in the interest of pure politics and honest government; and be it further

Resolved, That we don't like to be outvoted, and won't stand it.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Buckley, rising, putting on his overcoat and whistling for Maurice Schmitt, "it is evident that the sole reliance of all good citizens now rests upon the criminal instincts of Mr. Stow's Legislature. I move the adoption of the resolutions."

The motion was carried by unanimous vote, and the meeting adjourned to the call of the chair.

Salvini is identified with the character of D'Artagnan, which he has played so often and so successfully that it is doubtful if the public would receive otherwise than as a pretender any other actor who should essay the part. His nimbleness, the mobility of his expressive face, even his forcible quickness of speech and exuberance of gesture are as if specially made to fit the role. He has no depth of emotion to display in the portrayal of the brave, hot-tempered young Gascon; there is no scene of tragic power. But he has infused the ashes of dead-and-gone romance with the fire of his southern temperament and set the coals to glowing again; and he has so bewitched our modern, hard-headed common sense that we are as willingly unconscious of absurdities as is the bearded youth, whose brain is muddled by the delirium of the hot blood of D'Artagnan. He is D'Artagnan, miraculously eluding the eyes of King, court and Cardinal, slip to the Queen's side to deliver the comforting message and back again behind his three friends, to stand in handsome stolidity—unperturbed and ignore the miracle. Does he, taking advantage of his youth and strength, throw Bonacieux, his landlord, making him ridiculous in his own house, and then make love to his wife—we forget that we do not approve. We applaud the adroitness of the rascal, his good-humored indifference to the danger of his life. The gallant musketeers—and Redmond, Delamater and Casazucave are worthy mates for Salvini's suppleness and fire—break out with their cry of "All for one and each for all!" in the midst of the elegant French court exactly as would a lot of students in a French university. It is a little to sigh for the questionable taste of such an exhibition of lung power. Is the situation possible? Who cares, if the spirit of rollicking youth pervades it? For the murder of Bonacieux who has a quarrel, a thought, except the faintest gratitude to bury, with the woman who has saved his friend from a disgraceful duty?

All very immoral, very—if one should stop to think of it; but one doesn't. There is no time for thought. Life is short, exciting and may be marvellously rich in adventure. There is no time; there is action. No morality, but a queer kind of honor that is not without charm.

As to Salvini's methods, they are excellent. He neglects nothing. He is forever busy, not playing his part, but being it. A multitude of carefully studied trifles sum up the finished character he presents. He is still best in the scene with the disguised Cardinal and De Jussac of Richelieu's guards. His intoxication is so gradual, so merry, so natural, becoming unintelligible and at last remorseful, that it may be classed with Maude Adams'.

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The play is well presented, a worthy and a stirring picture of unworthy and stirring times. The company is good; so good that one wishes it to be better, for its very merits suggest possibilities that tantalize one with the hope of improvement. Let Anne of Austria have more dignity and less melodramatic fervor; she is not always miserable, and her continual tragedy-airs not only rob the real climax of its effect, but besides wearies one by repeating misfortune always does. Miss Moretti deprives her of the success that is due to a more intelligent use of her really exceptional abilities. Maud Dixon is always pretty and pleasing, and Johnson's Cardinal Richelieu is thoroughly well done.

When as celebrated a man as Salvini departs from his usual line of acting, he must always meet with respectful attention and an earnest wish that the experiment may be successful. Still, he is so much more at home in his own rôle than he insists upon taking a man at its first valuation of him. But the public is right in being unwilling to exchange D'Artagnan for Ruy Blas, though there are evidences of deeper study, of greater power, in the latter's performance. The artist's conception of the great rôle is clear, his appreciation of its opportunities is artistic, comprehensive. If his performance fails at times and falls below the high grade of his ability, it is because he is not used to such freedom of action. He has never acted in the scene in the Council Chamber, an unduly prolonging of situations till they almost lose their tragic significance and approach painfully near the ridiculous. Yet for these faults, one can name no actor who would have been less likely to lose sight of the essence of humbly simple. As the courtier, his bearing is noble, his speech lofty and dignified. And it is only in the last act that he fully realizes one ideal of the unfortunate Ruy Blas; and when he throws off the mask of the hypocrite, of the servility, and braves Don Salluste, his master, Salvini knows for a moment what it is to be great.

The performance of this magnificent play is not yet the success that "The Three Guardsmen" will always be, despite the audience's enthusiasm for Salvini personally and his charming little speech of gratitude. But it is more interesting than a success; it is a prophecy, and as such may satisfy even so clever a man, so excellent an actor, as Salvini.

MIRIAM NICHOLSON.

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A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, November 29th, 1894.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

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What most needs to be preached in the whole country, and more particularly in San Francisco, is the gospel of common honesty. Questions of our degree of refinement, our grade of vulgarity, may wait while many of our conspicuous citizens are habitually guilty of conduct that should land them in jail. Crime, because it may be committed with impunity, has become common. Good men are discouraged by its prevalence, and most good men have come to think that it is useless to attempt to abate it. The investigation conducted before Judge Wallace since the election and the reappearance of the Citizens' Defense Association, are the two most hopeful signs of returning health in morals and of a revival of manly courage that California has seen in a long time. The investigation, if properly backed, will almost certainly bring some statesmen to justice and give to the Purity of Elections Act a seriousness of meaning which politicians have not been inclined to attach to it. To give this backing to the investigation will, of course, be one of the immediate duties of the Defense Association; its other work lies open to its hand in the sight of everybody. There are corrupt judges upon the bench. That is notorious. In the New York of Tweed's day the courts were not held in lower esteem than they are here. Judges are reputed to have their brokers, and some of our best known firms of lawyers embrace members who never appear in court, but who give all their time and abilities to private management of judges. It is not unusual for the head of a legal firm to be held in general respect, and one or more of his associates to be regarded as a criminal. The theory is that the right hand of the firm does not know what the left hand is doing. Ask the average lawyer why it is that Mr. Wm. F. Herrin occupies the prominent position of head of the Southern Pacific's law department, and the answer will be that he is very well acquainted with members of the Superior and Supreme Court. It is not necessary, of course, that in order to establish a "pull" on a judge that he should be given money as a bribe, though it would startle no one if that insinuation were made. Other favors equally potent can be conferred. If the Citizens' Defense Association cares to learn the particulars, I can inform it of one

judge of the Supreme Court whose father and three other relatives have been given comfortable positions in the employ of the Southern Pacific, Spring Valley and the Gas company since he ascended the bench to interpret the laws of California.

There are other judges whose daily incidental expenses—such is the luxury of their habits—exceed their salary. There are still others who are the roystering companions of the attorneys of rich corporations. Such judges may be honest, but the supposition violates probability. There are scores of attorneys who in confidence tell of specific instances of judicial dishonesty. They will not tell of these things openly for the reason that they are far more anxious to avoid trouble than they are to reform the morals of the bench. A lawyer who should make exposures would find himself involved not only with the judges charged, but all other judges of the same character would attend to him when he came before them with cases. There is a masonry of scoundrelism on the bench.

The earnest men who have banded themselves into the Citizens' Defense Association know that all this is true as well as I do. They are aware that the charges on these lines that I made in this *Letter* from time to time would not have been tolerated had they not been true. They know that Mr. Herrin and Mr. Stow would not have remained quiet under my criticism had they dared appeal to the law for exculpation. They know that the bribery of Supervisors in the interest of the Electric Light Company, to which P. B. Cornwall confessed before the Wallace Grand Jury, was not exceptional—that when Max Popper submitted to blackmail in order to secure the passage of his honest bills for street sweeping he but conformed to custom. When Cox killed McLaughlin for perverting the machinery of justice into the machinery of oppression for twenty years, Cox was not even held for trial—so widespread was the knowledge of the fact that the Courts have become instrumentalities of the sinister rich rather than tribunals in which citizens may stand on an equal footing, demanding justice. It was known that he could not be convicted. One of the judges of the Supreme Court told me that there was no honest reason why the Cox-McLaughlin litigation might not have been definitively disposed of in six months.

The safety of the rogues on the bench and off the bench—the rogues who give and take bribes, use a "pull" or respond to it—lies chiefly in the familiar fact that what is everybody's business is nobody's business. No one citizen can be expected to undertake the task of exposure. He knows that should

he attempt to do so he probably would be ruined in business, subjected to the foul abuse of the press of the associated villainies, and be made to appear in the end viler than the things he assails. There is no revenge so gross and low that the Southern Pacific and its allies will not stoop to it. There is potency as well as safety in numbers. Hence the efficacy of the Citizens' Defense Association.

The organization can do a work of immense utility for San Francisco, and can do it with comparatively little labor and small cost. One judge reputed to be corrupt should be selected and the stories of his villainies traced down to proof or disproof. Lawyers above a certain grade are ordinarily gentlemen in instinct; they have as great an abhorrence for dishonesty on the bench as other men, if not greater. Show them a reasonable probability of bringing a scoundrel judge to account, and however indifferent they may seem to be under present conditions they will awaken to eager co-operation. In the offices of reputable attorneys narratives are current which explain the large incomes of some judges. The Citizens' Defense Association should employ detectives to investigate with thoroughness the grounds on which these narratives are based. There should be no scattering—one rogue at a time should be the principle of action. Doubtless, there are judges unjustly accused by report. These ought to welcome investigation. I suggest that Judge Levy invite the Citizens' Defense Association to give its first attention to him. Mr. Wm. F. Herrin is said to be in receipt of \$100,000 a year from the various corporations employing him. It is not pretended that twice the salary of the President of the United States is bestowed upon this ordinary lawyer in consideration of his legal advice, or for services in court. What services he does render to the Southern Pacific, Spring Valley, the gas and telephone companies in his dealings with the Supervisors might fruitfully engage the inquiry of the Defense Association. Mr. W. W. Stow is supposed to superintend the legislative nominations of both parties, to direct law-making at Sacramento, and to select United States Senators. Mr. Stow's activities should be looked into. But Herrin, Stow, and the other attorneys and agents of the associated villainies, can wait until one corrupt judge has been brought to bar for his crimes. Let the proofs be gathered and there need be small fear of the result. There are honest men on the bench, and a vigorous prosecution can be secured. One conviction would have as purifying an effect on San Francisco morally as the sea wind has physically. The Citizens' Defense Association by going directly and with determination at the work which lies plainly be-

fore it, can give a tone to San Francisco's life such as it has not had since the last Vigilance Committee took the machinery of the law out of the hands of society's enemies and forced it to perform its proper functions.

If Professor Anderson of the Stanford University attended the Horse Show, he probably felt himself fortified thereby in his judgment that San Francisco is the vulgar-est city of the United States. Professor Anderson, I understand, comes from the interior of Illinois, and, being unacquainted with cities, the phenomena which he observes in San Francisco, though in reality common to all, impress him as being peculiar. Thus he is misled into condemning as unique that which a wider knowledge of the world would inform him is merely characteristic of urban life everywhere on this continent. Fashionable life is apt to be vulgar the world over; it is certain to be vulgar in the United States, since republicanism and aristocracy are antipathetic. A bogus diamond glints as brilliantly as a real stone, but the wearing of the counterfeit gem is an act of vulgarity, because it is a false pretense. Similarly, our Horse Show was vulgar, because it was an imitation of the New York Horse Show, which also was vulgar for the reason that it was an imitation of the London Horse Show. This last was doubtless vulgar enough itself, for there is no spot on earth where wealth counts for so much socially as in England, and there, consequently, there is the greatest temptation to pretend to wealth—to flash bogus diamonds, so to speak.

And if Professor Anderson will think a little more deeply, he will see that it is not necessary to get out artillery and elephant rifles to make war on what he calls our sham-elegance, as exemplified in the Horse Show. Custom restricts women of means to rather narrow limits of display, and it is but natural that they should improve those which offer for the showing of their fine raiment and jewels. The ladies were all right at the Horse Show. They dressed their very best, exhibited their handsomest ornaments and were as dazzling to the full as though they had been as many Van Rensselaers, Livingstons, duchesses and countesses. Women are women everywhere and do the same things, being induced to differentiation only by the varying influence of local environment. It was not vulgar for them to appear in the boxes in their best clothes. That is what is expected of them the world over, wherever it is permitted women to exhibit themselves. The vulgarity of the Horse Show lay with its projectors, and their vulgarity was, it should be said, unconscious. Men of good intelligence participate in fashionable life here, as in other American cities, but they do not dominate it. "Society," as we know it, is certainly not intellectual. Its aim is not the exercise of the better faculties, but amusement simply—amusement that calls for no mental exertion. "I wonder," said an unfashionable American at a "crush" in the White House one night, where the only entertainment was shaking hands with the President and his wife, listening to the band and staring at the other guests "I wonder," he said to the happy lady on his arm, "that you fashionable people don't hire somebody with brains to invent something for you to do." It would have been easy to have saved the Horse Show from the New York grade of vulgarity. There was no need whatever to make it a third-hand London affair, as the Midwinter Fair was a second-hand Chicago affair, and therefore vulgar, as well as, incidentally, a swindle. California has a characteristic life that is

passing away which might have been drawn on. There are still many Spaniards in the state who have been reared on horseback; the vaquero yet exists. In costume, person and style of horsemanship these people are of the locality and exceedingly picturesque. Their introduction would have saved the show from bald imitation, given it an individual stamp, and yet have left plenty of room and time for the conventional London-New York features, the acclimating of which among us is destined to bring yawns to all who understand the social and artistic value of differences in manners and customs. Monotony follows in the train of fashion, and monotony is deadly dull, and vulgar when it is imported. The Fresno mule-team was really the best thing seen at the Horse Show, because it was Californian. The riding of the Park Police was the next best, for the reason that it was real, though the idea was borrowed from New York. I wonder, under the circumstances, that anything so good, so genuine as the mule-team was admitted to the programme.

It was not so many years ago that the sight of a liveried servant surprised San Franciscan eyes and irritated the average beholder. It was unpleasant to the unaccustomed beholder to see a fellow citizen tricked out in the badges of servitude that are usual in a monarchy. That irritation was manly, American. Our railroad employees at first objected to uniforms, on the ground that they seemed to make them menials. The spirit of the objection was true, though there is a reason in use for the uniform, it being necessary for the traveling public easily to identify the conductors and brakemen and station-agents. But we are growing out of our republican simplicity. The Horse Show will accelerate the process, and from that fact we get the measure of its influence on the side of vulgarity—for it is essentially vulgar for one human being to degrade another by dressing him in a way to advertise his inferiority. Time was when public scorn and resentment at a liveried footman or tiger, or even a coachman, would have expressed itself with vehemence, perhaps bricks, in San Francisco. That day passed long ago, and there will be an efflorescence of the flunkey in superior gorgeousness under the stimulation of the Horse Show. That exhibition of the correct thing in equipages is, of course, not to be held responsible for the flunkey. Him we were bound to have in any event. Only the Horse Show will establish him a little sooner than otherwise would have been the case. It merely hastens his day. Our rich people travel, and traveling, see what other rich people do. In obedience to the simian instinct of imitation, which is immensely strong in most commonplace people, they copy what falls under their notice. Local prejudice deters them from going too far in introducing what is new at home, but the Horse Show will give them courage to brave local ignorance. Much unhappiness will be spread among comparatively poor snobs by their richer brethren. Very many who have the courage now to take a drive in the park in any sort of vehicle that their purse can afford will be guilty henceforward of the vulgarity of either refraining from taking a drive or of taking it in a style beyond their means. That is the march of civilization. There is an innate tendency in wealth to make artificial distinctions between itself and poverty. The easiest, the most obvious of these distinctions is in costume. The democratic revulsion incident to our own and the French revolutions gave taste a turn that continues in the direction

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of simplicity, but in dwellings, house-furnishings, and more lately in equipages the old gorgeousness and luxury of the rich are returning. For those who can afford it, sumptuousness when it stops this side of ostentation is not vulgar; straining after sumptuousness, however, and sumptuousness that is copied, are as vulgar as all pretentiousness must be. And I have seen no straining, no pretentiousness, even at the Horse Show, that outdoes the comparative periods of Professor Anderson in his efforts to be fine in a literary way at the expense of little San Francisco.

There are worse sins than being vulgar, to be sure. It is too common an offense against taste to excite especial reprehension or call for the artillery and elephant guns. Seemingly the hardest thing in the world for the Andersons to do, male and female, is to preserve a sane sense of proportion when incensed by some manifestation of indifference to, or defiance of their code of morals, of their notions of right conduct. Miss Frances E. Willard, the President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, having apparently grown discouraged by the results of a long warfare upon the horrible and world-wide habit of inebriety, has turned her reformatory efforts upon offenses against propriety more promising in accessibility to attack. From among all the evils that debase men and deprave and humiliate her sex she selects the "living picture" feature of entertainments given in theatres. I sympathize with Miss Willard. Though I have looked on none of the advertised living pictures I can understand well enough the motive that induces managers to offer them and the salacious expectation that draws men to see them. A woman in marble or a woman's form painted on canvass is one thing; a living woman in fleshings, reproducing in nudity and pose the marble or painting, is another. Miss Willard it quite right, in my opinion, in holding that such exhibitions do not make for purity. But what then? Are there not worse things—things more shameful, more mortifying to good women, than these groupings in cheap theatres? There is in Miss Willard's choice of an entrenchment of the devil to charge upon, the disproportionate sense of importance which marks the crank—the same unhappy peculiarity of mind that renders untitled the invectives of the preacher who says entirely true things of the wickedness of embezzlement and lechery, but can see no moral distinction between them and Sunday baseball and Sunday picnics. Mrs. Grannis, the President of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Social Purity, who considers the living pictures innoxious but in veighs against the décolleté dresses of ladies of fashion in the boxes of the opera houses, is further astray than Miss Willard. Custom chastens most things. The exposure of women's necks, bosoms and backs is, *per se*, immodest. If we should see the women of fashion for the first time we should be shocked, and rightly, but where no immodest intention exists it is preposterous, and worse than that, to impute immodesty to the women of fashion. In truth there is, under the usages of our social life, more immodesty in discussing the décolleté dress than in wearing it, albeit the fact remains that the primary purpose of the stripping is to attract the male of the species by a show to inspire a desire for further knowledge. Corea is to the front just now, and it was my fortune to be present when President Cleveland gave his first reception in a social way to the original Korean embassy at the White House. It is customary to de-

scribe the semi barbaric foreigner whose women are secluded in the harem as gloating on the exposed charms of our decollete ladies. As a matter of fact, I never saw more embarrassed and distressed human beings than these diplomatic Mongols when the female part of Washington's best society, bare almost to the waist, tripped up, fawned themselves, and chattered and smiled. Their modesty—the modesty of the Korean men—dyed their yellow faces a deep red. The opening of the floor would have been welcome to them, and certainly nothing in our customs would have surprised them had the women removed their skirts by way of saying adieu. I dare say that the letters written home by the embassy would not have appeared more shocking to their Korean readers had entire nudity supervened. Yet as there was on the women's part an utter absence of consciousness of immodesty, how can Mrs. Granniss impute to the decollete custom an unchaste motive? The uncovering of the face in public in a Mahomedan country would, because of custom, be as distinctly immodest as the wearing of a waistless gown in Christian America or Europe.

Who that is not himself a bicyclist, and hardened to the company of bicyclists, can see a girl on a wheel without experiencing either a desire to avert his eyes or to look at her closer? The energetic action of her figure does convey to the observing novice an impression of immodesty, just as a woman astride a horse does. It is all a matter of usage. When with the passage of years it shall become as common for women to be on bicycles and to bestride horses as it is for them now to recline in carriages, only a surviving Granniss will apply the test of modesty. The reason that the unused eye questions, is that the skirt is primarily designed to deny the fact of legs. It is the Grannisses and the Willards who are vulgar, not the women who obey the fashions of their time. If the question were up as a new one—how women should be clothed—Mrs. Granniss' objections to the low-cut corsage and the V-shaped back would be obviously timely and decent. But as customs exist it is as indelicate to debate the decollete dress as it would be to inveigh against the waltz in a ballroom as an unchaste exercise. Reformers who are acutely conscious of their sex should never array themselves in one nor indulge themselves in the other. And reformers who can't find more serious evils to attack in this naughty world than the follies of fashion or the mild excesses of the minor theatres have mistaken their sphere; they belong in the sewing circle and could be better utilized by their beloved pastors in church work.

There are about 120,000 Republicans in California, taking the figures of last month's election. In the mass these voters are as patriotic and intelligent as their neighbors of other parties. Indeed they are disposed to think that they excel their neighbors in patriotism and intelligence, for the well-to-do are commonly Republicans, and the well-to-do, having a "stake in the country," are inclined to believe that they are the peculiar guardians of the public welfare. The citizens who chose the Republican rather than the Democratic or Populist nominees for the Legislature did so, doubtless, in the confidence that they were doing a good thing for California. They were persuaded that a Republican Legislature would be wiser in its acts than a Democratic Legislature, precisely as they concluded it would be better for the State to have a Democratic than a Republican Governor. Had the Legislature been

Democratic W. W. Foote, Jackson Temple, Judge Wallace, Judge Maguire, or some man of like caliber and character would have gone to the Senate. As things stand, what is the prospect? No one is seriously spoken of for the office except Mr. Perkins and Mr. de Young. No one, I think, will contend that Mr. Perkins is an intellectual man, a statesman, or better fitted by reason of native endowment, acquirements and connections to represent the people of California than thousands of other men who have made business successes. It is not pretended that he is well equipped for the position. The strongest argument advanced in his behalf is that he is better than Mr. de Young. That to the advocates of Mr. Perkins appears to be taken as conclusive.

But why should the Republicans of California be thus restricted? What reason is there that in order to be saved from a De Young the Senatorship must be given to a Perkins? It is to be presumed that the Republicans of Californiana, like their fellow-citizens, desire to be represented by a Senator who, besides standing for the common good, shall possess mental qualifications and personal attributes such as are required in a man of high public station. That being true of the Republican party, why may we not look to a Republican Legislature for such a choice? Surely, the Republican party is not destitute of men of this kind. We have but to turn our eyes on the Supreme Court to see at least two of them—Chief Justice Beatty and Justice De Haven. Both are of good reputation and respectable capacity. The public would be more than pleased to have either of them in the Senate. If the choice lay between these gentlemen on the one side and Perkins and De Young on the other, and the matter were to be decided by popular vote, where would the two latter stand in the poll? Are there a thousand Republicans in all California who would give their ballots for Mr. de Young? Yet if De Young wants to fill the unexpired term of Senator Stanford, who doubts that he can gratify his ambition?

What is the matter with the Republican party that it has so little power over its Legislature as this state of things betokens? To whom does the Legislature belong, and why do the 120,000 Republicans of California allow this state of things to exist? Are they not able to demand, and enforce their demand, that the Legislature shall represent the will of the party instead of the will of a railroad corporation? For who would hear of Mr. de Young as a Senatorial candidate, or Mr. Perkins either, were it not that the Southern Pacific is in politics?

We have Republicans whose talents and cleanness of character would, were they in the Senate, place them on a par with Sherman and Hoar and the other Republicans of note and standing there. What foul enchantment is on the Republican party of California that it consents to let Mr. C. P. Huntington put it and the State to shame by selecting for it the men who shall go to the Senate?

President Cleveland will hardly be accepted by the people of the United States as a clear-eyed guide in matters of finance. It might have been thought, after his ten years' experience as a student of the silver question and as the prophet of evil, that a suspicion would occasionally cross his mind that he does not know all that is to be known of money. The vaticinations of disaster to which he

treated the Congress sitting after his election and before his inauguration were not fulfilled; his predictions of the prosperity that was to follow the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, have similarly failed. Behind the pressure which he brought to bear upon Congress to do his will a year and a half ago, was a more or less vague promise of remedial action. The country has waited for it until now. It comes in a proposition to turn the finances of the country over to the management of his very goods friends, the bankers—a class of men who probably know less about finance and more about money-making than any other. The money of the country will not be upon a sound basis until we have again bimetalism. The scientific financiers of this and most other civilized countries are for it; the bankers, the lenders, the coupon-clippers, are against it. Were England to join with us we could have bimetalism. The same classes that have President's Cleveland's ear here control the policy of England's government. The people of England, like the people of the United States, are not monometallists. Free coinage of silver as an unaided American experiment is not to be looked for. But free coinage of silver inaugurated simultaneously by the United States and England would be a success beyond peradventure, for Germany, France and Italy would gladly follow the example. While the agitation for free silver is led in this country by the mining interest its attainment will be postponed. The miners' interest is a thing altogether separate from the financial question. The advocates of real bimetalism should not confine their propaganda to America but carry it into England. Our best equipped speakers should be sent over there when the parliamentary elections are next pending and the return of a House of Commons committed to bimetalism secured contemporaneously with the return of a Congress of the same mind. The interest of the masses of both countries being the same, and both being in the enjoyment of popular government, it does not occur to me that this scheme is impracticable. On each side of the water there are identical forces to fight. In any event the proposal of common action at the polls is far more rational and hopeful than the Cleveland-Carlisle device of making the money-lenders the regulators of the volume of the currency. The presidential suggestion is worthy the imagination of a dreaming pawnbroker.

There are good features in the President's message—his plea for free ships is in line with common sense, and if answered by legislation would do much for San Francisco and all maritime cities—but as a whole it is as ponderous and disappointing as the man himself has been. He is a surface statesman and manifestly incapable of divining the causes which have brought two years of bitter hard times upon an industrious people inhabiting a productive country. With good harvests and ample labor, poverty is pinching the masses. If he has thought of the causes of the unequal distribution of wealth, and the paralysis that has fallen upon our industrial energy, he has not had the courage to speak. Another winter with soup-houses and marching armies of the unemployed is confronting us. Grover Cleveland, millionaire, Democrat and failure, has nothing to say. He is one of the last of his line. A new order of statesmanship must arise to face the social problem—a statesmanship that will ask with courage why it is that many must be in poverty that one may be rich.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

"Jack," said I, "my next husband shall be a soldier."

"It's a pity your first wasn't," was his unkind reply.

We had been to the tournament at the Mechanical Pavilion, and I was enthusiastic—indeed, ridiculously so—over the wonderful feats that had been performed by the men in blue. The Horse Show would have been a tame affair if it had followed instead of preceded this exhibition. Who would care to look at a promenade of racers, or even the high jumping, after seeing wrestling and fencing on horseback—not to speak of a dozen equally fascinating and novel sports? But I am not saying what I had in mind. When I told Jack that I wanted a soldier as his successor I expressed woman's admiration for a right sort of courage. No, no, the love of these qualities is not dying out in women. Because we marry puny mites of men it doesn't follow that we have lost our barbaric love of the strongest. The puny mite may have a million, and that makes him stronger in these days of Our Lord than a sallow. We know this, and we know, too, that there are other qualities which go to make up the man of noble physique and beside physical strength. But there isn't a woman alive, with real blood in her veins, who doesn't love a man to some degree for his very strength. We want to be fought for—at least we want to feel that the man who is ours is capable of fighting for us and willing to die for us. George Fordell says the last thing to be civilized by man will be woman. The English novelist is right to this extent: that many a generation will have to pass before woman loses her admiration for mere brute strength—she hasn't yet become so civilized as to believe that the man who gains his revenge by indirection, finesse and all that will be the equal of him who challenges his enemy to his face, and knocks him down if necessary. Give us the old days of the tournaments and let the men tilt for us—I don't know but that we would do quite as well as at present, and surely we would stand some chance of having husbands who wouldn't have to cry "Police!" every time a beggar gets into the way.

And this to Jack, who seemed quite amused, and only commented in his sarcastic way: "John L. Sullivan must be quite your ideal, my dear."

I know that I am not foolish in my belief that women are subject to the spell of strength, because I have made it a subject of conversation lately among many of my friends, and have found few to take exception to my position, and have made pretense to extreme intellectuality. One very observant woman brought to my attention the fact that most of the foreigners—at least when untitled—who married American girls were splendid specimens of physical manhood. I could name a dozen or more who have married Californian girls—most of them big, clear complexioned, stalwart fellows, who take long strides and know where the best hunting is to be had, and how many hundreds they can lift. Don't fancy for one moment that the chief stock in trade of these men in the marrying market was their foreign birth—not a bit of it. Their chief claim to preferment over their American rivals was their size and strength. They had to play the game of cricket and polo and riding after rounds when the American young men were playing billiards, I suppose.

Since it seems to be the fashion to be a reformer these days, I'm going to have a reform of my own—to teach the American young man to shoot, likewise to ride, likewise to box, and so make himself a useful and useful man. How do these things? By letting him know that women want him to. Yes, you dear men must know that to be clever in a courtroom or at a desk or in a parlor is not all that woman requires in a husband—not even if you have all the virtues, which most of you have.

"But I don't see that many of us are mourning over the smallness of the supply of women who are willing to have us," remarked Jack, with his eyebrows raised and blowing his cigar smoke into the air in a leisurely manner, which was intended to be almost insulting.

"Quite true, my dear," I replied, "you know when I go to the market and can't get those muskies you so dearly love, I have to take clams."

BETTY.

Arthur McEwen has begun the publication of his *Letter* again and it is an bright and aggressive as it is possible for a brilliant and thoroughly honest man to make it. Mr. McEwen has occupied positions on metropolitan newspapers which have enabled him to know who the "associated villians" are, and he has the courage to write and publish what he thinks of the rich men who buy legislatures, juries and courts. The *Letter* will be published regularly in future.

—Vivian Times.

THE COMING CRASH.

HUNTINGTON'S LIABILITIES AND HIS LACK OF MONEY TO MEET THEM.

Assuming that the Southern Pacific Company keeps its head above water till the close of the present year, it will have to pay during the first half of January next:

Coupons due Jan'y 1st.	\$2,850,965
C. P. first mortgage bonds due Jan'y 15th.	1,555,000

In all. \$3,398,965

This is just \$1,457,000 more than what it had to pay for corresponding items at the commencement of the present year. Meantime the receipts of the company fell off during the first eight months of the current year \$3,619,530, or at the rate of \$5,429,205 for the year. So that Mr. Huntington has before him the encouraging New Year's prospect of nearly a million and a half more to pay than last year, and nearly five and a half millions less where with to pay than a year ago!

Last year the floating debt represented by demand and short time notes increased from \$1,934,534 to \$3,742,338; this year it promises to run up to at least \$6,389,740.

How much further will this bubble stretch before bursting?

That is a question impossible to answer with any certainty. But a conjecture may be hazarded; money never was so plenty in New York as it is now, provided the securities be first class; Mr. Huntington's, of course, are not such. The only thing he probably has to offer is the Southern Pacific bonds, and the names of the Pacific Improvement Company, or some one of the other multitudinous corporations under which the people associated under the name of the Southern Pacific Company do business. They are all pretty well known and all known to stand for substantially the same thing, so that the acute Hebrews who the dealers are likely to be deceived. The present is not a time to extend credits which rest on a basis so insecure as these do, and which increase with such prodigious rapidity. The memory of the Argentine cedulas and the Ravings' collapse is too recent. Railroad finance, too, is in too unsettled a condition to warrant hopeful anticipations of the future and the overland roads have all been losing money.

It is understood that the reorganization committee of the Northern Pacific have abandoned all hope of accomplishing anything for another year, and perhaps for two, and have therefore arranged to float \$5,000,000 of receivers' certificates. As these securities, like a bottomless bond, take precedence of even the first mortgage, the prospective issue of a large amount of them by a rival line already in a receiver's hands is an ominous symptom, for it evidently looks to a loss of that amount on the business of 1895.

All things considered, it seems not unlikely that Mr. Huntington's ideas of March are at hand.

He insisted in an interview published a few weeks since that he proposed to placate the holders of the Central Pacific first mortgage bonds that come due this year, by issuing to them a new sheet of coupons for another period; but that device, though not without apparent merit, will hardly work; the Central Pacific firsts are not an ordinary railroad bond. The government's claim was by law the first lien on the road, and the first mortgage was permitted to take precedence over it by a special statute for a prescribed time and amount. That priority does not rest on the ordinary basis of contract, but on a statute absolute and peculiar in its provisions.

It is scarce probable that the holders of the maturing bonds will be so ready to extend time to Mr. Huntington on the small lot that come due in January, taking the risk of the interpretation of this statute and of the dissent of remaining bondholders, whose demands become due in 1896, and succeeding years. I think it safe to say they will not, and that Mr. Huntington will have to provide for the batch that mature on January 15th next or let them go to protest.

To elect for the latter alternative will be quite embarrassing, for to let the bonds go to protest will be to confess inability to take care of a comparatively small amount of his own first mortgage bonds, which are better secured and intrinsically more valuable to-day than any other bond he has ever issued (for it is an unquestioned fact, first lien, with the Government holding a second mortgage of equal amount, and so bound in self protection to buy the property) and to take up even that small installment of the bonds and hold them, till the future of that mortgage is determined, calls for more cash than it will be found convenient to provide.

If by any hocus pocus Mr. Huntington can raise the money it would be his policy to buy and hold the bonds, for if they go to protest, it will not be long before holders and dealers will be studying and discussing some interesting questions to which the prospect of foreclosure will give prominence. These

questions relative to the court which may be asked to assume jurisdiction of the foreclosure; the mode of getting the second mortgage (the United States) into court and cutting off their equity of redemption, which unless cut off will endure forever, and which without an act of Congress cannot be cut off, and the priority of the bonds as between themselves—for there is a knotty question there arising under the statute of 1864, that has never yet been ventilated, but which in case of foreclosure must come up.

These circumstances and the fact that the bond mature in installments, running through several years, must prevent any reorganization of the company in the way in which the holders of foreclosures, as they begin to be studied and understood by holders, prudent men, rather than take the responsibility of contributing to or awaiting their legal solution, will submit to a small loss and sell their bonds. The price will gradually decline under the influence of such sales and discussions, and thus the hollowness of the whole fabric of Southern Pacific credit cannot fail to become manifest, with results easily anticipated.

I hold, therefore, that if the money can be had by any contrivance, Mr. Huntington will buy the Central Pacific bonds maturing in January, rather than have them put into any course of collection whatever, and I imagine that he will find the enormous gap between his receipts and disbursements which will loom up at the opening of the new year a most lamentable hiatus. It all comes back to the question of what securities he or the Southern Pacific Company or the Pacific Improvement Company has to offer for a loan of five or six millions, and the answer will be the same as to all, viz.: S. P. R. R. bonds.

I. Southern Pac. sixes of 1875 at 1882, of which there are, say, \$31,293,500 outstanding;

II. S. P. fives of 1888, whereof \$12,932,000 are reported outstanding last January; and

III. Southern Pacific fives of 1893, of which about \$89,000,000 are issuable, but it is said only \$2,491,000 were actually out at same date.

I shall examine these securities in their order, but want of space must defer the matter till another issue.

BANKER.

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THE SINGLE TAX.

IT IS ALREADY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

EDITOR ARTHUR McEWEEN'S LETTER: In your issue of the 7th ult. you express the opinion that the single tax is not likely to be soon brought into practical politics in this country. I have great respect for your judgment in matters of public concern, where I know you are in possession of the facts upon which you base your judgments. But in reaching the opinion expressed by you in the paragraph to which I refer, I think you have overlooked some important facts, to which I beg leave to direct your attention.

Before Henry George had written upon the single tax there was, in and about the city of New York, a small but thoughtful school of economists who believed and taught that the attempt to tax personal property in a State, Mr. George's campaign for the Mayoralty of New York in 1886 brought his single tax theory into active public discussion, and when in the following year he was nominated for Secretary of State, this discussion was carried on ably and earnestly throughout the State of New York. In 1887 Mayor Hewitt sent a message to the Council of New York City, in which he advocated the abolition of the tax on personal property, and set forth the great advantages which the adoption of such a policy would confer upon the metropolis. The founding of the Standard by Henry George, and the formation of the Anti-Poverty Society by Dr. McMillin and others, drew much to the subject. On the subject of taxation in the popular mind of New York State, and particularly of the cities of New York and Brooklyn.

After the excitement of the three or four years immediately following the year 1886 had somewhat subsided, it was found that there were in New York three classes of tax reformers: 1, the tariff reformers and free traders, who became active Cleveland Democrats after his celebrated tariff message of 1887; 2, the tax reformers who favored the exemption of personal property from taxation; and 3, the single taxers, both limited and unlimited.

The first school confined their activity to the field of national politics, and by earnest propaganda work in New York and the West and Northwest contributed very largely to the success of the Democrats in 1890, and again in 1892.

The second and third schools turned their attention to the subject of State and local taxation. The plan agreed upon by them was to endeavor to secure the passage of a local option bill, authorizing cities, towns or counties to determine for themselves whether to continue to tax land, improvements on land and personal property, or to exempt the last, or the two last, species of property. This is a movement for local option in taxation. These tax reformers and single taxers, laying aside all other and personal differences, co-operated heartily and unitedly upon the work of winning over the Legislature to their views. In 1891, as I remember, they had introduced into the Legislature a bill granting local option in taxation to the cities, towns and counties of the State. The friends of the bill were unable to bring it to a vote in the year 1891.

In 1893 a like bill received quite a respectable vote (I have not the numbers). In 1894 a bill, substantially the same, received 54 votes in its favor to 65 votes against it in the Assembly. In 1894 the friends of the measure, encouraged by the vote in its favor in the Assembly of 1893 to believe that it might pass, if it were introduced in the Senate by a Senator who took care to state that he introduced it "by request." It was referred to a committee the chairman of which was from the northern part of the State. The committee reported against the bill, the chairman saying that the object of the measure evidently was to tax the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Rochester and Buffalo to exempt personal property from taxation, and that the effect of this would be to draw to these cities a large part of the business of the State, to the impoverishment and ruin of those portions of the State that did not see fit to adopt that method of taxation. The Senator who had introduced the bill thereupon expressed himself as heartily in favor of it, and asked the chairman of the committee what there would be to prevent the counties constituting his constituency from adopting the policy and thereby averting the evils he dreaded.

In 1893 delegates to a Constitutional Convention were elected. The Convention met in 1894 and appointed a Committee on Taxation, and this Committee reported an amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting the Legislature from ever exempting from taxation any property which is not already exempt by law. As soon as this report was made public, the Brooklyn Revenue Reform Club prepared and issued a circular addressed to the Constitutional Convention, signed by its President, Thos. G. Shearman, and its Secretary, Robert Baker. This address earnestly entreated the Con-

vention not to submit such an amendment, and intimated that if it submitted it would be rejected by the people and would endanger the adoption of all the other amendments. It said of the bill of 1894, to which I have already referred: "The leaders of both the great parties in the Assembly of 1894, backed by the almost solid vote of New York, Kings and Westchester Counties, and with the support of many members from farming districts, urged the passage of a bill allowing home rule and local option in matters of purely local taxation. It will be again presented unless made impossible by a constitutional prohibition. That measure commands the warm approval of all parties and all classes in the cities, especially of the trade and labor organizations, which are unanimous in demanding it. But it also commands the approval of a large and rapidly increasing proportion of the farmers and laborers in the rural districts."

After I received this address from Mr. Shearman, I noticed in the dispatches that the Convention had adjourned, and I was exceedingly anxious to know whether or not it had submitted such an amendment, but could get no information through the press dispatches. I therefore wrote to Mr. George, asking him to let me know what had been done in the matter. On Oct. 8, 1894, he wrote me, saying: "The amendment in favor of the single tax has not been adopted. We are all right." I am informed by well-informed, observant gentlemen from New York City, that the proposition to exempt personal property from taxation in New York City will carry by a vote of 4 to 1 the first time it is submitted to the electors of that city.

I will perceive from the foregoing statements, how far the single tax has already been brought into practical politics. I know the orthodox American way of getting a reform is to form a party to carry it into practical operation, and many people believe that we shall never have the single tax until we have formed a great Single Tax Party to carry it into effect. I am not of that opinion. You will see from the extract from Mr. Shearman's address that the local option bill was supported by both Republicans and Democrats. The Legislature of 1893, which gave the bill its first respectable support, was Democratic. The Legislature of 1894, whose Assembly came within 12 votes of passing it, was Republican. We have, therefore, reasonable cause to believe that the local option bill will be passed before many years, no matter which party controls the Legislature. I need not say to you that the adoption of the principle of exempting personal property from taxation in the City of New York will knock the keystone out of the arch upon which the present abominable system of taxation rests. If New York adopts the principle of exempting personal property from taxation, every other city must follow its lead or go out of business. But New York cannot stop at the exemption of personal property from taxation, and still go on taxing improvements. No people sufficiently advanced in intelligence to exempt personal property can long resist the temptation to exempt land. The Legislature of 1894 furnishes a proof of this. In 1891 the Bay of Zeeland exempted personal property and some improvements; in 1893 the Act was amended so as to exempt all improvements. The New York tax reformers do not appreciate the fact, but all the single taxers do. For present practical purposes, therefore, a tax reformer wants for as much as a single taxer, just as a single taxer limited is, for present purposes, as good as a single taxer unlimited. When we get personal property exempt from taxation in a great commercial city like New York, the law of trade will get in behind us and do the rest.

I believe we shall see the Single Tax in beneficent and effective operation long before the railroads are nationalized. And that is as it should be. What permanent benefit can we get from the nationalization of the railroads, so long as the landlord is still permitted to go on robbing labor and capital? It would leave him more to take, just as invention and improvement in methods of production would leave him more to take, but his capacity for taking is unlimited. He is the robber that takes all that is left, in any event. You are right in saying that the single tax goes far deeper than either the financial or railroad question. And for that very reason I believe it must and will be settled before they are settled.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH LEGGETT.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to submit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, November 20th, 1894.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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BY ORDER PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR.
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Two lots west line 26th ave., 250 feet south of Q st.; side 50x120 feet. Sold by order of Public Administrator.

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A GREAT IDEA.

THE ROAD TO HER SALVATION AS AN EMPIRE POINTED OUT TO CHINA.

It is not only an impious but a dull mind that cannot see the hand of Providence in the great events of the year that is closing. What two occurrences, to illustrate, could seem more remote in causation and consequences than the whipping of China by Japan and the downfall of Tammany Hall in New York under the impact of the blows of the combined Democracy and Republicans who object to extreme executives in municipal government? Yet the reverent mind perceives behind these two staggering happenings, with the diameter of the globe between them, the same Divine Intention. One would have been useless without the other, and as nothing useless ever befalls, it is obvious that China would not have been whipped had Tammany not have been conquered, or vice versa. It is by observing both phenomena as the handiwork of Heaven that we are able to apprehend the meaning of either.

In each instance the mighty has been overthrown, to the astonishment of the earth. The most impressive result of the Chino-Japanese war has been the revelation to the world of its ignorance of China. When hostilities broke out the press of this and other civilized lands expressed sympathy with Japan and predicted some early successes for her, but held as self-evident that the Chinese were a leviathan rouser of the Chinese, the numerous invaders from the little island would be crushed like nits. We all have been waiting to see the great empire rouse itself, only to discover that there is no great empire—that the China of the world's conception does not exist; that we have fooled ourselves by making the idea of empire, which we derive from familiarity with the civilization of China. That country is plainly not an empire at all, in the modern meaning of the word, but a monstrous aggregation of human units unfused by common sentiments or interests—a loose confederacy of provinces, none caring for the fate of any other or concerned for the general welfare. To speak of the Chinese as a homogeneous people and to gauge their military strength by their numbers, is as wide of reality as it is to speak of India with its jealous native princes and hostile peoples in the same way—as great a mistake as it would have been to count the Indians of the North American continent three centuries ago as a race of copper-colored patriots ready to fight and die for their native land wheresoever it might be touched by the intruding paleface. Japan, armed with modern arms and enlightened by modern enlightenment, has walked through China as easily as Adolph Sutro has walked through the anti-five-cent-fare intrenchments of the Southern Pacific.

It is now demonstrated to the meanest intelligence—even to that of the average editorial writer and Secretary Gresham—that only the intervention of the civilized powers can hold China together should Japan resolve upon her dismemberment. It is apparent even to the same grade of intelligence that if China is to continue to exist separately, she must be born again, organized on modern lines, given a political framework, and her people brought to understand that the price of autonomy is the creation and exercise of that sentiment which we denominate citizenship.

Here is where Tammany comes in. Tammany is out of a job. China needs above all things a large Irish population to give instruction in politics by precept and example, and if Tammany should not be able to meet the whole demand it is probable that the home island could be drawn upon for further supplies of statesmen. They grow there by the million and have never shown a disinclination to immigrate. Every race has its special aptitudes and Irishmen excel in politics and fighting, in both which aptitudes the Chinese are conspicuously deficient. The energies of modern civilization have been developed by efforts to bring demand and supply together. There is no danger that modern civilization, therefore, would hold back from the enterprise of conferring the surplus Irish upon China. England particularly may reasonably be looked to for aid and the good and humane work. She has already done much in the way of assisting immigration from her own and contiguous shores. The fewer Irish there are in Ireland, the British colonies and the United States the happier will England be. The rise and spread of the P. A. indicates that there would spring up in the United States a strong opposition to the passage by China, under the pressure of the conservative elements, of laws looking to the exclusion, or even the restriction, of Irish immigration.

Thoughtful men can have no doubt of the readiness of the more enlightened Chinese to welcome a flood of Irish into their midst. The Chinese who are capable of seeing anything have witnessed the development within a few years of the despised Japanese into a modern military power of the first

rank under foreign tuition. Casting aside ancient prejudices, and even ordinary pride, the Japanese invited the outside barbarians to come to them and teach them all they knew concerning war on land and sea, and when the Japanese had gained this knowledge they dispensed with the services of the outside barbarians. It has not escaped Chinese observation, of course, that the Japanese have done their fighting under native commanders. It is needless to say, however, that if China shall import Tammany and its relatives she will have to make up her mind to regard the immigrants as a permanent addition to the population. Once the strangers come into possession of the offices they will constitute a ruling caste, as in this country, and only suffer overthrow in some localities where, as in New York, the pride and wantonness of power might seduce them into grabbing everything in sight.

It stands to reason that a race so gifted for ruling other peoples as the Irish will gladly accept the invitation of the Chinese to come over and help them. The empire once organized politically, with the election machinery in the hands of the immigrants, it cannot, in the nature of things, be long ere the present odious Tartar dynasty shall give way. The descendants of the ancient Kings of Ireland are numerous, and men now living may hope to see a Tobin, a Croker, a Phelan or a Donahue upon the throne of China.

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SECOND SERIES. No. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

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Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

There are not many left who now believe the San Francisco Traffic Association will build a railroad through the San Joaquin Valley, or even make a beginning of the enterprise by subscribing, or securing the subscription of, the required \$350,000. Months have been spent by the more earnest spirits of the Association in efforts to obtain this initial contribution to the liberation fund, and these efforts have been seconded by the press of the city and State by a mass of editorial matter which if charged up at the customary advertising rates would amount to a good deal more than \$350,000. The people of the valley that is held under tribute by the Southern Pacific monopoly are willing enough to grant the right of way, give depot sites, grade the roadbed and subscribe money—on condition that the Traffic Association at this end shall demonstrate its faith in the project by putting its hand in its pocket. Everything but this the merchants and capitalists of the metropolis are ready to do. They have held impressive meetings, adopted resolutions in quantity and supplied interviews to the newspapers, which the newspapers have put into type and circulated at their own cost. But actually to supply money to open a battle in earnest with the Southern Pacific—there the Traffic Association and its allies have drawn the line.

That the business men of San Francisco are sincere in their long expressed desire for railroad competition it would be foolish to question. But, as business men, a good many of them are by no means confident that a San Joaquin Valley road can be built by the Traffic Association, or if built, that it would pay the investors dividends. The scheme of bonding one section in order to pay for the next has created many railroads and made many millionaires, but, the prudent capitalist reflects, the pitcher can go once too often to the well. The bonds would have to be sold in New York, and New York is Mr. Huntington's headquarters. Financiers would be apt to consult him on the situation, and Mr. Huntington, while uttering kind words respecting the Traffic Association and its unbuilt line, would be ready to supply all demands for bonds and stock in San Joaquin Valley railroads, three of which—all built and in operation—he owns. One of the longest-headed and richest members of the Traffic Association

offered this objection to me when I asked him some months ago why he did not draw a check to encourage the new enterprise. "Such a road," he said, "would be of immense benefit to California, of course. The fiercer the competition, and the deeper the cutting of rates, the better it would be for the people; but how about the stockholders? Really, it is too much to ask business men, as business men, to put up their money on such a proposition. What ought to be done is for the State to build a road through not only the San Joaquin, but the Sacramento Valley also. Then, the more the Southern Pacific should cut rates, the better it would be for the public. As a citizen, nothing pleases me better than to see railroad rates go down, but as a holder of railroad stock I should naturally take another view. We could all afford, as taxpayers, to make up whatever deficit might be incurred by maintaining government roads that should keep down the charges of the Huntington lines, but a few private investors ought not to be expected to shoulder what should be a common burden for the common good. Besides, I don't believe Mr. Leeds could place his bonds with old Huntington out knocking them."

Other capitalists and institutions that comprehend perfectly the need for lifting the heavy weight of monopoly from the industry of the interior, have become, by investment in Southern Pacific securities, financially interested in maintaining their value. To ask such men and institutions to help subject the Southern Pacific system to competition is equivalent to inviting them to assault their own pockets. Most of them have become aware that Huntington stocks and bonds are very shaky commodities, and they would be glad to have their money back and be safely away from under when the collapse comes. But, naturally, while they have these securities they are going to do nothing to accelerate the arrival of bankruptcy and the receiver.

So it will be seen that the San Francisco Traffic Association is not quite so idiotic as it seems to be to the fervid journalists of the daily press who build railroads with their pens and scorn the dullards of the commercial world who decline to furnish the little detail of capital. Of course if our Traffic Association were composed of an equal number of Chicago men, or of merchants of the stamp who did business here in earlier days, they would have the courage to launch out and build the San Joaquin Valley road with their own money, should Mr. Huntington be able to hoodoo its bonds in the East. Yet it is not fair to be very severe on San Francisco's business men for being timid. They have not from choice grown to be cowardly

in spirit and narrow of view. Any set of men who had found it possible to live in such subjection to a single railroad company as they have lived in for a quarter of a century, would be what they are. Slaves whose backs are scared with the whip do not feel the tingle of a blow as a free man does.

Consider what our merchants have been through. In the special contract era their books were under as close inspection by the Southern Pacific as the accounts of servants are by a good housekeeper. Here are instances that fairly illustrate the system that made peons of our merchants: A ship's captain desired to buy an iron cable of a San Francisco chandler. The chandler did not himself have in stock the cable wanted, but bought it of a second, delivered it to the ship and made his profit. This second chandler had declined to enter into a special contract with the monopoly, but the first had done so, and he was visited by an officer of the Southern Pacific, threatened with punishment for having had a business transaction with the outlaw, and warned not to repeat the offense. Spies of the railroad company hung around the wharves and business districts, watched freight that came and went by water, and reported every case in which a merchant could be suspected of trying to evade the monopoly's laws of trade. A man who had reduction works on the Alameda shore saw a barge loaded with charcoal at a Sacramento wharf. He purchased it and had the cargo delivered at his works. Freight Manager Stubbs sent for him, passionately denounced him for his action, and demanded that he turn over what he had saved in freight charges by having the charcoal transported by water. This man happened to be a man. He told Mr. Stubbs that he would rather go out of business than submit to such tyranny. And out of business he went. The railroad would not even place its bondmen on a common level. Its special contracts gave lower rates to some than to others on the same articles, and ruin overtook those who were discriminated against. Ruin overtook any who rebelled. Verbal criticism of the railroad was punished by fine and reprimand.

Is it any wonder that men who underwent this treatment for years should fear the Southern Pacific—that the habit of submission should have been acquired? Things are not as bad now as they used to be, to be sure. The grip of the monopoly has been loosened in places where once it was firm. Though discrimination between persons and localities continues, the special contract has been abated. The press is no longer edited by the railroad. It still has many organs in the State, but not one newspaper of large

circulation and decent standing belongs to it. It has dailies and weeklies in city and country in its employ, but they are either pathetic starvelings or unveiled prostitutes. This is a great change from the old days when our best newspapers were not ashamed to wear the Southern Pacific livery. Though Huntington, Stanford & Co. were able to kill the *Sacramento Union*—a crime, the stain of permitting which can never be rubbed from the people of California—it has been discovered since that journals may live and be prosperous without the monopoly's favor; that, indeed, its favor means the withdrawal of popular respect, if not support. Everybody has come to recognize the Southern Pacific as a public enemy, and newspapers which do not deal with it as such are without influence. Multitudes of men who are afraid to be known as hostile to the rule of the monopoly will have nothing to do with newspapers that are not braver than themselves. The poets on the plantation are not contented. They show as far as they dare their approval of the enemies of the master. And when the final rescuers arrive they will be welcomed as the blacks welcomed Lincoln's bluecoats.

Rescue will come through competition, and rescue is not far off now. Our merchants, our people, habituated to the robbery, the spying, the bullying, the punishments of the monopoly, have not left within them the courage to rise and strike the blow for their own freedom, but even the Traffic Association will be brave enough to follow and fight with an invading deliverer. A railroad will be built through the San Joaquin Valley, and built soon. In the nature of things that rich field cannot much longer be left solely to Huntington. Our master is not so terrible to others as he is to us. Men of large capital in the East know that he has drifted into dangerous financial waters and that his wreck is at hand. Within a year I look to see railroad builders, backed by Eastern money, attacking Huntington's monopoly at more than one point. And the Southern Pacific has no fight in it. Sutro has demonstrated that. So did Davie before Sutro, with one little tub of a bay steamer. The imposing Southern Pacific can be humbled as easily as little Japan has walked through colossal China. When these Eastern men come, as come they must, they will have larger minds and longer sight than the Traffic Association, which dreams only of making the San Joaquin tributary to San Francisco. They will have the kind of brains to understand that the prosperity of other coast cities is not detrimental to this, and to promote the good of the metropolis by stimulating industry and increasing population throughout the slope. They will not be of the caliber to assume as a self-evident proposition that San Francisco's interests will be protected by keeping Los Angeles out of the San Joaquin, avoiding a southern overland connection, discriminating against the interior by compelling the purchaser to follow hither goods that pass his door and forcing him to pay way freight on them back again. They will see no wisdom in maintaining the decree against Nevada's development. In short, they will not be dominated by the delusion of the protectionist, who cannot believe himself to be prosperous unless his neighbors, who should be purchasers from him, are in penury.

These Eastern railroad builders will not come to this field of enterprise as philanthropists but to make money, and having the sense to come they will have the wit to understand what the small men who direct the Southern Pacific have never understood, that to despoil a community of the last sizeable dollar is not good business policy

for railroads. Between a railroad legitimately managed and the Southern Pacific there is the same difference as exists between a merchant and a pirate.

In San Francisco there is ample money awaiting investment in railroad projects whose success shall have the assurance of outside capital behind them. Let one such project be laid before the public here and the men of the Traffic Association—who now button their own pockets against their own scheme, and make saint-hearted appeals to others to do what they dare not venture upon themselves—would come to the front with their check-books eagerly. The blacks of the South made brave fighters when white officers led them.

There are evidences that Mr. Huntington, seeing that the end of his reign in California is hastening, desires to round it off appropriately. His partner Stanford had the same desire and in his last days founded a university, as a plea in extenuation to his contemporaries and posterity. Mr. Huntington is of a harder grain. Where he is hated he hates, and much prefers to do injuries to his victims and his enemies than to confer benefits upon them. His love for San Francisco was expressed in his attempt to make the O'Donnell her Mayor. Had he succeeded he would have killed Sutro politically, and killed him with a weapon soaked in the poison of humiliation. Having failed in that effort to degrade and mortify Sutro and the city, the undisciplined Huntington is building a colossal and costly mausoleum for himself in New York, which will outlast the hills and grin at future generations of Californians, and is proceeding with his plans for doing to the State what he was not able to do to the State's metropolis. Pure malignity moved him years ago to pick up M. H. De Young as a candidate for the United States Senate. Social differences induced him to declare open war on Stanford. His first revengeful blow was to supplant him as President of the Southern Pacific; his second was to search for the most disreputable rich man in the State to seat beside Stanford in the Senate chamber. His flattering judgment was that Mr. De Young would suit his purpose better than anybody else, and the eminent journalist, made dizzy by the distinction of the choice, has remained ever since in a fever of desire that by turns has diverted and alarmed all California. On Stanford's death Huntington would have dropped De Young, but he had kindled a flame of grotesque ambition that could not be quenched. He has sought at intervals to withdraw the light of his countenance. These occasions have been revealed to the public by barings of the editorial teeth in the *Chronicle*. Then the royal favor has been renewed and the editorial teeth covered again. Previous to the late election Mr. Huntington would have been as ready to cheat Mr. De Young of his reward as Stanford was to cheat Sargent when he took for himself the seat that had been promised to the servant. I do not mean that Mr. Huntington would have bought the Senatorship for himself, but he might have been persuaded to let it go to some comparatively decent man. The conduct of the people of the State in electing Budd, and those of San Francisco in electing Sutro, however, has determined him to take the revenge on all California that he once meant to wreak on Stanford, who detested the very name of De Young, for reasons that his carefully kept account books probably do not reveal.

An agonized cry is beginning to rise from the party which has won the Legislature.

The foul shadow of the coming shame is projecting itself, and organs that worked hard for a Republican Legislature are, in a sort of terror, endeavoring to make a large and attractive statesman of Mr. Perkins or Irving M. Scott—of anybody rather than De Young. Before a month is past, Colonel Burns, or even Cornwall, may have impassioned protagonists in preference. The *Fresno Republican*, a paper that has a mind and feelings, speaks, I am sure, for the mass of the men of its politics when it says of Mr. De Young: "If he is a candidate for the Senate, and succeeds in his candidacy, the Republican party may as well shut up its office and retire from business."

The argument is made by others that if Mr. Huntington is to dictate who shall be Senator—and he must be a railroad man—why not give the seat to William H. Mills, the head of the Southern Pacific land department? Time was when Mr. Huntington would have listened to that. He is highly intelligent and is able to appreciate the abilities of such a man. But for Mr. Mills' connection with the monopoly he would make an unusually creditable Senator. He is keen of intellect, educated, widely read, a good writer and speaker, and in general well equipped for public life. Indeed, he possesses more brains and knowledge than all the other candidates put together, and had he remained a free journalist, instead of becoming an employee of the monopoly, he would have reached the Senatorship long ago. But Mr. Huntington does not want a man of capacity in the Senate just now. What he is after, is one who would be there at once an obedient servant and an intolerable disgrace to California. Therefore he dined with De Young in New York, studied him with exultation in his social aspect, and will force him upon the Legislature, if he can. Mr. Huntington is not deficient in humor, and one can easily picture the able old scoundrel lying back in his after-dinner chair and chuckling malevolently on the vengeance he has in store for the rebellious hands on this plantation. Let him get Mr. De Young seated and he can point to him and say: "The same people who elected Adolph Sutro Mayor of San Francisco have sent this to the Senate."

There are Republicans who deny that Mr. Huntington will have so complete control of the Legislature as to be able to elect Mr. De Young. Their ground for this hope is the fact that were the Senatorship submitted to a popular vote Mr. Huntington's protegee would get as few ballots as favored Chinese immigration in 1879. But how can the civilized Republicans of California bring their influence to bear on the Legislature? It is in the nature of a politician to seek to remain well with those who have the power to make and unmake officials, and as the Republican party in this State is mastered, and its organization owned, by the Southern Pacific, why should the Legislature be expected to defy Mr. Huntington's mandate in deference to an unorganized party sentiment? The legislators have often seen the voters whipped or wheeled into line, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that this could be done again, even after such an atrocity as the election of De Young. The infamous Mahoney was re-elected to the Senate from San Francisco last month. And, after all, what right has a party that consents to the leadership of Stow, Herrin, Burns and Cornwall to object to De Young? He is the logical Republican candidate. There would be compensations in his election, too. Not only would it hasten the downfall of a monopoly that can bear such political fruit, but it would rouse the decency of California

to a revolt and an upward climb. When the lowest deep of degradation has been reached it is impossible to descend further. That is a self-evident truth that ought to comfort the State a little in view of what is about to happen. Besides, there is no effect without its cause, and California deserves Senator de Young.

Mr. Budd, it seems to me, disturbs himself unnecessarily over the preposterous efforts of the late Republican bosses to dispute his election. He should have poise enough to treat with the calm scorn they merit these further revelations of the criminal disposition and mental incapacity of the men who were recently in command of the Republican party. The campaign described the clumsiness and stupidity of Boss Herrin. Like those two crooks, Burns and Cornwall, he appeared to be incapable of understanding how honest men think. All had been so accustomed to dealing with politicians and office-holders in secret and getting their way by hidden means, that they left out of their calculations the public, which is moved by impulses more or less patriotic, and which is, on the average, not indifferent to the right and wrong of proposed actions. Rudyard Kipling in one of his animal stories describes the jackal as being "filled with small cunning which never does him any good." That fits Dan Burns exactly. He cannot think otherwise than crookedly, and if other men seem better than himself he attributes their moral superiority to their greater willingness to be hypocrites. Mr. Cornwall differs from Burns in native disposition not at all, but it was his good fortune to appear for so many years as a "leading citizen" that he cannot see himself save in that aspect. He is a fine type of the respectable man whose sense of respectability survives the discovery by everybody else that he is not respectable. Mr. Herrin is also under a like illusion about himself, for up to a few months ago he ranked as a reputable attorney, a leader of the bar. But it was cynicism that wrecked Mr. Herrin—a cynicism that was nine-tenths vanity, for it betrayed him into believing that it was his own cleverness instead of the resources of the Southern Pacific and Spring Valley that enabled him to make tools of other men.

These worthies have not been awakened by the crash of the election's results to a realization of their own want of fitness for the role of leaders of men. Their gross tactical blunders, their exposures of their crude devices to the public, their utter failure to accomplish their chief designs, have taught them nothing as to themselves or the people. The move of Mr. Cornwall to have the Supreme Court set aside the election of Mr. Budd, because a lot of election officers failed to perform properly their clerical duty in certifying the returns, might be excused in a football student smarting under unbearable defeat, and appealing to the referee on technical grounds to declare that the ball had not been carried over the line, though it had in fact been so carried in the sight of the multitude. But no politician with a grain of sense would think it excusable in himself to offer such a show of his chagrin and ineptitude, unless he could plead inebriety in palliation. Yet, Mr. Cornwall would not have done this thing without the concurrence of his associates. The inference is irresistible that Stow and Herrin and Burns approved. Burns would approve of anything that held the remotest possibility of victory. But Stow and Herrin are lawyers. As such they knew the legal hopelessness of such an appeal to a fair court. No one will suspect Mr. Stow of being a fool. He has kept

himself very much in the background, but while his co-workers were losing battle after battle he won his, as the Republican majority in the Legislature testifies. He could have had no other expectation of the result of the first court proceeding than that which followed, and I dare say no man in California derives more solid satisfaction from it. As a lawyer, too, Mr. Herrin cannot be thought to have differed from Mr. Stow's view of the case, but Mr. Herrin does not always rely on the law when he deals with judges. He has friends, and relatives, also, in and about the Supreme Court. There is no saying what he considered himself entitled to think that the court could be depended upon to do at his request. He made his usual mistake as a politician of asking too much. Not all men—though Mr. Herrin does not seem able to acquire this knowledge—are willing to disgrace themselves when asked to do it by "interests controlling large blocks of votes" and possessing other valuable assets. If Mr. Stow encouraged Mr. Herrin to permit Mr. Cornwall to go ahead in the enterprise of trying to steal the Governorship, we must deduce the painful impression that Mr. Stow no longer loves Mr. Herrin and is willing to supply all the rope that is necessary for a suicide. If Mr. Herrin's confidence in himself is unimpaired by the outcome of his statesmanship, that cannot be the case with Mr. Huntington, who has a head that is as clear as a block of ice, and has use only for men that succeed. He has no objection to villainy that produces the desired fruit, but villainy that fails and leaves a harvest of exposure and odium he resents. It is fortunate for Mr. Herrin that he has a time contract with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

In no light in which it can be presented can this attempt to make Mr. Estee Governor on the strength of election officers' carelessness or ignorance be made to appear other than as foolish as it is wicked. If there were ground for believing that such frauds as were committed in the count were perpetrated in Mr. Budd's interest, a demand for a recount would be reasonable, but the whole State knows that the money was on the Republican side, and that the Republican campaign was engineered by rogues who would stop at nothing to win. Yet even so, there would be no serious objection to an honest recount of the ballots. That should be always in order. But who imagines for an instant that what Burns and Herrin and Cornwall want is an honest recount?

There are those who regard the appeal to the Supreme Court as the clangor of a wargong to scare the Democratic and Non-Partisan enemy, who is pushing the investigation before Judge Wallace into the crimes of the election. This may be so, for no idiocy from such politicians would surprise. Mr. Budd has already, in the most public way, expressed his approval of the investigation and also of the proposal to hold the Republican managers and candidates to strict account under the Purity of Elections Act. I know Mr. Budd too well to doubt that the attack upon his title will only confirm him in his determination to give countenance and active help to those who are engaged in exposing and punishing villainy. And if the investigators do not weary, and are not denied the proper financial support, there is every likelihood that the trial will lead past Mahoney to those who were behind him in his work, and other work of the same kind. The Citizens' Defense Association, if it will, can send some eminent statesmen fleeing beyond the jurisdiction of our Courts.

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as the Wallace Grand Jury did, or better still, put some of them in stripes. Mr. Budd will be seated, and the pardoning power will not be at the service of the crooks who officer the Republican party of California.

The Supreme Court has placed itself in a remarkable position by citing attorney Philbrook to appear before it and show cause why he should not be disbarred for the crime of insulting it. Mr. Philbrook's offense is really a want of that literary skill which enables one to practice the art of putting things. In his brief the lawyer makes the grave accusation that Ralph C. Harrison, now a Justice of the Supreme Court, when acting as an attorney for the executor of the estate of John Levinson, and therefore in the interest of Levinson's mother and sisters, became in fact the attorney of Levinson's former partners, the Newmans. All this is set forth at formidable length, and if what Mr. Philbrook alleges be true, Justice Harrison is a scoundrel. It occurred to Mr. Philbrook, as it must occur to any one, that the Court would have a natural, an inevitable, disinclination to find a judgment for Mr. Philbrook that would necessarily convict Justice Harrison of fraud. But instead of assuring the Court that he had too high an opinion of its intelligence and integrity to harbor for a moment the thought that it could be swayed by such an inclination, Mr. Philbrook went on in many printed pages to argue that the Court's bias in favor of its member and associate would be irresistible, and pointed out the fearful dangers to society that must follow the crime of deciding against his clients. It does not increase one's respect for the judicial temper of the Supreme Court to know that it has been roused to retaliatory action by Mr. Philbrook's failure in taste. He is a lawyer of good repute and a man of high character. And, dropping questions of taste and literary form, is the Supreme Court prepared to aver that it is of such stern stuff as not to be disposed to lean toward Justice Harrison? Though that leaning would be but human, is it not true that it would be an outrageous denial of justice were the gown of a judge to be made to cover the misdeeds of the same man done as an attorney? The best reply that the Supreme Court can make to Mr. Philbrook is to hale him before the bar, rebuke him for impotencies, and then proceed to consider the merits of the case in hand impartially—just as impartially as though not Judge Harrison, but some lawyer still unrobed, were the person accused of the fraud. Judge Harrison, I should say, ought to be the first to urge that course, if he has no fear of a judicial investigation of the matters alleged by Mr. Philbrook. The reputation hitherto borne by Ralph C. Harrison has been such that he cannot afford to have it assailed by a gentleman of Mr. Philbrook's rank without meeting the attack frankly. Not the Supreme Court, but Mr. Harrison, should defend Mr. Harrison's good name.

Protests against college football are increasing in vehemence in the East. The New York *Sun* and *Post* lead in condemning the game as deeply injurious to the purposes for which universities are established. The athlete, not the scholar, has come to be held in highest honor by the students. "The god of undergraduate idolatry," says the *Sun*, "is the football player, the member of the university crew, the lucky fellow that gets on the baseball nine or the intercollegiate team." The studious youths, more concerned for the development of their minds than of their muscles, "are of no account in the public opinion of their college. They are scrubs, or grinds, or dregs. They are de-

spised and looked down upon. This is not the case at Harvard and Yale and Princeton merely, but it is the case at every college of age or reputation in the East." The friends of the higher education for women will find satisfaction in this contrast made by the same paper:

Let anybody compare an undergraduate of Wellesley or Vassar with an undergraduate of Yale or Princeton. The man or boy is usually ignorant of history and literature. The most elementary examination in the Bible, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson would expose his absolute illiteracy. The commonest allusion would confuse him. He is a fine, manly fellow, but he is distinctly not intelligent. The girl is so eminently superior that there can be no proper terms of comparison.

And the *Evening Post*, following the strain, says:

Books and learning are disappearing from college circles as topics of conversation or interest. The girls at Vassar and Wellesley begin to find their brethren of Yale and Harvard and Princeton, Tony Lumpkins, who can talk about nothing but kicks, touchdowns, tackles. Collegiate fame is going entirely to "captains," "center-rushers" and "half-backs." For scholarship there is nothing but obscurity, if not contempt.

But the most interesting and valuable criticism, because it is expert, is that offered by Professor Corbett, of California. He pronounces football a sport distinctly more brutal and dangerous than pugilism. And he mourns the injustice which holds his profession to be disgraceful, while beauty attends the conflicts of the gridiron and rewards the victors with its smiles. The professor is undeniably right. Boxing is not only a less dangerous game than modern football, but a far more graceful and skillful one. All the arguments made in behalf of football as a developer of muscle, courage and masculinity apply with superior force to pugilism. It simply happens that social prejudice now frowns upon the sport that royalty patronized and the nobility and gentry, female as well as male, felt no more shame in witnessing than a Spanish lady does in attending a bullfight, or a fair Roman did in looking down upon the gladiatorial fights to the death in the arena. Professor Corbett's art is out of fashion, that is all. Who will question that—if conventional opinion would permit—should Harvard, Yale, Berkeley and Stanford put forward fighting representatives instead of football teams, the battles of the champions would excite as much public interest, and of the same kind, as the pushing, wrestling and sprawling contests now do?

Things are not as bad with the colleges out here as the *Sun* and *Post* paint them in the East. The great majority of the students at our universities are poor and are there in earnest about getting an education. But the tendency is the same, and it should be curbed. Athletics have their rightful place in the training of young men, but on the governors of the universities rests the duty of seeing to it that the atmosphere of an institution of learning does not become the same as that of the training quarters of a prize-fighter. The president and directors of Georgetown College, in the District of Columbia, have set the correct example by prohibiting their students from playing football with teams, whether collegiate or not, from outside the college, until the character and rules of the game shall preclude serious danger. On Thanksgiving day five of the Georgetown eleven were carried from the field, one so badly hurt as to be expected to die.

At a congress of the Supervisors of the seven counties of Southern California, held in the club-rooms of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, a strong sentiment in favor of State division has been manifested. The usual argument as to difference in climate, resources and interests was offered. This inclin-

ation towards separation is not restricted to the South. There are a great many old Californians who reciprocate the dislike of the newcomers, but the majority of the people are not yet ready to have the State cut in two. And as the immigrants to the southern counties gradually add another lung to the individual outfit the desire for divorce will abate. Time will turn the impatient strangers into Californians and reconcile them to their lot in being fellow citizens of the rude pioneers and their free-and-easy sons. We who were here first, and have been here for quite a while, can hardly be expected to retain a keen sense of the social and moral value of primness, which in some quarters of the globe is held to be necessary to respectability in this world and a passport to cool quarters in the next. Politically, Southern California has no reason whatever to complain. That section now has a Senator, Governor Markham, Lieutenant-Governor-elect Millard and a generous share of the other places of honor and profit. Timidity in making suggestions for the better guidance of the oldest inhabitant is nowhere a characteristic of the tenderfoot, and California, let it be hoped, will find the usual patience to meet the requirements of a familiar situation. The presumption of the divisionists is about the only leg the proposal has to stand on, for there is some danger that that may make the scheme popular.

When the *Call* and *Bulletin* are sold under order of court, no such misfortune as the transfer of the latter paper to other hands should be permitted. The *Bulletin* without Mr. Fitch as its editor would not be the *Bulletin*, and California cannot afford to lose him from its journalism. The *Bulletin*, as we all know it, is simply Mr. Fitch. It is not always fair, it is seldom liberal in judgment, and it is as full of prejudices as any earnest old gentleman can be, but the *Bulletin* is San Francisco's best journal, notwithstanding. As I have said before, Mr. Fitch is the one newspaper proprietor of San Francisco whose notions of the responsibilities of journalism are not bounded by the walls of the business office. He will stand out for the sake of what he thinks right, whether subscribers and advertisers desert him or not. That entitles him to every honest man's respect, and that respect Mr. Fitch enjoys. No newspaper writer has oftener than myself felt incensed at the *Bulletin* and given it more hearty whacks; but I salute Mr. Fitch as a sturdy fighter, a tireless advocate of what he believes to be for the public welfare, and the solitary example among us of the newspaper owner who is not a mere merchant. I do not know what his financial circumstances are, but if he hasn't money enough to buy out his partners, there ought to be others of San Francisco's old citizens willing to purchase the paper and give it to him. It is the old warrior's sword, and it would be a shame were he to be deprived of it when its blows are most needed on behalf of clean government, and the punishment of the rascals who rob the treasury and cheat at elections. He has fought that crew always and his enforced relinquishment of the *Bulletin* would be a gratification to all rogues. Mr. Fitch has paid for the *Bulletin* many times over in public service. The gift of it to him now, if the gift be needed, would be but a small return.

The pettiness of the spirit which rules journalism here, as well as nearly everywhere else, is conspicuously manifested in the mean refusal of the *Examiner's* contemporaries

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to notice its admirable scheme to raise a fund to add an incurable ward to the Children's Hospital. Theatrical performances and concerts are being given for the benefit of the fund, but in the comments on these forced from the press, mention of the *Examiner* is studiously avoided. Of course Mr. Hearst is not oblivious to the advertising of his paper which results from the Christmas charities that it organizes year after year in San Francisco, but that is incidental, though it seems the whole to the little souls who would rather suffering children were left to suffer than that a rival business concern should be given credit. Even were it true, which I know it is not, that the *Examiner's* sole motive in these holiday charities is to advertise itself, its conduct would still be praiseworthy. The selfishness that seeks the rewards of good works by doing them is in practical effect benevolence. The *Examiner*, it is to be noted, has never failed properly to apply and publicly account for the money raised by each of its generous midwinter undertakings.

Mr. Huntington's lobby is in Washington attending to the interests of his Reilly Funding Bill. The people of California have Judge Maguire and a few other Congressmen there to antagonize the lobby. The great anti-funding petition is ready for presentation, too, but otherwise there are no signs of action, or preparation for action. "We are taking the situation calmly out here," a rich man said to me yesterday. "If that funding bill passes it will be the worst blow this city and State have ever had. For one thing, it will knock about \$30,000,000 off the value of the real estate of this town, and we all know that it will give Huntington a renewed grip upon our commercial throats. But we sit still and do nothing. If our commercial bodies were what they ought to be, they would lead in calling mass-meetings from end to end of California that would attract the whole country's attention."

ARTHUR McEWEN.

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THE TWADDLER.

Confound me, but it's a misfortune that I didn't wake up earlier in life to the secret of success. It consists, I see, in simply putting oneself in the way of being hit with good luck. In order to do that it is necessary to move around at much as possible so that one may be in the line of fortune's random shots. My latest mistake, that has cost me fame and fortune once more, was in not going to the Orient as a war correspondent. Everybody in the United States now knows the name of James Creelman; but, egad, I'd like to know what the fellow's done that any ordinary reporter couldn't do? Certainly he hasn't written anything from the front that rises above the work of the newspaper drudge. The most startling piece of intelligence he has sent is that he had grown so important that another correspondent hatched a plot to have him executed as a spy.

"The trouble with Creelman," said Joe Clark, to whom I was making remarks of this character at the the Pacific Union, "is that he thinks he's the war."

"Absolutely without fear, too," observed young 'Gene' Lent, "judging from his dispatches."

"And about the only correspondent, American or European, who has had the sense to leave Yokohama or Hong Kong and go where the armies are to get news," remarked Joe Redding.

"I put in," that he has at last found some competitors in journalism equally brave and intelligent, for he says that the atrocities committed by the Japanese after the capture of Port Arthur so shocked the foreign correspondents that, 'disgusted by the spectacle, they left the army in a huff.'"

"A righteous blow that to the Japanese forces," said a gentleman present. "We shall have the waters at the Riches leaving in a body next, after De Young has dined there."

I do not print this gentleman's name, for the reason that he came to me subsequently and requested that I should not. Which reminds me, by the way, that there is some dissatisfaction at the corps because of the publicity am giving the conversations that occur there. But, hang it, a good thing is a good thing and shouldn't be belost. I adore wit, even when it's aimed at a friend, and isn't, you understand, intended to wound.

Speaking of war, I remember that in '48, when I was encamped at Vera Cruz, a fellow officer with Major Stonehill, Colonel Andrews, who was attached to the paymaster's department, came in with money for the troops, and after he had discussed the silver, joined us in our tent over a bottle. After we had discussed the campaign briefly the conversation turned on the subject of wigs, for the Major, the Colonel and myself were as bald then as we are now—that is to say, as cannon balls. I had taken off my wig to display to both my gallant comrades the superior workmanship of the wig I had just got in New York before my departure for the front. They in turn removed theirs, and we were holding them together over the table and up to the light for comparison, when there was a terrific discharge and the wigs were swept from our hands and carried through the wall of the tent.

We sprang to arms instantly, of course, and rushing forth, swords drawn, expected to encounter the enemy foot to foot. But it appears that it was an accident. The sunset gun on one of the ships happened to have been loaded with shot as well as powder by one of the stupid seamen.

The shock to our nerves was very severe, and I stayed most, for I was invalided within a few days and did not recover until the close of the war. As soon as I reached New York I forwarded new wigs to my comrades. They must have been vile fits, but at least they saved them the mortification of going hairless into the glorious actions which brought the conflict to a happy conclusion. I confess I have never been able to endure a Mexican since that experience, and always discover in myself a tendency to tremble with rage when in the presence of the hated race.

The old manners, the old chivalry are dying out. Our young men, even our young men of fashion, seem to know nothing of them. I'm sure it was sufficiently painful for Mr. Chambliss to be subjected to the indignity of being required to mount the witness' stand in a beggarly Justice's Court and swear that he was not responsible for the board of a pug dog that a thoughtless lady had left behind her at the Palace. I say this indignity was enough without Mr. Greenway coming there to gloat on his rival, who though a noble is still our professional comrade. It was not noble of Ned, no, I long me if it was. I was there myself, but not to gloat.

On the contrary I was present for the purpose of giving that moral and social support to Mr. Chambliss that it is ever the duty of one gentleman to extend to another. I also feared there would be a violent scene between Chambliss and Greenway, for, begad, there is nothing white about the liver of the young chap who has written a book about us and exposed our foibles. However, that was averted, for as soon as he stepped down from the stand exonerated, I advanced and extended my hand and congratulations. He rejected both most rudely, pushing me aside with a remark about "dammed old wine peddler" or something of the sort which I did not distinctly hear. And it was well for him that I did not, for old as I am, egad, I am not at liberty to insult me with impunity. But there is good in the young fellow, for almost the next instant he came toward me saying "Excuse me, Persiflage, I didn't mean to be offensive, I assure you. I was in such a hurry to get after that paunchy little jig-dancer Greenway that I didn't think. He's skipped off, blawst him, and it's a good thing too, or I'd punched his pumpkin head a good many times. Have a cigar and call it quits, old chap."

Dear, dear; in my day—in the day when Stonehill, Andrews and myself invaded Mexico—gentlemen would not have talked of punching heads, like the rabble. But the field of honor's deader even here, and I am glad for wine at the clubs. I never saw anything like it, and I don't know of any serious matter to me. These infernal hard times are the deuce. I should think our men of money like Tevis and Fair and H-llman would be ashamed of such a state of things. It's the duty of the fellows who have the money to keep the times in order, begad. How are gentlemen of uncertain means to live else?

I spoke my sentiments to Peter Robertson at the Bohemian about the times, and he said he quite agreed with me, and wondered how a man of my parts and variety of experience had reached middle life without falling into a competence. "Listen to this," and he read from the paper how Mrs. Johnson had left another woman \$30,000 on condition that she should care well for the cats of the deceased.

"It's a beautiful and pathetic thought that," said Peter, "to think that the warm, loving thought survives while the brain that conceived it lies in dust. It teaches us that though ourselves dead, our thoughts may live and give comfort and protection to the helpless quite as if we were here to guard them. I wonder if that lady is good to the cats?"

"Do you suppose if she isn't she could be ousted from her trust?" I inquired, for I have always been exceedingly fond of animals.

Peter gave the raucous hee-haw which passes for mirth with his nation, and I suppose it was he that started the Scotch joke that I've withdrawn from my fight for the Labor Commissionership and am urging Governor Budd to create for me the new office of Custodian of Cats. It's a poor joke, of course, being Peter's, but, begad, speaking seriously, if there's any old lady on the point of dying who wishes to take a posthumous interest in her cats, I'm frank to say that I should not refuse the responsibility of expending honorably the legacy for the purpose indicated. I like cats, and it is needless to say, can give references.

"Ah, Judge," said I on Wednesday, attempting to grasp the hand of my friend Levy. "I congratulate you."

He was cool, for I own that when he was a candidate I could not be other than chilly toward him, considering the stories. But now that he has decided to go into partnership with Congressman Joe Kelly, that the firm is to have offices over the Nevada Bank and will get a share of railroad business, I am candid enough to regard the Judge as fully vindicated. As a prosperous man with powerful and appreciative friends, I am willing to know him, but Levy, I'm sorry to say, is permitting the vice of pride to take hold of him, and with the stiffest possible little nod he walked off arm-in-arm with Kovalevsky. Never mind. Time will soften these little asperities. It always does. A frank, hearty nature like mine never fails to conquer enmity, and I am confident that the knowledge that I am the only man from whom the Cresta Bedlamca can be had by the case will bring the eminent jurist over to me again. I must see Herrin.

My journalistic acquaintance, Charley Shortridge of San Jose, who is up here to invest half a million in the purchase of the *Call*, sought me out yesterday. I dislike business visitors at the club, of course, and it was therefore his misfortune to find me in a slightly irascible mood.

"Persiflage," he said, not taking a chair, which showed sense, as I had not asked him to, "Persiflage, are you open to an engagement?"

"For what?" I asked.

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"Well," he said, "if I get the *Call* I want somebody to take hold of the social department and make things whirl—stun the swells and make the eyes of the grandfellows stick out with awe and all that sort of thing. You can name your own terms, you understand."

As gently as I could, I conveyed to him that nothing can induce me to touch daily journalism—that the work of recording social events under necessary conditions of haste, degrades the writer as well as the society. Only when one can take the leisure to impart literary polish and the true air of elegance to accounts of functions, descriptions of toilets, and the like, should the task be attempted. If I had my way, I informed him, the proprietor of every daily journal who dared to allow hurried men to comment upon society should be hanged.

"Where's the keeper?" inquired Mr. Shortridge, putting on his hat and preparing to light the cigar of departure.

"What keeper?"

"The keeper of this asylum," he responded, and bolted.

Shortridge is an amusing person in his way, and if he enters metropolitan journalism will certainly attract attention.

At headquarters on Tuesday I happened to drop in while the enicade of Warden Coblenz of the Washington penitentiary was under discussion. It seems he had three bankers under his charge as convicts, and was imprudent enough to take them into his office as bookkeepers. Perhaps it was these financiers—though they never could have been of the first rank or of real social position, else they would not have become convicts—who led the Warden into temptation. At all events, the four discovered a way to deal in jute bags to the disadvantage of the State.

"The Governor," said H. E. Huntington, "learned of this fact, and that the swindling had reached the sum of \$25,000. A warrant was out and Coblenz shot himself."

"Hard fix to be in," said Fillmore. "Did the right thing to jump through the hoop."

"Ah, yes, so I suppose," said Mills, yet the Almighty hath set his canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

"But why did he rush to the conclusion that there was no escape save death?" I asked.

"Well, because there wasn't," answered Stubbs.

"I'm not so sure of that," I argued. "It's deuced disagreeable to slaughter oneself, and something might have been done. Yes, begad, I'm sure that if I'd been in his place I'd have thought of some way out."

"As how, for instance?" demanded Mr. Huntington.

"Oh," I said, "when a man is only in a financial fix and his three bankers to help him, he ought to be able to devise less rude ways of arranging difficulties than the damned pistol."

"But how?" They all asked, much interested.

"I said," I said, "I've seen he and had three bankers under my thumb, and the worst came to the worst, I'd have tried a funding bill."

They agreed with me that the suggestion was ingenious and worthy the thought of students of aberrant psychological problems. I have promised to jot down my further thoughts and send them to headquarters, where the sad fate of poor Coblenz has made an unhappy impression. The Warden's real error lay, I should say off-hand, subject to further consideration, was in not setting up a law department before he formed a contract and finance company with the bankers. They deserve the paddle for their want of initiative powers, for they are evidently mere plodders who owed to accident the opportunity to finance themselves into jail.

PERSIFLAGE.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

This discussion by men of questions of woman's dress always amuses me, the presumption is so apparent that we care greatly as to what they happen to think about our dress. Here is the editor of the *Letter* philosophizing over the decolete dress and declaring us immodest to the eyes of the heathen. Well, what if we are? There are several hundred million people on the face of this globe who think it is sin of the most heinous sort to eat a broiled chop or a pheasant's wing. The good Mahomedan who locks his women in a harem and keeps them more ignorant than a ten year old American Miss deems it an offense against the Most High to drink a glass of wine. Are we to stop eating and drinking because by doing so we offend the Pagan?

Why do women dress in low-necked gowns? Because they are the most becoming. When the Women of the Future, the high-browed, scrawny wonder of ideas and no sentiments, is produced, I presume low-necked gowns will go out of fashion. But that age is not very delightful to look forward to. Oscar Wilde has declared in his epigrammatic half-truth style that it is woman's only duty to be beautiful. Oscar does not care for a presentation of the hand to heart. We must please the eye of man if we want to win his heart; this the merest tot of a girl knows, and when she grows older, sees nothing immodest in making of herself as perfect a picture as she can. It never enters into her head that men are attracted in any other than an aesthetic sense by her well-rounded shoulders. She fashions, and wears, as she is a plump and important matron her dresses are cut low because she will not allow that she has come to the point where men do not find pleasure in looking upon her—she always has worn decolete gowns and she believes herself still a rival to her daughters. To wear a high-necked gown would be a sign to all the world—meaning man—is of no longer any interest to her. The convent should hide her when such a day has come.

But then fashion has something to do with it, says the editor of the *Letter*. Woman is a slave of fashion; she dresses so because some other woman dresses so; she is a sheepish follower, not an independent creature. Very well. And how independent of fashion is our most intellectual brother? Why does he wear that stand-up collar? Because one of the Georges had scars on his neck which he wished to hide and made the standing collar fashionable. How came those loose trousers upon his shapely legs? Because a half century or more ago a London dandy had thin legs which knee breeches ill became.

Custom, exclaims the man in justification of his collar and trousers, custom has made these articles of dress the proper thing. Just so. And custom has made the low necked gown the proper thing. Some day, perhaps a leader of fashion, a Prince of Wales may-be, will wear knee breeches and all the fashionable world will do likewise. Some day, too, a queen of fashion may arise whose neck will not be pleasing to look upon and she may for a time fill in the neck of the gown.

Am I revealing an awful secret of the sex when I confess that women dress to please men and to avoid the criticism and sometimes excite the envy of women? Men don't know whether a dress cost \$15 or \$150, whether the sleeves are too big or too small, too high or too low—in short they know nothing about its cost and style. But women do; and, as Emerson says there is a satisfaction in being well-dressed which religion cannot give, I believe the philosopher would have taken my point of view. Part of being well-dressed, and a large part, too, is the feeling that those about you can find nothing to criticize in your dress, either as to its style, cut, or the beauty and richness of the material.

Men do know, however, when a woman looks well in a gown—that is, all they know about the matter, and bless their dear hearts, as we know we look best in low necked gowns we wear them. Now is there anything disgraceful in that?

I asked Jack to read this little essay and pass his judgment upon it. This was the judgment: "Altogether feminine, my dear—no logic in it. A very pleasant and interesting conversation with your sister. You are afraid of Mrs. Snob's sneer and of Mr. Snob's indifference. You wish poor Mrs. Snob to

envy you your gown, and you would also make her jealous by capturing the attention of her husband. Good, very good!" In a word your real purpose is to make some other woman or woman or woman, the instinct of the sex—remarkably honest." And so he went on proving to me once more that the most prejudiced, narrow minded and illogical of our species are the not the women.

I had been serving tea to a few friends, and, of course, we had been talking of the "Hen Edition of the *Examiner*" as Jack puts it. The conversation drifted to charities in general, and finally some one propounded this awful question: If you had all the money you want what would you do by way of Christmas charity?

"I," said Mrs. B., "would first go to every hospital in the city and find out the heart's desire of every German, woman and child patient, and then I would gratify that desire."

"Now, that's just where you would make a mistake," put in Miss S. "The money should be spent on those who have none to care for them. I'm sure you could find plenty who are much worse off than the sick in the hospitals. I think I'd gather about 200 factory and ship girls, charter the biggest steamship I could find and give them a month of life at the Del Monte and Coronado."

"And do you think Mary would enjoy herself without her John?" I inquired. "And if she had no John, or did become oblivious of his existence for a time, do you fancy she would be content with her hotel and lodgings after she got home? That little touch of high life might give her the first push down hill."

"If I were rich," said a gray haired old lady, "I'd buy 5,000 dolls and 5,000 pairs of red-topped boots; I'd load them into express wagons and I'd go along the streets giving a pair of boots to every boy and a doll to every girl I met." And the dearest of the lighted up most beautifully as she inwardly pictured the pleasure she would spread throughout the city.

"The hard-working women are the ones I'd look out for," was Mrs. J.'s emphatic announcement. "My and my scheme wouldn't cost much, either. I wouldn't give away a turkey or a potato, but I'd cook the dinner for every woman in the town who does her own work, and so give her a chance to live for a day without being roasted and steamed and baked until the very thought of dinner turned her sick."

Jack was much amused in the evening when I told him of our talk at the tea. I asked him what form his charity would take if he were a Ceresus. He stretched out his arms, yawned and replied: "Oh, I don't know, I guess I'd buy my typewriter a sealskin coat."

BERRY.

PLAYS AND CONCERTS.

With this week Salvini closes his engagement in San Francisco. During the three weeks he has been here, he has strengthened the admiration we have always felt for him; an admiration evidenced in the way most gratifying to an actor and manager—filled houses and hearty, if not always discriminating, applause.

Salvini owes his success to two things—his undoubted ability and the flexibility of his temperament, which, when he is fitly costumed, becomes that of the part he assumes. A fairly good company, and, on the whole, an excellent repertoire, are quantities, of course, in the gracious equation which represents his value.

"The Student of Salamanca," the new comedy in which he appeared this week, is a light, comparatively reasonable production, with a good share of wit and action. It is a gently interesting thoroughly good-natured, villainous play. Salvini's comedy is very enjoyable. It presupposes intelligence enough in his audience to recognize a picture without its being grossly caricatured. It is natural, not convulsively amusing, but delicately funny, and blends rather than contrasts with its serious moments.

When Inez of Toledo—a pretty part which Maud Dixon is hardly equal to—tells her lover that he is in danger; that he must fly or he will be captured, forced on board a ship and sent to America, Salvini's despairing "America! God help me!" drew an appreciative laugh from his listeners. His art, however, is evident when he finds that last there is no bar to his happiness; and his little, lover-like speech about being waked from this good dream, is charming in its simplicity, even if the thought itself is not so novel as one might wish.

Salvini's ability to dress and act the role he assumes has left us with not one but five pictures

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of him, each of them good—though not equally so. They are all Salvini, and yet the sum of them does not make up the whole of his character. His improvement since his appearance here two years ago proves the existence of qualities in him which will some day find expression.

It is the world's way to wish success to him that hath it, or is on the fair road to it. But there is such winning, enthusiasm, such hearty cheeriness and energy about Salvini's acting that one's hope for his good fortune is prompted by something more than empty good nature or the inert following of the crowd.

The concert given by the Conservatory Faculty of Mills College, last Saturday, was attended by a great many people, a number of whom were from the city. As was to be expected in a professors' concert, the programme was unusually attractive. Madame Rosewald sang a number of songs, her rendition of Taubert's "March Night" being her happiest selection. Mrs. Ellis's spirited delivery of the Chariot Race from "Ben Hur" was enthusiastically applauded. Mr. Rosewald's best number was Wieniawsky's "Legende" for the violin. The concert concluded with Mr. Louis Lissner's magnificent playing of Liszt's "Polonaise, No. 2." Under the hands of such pianists as Mr. Lissner the piano resumes its place as the most nearly perfect instrument for interpreting musical composition. His exquisite touch, wonderful technique and sympathetic playing made of the tremendously difficult Polonaise and the Magic Fire Scene from "Walkure" a revelation of the piano's possibilities.

The Pianists' Club—an association formed "with a view to the systematic study, both as to composition and interpretation of the best musical works"—gave its first concert at Maple Hall last Monday evening. Many of the ladies to whose enthusiasm the club owes its organization, took part in the initial concert, which was very well attended. A varied programme of solos, duos and quartettes was presented, the character of the compositions and their careful rendition showing the earnest appreciation and good taste of the performers.

Similar concerts are to be given in February and April of next year. MIRIAM MICHELSON.

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Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, November 20th, 1894.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

THE ENGLISH STOCKHOLDERS.

THEIR INTEREST IN THE CENTRAL PACIFIC IS HOSTILE TO HUNTINGTON'S.

Sir Rivers Wilson, whose arrival in the United States has been chronicled by the press dispatches, has learned by this time, if he was not aware of it before, of the unanimity of the people of this State in opposition to his proposal of indulgence to the stockholders of the Central Pacific road. An explanation of its causes can do him no harm.

It does not rest upon any silly hostility to railroads, whether as monopolies or otherwise. It results from the fact that the stockholders of the Central road connive at the use of their property by a rival organization in a manner distinctly hostile to the interests of this State and city, and to the common interests too. The story of the fraudulent building of the Southern Pacific road, as a rival to the Central, by the means and at the expense of the latter, and by the men who were in duty bound to protect it against rivals, is too long and complex to be related here, and Sir Rivers Wilson will never probably learn its details away from San Francisco. But omitting all reference to that chapter of abuse of trust, and assuming the Southern road honestly built as a rival to the Central, and legitimately controlled by the Southern Pacific Company, is it not manifest that the alliance between it and the Central Pacific is unnatural and wholly to the disadvantage of the latter? Here are two rival roads across the central valley, the one under the control by the Southern Pacific ownership of a majority of its stock, the other he has no interest in, but controls by virtue of a lease executed by its Directors to the Southern Pacific. The terms of the lease were of his dictation, the Directors who voted it his creatures. This control over the Central road has exercised by means of its proxies the confiding English stockholders, who prefer to have their property managed by their adversary than by themselves. The situation is about as absurd as imaginable.

Now, let Sir Rivers Wilson take a map of this State and on it color the lines of the Central Pacific road one color, say red, and those of the Southern Pacific some other, say blue. He will see at once that the roads constitute two distinct systems, the one centering on the waters that discharge into the bay of San Francisco, and therefore leading to this city, and the other converging at Los Angeles and leading thence to New Orleans, with an incidental Pacific harbor at Santa Monica. These are essentially rival systems; the one tending to build up San Francisco, the other New Orleans. Mr. Huntington, by the ownership of the stock, owns and controls the one, and by his lease and the proxies of the deluded English stockholders he controls the other!

Of course, he subordinates it to the interest of his own road. Owing to that rival road, how can he be expected to do any justice to the interest of the Central Pacific? He is, by force of circumstances alone, its rival and enemy. But, besides this, he is also the enemy of San Francisco, to which the Central road leads and which Mr. Huntington is seeking to subordinate to New Orleans. On the other hand, the Central Pacific leads, managed by its own interest, is the natural ally of San Francisco, for all its lines converge here.

Why, then, will Sir Rivers ally himself with the natural enemy of the party he comes out to serve and against those who are their natural allies? English correspondents advise me that those who have purchased Central Pacific stock have allowed to stand in the names of the sellers, whose proxies were long since given to Mr. Huntington's creatures, and that they continue to vote the stock while it belongs to their victims. If this be so it presents the most remarkable case of timidity and lack of ordinary business resources I remember to have witnessed.

The remedy is as simple as opening a door and shutting it again. Mr. Huntington must laugh heartily in his sleeve at the fears and the simplicity of Sir Rivers' clients. Let them cut loose from him absolutely and at once. Let them thrust him out of the direction of the road and call him to account for the past management by which they have been so defrauded, and they can secure substantial aid here towards attaining justice.

But while they continue to allow their councils to be guided and their property to be controlled by Mr. Huntington, they can expect nothing but determined hostility from the people of this city and State. On the other hand, they need not apprehend opposition or even indifference on the same ground from him even after they shall have cast him out; for he is too deeply interested in postponing the day of reckoning which the payment of the Government lien involves to offer opposition to any proposal of the sort. Their true course, therefore, is to ally themselves with the people of California and against Mr. Huntington and the Southern Pacific. Interest and policy both concur in this suggestion.

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ACT I.

TIME: Election night, November 6.

SCENE: When *Estee's* election seemed most assured.

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "I'll take a hat and a box of cigars old man. I've just come down from the State Central Committee rooms and the Colonel is getting reports from the South. *Estee* is coming up from Telachapi with a majority big enough to make him President. Fresno has gone Republican. Budd is away back in Sacramento and even in his home county he is running behind. I've seen the telegrams and I know what I'm talking about. *Estee* is coming to San Francisco with ten thousand votes even from your own figures—twenty thousand is probably nearer. Whoop! Hurrah! I'm sorry for you old man, but what could you expect, putting a fire-running, banjo-playing, bicycle-riding, unlicked cub from Stockton against a tried, dignified, grand old statesman like Morris A. *Estee*? The result was a foregone conclusion, a lead-pipe, copper-bottomed, blown-in-the-bottle clinch."

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "You may have elected that mouldering corpse to the Governorship. Indeed, it would be a wonder if you did not with Burns, Buckley, Kainey and the Railroad all putting up jobs for him—with Mahoney stuffing here, Walter A. core plugging in Los Angeles, every tough and rowdy in the State earning the wage by stealing votes and disfranchising legitimate citizens, and with a legislaturat at the metropolis willing to use the whole election machinery to win for that fossil by every fraud that has ever been conceived. The returns may show your man on top, but let me tell you he will never take his seat. Such use as you have made of the election machinery of this State will never be permitted. There is law to keep a man from holding an office which he has gained by such methods, and I am surprised at any honest Republican countenancing such a thing. The man whose soul is his own will join us regardless of party, to right the wrong that has been done."

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "You wouldn't try by any wretched technicality to upset the will of the people, would you?"

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "The people have been bamboozled, befogged and betrayed. The verdict is not theirs."

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "The idea of trifling with the declared result of an election is treason! To learn that the people's decision would cause more than a dozen elections. The interests of the State demand a period of quiet. To unsettle *Estee* now that he is elected would be to unsettle business and set afoot a spirit of anger and bitterness that would materially affect the State's prosperity. Any man that counsels such a course is a knave, a public enemy and—"

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "Do you mean to call me—"

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "I—"

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "Biff!"

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "Bang!"

(They clinch.)

Curtain.

THE DEATH OF HOPE. Danburnsky

(By the Orchestra.)

ACT 2.

TIME—December 10.

SCENE—Any place.

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "That's a scurvy trick—that appeal of Cornwall's to the Supreme Court to delay the announcement of the vote for Governor and keep Budd out of the office to which the people have elected him until the contest will be thrown before a Republican Legislature that may be trusted to thwart the people's will. That is a scheme worthy of the men who forced the candidacy of an old hoodooed has-been on their party. The people have spoken at the polls, and it is incredible that there should be men base enough to try and defeat the people's will. But it will not do. Even the Republican party, wrong-headed as it frequently is, is too great an organization to countenance the larceny of a Governorship."

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "Larceny nothing! Our standard-bearer was counted out here in San Francisco. He came to the city with ten thousand majority, and that majority was never overcome honestly. The blame of defeating the people's will rests with you. All we ask is that the Governor of this State be not elected by fraud."

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "Well, I like that! You are trying to get around this declaration of the people's will by the flimsiest technicalities. It is the practice of decent communities to ignore petty irregularities in elections, but you people are willing to take the office for your man on the mere errors of inattentive election officers. You ought

to be ashamed of yourselves. In my judgment any man who countenances such a crime is a greater criminal than the most unrepenting thief in San Quentin."

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "Do you mean—"

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "I repeat it."

EMINENT REPUBLICAN: "Biff!"

EMINENT DEMOCRAT: "Bang!"

(They clinch.)

Curtain.

THE RESURRECTION. Deyoungoff
(By the Orchestra.)

The Press on This Letter.

Arthur McEwen's Letter is as bright and pungent as ever. His javelins thrust at corruption and the "predatory risk" cause the guilty to wince with painful regularity. —*Alameda Telegram.*

It is a rather sad commentary upon California's journalism when a man of Arthur McEwen's caliber and honor cannot work upon the daily papers of San Francisco. Since he told the truth too bluntly to suit the proprietor of the *Examiner*, and was forced to quit his position as managing editor, he has revived his *Letter*, which startled Western readers last winter. He is as bold, as interesting, as brutal as ever. He calls things and persons by their real names, and in his last issue says that Collis P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Company, is a thief, which is known, but seldom told. San Francisco is corrupt, more than Portland, for it is owned and controlled by a greedy monopoly. Half of the newspapers are paid by it and all the merchants fear it. But Arthur McEwen is an able writer and a brave man, who cannot be bought or cowed. —*Portland (Or.) Tomahawk.*

The revival of *Arthur McEwen's Letter* is an event to be hailed with satisfaction by all citizens of California who look forward with hope to the time when political corruption shall no longer rule the day in the Golden State; when office shall not be the prize of scoundrelism, and King Boothe shall be a monarch without a throne. McEwen strikes straight from the shoulder; he is the servitor of no sack, and no plutocrat's brand is on him. He owns himself, and this is a condition more infrequent now than some might suppose. His judgment may at times be doubted—as is the case with all men—but the honesty of his purpose, like the skill of his pen, cannot be questioned. The revival of the *Letter* is a hopeful event in Californian history. —*Marcel Sun.*

The Southern Pacific railroad robbers cannot forever maintain their attitude of throttling the commerce and prosperity of California with *Arthur McEwen's Letter* constantly pouring the hot shot of truth and righteousness into their rotten and defenseless bulwarks. Alone and single-handed Mr. Arthur McEwen is doing more than the combined press of the State to emancipate the monopoly-ridden commercial interests of the Golden West. —*Pueblo (Col.) Progress.*

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A number of San Francisco's clergymen, stimulated by the success of Dr. Parkhurst in New York, are moving for a similar raid on official iniquity here. They have not yet decided whether to ask the Legislature to appoint a committee to sit indefinitely and call for persons and papers, or to undertake the task themselves, trusting to the "leading business men" to help them. From expressions at the meeting of the brethren it is evident that the investigation here will not be limited to the evil deeds of those in office and the practice of the police to take small sums either from admirers or those who are in awe of their power. Judging the local clergy by their sermons and the part they ordinarily play in the moral and intellectual life of the community, their inquiry, if it shall ever be begun, will soon stray away from such secular matters as embezzlement and blackmail to the profounder questions of the cause and cure of Sunday picnics, Sabbath football, and the prevalence of the habit of profane swearing. Indeed, if the local Parkhurst movement should result in the reduction of the number of billiard tables by one, those engaged in it would feel that Heaven had not withheld its smile from their efforts. Possibly the hope is even cherished that inroads might be made on progressive enche. This isn't satire; it is mere fact. The clergy of San Francisco are, as a rule, men whose thinking is but an echo of the customs and prejudices of the backward Eastern communities from which they come. A difference in manners is to them a difference in morals; the distinction between an open saloon on Sunday and a murder is not great. There is no city in the country where a clergyman of brains and moral vitality could do so much good as in San Francisco. But men of that kind are not plentiful in the profession, and it is many years since we have had one here. We have clergymen educated highly according to the standard of the theological seminary, we have a number who can give literary finish to their sermons, and we have one or two endowed with an earnestness that needs broader expression than the walls of their churches afford, but as a whole they are a poor lot, a feeble lot. Men with ordinary knowledge of the world, and ordinary capacity to deal with it, don't look to our pulpit for guidance when they contemplate taking part in action against public evils. The press and the people of

San Francisco will not be disposed to regard very seriously any onslaught on corruption led by the clergy.

In the first place, our Lexow investigation obviously will be an imitation, and imitations commonly want force. If there be glaring evils in our public service now, those evils assuredly existed before Brother Parkhurst raised his voice against the rottenness of Tammany's police. Why did the brethren here pass by on the other side taking no notice? What new light have they received? Do they know any more now about local wickedness than they did before Brother Parkhurst won fame?—a thing as dear to the regenerate as to the unregenerate. What reason have they for believing that the city government of San Francisco is so dishonest as to need a special intervention of the clergy for its purification? San Francisco's government is really unusually clean. The reason for this is not that either our politicians or our people are better than in other cities of the size, but because bosses have shorter terms of power here and political combinations do not last very long. There is jobbery and stealing, no doubt, but it is upon a comparatively petty scale. Our Mayors for twenty years have been honest men and there can be no great municipal frauds while an honest and intelligent man is Mayor. The focus of municipal rascality is in the Board of Supervisors, but what the Board steals is not taken directly from the city treasury; it comes from the pockets of that class to which the clergy are looking for assistance in their war upon evil—our leading citizens. These gentlemen get franchises and other favors for which they should turn money into the treasury, but instead of doing that they turn it into the pockets of the Supervisors, and, of course, later take it out of the people in railway fares, water and gas rates. Do our Lexow-inclined clergymen think they will get the assistance of the street railroads, the water and gas companies in reforming the Supervisors? Are they confident that another moral thrill will induce Mr. P. B. Cornwall to tell what he knows of the price of votes to save electric light companies from competition? Do they fancy that an impulse of virtue will impel Police Commissioner Burns to impart to them whatever knowledge he may possess of the Tammanyesque doings of the police?

Wouldn't it be wise for San Francisco's preachers to ascertain by a little secular observation and inquiry what the situation in San Francisco is before they make the assumption that they would do as well here as Parkhurst has done in New York? Are they sure, for instance, that our police force is corrupt? Of course it is not in reason

to suppose that an occasional patrolman does not perform the religious exercise of taking up a collection, and it is thinkable that one may now and again rob a prisoner, but on the whole it is my opinion that the members of the police force are quite as honest as the leading citizens who sit in the pews. Commissioner Dan Burns is not a model of integrity, but what clergyman will call in question the character of Commissioner Alvord or Commissioner Tobin? If they accuse the police force of San Francisco of being like that of New York, this they will have to do. I am not ready to swear by the impeccability of Messrs. Alvord and Tobin, but I am quite certain that no pulpit in San Francisco has an occupant courageous enough to utter an impolite word against either. I do know that Chief of Police Crowley is an honest man. A few years ago, with the financial and other resources of a daily newspaper at my command, I investigated thoroughly all the unpleasant stories told of him and of Captain Lees, head of the detective force. Many of them were as circumstantial as legal indictments; some of them had been believed for years by the generality of people, particularly newspapermen. I am bound in justice to say that not a single one of these stories when traced to its foundation proved to have any truth in it. My detective work demonstrated to my own satisfaction, and that of the newspaper whose money defrayed the cost of the inquiry, that Chief Crowley and Captain Lees were honest men. I did find that Chinese gamblers paid assessments to the policemen on duty in their quarter, and reasons were furnished to justify the belief that fallen women were blackmailed. If the situation now is as it was half a dozen years ago—and the only change in the officering of the force has been the appointment of Commissioner Dan Burns by Gov. Markham—the police in general are not corrupt.

We have no Tammany in San Francisco—the nearest we came to it was when Buckley ruled—to levy systematic taxes on vice and terrorize the business community. If the associated clergy are bent on purifying the town, it is not upon its officials, its police, but upon its associated villainies it must make war. And in order to do that successfully it must get along without the assistance of our "leading business men." These are either *particeps criminis* or live in terror of the villainies. When the clergy—if they ever do—get ready for practical reformatory work why should they not make a visit to the leaders of the Citizens' Defense Association, and ask those experienced worldlings what are the peculiar ills from which this city suffers. The clergy probably know already, but they will hear again from the Defense As-

sociation that blackmailing policemen are too humble and insignificant to alarm. They will learn that there are scoundrels on the bench, that our Board of Supervisors is owned by scoundrels, that our Legislature has been elected by its proprietors—that a small number of men possessing enormous wealth dictate decisions and shape legislation; that these same men besides fouling the source of justice, dominating the managers of both political parties, as a rule, and running the government of city and State to suit themselves, hold in abject subjection the "leading business men" for whom the clergy have so profound a veneration. In brief, the preachers will ascertain what they are not now ignorant of—that the seat of government in California is at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, where the Southern Pacific Railroad Company has its offices, and where Mr. C. P. Huntington is as supreme as is the Pope in the Roman hierarchy.

I should like to see the San Francisco preacher who would speak disrespectfully from the pulpit of Mr. C. P. Huntington.

One such may come here some day, and when he does there will be work and welcome for him. His work will be to preach the gospel which is not preached now; his welcome will be from multitudes who are eager to hear it. The Rev. John Hemphill and the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie are debating whether or not Presbyterianism has advanced in this city during the past twenty years. The question how Christianity has fared has not yet seemingly excited their interest. Churches have multiplied and their membership has increased, but the sort of men that result from belief in the teachings of Christ are rarer here now than they were. For manhood has decayed in California. Unselfishness, courage to do right regardless of material consequences to the doer, virtue, private and public—men with these qualities are not wanted on the Huntington plantation.

Starr King was before my time in California, but a look at his face as it is preserved in bronze in Golden Gate Park, enables one to understand why he had power over men and woke in them what was most generous and good. You see in the large features intellect, sympathy, eloquence, manliness. Should a Starr King come to San Francisco now he would need to make room for himself—to clear space for his large personality. The town is little in feeling, bitter and poor in hope; it is a crushed town.

A theatrical manager told me the other day that within two years the receipts at the first-class houses here had fallen off twenty-five per cent. San Francisco was glum, he said; even her merchants, her rich men, seem to have the blues. "And another thing," he went on; "no matter where you go and find a San Franciscan he's always busy at knocking his town. Meet him in New York or Chicago, London or Paris, and he'll tell you or anybody else that San Francisco is no good. Now you take a fellow from any other part of the country—Chicago or Minneapolis or St. Paul or Kansas City or New York—and he booms his town. The San Franciscan is the only fellow who knocks his."

To the theatrical man this seemed but a causeless idiosyncrasy, but the reason for it is, on reflection, obvious enough. Men from elsewhere boom their towns because they know that whatever profits the towns will profit them. The San Franciscan knows that the profit will all go to the Southern Pacific. His case is that of the rack-rented

Irish peasant whose rent rises in proportion to the improvements he makes. San Franciscans do not own their city as other communities own theirs. The richest of them only in rare instances dare to offend Mr. Huntington; they do not dare to be on friendly terms with his enemies or to do business with such as are on his black books. When the most considerable men among us are thus held in peonage is it remarkable that the ordinary run of San Franciscans should be submissive in spirit?

Were a Starr King to make his advent what would be his gospel? The old Starr King lived in a California where men were men. Not even class lines were formed in his day; every man stood on his own feet and was valued for himself individually. I fancy the new Starr King would turn to the youth of the State. Those who work among the negroes of the South or among the Indian tribes have not much hope of the middle-aged and elderly. He would face the Native Sons of the Golden West with expectations large and warm. Here is an organization numbering many thousands, all young and many very young; their minds and characters are still plastic. Starr King's first effort would be to teach them that the familiar is not the normal—that it is not in the course of nature that Americans should be subject first to a corporation and next to that corporation's chief servants. He would tell them that society as it is organized now in California is Oriental—that here, as in the despotisms of the East, a slavish equality prevails; that though we seem to have nobles and peasants, all are equally subject to the will of the Sultan; that a Grand Vizier like a Stow or a Herrin, or a millionaire like a Tevis or a Hellman, is as likely to feel the bastinado as the poorest striking brakeman indicted by an obedient Grand Jury.

Starr King's gospel would be the gospel of self-ownership—of rebellion against the commercial and professional conditions existing in California, under which honest, independent men must go down. He would preach to the Native Sons of the Golden West that they have more serious business to attend to than devising new uniforms, forming more parlors, and parading in school-boy processions. He would tell them that the tradition of honorable poverty has died out from among us—that material success won by fawning and self-surrender is the worst of failure to men who comprehend what manhood is and the value of it. If a Starr King could communicate his stout and self-respecting spirit to the Native Sons of the Golden West, California would be rescued and made into California again. Were there as many virile citizens as there are native sons, no old pirate like Huntington, surrounded by his staff of deputy buccaners, could rule this commonwealth. And among the first class into whom a Starr King would infuse his masculine spirit would be the preachers of San Francisco, who now at best are but a parcel of nice old ladies.

Had Robert Louis Stevenson lived another twenty years he would have done far better work than that which he has left behind him. He was just learning to be himself. Most of his later writing shows his struggle to be that. But though he had cut loose from civilization and gone to the South seas and had the courage to write of the life that he saw there—the indigenous life and the bits of the outer world that drifted thither—the hold of civilization was strong upon him. He was too self-conscious a man

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

to be altogether new. He was too familiar with the literary conventions not to be aware of it when he broke them, and the sound was always in his ears of the criticism that his departures from the conventional was sure to provoke. If he wrote in Samoa his eye was on London. In his own long career as a hack writer, before he earned fame, he had himself ground out criticism in plenty, but he was gaining confidence, the confidence to look at life with his own eyes and think of it with his own brain. Fame was good for Stevenson. As it widened he became braver, and had he lived long enough to acquire a renown that bestows the commission of authority, his pen would have had a sureness that it lacked when he dropped it. Stevenson was needed. The life that interested him was wider and more various than that which furnishes the material to most of our novelists. He was not of the drawing-room himself, and didn't write for it when he was most genuine. Any man was interesting to him who had seen ups and downs, and no experience that was real seemed to him too rude for literature. A drunken castaway in the grog shops of Apia was in his eyes as worthy of treatment as a Bostonian of inherited wealth or an absolutely unintelligent elevator boy in New York is in those of Mr. Howells. He detested respectable, commonplace existence, with its money-getting for passion and its dancing for pleasure. He was not afraid of tragedy, and did not deem crime remote from civilized human interest. The minutiae of whim and sentiment in the well-bred young girl which form so large a part of our most polished fiction did not appeal to his virile mind. He lumped all that up with our office-going, bank-account modern existence which, on leaving San Francisco for his island, he expressed a wish to blow to the clouds. His views of life were not respectable; there was action in them, daring and romance—that is to say, he could conceive men and women to be moved, even to their own destruction, by strong passions; and he preferred a ruffian who had courage and picturesqueness in his ruffianism to the most correct of Mr. Howells's heroes whose worst villainy is to mispronounce the language or not to know how to behave at table.

Stevenson's men are as manly as Kipling's, but he had a hundred thoughts where that fine, bumptious young Englishman has one. It isn't a slight loss, the death of Stevenson, in these days when eunuchs rule in English literature. He had grace as well as strength, and knew life variously. He needed but time to become a great artist. The death of such a man means more to the world—though the world may not know it—than that of any number of dainty triflers with the pen, or the extinction of a whole Chamber of Commerce.

The arrival some two years ago of Mahomet Webb in New York as a missionary of Islam, and his establishment there of a newspaper to spread the great truths of his faith, caused some surprise, as well as resentment. The resentment was due in part to the fact that the propagandizing Turk was an American who had been a United States consul in Asia and was there converted. But at bottom we were incensed at the impudence of the Mahomedans sending any missionary at all. As Turk Mahomet's paper gave a large part of its space to recording gross triumphs of Satan over Christian clergymen which they would have escaped had they been polygamists, he and his print had been treated with that silent contempt which both deserve. If he has made any converts the press has given no publicity to

their shameful recreancy to the true faith, which is ours.

The presumption of the heathen world does not decrease. Within a week there has been landed at this Christian port an emissary of the Buddhists of Japan. In his conversation with those alarmed defenders of the faith, the San Francisco newspaper reporters, this stranger states the object of his visit to be two-fold: First, to stay the progress of Japanese residents among us toward our religious beliefs, and second, to make a study of Christianity in its home, which he conceives to be the United States. Let us hope that his more intimate view of a people whose lives are formed on the teachings of the founder of our holy faith will induce this Japanese Buddhist to forego his purpose of interference and join the throng of his countrymen who have cast in their spiritual lot with ours. He will be a bardy Jap indeed, if he can withstand the converting force of the example of the daily life of a Christian community. And when he writes home describing the softening, purifying and uplifting influence upon the people of a religion known now to the Japanese only through our missionaries, who can tell what the result may be upon the nation now rising to dominance in the Orient? I trust the clergy of San Francisco will put away from them any inclination to regard the coming of this Buddhist as an intrusion. That spirit has, through many centuries in many lands, interfered with the usefulness of our own missionaries, who, though bearers of a true message, have not unnaturally been looked upon as *de trop* by the envying heathen.

Under the new treaty the Japanese Buddhist is entitled to all the privileges secured by the most-favored-nation clause. And the police, even without the stimulus of the threatened Lexow investigation, will undoubtedly extend to him that protection which some too fervent Christians might be disposed to withhold. Let the brethren rather be kind to this Buddhist and take him about with them, visiting our Barbary Coast, the City Hall, Chinatown (which we have had with us these thirty years and more), the newspaper offices, the chamber of the Board of Supervisors, the railroad offices at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, the county jail, Morton street, and other triumphs of a Christian civilization. Should his heathen mind become fatigued and bewildered by so much food for serious thought and comparison with Buddhist life, a little sweetness and light could be furnished by inducing our State and Stanford universities to give a special football game for his entertainment. An introduction into our best society would exhibit to the sojourner how intimately and lovingly intellect and faith walk hand in hand. An inspection of our coast defenses at Golden Gate and Alcatraz Island might not convince the Buddhist that as a Christian nation we take seriously the Divine injunction to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten; but it could be explained to him that, according to our habitual way of thinking, horse sense has its claims as well as the gospel.

Should the Buddhist—who has mingled much with our missionaries in his own land—have a brain incapable of reconciling theory with fact, as ours so readily do, Christian charity has provided retreats at Stockton and Napa where he would be kindly received. Webb, the Mahomedan, has borne the strain, but, happily for him, previous to becoming a follower of the Prophet he had received an American education.

Mr. Budd having been reared in remote Stockton, probably had, until recently, but

vague ideas of the power and uses of a great daily newspaper. For six weeks and more, he has been in the enjoyment of a plurality against which the waves of Republican dissatisfaction have bent in vain. The profound mind of Col. Dan Burns and the acute intellect of Mr. Cornwall have, with others criminally inclined, sought for ways by which that plurality could be taken from Mr. Budd and transferred to the insanely willing Mr. Este. Through brother-in-law Evans, the Registrar, they registered daily protests while the Election Commissioners were canvassing the votes, and finally went to the Supreme Court demanding that the great principle be laid down that clerical blunders on the part of clerks shall disfranchise the citizen. There they stuck up to their knees in the mud of their villainy. But on Sunday last, the great daily came to their relief; the *Examiner* kindly pointed out how the governorship could be stolen from Mr. Budd. Inveighing against the intended wickedness of the thieves, it yet averred that if a Reed could be found for Speaker of the Assembly, he might do about what he pleased under the Code. The *Examiner*, however, comforted Mr. Budd by taking the place of the Supreme Court and telling him that the portion of the Code in question is unconstitutional. It is seldom that a newspaper makes such an opportunity to serve its party.

If Mr. Budd has the sense and resolution with which I credit him he will take his seat and place his interests, so far as they relate to the promised recount, in the hands of a few—a very few—competent lawyers and friends, whose chief care it will be to see to it that the ballots are never left unwatched for a single moment. If they should be he will lose the governorship.

No issue of a newspaper anywhere has been awaited with more curiosity and interest than the Christmas number of the *Examiner*, which is being written and edited by the fashionable women of San Francisco. They are to be mistresses for one day of every department of the paper, including the advertisements. If good faith be kept in this regard the *Examiner* of the 25th will have a value aside from mere novelty; it will give us a hint at least of what women are capable of doing in journalism. There are very few bright and educated women who are not capable of writing far better than their commercial husbands. The large output of fiction has demonstrated women's capacity to hold their own with the male novelists. But journalism has not taken kindly to them. Thousands try it every year and there is scarcely a city newspaper in this country which has not one or more women on its staff, yet not many have risen to any sort of distinction. Annie Laurie of the *Examiner* and Nellie Bly of the *New York World* are the only ones who have national reputation. I do not mean to make a comparison between these two, for the former is immeasurably the superior of the latter in the quality of her work. Annie Laurie dignifies most of what she does, while Nellie Bly achieves a contrary effect.

The reasons why women are not more successful as journalists are partly in themselves, partly in the newspapers. The first requisites of a good reporter are sound common sense and a touch of humor. Obviously a woman, even if so endowed, cannot do the range of work required of a man. He may go anywhere, into any company, without exciting remark, and, as the ordinary newspaper deals largely with crime and the disreputable side of life, narrow limits are set to a female reporter's activities. As we grow more civilized

and the newspaper comes to take larger cognizance of the things in which the more civilized classes are interested, the opportunities for women on the press will be greater. A bright woman now can find plenty to do on a daily newspaper without losing her self-respect. But there are not many women bright enough to make good reporters. Out of every ten male reporters nine have no more literary talent than an equal number of clerks or merchants; the tenth is apt to be a fellow of some talent. Of twenty women who make a trial at reporting there is not likely to be one with brains enough for even the commonplace drudgery of the calling. There are a hundred capable of writing a passable novel for one who has the varied mental outfit of an Annie Laurie. I don't know whether she could write a novel or not, but she possesses that journalistic deftness which enables her to estimate instantly the relative value of her subject and to choose the most appropriate method of treating it. Best of all she has heart and puts a sympathy that seems inexhaustible into her daily work. Her success—and it is a success that does honor to more than her talent—is proof that there are openings on the press waiting for the women who are qualified to fill them. It is remarkable, considering how ready with the pen are so many women, that scarcely any editorial writers have been developed—at least none who have taken noticeable rank. Surely it requires no extraordinary intellectual power to grind out the matter which weights the editorial page of the average newspaper, but, mediocre stuff as it mostly is, it is beyond the power of the melancholy crowd of women who seek to make their way into newspaper offices. The chief art of editorial writing is to know what not to say; this possibly explains the inability of the less reticent sex to excel in it. The same curious defect is noticeable in clergymen who have left the pulpit and turned to journalism. In the pulpit they enjoy the same uncontradicted freedom of utterance that gallantry accords women. Also they are prone to moralizing, to setting forth the obvious truism, and to demonstrating the self-evident in small things of conduct—all of which does not make good editorial.

The *Examiner* of next Tuesday may surprise us all by its excellence. It is possible that the charitable holiday exertions of a bevy of well-to-do ladies may result in performances and inspire ambitions that shall give us some new journalists in skirts. So far as the news columns of the paper go they will be interesting both for what they do and do not contain. A year ago many thousands of women signed a petition to the publishers of the San Francisco newspapers praying them to deodorize their columns. Presumably, therefore, we shall see what a newspaper is like that disdains to notice conduct on the part of men and women which cannot be approved; of for the lady editors will not, of course, forget that the Christmas *Examiner* will be read in the home circle and the seminary. I sincerely hope that for one day at least the advertising columns of the *Examiner* will be edited.

It will be a good thing for the California Academy of Sciences when Dr. Harkness is connected only with the museum. I do not say that the time for stuffing him has arrived, but he certainly is a curiosity. The Doctor has served the Academy long, and unquestionably with ardor; but to classify him with the genus *dodo* would not offend truth and be a needed contribution to science on the Pacific Coast. While the amiable old Doctor remains in control of the institution it will of necessity remain what

it now is—a hive for dependents, and a cabinet for specimens that have to be sent East for identification. The Academy does no harm, and it does no good. At its head there should be a man of knowledge and energy, like Prof. Jordan, who would make it useful to science. It ought to be the meeting ground of the scientific men of the two universities, and its money should be expended for original work. It comes before the public now mainly as the theatre of an annual election squabble. Connected with the institution are some men and women of ability in their departments, but while a gentleman so far along in years and so fixed in his prejudices as Dr. Harkness reigns, it cannot be fruitful. If Dr. Harkness cannot in the interest of science bring himself to resign in favor of a younger and more modern president, science on the Pacific Coast will have to get along without the aid of the Academy of Sciences.

ARTHUR McEWEEN.

THE TWADDLER.

We were talking up at the Pacific-Union the other night over the little effort our side is making to get the Governorship away from Budd and give it to my old friend Estee, although he says he wouldn't take it, when Fargo spoke up and says to Joe Clark:

"Joe, do you remember that game of draw we had up in Dogtown on Christmas Eve, '54?"

"No," says Clark, speaking so sharply that he surprised everybody.

"Well, I do," says Fargo chuckling, "and I'm betting you do, too. Joe and I and two others of the boys," he went on, "were having a game when I happened to lean over for a match, and what did I see on Joe's knee but a card. It was back up but of course I knew it was an ace and just naturally slipped it onto my own knee and dealt Joe a deuce under the table. When the buck was passed to me I showed three aces to Joe. You ought to have seen his face light up when he saw 'em, and quick as a wink after the draw he had that card off his knees and into his hand. He didn't even look at it before betting and raised the other two fellows out of the game in no time. When he'd got up about all the dust I thought he deserved to lose for a man that would hold out on his cabin-mates, I called him and showed down four kings. Joe reached out with a grin to drag in the pile, when says I—

"Hold on, what'da you got?"

"Four aces," says he, spreading out his hand on the table.

"When he caught sight of those three aces and that deuce Joe jumps to his feet and yells out with murder in his voice:

"Who in blazes stole my ace?"

"My friend Herrin, who was sitting near, did not, I observed, join in the meriment, and presently arose to depart, saying in answer to our expostulations that he had to go down town and see Col. Burns.

"Gentlemen," said I with some severity, "anecdotes as anecdotes I have no objection to, but anecdotes which contain insulting political reflections are not anecdotes of which I can approve."

"Well, then," said Jerome Hart, "in the name of God, Persiflage," told no one that does meet your approval."

"Egad, money," says I, "I'll do, though to tell the truth I think anecdotes derived from the gaming table are low. However, some years back, I had the honor to be traveling with General Bluffington, a director of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in his private car. I had gone along to prepare a little pamphlet on the unrivaled scenery of the route and to give a few points to the coast. With his inferiors the General was a haughty man, but to me he was affability itself. He had the large ways that become a capitalist, and, as rich men should, he sought to impress others with his wealth. Like our friends Fargo and Clark he played poker, which I must say is a game that gentlemen ought to avoid. For after all, when you analyze it, it consists chiefly in false pretenses, and no gentleman—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Persiflage," cried Hart, "don't twaddle. Come to the point."

"The point is," said I ignoring the interruption, "that we stopped at Helena, Montana. We dined with Marcus Daly and Col. Squires of the Anaconda. And after dinner the cards were brought on."

"Here," says General Bluffington, tossing a thousand-dollar bill on the table, "give me chips for that." He effected to be unconscious, yet he could not but have observed the look of veneration which overspread my features, for, demme, it isn't in human nature not to feel some awe at the sight of a thousand-dollar bill.

"But Daly picked it up as if it had been a pipe-lighter, tossed it over to Squires, who had the chips, and said wearily, 'Let him have a white, Colonel. Give me fifty.'"

"Gad, Persiflage," said Hart, "after an effort like that you deserve a stimulant. Ring for a bottle of your Cresta Belacqua." Which was very decent of Hart.

Disturbers and slanderers may say what they please, but, after all, our courts are the saviors of society. I have no ill will against my friend and co-laborer young Mr. Chambliss, yet I cannot but deplore the incendiary spirit which has induced him to compile a volume reeking with disrespect for our best people. He is new to California or he would know that the west is fonder to reject the claims of our aristocracy. Poverty, when it has been overcome, is no disgrace, and crime itself may be atoned for by success in after life. Why then should Mr. Chambliss intrude as the Muse of History into San Francisco's social masquerade and give sleepless nights to heads that rest upon the most expensive pillows? Whether I myself have been pilloried in his odious work I know not, and I care not. I scorn the efforts of the detractor whether he be a Chambliss or a Greenway. My family is one of the best known in Baltimore, and although the circumstances attending my departure for California immediately after the Mexican War made some noise at the time, they were strictly private in their nature and their publication was an infamous invasion of the sanctity of home. I do not hesitate to say to Mr. Chambliss that their republication in his book would be an act meriting language equally strong. In order to forestall Mr. Chambliss's publication, if it is his intention to brand me as an enemy after the lapse of half a century, I here lay before the public the true facts of the affair. In 1847—

[As the private affairs of our contributor can be of no earthly interest to any but the contemporaries of his younger manhood, few of whom remain, his narrative is omitted.—Editor Letter.]

In the name of society I thank Judge Slack for his decision, which at least delays the publication of Mr. Chambliss's book. The numerous difficulties of many kinds which the young man has encountered in his efforts to bring forth his volume happily demonstrate that society is not powerless even when contending with an enemy—a deserter—who is as void of scruple as he seems to be of fear. A litigation press may take up his case and say its course was that he is not being given a "square deal," but the judicious comprehend that there are interests which should be held in higher consideration than mere justice. For Chambliss's own sake it is to be hoped that his desecrating pages, subjecting to ridicule and contumely all the shades of belief in reverence, will never see the light. Though myself past youth and never of a belligerent nature, I would not answer for myself were Chambliss's book to appear and give an untruthful and injurious version of the affair which I have detailed above. And I am far from thinking that I am the only man in San Francisco society who is ready to defend his reputation with his strong right arm.

A most mortifying accident happened to me at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night where I occupied a seat in the front row. Next to me was J. Brett Stokes with whom, as is well known, I am not on speaking terms since that affair at the Cottillon Club, in which, as society is aware, I was entirely in the right. The ballet came on, and I must say the stage was a deuced fine lot of girls, taking admittance as a whole, and, of course, they are not equal to the women of the stage we used to see in the '30's. It is really astonishing what a falling off there has been in beauty during the past sixty years. Egad, if Taglioni and Vestris and Elsieker could be resurrected the dancers we now have would pale into insignificance even in the eyes of their admirers, who, of course, are denied any opportunities of comparison. I appeal to Colonel Andrews. However, that's neither here nor there; we live in the present. You've no time that chic little thing with the dark eyes and blonde wig and delightful ankle, in the ballet, the third on the left in the front row, who is so excessively supple and so distractingly graceful. Really it must be jealousy that keeps her among the corymbes. She's fit for a *pas seul* or I'm no judge. At all events, she saw my respectful admiration, and with a charming knowledge that did credit at once to her intelligence and discrimination, during the forward dance kicked toward me a rose that had fallen from her, and, other, corsage to the stage. It landed on the floor

immediately in front of me, and, would you believe it, that fellow Stokes had the impudence to reach for it as though it had been intended for him! As we both stooped forward at the same instant our heads naturally came into contact, with the result that my wig was dislodged and, as it was my own, I was confounded when, had not even the courtesy to apologize, and I heard him muttering to Sam Knight, on his left, something about people who should be in bed instead of at the theatre. But for the shock of the incident he would not have been alone at the stage door.

Fame is fame no matter how acquired nor of what kind. Here are our best people running after General Booth, because his name is known the world over, and demme if I don't believe we'll have the Salvation Army in our drawing-rooms before the winter's over. It's most dangerous to give such encouragement to such people. Wist the doore will become of the church, if society persists in patronizing Booth? It's only human nature to wish to stand well with society—to make any sacrifice for its notice. Shall we therefore be astonished if Bishop Nichols puts on a jersey and Dr. Foute makes his pastoral calls with a tambourine? Let us be reasonable about this, begad. The Salvation Army's well enough in its way, down on the waterfront among the sailors and going about in its humble fashion doing good to the lower orders that the church cannot really, you understand, afford to have in its pews. But, hang it, it won't do to turn the whole world into a Salvation Army. It can't be expected, to illustrate, that should march around beating a snare drum and Dr. Foute playing a fife, with Archbishop Riordan carrying the bass drum. If we are not to come to this, let society keep up the barriers ordained by Providence and maintained by Christian custom. How the doose the fellow Booth got his reputation is beyond me. He can't preach better than Hemphill, and isn't nearly as good a singer. I don't see, in the quietude, too, that he has not been accustomed to move in good society. His tailor may be pious but, foregad, I never saw such another coat come out of London.

On Wednesday evening last I was in attendance on an exceedingly select function on California street, and engaged in serious conversation with Mr. Crocker on the late Horse Show, when a lady approached us; I give you my word she was a *grande dame*—the wife of one of our very richest men of affairs. Her own house is as well as any on Pacific avenue, and her dinners are famous for the number of the company. She was singled out by such a lady is an honor to any man, and I felt it deeply as I bowed. Giving Mr. Crocker a faint smile of recognition, she faced me and began talking rapidly. And what do you think was her theme? Haug me if she didn't stand me up there in the center of that drawing-room, filled with the aristocracy of the metropolis, and the Pacific, and solicit an advertisement of the Cresta Belacqua for the Christmas edition of the *Examiner*!

I was a prey to mingled amazement, consternation and indignation.

"Madam," I at length found the self-possession to say haughtily, "it may be true that I have a commercial connection with the celebrated vintage vintner, but, madam, it is not the custom of gentlemen—at least it is not mine—to bring their business with them into society."

"Why, Mr. Persiflage," she exclaimed, with the most audacious affectation of surprise, "I have heard you a hundred times and in a hundred companies—and then you know it is for Little Jin."

"Dem Little Jin!"

Yes, I own I said it; it burst from me.

She turned away shocked and silenced, but I noticed that dozens of our for most business men who were present gave me grateful looks—looks that had in them, too, admiration for a courage superior to their own.

PERSIFLAGE.

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WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

The newspapers of this country have altogether failed to appreciate the Chinese-Japanese war as a source of news. Think of it—right across the water from us, only a couple of weeks' journey away, a war is being waged which will change the geography of Asia, establish Japan as the first Asiatic power and play smash generally with old boundary lines and international conditions—and yet there is but one American newspaperman of any size or consequence on the ground, James Creelman of New York. If that isn't stupidity, it is something very much like it. If there had been a war on the Balkan peninsula somewhere, all the leading dailies of this country, as well as Europe, would have had correspondents on the ground as soon as the first gun was fired, but because this is a war in Asia and Asia seems so far away to New York and London, the story of the war is not being half told. Here was the opportunity of the San Francisco press, an opportunity which had it been taken advantage of, would have made a national and a European reputation for our papers; but they didn't see it. They are imitators; they have no power of initiative; they follow, most abjectly, the lead of the New York press in everything except a few matters of local policy. The whole story was in their hands, but they are so dependent that even their illustrations are copied from London or New York journals.

It is not because we have no men here who could do justice to war scenes that Creelman is alone in China. I know Creelman, and an all-round newspaperman he is, but there are twenty reporters in San Francisco who have his facility in writing, his nose for news and the necessary courage for such work. The fame that has come to him is the result of his lonely position—just as "Jack" Klein gained glory and reputation by happening to be the only newspaperman in Samoa at the time of the war there.

Klein had not the ability of Creelman, and the latter will not sink on his return to America into obscurity as a New York reporter, as Klein has.

The only artist who has been heard from in China or Corea is Frederick Villiers—an Englishman and a born soldier. I met him once in the Century Club in New York and I could hardly believe that he was the famous war sketch artist, so modest and unassuming as he is. A man of medium size, middle age and dark complexion, who looked anything but the fellow of daring I knew Villiers to be.

Henry George was with him—they had come over together from England, I believe, and if I remember rightly, George said Villiers was a convert to the single tax. A discussion arose as to Russian encroachment on Turkey and this brought out some of Villiers' experiences during the Russo-Turkish war—thrilling experiences they were, as full of stirring incidents as any Archibald Forbes has written—showing, too, that the love of a newspaper "beat" does not reside in the American breast alone. He does not photograph, nor does he wait until the battle is over to make his sketch, but when the bullets are flying he draws out his sketch-book, and sitting on a deserted cannon or leaning on a fence, draws the action as it is proceeding.

Creelman, an American newspaperman, and Villiers, an English artist—these two to "cover" a continent! And yet we boast of the enterprise of our newspapermen!

Almost the only chance a newspaper writer nowadays has to make a reputation is in a war. A dozen or more of the most prominent men of the land made their reputations in our civil war as correspondents. It is not generally known that Henry Villard was one of the New York *Tribune's* war staff and made a reputation so wide with that name that he never resumed the name of Hill, which was the family name. The acquaintance made during the war put Villard into the financial world and through some of these he obtained the receivership which was the basis of his fortune and beginning of his career as a railroad king.

Whitelaw Reid first came before the world as a war correspondent and stepped from the battlefield into Charles A. Dana's place on the *Tribune*, which he proved able to use to such good advantage for himself and such misery for poor old Horace Greeley.

"Squire" Smalley, of the New York *Tribune*, is credited with organizing the best force of war correspondents ever known. With the co-operation of a London paper Smalley established a system for covering the Franco-Prussian war which has always been regarded as the best piece of executive

work ever done in this line, as proved by the number of exclusive war dispatches printed in the *Tribune* during that war.

Archibald Forbes, the war correspondent (who married ex-Secretary of War Endicott's daughter), stands next to Henry M. Stanley in reputation for personal courage. English newspapermen think that other men have done equally good work in the field, but because of their modesty have made less reputation. Forbes makes it his business to fight a war over and over again in the magazines and newspapers for ten years after the war is finished, and so keeps his work alive in the public mind.

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* has seen the night when he rode fifty miles and then sat down and dictated for three hours a description of a battle, but his work has been chiefly that of the diplomat; his nose he finds in the ante-chamber of the king or at the house of the prime minister; he has stolen more news out of the council chambers of Europe than all other European correspondents. Blowitz enjoys two distinctions: he is the champion egotist of the world (all brilliant newspapermen know well so sing their own praises) and he has the largest salary paid to a newspaperman; it overtops that of the President of the United States.

Europe has many more men of less renown who have distinguished themselves as war correspondents but few whose fame has ever come across the water.

Each of the Japanese papers has a corps of correspondents at the front and of these we will no doubt hear much. These correspondents are enthusiastic young soldiers who engage in the actual fighting, having the place of honor in the front row of attack. This is something new in the newspaper line, though such a thing has been known before as newspaper men literally making their own news.

FRANKLIN LANE.

GIBSON'S SUSANNE.

Susanne is dead, and Gibson mourns for her. So does all Paris—not the Paris of the boulevards and the cafes on the Champs Elysee—but the Paris of the Latin quarter, the Paris of St. Michel and Mont Parnasse. Susanne was a model, and Gibson, poor sentimental tenderfoot Gibson! thought he discovered her. But I must tell the story. You all know Gibson, Charles Dana Gibson, the man who draws these stunning girls in *Life*, Richard Harding Davis' running mate and artist ally—he's the Gibson, and a fine fellow he is, but Paris was too much for him. He and Davis were sent across the water to do some work for the Harpers—Davis to write as naughtily as he dared for the young people who read *Harpers*, and Gibson to draw as nicely as he could the naughty things that they saw. Of course, Gibson had to have a model as soon as he reached Paris, and Susanne was discovered. Now, Susanne had been known to every art student in Paris for five years back. Susanne, of the opalescent skin, Susanne, the broad-browed, Susanne, the pensive—all of us knew Susanne; we had painted her, and drawn her, and modeled her, until we knew every curve of her figure, every tint in her hair, every light on her skin. There is a difference between models—some so full of diablerie, ready always for a lark or a drink, others who take life most seriously, posing as if it were the most holy of religious rites, and sedately donning their clothes and quietly walking out into the world as respectable as any shopkeeper or concierge; and there are many other kinds. But Susanne was of a style all her own. There was a thoughtfulness in her little face that made you think of the girl as well as the model; she was a real personality, stood out as an individual in every studio where she posed. We all liked little Susanne.

She was fourteen then—that was four years ago; four years before her discovery by the great American. He saw her, and now he tells us that he will never have the heart to finish the picture for which she posed, because they are sacred; he looks at them "reverently"—that is his word—for Susanne is dead.

"Here is another sad case of 'Little Billee'!" This is the expression the good Gibson likes to draw from the lips of the dear American sentimentalist. What a precious lot of silliness there must be when the young Gibson thinks to impose on us with this sad picture of the heartbroken artist and the innocent French model! Fie, fie, Charles Gibson! Are you one of those whom Bertie Van Allsteyne described—"Who thinks he's a devil of a fellow, but he ain't!"

Gibson says that Susanne never posed for "the altogether." Poor fellow, he should have seen a

picture, a living picture, I once saw at Lasar's. Susanne was posing for us in an altogether style as altogether could be; and a more beautiful model in most regards Paris could not produce. In walked Amelie Rives—Mrs. Chanler—wearing a brilliant red cloak, trimmed with dark fur, a bright red velvet toque upon her fair hair, and by her side the black negress eyes ever rested upon—Amelie's black "Mammy." The pair walked to the side of Susanne, when Amelie Rives threw an arm around her black mammy's head, drawing the two heads close together and making a picture of contrasts such as seldom could be found—the undraped figure of the model, rich in flesh tints of unusual warmth, and close beside the fair-haired woman in the cloak of red and the black-haired woman in the coat of brown.

Let me suggest a picture for *Life*: On one side Gibson in his studio sitting gloomy and dejected before a half-done incomplete sketches of Susanne, while a couple of beautiful American girls look on in tender sympathy. Label that picture: "Susanne is dead. 4:30 p. m."

On the opposite side of the page another picture: Gibson at a table in Kosloff's, let us say, pretty girl, bottle of wine, etc. Underneath this picture:

"Vive la Susanne! 11:30 p. m."

A. W. L.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

Our physicians are our household gods, but it will go hard even with them if they undertake a crusade against kissing, as the doctors of Detroit have done. The kiss is like the glass of wine, it has its uses and abuses. To say that kissing shall cease because of the danger of thus transmitting disease is as if one should refuse to attend the theatre because of possible contact with one having smallpox. I do not defend the kiss as a means of salutation. The habit of promiscuous kissing between women is distasteful and hypocritical; I am glad, therefore, that it is declining; but the kiss of love, the kiss of the mother, the lover, the husband, the child, these are sacred things. There may be deep love where the kiss never is exchanged, to be sure, as between people of undemonstrative natures. I once was told by a Scotchman that as far back as he could remember his mother had kissed him but once—when he left the home for America. It is the instinct of the maternal woman to kiss children; I am not judging from personal experience alone in this matter, but from the confessions of many women, young and old. The lover's kiss needs no defense or excuse, and as for our husbands—there is no necessity for preaching against the kiss, the domestic kiss to them.

But the salute with the lips between women is a delusion and a fraud. I would not abolish it because of the fear of impropriety, but for a more sensible reason—it is without meaning. Men may thank their gods that whenever they go to the club they are not forced by custom to kiss the "boys." They wouldn't do it, of course. But there is just as much reason why the practice should obtain among men as among women. It does, to be sure, in some countries among the lower classes, but not infrequently we see on our own streets two foreigners rush into each others' arms and exchange kisses. If it is the expression of a genuine feeling of affection no one has the right to criticize whatever may be their form of greeting—not if they should stand on their heads and kick their heels together. And if a man only kissed those whom they love, all would be well, but they as often kiss those whom they hate. The kiss is part of our paraphernalia of petty hypocrisy and we should drop it. It won't dry up the well-springs of affection if we fail to rub our lips against our neighbor's cheek. True feeling is not kept alive by making pretense that it exists when it does not. We don't love all the members of our sex, we love very few of them as a fact, and there is no obligation resting upon us to embrace the world.

"But the kiss is only to us what the hand-shake is to the man." That is not true. The hand-shake is merely mechanical, a convention of man's devising, but the kiss is as old as the world and is supposed to speak the sentiment of the heart. Of course the kiss given among women is not the kiss that passes between men and women, but they should be alike in this regard at least, that they don't lie.

I am unfamiliar with Detroit society, but the newspaper dispatch concerning this new crusade was certainly not of a nature to make me desire to enter it if there is necessarily for such a movement the part of the physician. What sort of a kiss is this detestable Detroit article? What class of people is one likely to meet in Detroit and be forced to kiss? It may be that it is dangerous to kiss a *la Detroit*, and even more dangerous to kiss the Detroit man or woman, but I am quite certain that I have known members of both sexes from the Michigan metropolis who survived the ordeal and were not averse to a repetition.

Jack says he wishes kissing were abolished for no other reason than to "knock Ella Wheeler Wilcox out of the poetry business." This is an unjust and inelegant fling at a woman who has written some very touching verse—but, come to think of it, there would be the poet and many another if the kiss were dropped out of history and art? I shall not go into historical instances, but it is certain that one would take some of the finest poems out of literature, many of the most dramatic incidents out of history and not a few of the most beautiful paintings and statues out of art if the kiss had never been. "Yes, and a heap of fun out of life," exclaims Jack reminiscently.

BETTY.

Arthur McEwen, political censor, journalist and man with the courage of his convictions, declines to print the letter about the "predatory rite" and his hooding political tools, in his weekly *Liter*, which it is to be hoped is a permanent fixture in San Francisco journalism.—Industry.

WONDERFUL ALADDIN.

The world is becoming so sophisticated that even the children nowadays take pride in a certain unbelieving hardness. We are very knowing; there are no fools; we are all clever knaves down to the little ones who ask, not if fairies exist, but whether there really is anybody who believes in them.

It is clear, though, that as the world grows older and we so irreverently wise, that just in proportion as imagination's fairy-land loses its glamour, the stage representation of it becomes more adequate. For the modern spectacle is the realization of one's childish dreams, where princes were all noble and maidens all beautiful; where nothing was impossible or unbelievable except an unhappy ending to the story. It is fairy-land in all its splendor; not as represented by feeble prints or in the chaotic, childish mind bewildered by the rush of miraculous events, the dazzling glitter of gold and all sorts of riches. If one could believe in the social end of the century, "Aladdin" should reawaken the faith that glowed so ardently when to read a page of the Arabian Nights was to take a journey upon the magic carpet oneself. Such a fairy-land, this "Aladdin," where the eye turns from a riot of color to a symphony of blended shades; where graceful figures artistically costumed give out to yet more graceful ones costumed even more beautifully; where lithe, supple dancers bound off the stage to make room for others whose lightness, skill and grace are a delightful study, which does not strain the intellect; where scenery requires no apology nor good-humored effort of the imagination, but from a charitable distance is all that it really is, a quaintly gorgeous Chinese interior or a magnificent Egyptian palace as it is not, perhaps, but as it should be.

There is probably nothing upon the American stage so nearly complete as the Christmas spectacle; in its own way, of course, which is not always so elevated, nor so dignified, as why as a faithful review of the stage would wish it to be. Still there is evidence of so much care, time and ability lavished upon such a production that our admiration and our dollars are rightfully and liberally bestowed upon that admirable thing—the successful result of hard work.

The transformation scene—"The Origin of the Hap"—where he but a shifting of unsubstantial "drops," but its various stages are as effective for a moment as though they were separate permanent pictures put on canvas by a master hand; and the final scene, the exquisite figure of Erin and the golden harp, is as beautiful and poetic as Ireland is not.

It is as a fitting, gorgeous spectacle that one thinks of "Aladdin." And this fact, although it may wound some actor's vanity, is only another evidence of its success. There are many specialties in the performance—it is not a play—and most of them are excellent. Burke's Craubo is an absurd part, in which the clever comedian teaches his audience the pleasing art of saying and doing silly things so that they appear to be really funny. Though the eye is fastened in "Aladdin" the ear suffers almost a famine. There is little real music and less good singing, but many catchy, topical ditties which the town will duly hum and whistle, enjoying the tunes and their words only for the space which the "Aladdin" people have put into them. Lovely Frankie Raymond's "Alabama Coon" is the prettiest and will be the most popular melody. Her singing of it was the bit of the evening. Miss Boyd makes a dashing Aladdin, and Allen Crater, a richly-costumed, charming little Princess Badroulboudour.

MIRIAM MICHELEON.

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A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, November 2nd, 1894.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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AN ENGLISH VIEW OF "TRILBY."

I am afraid I cannot add another to the eulogies I have read of Mr. du Maurier's "Trilby." For the life of me, I cannot see its merits. The style is slipshod and awkward to the last degree. That, of course, is not a matter for which we English are concerned, and, indeed, the comparisons I have read of Mr. du Maurier to Thackeray, a great master of prose, if there was one, whatever be the final verdict on his satire and sentiment, prove conclusively the general indifference to style. We will let that pass: what are the merits of the book? Story? It is impossible, and, as a fancy, cannot be called agreeable. Characterization? I could not find one real character. Trilby herself is a sort of fairy, and the men are vaguely-indicated types, with not a shred of individuality between them.

There remains, what nearly all the critics have chorused enthusiastically the geniality of the thing, its hearty good nature, and so forth. Let us see what this is. Mr. du Maurier is very sympathetic to a tone of feeling, or attitude of mind, towards life, which is typically represented in this passage: "And with all his keenness of insight into life he had a well-brought-up, middle-class, young Englishman's belief in the infallible efficacy of gentle birth . . . all people, in short, whose two parents and four grandparents had received a liberal education, and belonged to the professional class. And with this belief he combined (or thought he did) a proper democratic scorn for bloated dukes and lords, and even poor inoffensive baronets, and all the landed gentry—everybody who was born an inch higher up than himself. It is a fairly good middle-class social creed, if you can get any stick to it through life, in despite of life's experience."

Now, to my poor taste this "fairly good middle-class social creed" is about as unpleasant a thing as anything in the world. Of all the snobberies rampant in England, the snobbery about "the professional class" is the most miserable. There is something in an old family which it means as a tradition of breeding. But that a man "whose four grandparents," etc., should think himself entitled to look down upon anybody on the score of "gentle birth" is ridiculous, certainly, but it is also most offensive. There are tradesmen of old family and there are peasants of old family who may consider themselves of gentle birth. But it is no more a nobility to its bones could have invented and could tolerate such a cheap and silly snobbery as this of two generations of "liberal education." And when it is combined with the petty envy indicated here of supposed social superiors—Ugh! I confess the remembrance of this "social creed" prevented my sympathizing with the Bohemian joys of Mr. du Maurier's three Englishmen; they were all unworthy of them.

Later in the book there is a revelling in merely commercial success, and in the sort of society in which (apparently) to be well known is of itself a sufficient passport, and I found all this very antipathetic. There is left a certain joy in friendship which is to the author's credit, and some enthusiasm for his calling. But here again I have a quarrel with him. He speaks of sitting for the nude sensibly, and expresses directly the only opinion of it an artist can hold, and yet—obviously—he sympathizes with the miserable disgust one of his male characters (his name is dreadful at poor Trilby's earning her breath in this) perfectly honest and modest manner, and seems to rejoice at her being weak enough to abandon it. I may do Mr. du Maurier an injustice, but if my interpretation of him is right in this matter I cannot forgive him.

I do not mean there is no pleasure to be had of this book. Trilby—the girl—seems impossible, and is hardly a creation, but you feel that Mr. du Maurier had in his mind a creature of exceedingly charming qualities. Some of the touches in his description of her are happy, and if one could take some of her characteristics and reject what seems impossibly inconsistent, one might realize and love her. But the men are not amiable, and the villain is incredible.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A FRIGHTFUL REVELATION.

The swaggar society in Washington has just received a severe shock upon the discovery that a certain wealthy widow, who assumed and was supposed to be descended from ancient and famous ancestry, is only the daughter of an honest, energetic and successful Irish contractor in the city of Philadelphia, who made a large fortune digging sewers and cellars, grading and paving streets, building railroads and canals and making other useful public improvements. She has worn a crest upon her carriage and her note paper and there has always been a difference of opinion as to whether she came from the Huguenot Protestants of France or the old merchants of Flanders, because her name

has a French appearance and a foreign sound, but legal proceedings in which she is involved have disclosed the fact that her father and mother were Irish, and she is Irish too. Her house is closed this winter, and it is said in Washington that she intends to spend three or four years in Europe in order to secure another veneer, and to let people forget that her money was acquired by honest and respectable toil and not by entail.

A RUINED FAMILY.

Wm. Elcroy Curtis, the widely known Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Record*, and one of Maine's closest friends, on seeing in a local paper an advertisement of a trustee's sale of the personal effects of Miss Catharine Chase, daughter of late Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, tells the sad story of the fall of the House of Chase. For many years—in fact, ever since her divorce from ex-Senator Sprague of Rhode Island—Mrs. Chase has been living on borrowed money. The beautiful estate, Edgewood, just outside of the city limits of Washington toward the Maryland boundary, has been mortgaged nearly to its full value for years, and Mrs. Chase, having no other source of income, has been compelled to increase the indebtedness annually to pay the interest and support her family. Misfortune has followed misfortune, and her distress has been not entirely financial. Her son, William Sprague, was corrupted by his own father, and after an unsuccessful career in art and journalism committed suicide on the Pacific Coast. Her eldest daughter, Ethel, was educated for the stage, but made a failure under somewhat distressing circumstances, and now the end has come. The house and grounds at Edgewood will also be sold under foreclosure within a few months, unless a syndicate which has been organized to take them and lay them off in suburban lots completes a trade. Mrs. Chase lives a very retired life and her friends very seldom see her.

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HUNTINGTON'S COLLATERALS.

WHY THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC IS DRIFTING ON TO THE FINANCIAL ROCKS.

The bonds of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company are of three sorts, and I take them up in their order:

1. Southern Pacific sixes of 1875 and 1882. The value of these bonds is rather beside the question, for it is safe to say that Mr. Huntington has none of them, or at least none that he will part with for so ignoble a purpose as helping the credit of the company or securing its debts. They will not be offered as security for the needed loans. Their value therefore need not be discussed here.

2. The fives of 1888. Of these Mr. Huntington has doubtless a good stock on hand, but it is hardly probable that much money can be raised on them either in way of sale or loan. There were originally \$38,000,000 of them authorized, and the last annual report of the company represents that down to the close of 1893 as much as \$12,932,000 had been issued, but they must remain almost entirely still in first hands—for the security is one which no banker having any regard for his own good name could recommend to a constituent, and without some such recommendation things of the kind do not obtain currency or a recognizable market position. They were, I suppose, issued to the Pacific Improvement Company, and some moderate amounts of them have probably been traded off for property. A quotation for them has been created on the New York Stock Exchange, but that is an operation so easily effected by wash sales that few are deceived by it. The fact that the bonds have been practically withdrawn from the market, after issuing twelve millions of them, and this by so acute and daring a financier as Mr. Huntington, is to my mind, who know him well, conclusive that the attempt to float the loan was a failure. They can, however, be converted into fives of 1893 without more trouble than passing across the hall. For any one ready to lend on the latter, their merits and value form a material ingredient in those of the last named bond.

Following is their origin and history. To grasp its full significance, the reader must bear in mind that the principle on which the Southern Pacific road was built and its bonds issued was directly the converse of that generally pursued in the case of Eastern railroads. They—the Eastern roads—were constructed for the purposes of transportation, to fill a want in trade facilities, real or supposed, and the bonds were issued as a means of building the roads. Not so in the case of the Southern Pacific. That road was built in order to issue the bonds. Those of 1875 were issued at the rate of \$40,000 per mile. The construction of the road did not cost more than \$20,000 so there was a clear profit of \$14,000 per mile in bonds, beside the land grant and the stock. This was so enticing a business that the proprietors were not content with the profits made on that original issue, but went on to build various branch roads, spurs and feeders of various lengths, generally quite short (say five to twenty miles), but really excellent for the wants of commerce, but easy to construct and for that reason more desirable from the bond issuers' point of view. The building of each involved the organization of a new railroad company and the issuance of stock and the inevitable mortgage and accompanying bonds. In this way the concern found itself in 1888 owner of a mass of stock and bonds of some seventeen different railroads, in seventeen different parts of the State, having only one common feature or common interest, namely, that they all connected at some point with the Southern Pacific road, the rolling stock of which was used to operate them. To sell these bonds was a necessity and no easy task. Mr. Huntington's expedient in creating a market for the bonds of the Southern Pacific road was not so free from trouble as to invite its repetition seventeen times over, and yet as there were seventeen separate roads and as many separate mortgages, it was clear that the operation and expense of creating a market for each would have to be repeated that many different times—for the fact that the bonds of a road from Hillsdale to Almaden (47.71 miles long) were saleable at a given price threw no light whatever on the value of those of a road from Los Angeles to Santa Monica (16 miles), or one from San Miguel to Sanguis, or from Long Branch to Whittier, or from Berenda to Perry's ranch, and so on. And yet to secure a customer for the first bond, of an issue of which there are only a million in existence, is just as troublesome as if there were twenty or thirty times as many of the sort. Seventeen such undertakings surpassed even Mr. Huntington's power of endurance. A bright thought! Why not consolidate all these roads and melt down these seventeen mortgages into a single one, big enough to swallow them all up? Well, the objection is that to consolidate into one so many roads that have no physical connection with one another

will have a rather farcical appearance. It would be like a partnership between a butcher in one street or city, a baker in another, a tailor in a third, a saddler in a fourth, and so on, of seventeen tradesmen in as many different localities. Then, why not consolidate all of them with the Southern Pacific? They all connect with it some way or other, and by retaining the old name we get the benefit of the old company's former success and whatever credit or prestige it possesses. Agreed; that is the thing to do. Accordingly, in 1888, articles of consolidation were prepared, and these seventeen various companies were consolidated with the Southern Pacific under its old name and one new mortgage made for \$38,000,000 to take the place of these seventeen petty ones, the bonds under all of which were to be (and doubtless were) exchanged for those of the new mortgage.

It is, for Mr. Huntington's sake, to be regretted that any one connected with the Stock Exchange, or the Board of Brokers, should be so incredulous when offered a handsome bond like those covered by the Southern Pacific mortgage of 1888 as to inquire into particulars and details not mentioned in the prospectus. Yet, there are a few such people, and I imagine they must have made out that the mortgage covering these seventeen different roads was, after all, little, if anything, better than the seventeen separate ones it was intended to replace. There was then but one mortgage and one set of bonds, but the seventeen separate properties remained still the same and the purchaser at a foreclosure sale would, not the less, have seventeen separate properties in as many different localities and having nothing in common with one another except that they could all be used in connection with the Southern Pacific road, though not otherwise. That, of course, is not the sort of bond that is wanted in Wall street or California street, and those of 1888 did not take after all. Anybody who wants to lend money on them can, I imagine, have as many as he wants, but borrowers will probably be found more plentiful than lenders on such security.

The failure to secure purchasers for the bond of 1888 was probably what led to the mortgage of November 1st, 1893, with its corresponding bond issue. It is made, of course, by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and covers all its roads and branches, existing and contemplated, present and future, possible, probable and improbable, from about every place in California to almost every other place. With a mortgage of this sort, it is safe to treat all these impartially and leaves the reader to find out for himself how much of the property mortgaged is actual road, and how much imaginary or projected. It is equally wanting in precision with respect to the total amount of bonds to be issued under or secured by it. They are to be issued to take up all others now outstanding, as far as the bonds of the Southern Pacific road it can keep on issuing bonds, and I think it safe to say if the market is once got to accept these bonds the supply of them will not be withheld by Mr. Huntington. My computation is that some eighty-nine million in all may be issued under it; but there is a sweeping clause towards the end under which it would not surprise me to learn that I was below the mark by tens of millions more. When Vanderbilt was buying and Fisk and Gould were selling Erie, the street learned some things about those issues of securities of undefined amount which conservative men have not yet forgotten, and I think it safe to predict that the Southern Pacific will hardly have any better success with its blanket mortgage of 1893 than it had with that of 1888. Investors or their advisors look to what they will get on foreclosure of the mortgage before putting their money, or advising their clients to put money, into such securities.

To describe accurately what sort of title, and to what property a foreclosure of this mortgage of 1893 would give title, would take more of the *Letter's* space than a correspondent could reasonably ask. It is not a first mortgage on anything. It is a second mortgage on certain portions of road coming after the first of 1875, amounting to \$31,293,000. It is also a second mortgage on several of the branch roads, subject to the prior mortgage of 1888, of bonds amounting to \$12,932,000 are outstanding, and to other particular mortgages which that of 1888 was intended to replace, but has not yet done so, of which an aggregate of \$4,078,000 are admitted to be outstanding. And so on. Altogether it is a mortgage the foreclosure of which, if attempted, might be expected to occupy a lifetime. As to what rolling stock or equipment it affects, I doubt if Mr. Huntington himself could tell.

The whole fabric of Southern Pacific credits rests on faith. The concern is going steadily to leeward, as its own reports show, and it is only a question of time (and as it appears to me, of a very short time) when it will strike. Borrowers money to pay steadily increasing interest cannot surely last very long, and when that resource is exhausted, what comes next?

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 13.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

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The only people who are not made happier by the Christmas holidays are the cynics, and those so poor that general high spirits force their own the lower by the weight of contrast. Christmas is an institution to be approved by every one who has not a grudge against his race. It refreshes faith in the capacity of mankind to make moral as well as material progress, for it demonstrates that when the Christian world takes a day off and tries to be Christian, its effort meets with encouraging success. For one whole day Christ is honored by a real acceptance of his teachings—by the retirement of selfishness in favor of altruism. It is understood all round, of course, that when the Christian world agrees at this season to shake hands, be generous, charitable, frank, hearty and happy, no precedent shall be set for its conduct during the remainder of the year. Christ, no doubt, was quite right in all his precepts enjoining brotherly love, forgiveness of injuries, carelessness of the morrow, and the spiritual dangers of wealth; but the Christian world, while paying these precepts and their utterer the profoundest formal respect, has rejected them and him as impracticable. Fancy a Christian trying to do business on Front street, a Christian practicing law in San Francisco, or a Christian nation adopting Christian principles in its dealings with other nations! Cleveland and Gresham were guilty of trying it in the case of Queen Liliuokalani, and the anger, laughter and contempt which was their reward will teach American statesmen for a century to come that whatever may be the ideal for the individual in a Christian country, the national ideal is still strictly military. The citizen who is himself wholly commercial in pursuits and peaceable in conduct, yet wishes his government to be the knight in armor, touchy on the point of honor, ready to draw sword to resent an insult, and prepared to reach with both hands for the spoil of victory. The Christian nations of to-day yield obedience to the duelist's and not the Christian's code. They are as military in spirit as was the Rome in which Christ was crucified, and likewise as commercial as the soldiers who threw dice for his garments at the foot of the cross. Japan has adopted Christian civilization, and the Christian world's respect for her has risen incalculably since it has been

demonstrated that she has mastered the military methods of the peoples whose God is the Prince of Peace.

But there is nothing military, or commercial either, about the spirit of Christmas. That is why it dignifies life for a few hours. It is a time of gaiety; but it is pathetic, too, for it expresses the desire of humanity to be decent—to be trustful, open-handed and joyous. Most men, I am persuaded, would prefer to be all the time the human fellows they permit themselves to be at Christmas, but they don't dare. The conditions of ordinary life in Christian lands make it unsafe to be unselfish. The working rule of modern existence is every man for himself, with the devil of poverty reaching for the hindmost. Christmas is only a Truce of God. When it ends, the kindly man who is making all about him happy by the distribution of his dollars, will be out again in wolfish pursuit of dollars. It is his life's business to hunt dollars, as it is the Indian's to hunt game, and neither is scrupulous about the means employed to bring down the quarry. Dollars are good things to have and are worth the sacrifice of honest work to obtain—but they are not worth the sacrifice of heart and character, the habitual suppression of those warm impulses and generous sentiments that make Christmas beautiful. And just as the hunter's muscles harden as the result of his calling, so does the heart of the civilized man who participates in the battle for money. One has to be hard-hearted to succeed, and it is a fearful price to pay for success—the drying up of the springs of sympathy, the acquirement of the habit of being not a helper but a skinner of men. There are not many who suffer no pangs as they mark the hardening and narrowing of their own natures, but if a fortune is to be acquired, or a fine establishment is to be kept up, good sense commands that once a year, for a day or two, is all the freedom that can be allowed one's better part. There are others, natural beasts of prey, who rejoice in the life of plotting and grasping and stealing. These are the men who pile up the great fortunes. They are born with superior talents for the game. They are the posterity of the conquerors and spoilers of provinces, and the pirates who sailed the main.

The best of Christmas is that it reveals how perennial are natural sentiments, how good human nature is at bottom. It gives the lie to the cynical, who hold that before we can in reason expect the world to be much different from what it is, human nature must be changed; it inspires hope in the despairing, who find little ground for believing that humanity will ever be able to better greatly the social conditions which re-

sult in poverty for the nine hundred and ninety-nine and affluence for the one in a thousand. Yet, Christmas is only the display in a large and superficial way of the good that is in men and women, which is manifested less strikingly though more deeply on all days.

The best advance the race has made is in humane feeling. The sight of suffering appeals to the heart more strongly, and smites the conscience more keenly, now than it ever did at any other time, I think. All who have any brains and do not armor themselves in selfishness, realize the cruelty and injustice of the existing social conditions; they realize, too, that it is a duty to do what lies in their power to remedy this injustice. How widespread is this realization of wrong and this recognition of duty the millions spent yearly in charity attest. Hospitals, almshouses, refuges, shelters—all of which are altruistic—multiply. Organizations for the systematic relief of the poor are part of every American community's functions. The work of distributing alms has become a profession to which a great army of men and women give their lives. The rich are neither unsympathetic nor stingy. Half convince them that money will do good anywhere, and they will give with both hands. See how in England wealth was poured out to General Booth of the Salvation Army, when he asked for it to found his factories and reformatory farms, though heaven knows, nobody with intelligence enough to acquire wealth can have much confidence in the intelligence of such an instrumentality, however zealous the drum-beating and uniform-wearing zealot may be. If it were in the power of charity to cure poverty, poverty would have vanished from off the earth long ago. Though the charitable continue to give, most of those who have heads are prompted to action by their hearts. Their judgment usually assents to the soundness of the doctrine that charity in the long run must but spread and intensify the very evils for whose extinction it is designed. But no one not soulless can be philosophical in the presence of a child crying for food, even if it is clear that to satisfy its hunger will encourage its parents in drunkenness and sloth by relieving them of their just responsibility. And let us be thankful that this is so—that human sympathy is stronger than the arguments of political economy. Were this not so, we should have no Christmas and no hospitals, and no almshouses, and no hope at all, let it be added, of a higher civilization than a strictly selfish and commercial one. The received philosophy that forbids charity is not nearly so profound as the instinctive philosophy of the sympathy which makes charity imperative

If hospitals and almshouses were abolished, and the hopelessly ill and incurably poor were painlessly put to death, society would be relieved of a heavy burden, wealth set free for profitable production, and the utilitarian gratified. But it is profoundly true that it is more blessed to give than to receive, for the reflex effect of doing kindness is to soften and elevate the natures of those who do it. And the more painful the sight, the thought, of suffering becomes to the world—the more progress the Christmas spirit makes toward permanent instead of fitful possession of the average man and woman—the sooner will arrive the time when the race will honestly grapple with poverty as a thing removable, a thing due to defective social mechanism, and not a thing imposed on us by the Almighty.

The inefficiency of alms as a weapon in the war upon want is borne in upon every reflective mind. The number grows of those who perceive that poverty is a social disease, the causes, not the symptoms of which should be attacked. When this becomes the general view of intelligent people, the first great step toward relief will have been achieved. Then such as have plans for the improvement of the social machinery will be heard respectfully instead of being ridiculed as cranks or silenced as disturbers. When such discoverers and inventors are met in something like the spirit that greets now the discoverer or inventor who offers improvements in the machinery of production, the world will be in a fair way rationally to expect the incoming of an era that will confer on it a Christmas a year long, instead of a day.

Is it extravagant to pray with faith for a social Edison—for a man of genius who shall be able to tell us why poverty blights human happiness and to devise means for its cure? It is not thinkable that science, which has worked such miracles in the physical field and created a new civilization, may be equally successful in the social field? When science was fighting its battles for the right to declare what was true, and its heroes—its Copernicus, its Galileo, its Bruno—were persecuted, I dare say it must have appeared to the average man quite as preposterous to expect a time when there would be no persecution of such innovators by the powerful, as it now seems to the average man that a time will be reached when social discoverers will be held in honor. Perhaps the world will persist in its good old practice of crucifying its Christs, but the signs are against that doleful view. I should like to be alive on December 25th, 1994, that I might know.

We may be sure that when the full energy of scientific thought and purpose are turned to social phenomena—when the brains of the race shall have wearied of the problems of production and give attention to the problem of distribution—the world will not be left in darkness as to why poverty has so far always accompanied progress. And when the general attack on causes begins in earnest it will begin low down, at the bottom. That attack was made in California by one man a good many years ago—a journalist with but a local reputation. Now his name is known throughout the earth and his disciples are numbered by the hundreds of thousands in this and other countries. All these disciples believe that Henry George has stated the cause of and proposed the cure for poverty. There came to me for a Christmas present the following letter, which I pass on to my readers as highly appropriate to the season when the sentiment of peace on earth and good will to men is not

scuffed at as a pretty but unrealizable abstraction.

Editor Arthur McEwen's Letter: About a month ago you stated that believers in the single tax are hopeful that their scheme will shortly be brought into practical politics. But you think this is not likely. As yet, we have not nominated candidates for office as a party, but have worked with the Democratic and People's parties, and in the recent election scores of single taxers were candidates for office—both national and State—and advocated taxing into the public treasury the rent of land. Besides this, Congressman Maguire's bill in Congress for the direct taxation of land values brings our principle, I think, into practical politics.

You assert quite properly that the single tax "is sound in theory, and whatever is sound in theory is, sooner or later, to receive respectful consideration." Believing, as you do, you should do all you can to encourage the discussion and hasten the adoption of this great moral reform with a fiscal name.

What is the single tax?

It is a tax on the value of land, irrespective of improvements, to the exclusion of all other taxes. The value of land is caused by increased competition for its use, and this is due to the growth of nature opportunities enclosed under the general economic system of land would either have to utilize the same by the employment of labor or abandon it to others. It would thus provide opportunities of work for all men and secure to each the full earnings of his labor.

It would lower rent.

It would raise wages.

It would encourage industries.

It would equalize opportunities.

It would thereby benefit all (except land speculators, as such).

It would compel investments in improvements, for every person owning any of those various forms of nature opportunities enclosed under the general economic system of land would either have to utilize the same by the employment of labor or abandon it to others. It would thus provide opportunities of work for all men and secure to each the full earnings of his labor.

It would as a result abolish involuntary poverty—which is the effect of low wages and unsteady employment—and the great intemperance and vice that spring from poverty and the fear of poverty.

It would return all future increase in the value of land to the public treasury, where it justly belongs, instead of as at present into the pockets of land speculators.

Yours truly,

W. L. CROSMAN.

Roxbury, Mass., Dec. 19, 1894.

The San Francisco *Examiner* has honored itself by the manner in which it has taken up the cause of hapless children and procured the means for the erection of a hospital for incurables. The fund which is the fruit of its efforts amounts to the imposing sum of \$24,000. That so much money could be got for a single charity proves again the generosity of the people of San Francisco, whether times be hard or not. Half the fund was derived from the Christmas edition of the *Examiner*, edited wholly by fashionable ladies, and in all its local features written by them, too. They also procured a great many pages of advertisements, and as Mr. Hearst contributed the use of his establishment and paid all the expenses of the issue, the gross receipts, about \$12,000, go the fund. The enterprise, viewed in its benevolent aspect, admits only of hearty applause, and I am quite sure that Mr. Hearst and the women who gave their time and exertions to the production of the Christmas paper, enjoy the warmest appreciation of the public.

The charity was a magnificent success, but the paper itself—Oh Lord! One has to put aside every thought of gallantry in order to speak of it with any truth. But it is right that gallantry should be put aside, for during the past month the world has been invited to wait for the appearance of a journal that would show what women—women of the Four Hundred—could do with the pen when they were given an opportunity to exercise their talents. The newspapers of the whole country, as well as the people of California, have been waiting to see. They have seen, and San Francisco's society will hear from

the newspapers, unless they are too polite to be candid.

As a newspaper merely, the Christmas *Examiner* was an absurdity, for the news problem was solved by the simple process of leaving nearly all of it out. But that doesn't matter. One may have plenty of brains, and yet not know what news is. For the rest, the paper was a rag-bag of contributions from literary women of repute outside of California, and from a few inside it. The work of these professionals was up to the standard, of course, but otherwise the paper, was without form and void. One marvels that a group of women, representing that level of society usually called the best, and blessed with all the facilities for culture which wealth bestows, should have been able to meet daily for a month to discuss and decide upon the contents of a single newspaper and think of nothing new—absolutely nothing. They achieved but a dull and jumbled shadow of the ordinary newspaper. No plan was visible—no dominating, connecting idea. It was expected that the girls of the Four Hundred, like other girls, would be mischievously delighted at the chance to treat men to a dose of their own hortatory medicine. Miss (or is it Mrs.?) A. R. Wheeler in her first-page cartoon, showing two women in charge of the office and the male artist on his way out, the word "Deposed" beneath the picture, gave the hint of what might have been made to great advantage the keynote of the whole performance. A girl with the spirit of fun in her, and even a slender endowment of intelligence, could have devised a "Men's Page," for instance, formed on the model of the statutory "Women's Page," that would have been amusing. But there seems to have been no desire to be amusing. And it is wonderful how so many girls, going about under the wings of reporters and seeing rights that must have been strange to them, received no impressions at all that they were impelled to record. Not a spark of talent was developed. The stupidest professional reporters in the town, if playing at being women, could have turned out an immeasurably better paper for the flower of the Four Hundred. It is really astonishing. It can't be, of course, that there are not bright girls in the fashionable circle, and women with intellects, but it is a solemn fact that they didn't deign to sparkle or think for their number of the *Examiner*. Editorially, the paper was nearly as gravely vapid as the *Chronicle* is every day. The ladies were let into the journalistic intrenchments and not one of their generals had the wit to order the guns to be turned on the common enemy, Man. It is to be feared that the commanders were more solicitous about the social standing than the mental capacity of their aids, applying to journalism the rules of selection which govern them when they make out an invitation list to a five-o'clock tea. It is too horrible to think that the brains of the Four Hundred had a flair chance. Yet one of the editorials, entitled "Equal Rights to Equal Men" upholds the thesis that poverty has no right to complain, since it is ability that gets the higher reward which excites mindless envy. The argument is, in effect, that the laborer who gets \$1 a day is as justly remunerated as the more brainy man of affairs who gets \$100 a day. If I do not misunderstand the lady, then, the amount of money one earns is the gauge of his intellectual worth. This standard must, of course, be applied to women, also. It follows, therefore, that since the Four Hundred has the most money it has the most brains—and that the Christmas *Examiner* was the dazzling mirror of the Four Hundred's intellect.

San Francisco will not accept the Christmas exhibition as the very best that the local aristocracy can show when it opens the riches of its mind for the inspection and instruction of the plebs. There must be women of fashion here who have minds to think and hearts to feel—and this *Examiner* was as cold in feeling as it was dense in intelligence. There must be swell girls with warm blood and a touch of humor and power to get ideas from new sights. For the sake of the Four Hundred, we have to believe that these women and girls were not invited to the journalistic tea-party. It would be gratifying and fitting if the humiliation of the Christmas edition were to provoke an aristocratic rebellion, and result in some literary outbreak designed to remove the reproach of absolute vacuity from the Brahmin caste. It will not do to let the mob on the sides and at the foot of the social Sinai believe that when written tablets are vouchsafed from the summit they roll down with nothing on them that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cares to read, or couldn't write.

The *Examiner* has for every Christmas season a new charity, and is fertile in the invention of novelties; yet, it is not, I presume, above accepting a respectful suggestion. The "women's paper" excited enormous anticipatory curiosity. One hundred and thirty thousand copies were sold within twenty-four hours. Next year, if the *Examiner* were to issue an edition written and edited, without assistance, by the proprietors of the newspapers of San Francisco, it would, I think, be equally productive of curiosity and coin. And there is reason to expect that it would be as good, and even better than the edition which resulted from the exertions of the ladies of society.

The Catholic Church in the United States, notwithstanding its great membership, enormous wealth and complete liberty, is given to making complaint that it is persecuted by being subjected to the suspicion that it is out of harmony with the American spirit. Its inability to see any reason whatever for this suspicion is frequently expressed by its clergy in their contributions to the secular magazines, and ceaselessly in the church's newspapers. At the recent elections a hostile organization, the "A. P. A.," made itself felt at the polls in many States. All but a very few Catholics choose to regard it as a mere outbreak of bigotry, equal in ignorance and fury and general detestableness to the bigotry which wrecks Protestant churches in Spain now and again, and commonly characterizes the Catholic church in countries where it is supreme and where a modern public opinion does not mitigate the zeal of its children. Doubtless there is plenty of that sort of bigotry in the "A. P. A.," but no intelligent Catholic who has the courage to be frank with himself remains blind to the fact that there are millions of Americans who cannot be made to see anything more offensive in bigotry when it is on one side of the fence than when it is on the other—Americans who have been educated in the common schools and know something of history, and believe thoroughly that the less any church has to do with politics the better it will be for the country. Such Americans will always be found ready to rebuke the offending church, no matter what its name. If these votes usually go against the Catholic church, as in November last, that is not because of distaste for its theology, but because of all the religious sects the Catholic is the most formidable in organization and the most efficient for political action. The priest is an officer of a regular army, whose soldiers

are drilled and disciplined, whereas a minister is only the captain of a militia company, elected to such command as he exercises by the votes of his men. The Catholic church is one, the Protestant churches are many. The latter govern themselves, the former takes orders from Europe, and Popes before now have held that duty to country is secondary to duty to the church. The average American, when of the Protestant or no faith, represents the sight of great bodies of his fellow-citizens yielding obedience to commands from a foreign authority. Even when their knowledge of the age in which they live forbids them to believe that the Sovereign Pontiff could do this republic any harm, were he so minded, they yet feel an instinctive repugnance at witnessing an obedience that seems to them servile. They think it un-American, and that the church which yields this obedience in matters of faith and morals will bear watching in matters of politics. It is not agreeable to their pride, their sense of national independence, that any potentate in the old world, even His Holiness the Pope of Rome, should have a voice, for instance, in directing how the education of the children of the United States shall be conducted.

The jealousy of patriotism has much more to do with the suspicion in which the Catholic church is held than has Protestant prejudice. It is easily comprehensible how a Catholic American, conscious of being as loyal a citizen as any of his neighbors, should be indignant at having his loyalty questioned. As a man of common sense he knows that the "possible case" with which he is often affronted—whether if he had to give his allegiance to his church or his country, he would adhere to his church—is a practical absurdity. Nevertheless, he does "take orders from the outside," and so comes to seem a less free American than his non-Catholic neighbor, who decides for himself questions that are determined by others for the citizen of the Roman communion.

It is customary to regard the government of the church as a marvel of worldly wisdom, but it manages to bring unnecessary fights on its hands in a way that causes the unregenerate to wonder. It was sufficiently well known that the Catholic church does not approve of secret societies, but it is likewise of common knowledge that the church in this country is more in need of new friends than of new enemies, and, to the carnal mind, good policy would have suggested the expediency of letting sleeping dogs lie till a more convenient season came for delivering them a rousing kick. Yet here comes an edict from Rome placing the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Sons of Temperance under the ban. The dispatches say, in substance, that no American citizen who joins any of those orders can get to heaven with the church's consent. Rome may have what are to it excellent reasons for disapproving of secret societies, and the privilege of uniting with them may not be a high one, but such as it is the ordinary American citizen feels that he should be at liberty to exercise it if he so chooses.

The first effect of this surprising command from Rome is to amuse, of course, for secret societies are not taken with awful seriousness in the United States. There is abroad a belief among those who do not possess the grip and password that the mysteries guarded are not of a tremendous sort. I doubt if, as a mere matter of news—all other considerations aside—an American

newspaper would give space to the ritual and all the occult terrors of the Masonic or any other lodge. The societies are looked upon here as being simply mutual benefit organizations, whose ceremonies and practical activities take the place with zealous members that the churches once did with men of their caliber. American Catholics know all this perfectly well, and I dare say the malign importance given the societies by the condemning Vatican strikes the common sense of these citizens as it does the common sense of other Americans—that is to say, as absurd. But the gregarious clerk when next he dons the military uniform of the non-military Knight of Pythias and marches in a procession that has precisely the significance of that of the initiative small boys strutting after it, will enjoy the enlarging consciousness of being alarming to the Pope of Rome, and so far ought to feel grateful. But the Knight inevitably will be educated in opposition to the Roman church, for the church has made him aware that she counts him an enemy. When she supplicates for votes to protect her from the "A. P. A." and other monsters, the Knight will take pleasure in disoblighing her. And this applies to all the gentlemen who turn out in their regalia at intervals to do fancy marching for prizes—though why gentlemen who carry no arms and associate themselves for business and social advantage, and to care for their sick and bury their dead, should march for prizes, or march at all, is one of those small mysteries which mildly confound the thoughtful outsider. Perhaps it is one of the few avenues left by an unpicturesque civilization for the expression of that love of the beautiful which moves the Pinte to smear his countenance with paint and stick a feather in the band of his fourth-hand plug hat.

The secret societies have not, so far as the American public is advised, made any demonstrations of late against Mother Church; that Mother Church, therefore, should have suddenly determined to advertise her disesteem for them does not impress the judicious as being either more timely, wise or dignified than if she had suddenly excommunicated Juggler Hermann for practicing sorcery, and forbidden the sacraments to such of the faithful as ventured to patronize the exhibitions of his devil's tricks. Taken together with the cures reported from New York through the miraculous efficacy of a fragment of the wrist of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary, the blast at the secret societies must increase the prevalent feeling in this country that the Catholic church is scarcely modern enough to be in tune with the American spirit. And this feeling is not restricted to those without the pale of the church. How many educated Catholics in San Francisco really believe in those New York miracles? And how many Catholics in this American city believe that their neighbors who go to the lodges and display themselves in aprons and gold-embroidered collars are dark conspirators, whose designs are of a nature to justifiably scare the Pope? Isn't the ordinary Catholic here privately of the opinion that if His Holiness lived in San Francisco instead of in Rome, the Masons and Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias and Sons of Temperance would cease to worry him?

It is not a profitable thing for a church to seek opportunities to jar upon the common sense of the time, and it is partly because this is done by the Catholic church in such performances as the edict against the infelicitous secret societies and the New York miracles that it does not enjoy that all-round

confidence and respect of the people which it would like to possess, and of the withholding of which it complains. Regarding its plan of political persecution there is a sure remedy for that within reach. If Catholics, as Catholics, would keep out of politics, there would be no anti-Catholics in politics to plague them. Were the church invariably to employ its influence to discredit such of its members as endeavor to make use of their connection with it a plea for getting votes, the only respectable reason for the existence of the "A. P. A." would disappear.

It is too much to ask of any church, of course, that it shall abandon belief in miracles, but until the age of faith returns to replace the age of science that has succeeded it, no church which values cordial relations with the intelligence of the time will work any. We have no miracles in San Francisco. The reason for heaven's neglect of its white New York is frequently favored, is to be found in the difference which exists in the mental grade of the two cities. Miracles, a profound writer has pointed out, occur only where they are expected to occur and will be believed in when they happen.

Although the Legislature is to meet within a few days, and will perform the function of electing a Senator of the United States, there is scant interest shown. The candidates and their managers and immediate followers are alive to the situation, of course, but the press and the people are languid. It is not settled, so far as the public know, who is to be Senator, and a contest is expected. But the people are indifferent. The contest imports nothing to them that they can control. They and the newspapers take it for granted that the Senatorship will be purchased, but they are aware that no bidder will attend the auction without the permission of Mr. Collis P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Therefore, it doesn't matter much to the people of California which of Mr. Huntington's vassals is allowed to buy the honor of a seat in the Senate of the republic. The most they feel prompted to do is to hope that a person who is presentable in civilized society, and who would not bring ridicule as well as disgrace on the State, will be given the privilege of bidding in the prize.

I call the attention of the press of the United States to this shameful spectacle. It reveals the moral state to which California has been brought by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, which is C. P. Huntington. The corruption of our politics has gone on until even the desire to conceal crime has been outgrown.

The arrival among us of Sir Rivers Wilson, the representative of the British holders of stock in the Central Pacific, has been treated by the newspapers as a small event, and it is. It was known before Sir Rivers came that he was animated by the single businesslike desire to do the best he could for his clients, and that to serve this purpose he stood ready to clasp hands with Mr. Huntington and let the American people pay the bill. Sir Rivers is opposed to the Reilly Funding bill, because its terms are not favorable enough to the stockholders! If Congress shall legislate in the interest of the United States, and not under the guidance of the railroad lobby, American and British, a welcome of a different kind will be prepared for Sir Rivers Wilson against another day. For in that case the gentleman will come again, but clothed in thunder and bent on vengeance as a possible means of retrieving cash. If the British stockholders, that is to

say, are not permitted to put their hands, by favor of the Reilly bill, into our national pockets, they will be in a state of mind to demand why Mr. Huntington had the temerity to put his hands into theirs. So long as Sir Rivers' clients can hope to recoup from the government any considerable part of what has been stolen from them, they will continue to ally themselves with their despoiler. Otherwise they will be ready to join with honest Americans in endeavoring to compel Mr. Huntington to disgorge. He is too old now, and too rich, to allow the indulgence of the hope that he can ultimately be got into jail.

Mr. Sutro has asked the public to share with him the burden of maintaining a committee at Washington to supply information to Congress, and otherwise fight the Reilly Funding bill, or any other proposition to relieve the subsidized roads of their obligations to the government, but the response has been feeble. Mr. Sutro will be required to defray the cost of this committee again as he did at the last session of Congress. He has more public spirit, and does more work for the commercial interests of San Francisco and the State than all the chambers of commerce and boards of trade who pretend to be the special guardians of those interests. If he were in the Senate, co-operating with Maguire in the House, no funding bill could pass without the country being made vividly aware of the nature and extent of the crime being perpetrated. The patriotic energy of this one man in fighting the corporation that rots and degrades California, and which is desperately determined on defrauding the national government on a colossal scale, should move Californians to mortification and rouse them to defensive action. When Governor Budd takes his seat I look for him to join Adolph Sutro in this battle and give the weight of his official position to a protest to Congress against the equally impudent and dishonest funding scheme.

China is not alone in appalled surprise at the happening of the unexpected. Those who walked among us in pride under great hairy thatches, the admired of all admirers, forked and skirted, and scorned the world in their confidence, utter their college cries now in the still, small voice of those whose combs have been cropped. Twenty-four to four! It was done by Chicago—done on Christmas day and done to Stanford. Therefore it could have been done to Berkeley. California, it seems, can't play football any better than China can fight. Before the war Li Hung Chang was a great statesman; now it is known that had he been a house servant he couldn't have made a worse failure. Being a Chinaman, Li Hung Chang will close the eyes of his consciousness to the unpleasant truth and seek to keep the same from the late revering multitude. But the students of Stanford and Berkeley are not Chinamen, and therefore the cropping of their combs will do them good. Learn, ingenuous youth, from what has happened, that remoteness from the world is apt to engender false ideas of relative excellence in more things than football. The great man of the village would not be great in the town. The wise slogger in these telegraphic days does not vaunt himself as champion because he can whip every one in his county. Until he tries his fists on the mighty from abroad he refrains from rating himself. California is but an American colony on the Pacific shore of the Union, and being denied quick and constant means of comparison, is prone to erect her own standards in all things, after the Chinese fashion. Not until the test of measurement with other standards is made can it be

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learned whether ours are high or low. Old Californians who have traveled have learned this, with no diminution of love for their State, but with much reduction of provincial pride in it. The beginning of wisdom is to shun vanity, and unless one will do that voluntarily, the best good that can happen to him is to have it knocked out of him, even as Chicago has knocked it out of Stanford, and, therefore, out of Berkeley. Hereafter our boys will play better ball, but it won't seem as fine ball to them as the old ball that hadn't been tried against foreign and superior ball. The young gentlemen of the Chicago University have conferred a favor on California, for which, perhaps, California's heart is too sore just at present adequately to thank them. We thank them—and wish them well, these pork-nurtured football fiends, and entertain the generous hope that when they leave us the swelling which they have removed from the heads of our colleagues will not be transferred to their own for transportation East.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

It's the experience of the world in all ages that men, no matter to what position they may have attained, fall at times into moments of depression, under the influence of which they regard all earthly distinctions as vanity. I don't escape these unpleasant periods myself, and as I sat on Christmas at the Pacific Union, toasting my toes at the fire in the reading room, where only a few dead fellows were, I couldn't help letting my head fall into my hands and wondering sadly whether, after all, it is worth while—I mean everything. The club was nearly deserted, for all the married men were at home, and the young fellows were at the family tables, and I felt lonely and—yes, begad—old. I've had a brilliant career, and though wealth has not come to me my social position is to be envied by any man, but I wondered at the grate if I hadn't perhaps been mistaken in living for pleasure and fashion instead of forming those ties which I've always regarded as so decidedly hampering. There's something to be said, I admit, in favor of a wife and family, though I've ever taken the other side. Not when you're young, you understand, and in the heyday of life, for then, egad, the world's so full of enjoyment that a man's an ass to miss any of it by jailing himself with a woman and a parcel of children; but, confound me, when youth's past it would—it really would—be agreeable on the whole to have stout sons to lean on, and daughters, and affection, and all that. Doubtless these reflections were due to my temperament, which is naturally unselfish and loving, and I was very glad when Fargo laid down his paper and asked me if I'd join him in a game of pedro. A more open-handed fellow than Fargo doesn't exist, and I wish I'd half of what I know he'd spent for gifts—would keep me for a year—but as he shuffled the cards he said:

"Well, Persiflage, it's a Christmas, eh?"

"Yes," I agreed, "it's Christmas."

"Well," said he, "what d'ye think of Christmas?"

"Hang Christmas," said I.

"We'll have a drink on that, Persiflage," he said. And when the bottle of Cresta Bedamca came we looked at each other unsmilingly over the rims of our goblets, and said nothing more, but played our game in silence.

Egad, my friend De Young is Napoleonic in his vanity. Of course we all know of his eminence in business, journalism and society, but who the deuce would have looked to him to appear on the Field of the Cloth of Gold as the champion of good morals in politics? Yet he's done it, and done it in capital style, too. If you haven't read his rebuke in Thursday's *Chronicle* to the *Examiner* for its flippant and unbecoming assumption that the man who gets the Senatorship must buy it, do so, and refresh yourself.

"Harry," I said to him yesterday, "I congratulate you. I didn't think you had it in you. Everybody at the clubs agrees with you. We all know, of course, that the Senatorship must be purchased, but it was startling to see a newspaper accepting the fact without a trace of indignation and altogether as a thing for playful treatment. You have laid on the lash as it deserved to be laid on."

"Yes," said Harry, in that composed way in which he listens to compliments, as if you were

HER POINT OF VIEW.

CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, TENSIVON'S MADE IN '94.

I.

"Come into the garden, Mand,
 "For the black bat, night, has flown,
 "Come into the garden, Mand,
 "I am here at the gate alone;
 "And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 "And the musk of the rose is blown."

II.

In an upper window appeared a light,
 And I saw the old man's head.
 "You're wasting your time, my poet bright;
 "The girl isn't home," he said;
 "She's got a scoop on the town to-night,
 "And the girls are painting it red."

"A woman's crazy quilt!"—these were Jack's first words as he looked over the Christmas *Examiner*. "How can you say so!" I exclaimed. "Did you ever see any better illustrations in your life?"

"Oh, the illustrations are not bad; decidedly good I should say, but—Great Scott! Holy Moses! Ring the police alarm! Call up the Society for the Suppression of Vice!"

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"And that's the sort of pictures women serve up to children, eh?" Jack went on.

I looked over his shoulder and found that he was looking at the page devoted to "Living Picture and Low-Cut Gown Controversy." I confess that I was somewhat startled myself as I saw a picture of a woman whose bodice revealed everything that could be revealed. I looked closer and underneath the cut were these words: "The kind you can forgive."

But I don't remember ever to have seen in the *Examiner* a set of pictures of a more suggestive and less modest nature. I didn't tell Jack this, for I was determined not to let him run down the paper.

"That shows very good newspaper sense," I said.

"They had to have something in the paper to interest you men."

"I should have interested as more if there was something to read in the paper," growled Jack.

"Where's the news in the infernal sheet?"

"What's that," I asked, "if it isn't news?" pointing to an article headed "Is it a divorce?"

"And there's the water-front news and a whole page and a half of telegraphic news. Besides, this wasn't supposed to be a regular everyday newspaper. I'm sure that's very interesting—that article about Burlingame. And see the amount of society news they have."

Jack turned to the society page and began to read. Suddenly he broke into a laugh. "Let me read you the society news," he said. "Hear this: 'Mrs. Gus Spreckels mourns the loss of a beautiful diamond star, one of the many she wore at Mrs. Hager's ball.' Now that should have been headed, 'Wonder who stole it?' And here's another: 'The friends of Ogden Hoffman will be glad to hear that he has been appointed superintendent of a mine in Siskiyou County.' Poor Hoffman will feel happy to know that his friends are glad he is going so far away."

"Those things are all very slight mistakes," I replied. "I have no doubt you could find equally great blunders in any issue of the *Examiner*. Why, only the other day I saw the headings on two long articles transposed, and it was marked by nothing funny. Have you anything to find fault with in the articles by Miss Bonner, Miss Michelson, Mrs. Atherton, Juliet Tompkins and the others who have written stories and sketches?"

"Nothing at all," he answered, greatly to my surprise. "I was delighted for a minute, but he soon cooled all by advising that 'it was marked by nothing funny.' They would be as appropriate in the July issue of a Texas magazine. If women had the necessary sense," he continued, as he paced up and down the room, "they could run newspapers and do a lot of other things they now think that they could do as well as men. I hope this paper will be a lesson to the world. It contains no news, is marked by nothing original, is almost obscene on one page, and is idiotic on several others. It's a pity they didn't let Mrs. Louis Sloss fill the whole thing with advertising, for there's nothing to criticize in the English of the advertisements."

Since this talk with Jack I have carefully read the paper, and I must confess to great disappointment. I had hoped that our society ladies would show some capacity for the work they had undertaken. I have seldom seen the inside of a newspaper office, and have no knowledge of newspaper work save such as I have gained by more or less careful reading of newspapers; but I can see defects and mistakes in the *Examiner* which a child could see but notice. The headings are not uniform, and

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boring him a little by repeating his own thoughts "Yes, he's a good 'un."

"Who's a good one?"

"That new editorial writer of mine. He can stand 'em off, I guess, when it comes to mul-sting-in'. That swipe at Democratic bodil'n' was fine, eh?"

"The moral tone of the whole article was unexceptionable," I agreed, "and it is to be regretted that the Senatorial situation it pictures isn't true—that there won't be any buying," I cried, shaking his hand again.

"That's all right, Persiflage," said Harry, his eye wandering. "It was a pretty good get-back, I must say, and now I hope Hearst will let us Republicans alone when we are attending to our own business and fixing up the Senatorship to suit ourselves."

"And how grateful the Legislature must be to you," I went on, with the sincere enthusiasm I felt.

"Dye think so?" inquired Harry, brightening instantly. "How's that, Persiflage?"

"Why, my dear fellow, who wouldn't value a certificate of good character from you?"

"Did—and the article says the Legislature was straight and—and that sort of thing?"

"Why, certainly."

"Gad," said Harry, "I'll have to read it over again. It struck me as being the usual guff—tuff, you know—but if it struck you as new, I'll have to go over it."

"Now, as coming from you," I explained, "and I'll tell you what, Harry, you never made a better stroke in your life than when you seized the opening the *Examiner* gave you to read it a merited lesson in primary morals. Hang me, if you aren't the cleverest man I know. Do Young."

"Persiflage," he said, linking his arm in mine, "when 'En Senator, I'll need a private secretary, and—"

But what followed was too sacred for print.

I own that there is no person more objectionable to me than the girl who sets up to be clever and sarcastic and biting, and that sort of thing. It's bad form. Wit has its place, of course, but it should not come from pretty lips or be displayed in society—really good society, that is. I have ever rebuked it, and ever shall. Only the other evening I dropped in at a somewhat miscellaneous function given in a public hall, and engaged in conversation with my young protégée Cosgrave of the *Wave*.

A young woman, with an unpleasant reputation for brightness, tripped up and accosted us both. Notwithstanding her mental powers, she wore a very decollete gown, and her shoulders are certainly remarkably fine.

"Mr. Persiflage," she said, with what was meant to be charming audacity, "how well you look, and how young, too. Can you direct me to Ponce de Leon's spring?"

It was not that I minded in the least this allusion to my age—though that was ill-bred—but I determined to give her a lesson.

"Madam," I said, fixing her with my sternest gaze, "when you come to need the elixir of youth you will perish."

She gave a violent start, turned pale and, screaming violently between a wild and disorderly dance around the room.

Everything was thrown into confusion and everybody was frightened.

Filled with regret for the sharpness of my language, I was making my way toward the room into which the girl had retired.

"Where are you going?" demanded Cosgrave, slipping from the throng and facing me.

"To apologize, of course," I said. "I had no idea that what I said would sting her so."

"What you said!" growled Cosgrave; "why, you old ass, it was a piece of carbon that dropped from the electric light and went down her back!"

"Old ass, sir!" I cried, ready to disgrace myself by a scene of violence.

But the young fellow, who had been in a paucal about the girl, like everybody else except myself (for I always keep my head), apologized at once.

I venture to think that that clut has learned something. She will think twice now before giving rein to her tongue and twitting a gentleman past his youth on his years.

PERSIFLAGE.

When Dean Farrell was preaching to the prisoners at Adelaide Stockade, Australia, many years ago, the authorities once got word that an insurrection had been planned by the prisoners to take place during the service, the one agreed on being the first prayer of the Litany. The Dean was duly instructed to fall on his knees and stay there, and if necessary the warders would fire over his head. When he reached "O God, the Father of Heaven" the Dean duly dropped, but the trouble didn't come off, and his reverence went right on through the Litany, the Collects, Communion, Baptism, Confirmation, Marriage-service, Visitation of the Sick, and was in the middle of the order for the Burial of the Dead when he was pointed out that no trouble had eventuated, so the Dean arose, and the service was concluded.

some are in very poor English. There is little news, as Jack says, and what there is appeals to women, and to women of the same social set almost exclusively. The world to which the paper is addressed is the world of Van Ness and Pacific avenues. I had expected the women would put some heart and sympathy into the paper, but it is unusually cold. There is a noticeable lack of feeling in the whole sheet. It is superficial and really silly in some places. There is less of scandal than in most papers nowadays, but on the whole its moral tone is not elevated above that of the ordinary newspaper, so far as I can see.

I turned to the editorial page with high hopes. Here, I said to myself, I shall find matter which will prove that women are capable of thinking real thoughts and putting them into good, strong English. I began at the very top editorial and just with this sentence: "We have put our hearts, souls and energies abroad for this great purpose" (charity). I turned from the woman who puts her heart and energies abroad to the woman who wrote in the last column on "self-Respect as a Lost Factor." From this remarkable editorial I quote a few selected passages, and I leave you to judge if he held above the reach of base desires and baser actions, seems to have been relegated to the limbo of the obsolete. "Is not the white flower of failure better than the soiled flower of success?" "The greatest degradation a man can suffer is not to be conscious of his degradation. Consider Dante's Inferno, whose various circles, rings, pits and belts represent the conditions of human beings, not so much as they may after death, but in the living, breathing and active life. Is it true that *ex infembris nulla est redemptio*?"

But between the first and the last columns I found sensible, strong and well-reasoned editorials. Those on the negro problem in the South, the rights of employes and the woman question are just worthy of print in any publication. There are a few lines in the editorial on women which I must quote, so fairly do they present the position of conservative and thoughtful women: "There are many kinds of work in the municipality which require great conduct and energy, and which could woman take a part in them, and in which, when taken they have shown marked ability. Who should be more interested in educational matters than the woman; in sanitation, whether at the street corners or elsewhere; in the case of criminal women, papers and the insane; in art—commissioners for the beautifying of the city; in the disposal of saloons and the extirpation of places like Dupont street?"

"There is no use in saying that Man, the creature with the capital M, would not permit it. Man has always permitted to woman whatever she has asked. Gladly has he welcomed her to his side in all great and noble causes; gladly has he admitted her to his society; gladly does he submit himself to her influence. In all ages man and woman have risen and fallen together, and there has been no period in history where woman, for good or evil, for strength or for weakness, has not been the power behind the throne, when she has so desired."

And now I have a suggestion to make to the *Examiner*, or to any other paper that is interested in showing woman's capacity for newspaper work: Give an issue to the working women, the school teachers, the stenographers and the clerks—and let the people judge as between the product of the two. Which do you think would be the newsmen, brighter, more dignified and interesting?

I told Jack of my happy idea. "But the ads, my dear," you forget the ads."

"I repeated," I repeated, "what are ads?"

"Advertisements—those were the things the women were after, and they got them. The school teachers and the clerks couldn't ask the bankers out to dinner and then hold them up for a half page at double rates. Society may like to read about itself, but it also pays for the fun."

Jack is regular wet blanket on all my schemes.

But, after all, why should we have expected so much from this Christmas *Examiner*? The women who planned it promised no innovations and pretended to no surprising intellectuality. They gave their time to the cause of charity, and no matter what kind of a paper they produced they did nobly. If women who could merely write were wanted, others could have been called upon who might have done better. But society is not a special training school for journalism. When will people learn that the standard of society is manners, and neither morals nor mind? We ask a man not how correct his habits are nor how true a philosophy he has, but how perfect his deportment and how clean is which he moves? It does not mean that the man is a dunce because he is in society, nor does it mean that he is a scholar. It does not mean that a woman is extraordinarily clever. But she must know how to bear and demean herself in all social gatherings. Heaven knows that we need society

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A NEW VIEW OF OREGON'S GOVERNOR.

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

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AND FOR
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BELOW WHOLESALE COST.
DAYS.
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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,
532 California St., cor. Webb.

For the half-year ending with the 31st of December, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eighth-teenths ($4\frac{8}{16}$) per cent. on term deposits and four (4) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, the 2d day of January, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE STUFFER'S LAMENT.

Gone are the good old days
When we did sing in praise
Round Buckley's throne.
Gone are those happy days
When we sought means and ways
This land to own.

Come are the days of grief
When but to be a thief
Brings no renown.
Come are the days of grief
When order of the chief
Calls no one down.

When will this land be free
And men have liberty
To help their friends?
When will the land be free,
And stuffer honored be
For aid he lends?

We were a noble band,
Who bravely took our stand
Bound to prevail.
But now, that noble band
May in a few days land
Basely in jail.

NATHAN KNIGHT.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

RECEIVED BY MORE OR LESS PROMINENT MEN AND WOMEN ON DECEMBER 25TH, '94.

Grover Cleveland:—Barrel of sugar; from Mr. Havemeyer.

W. Q. Gresham:—Bottle of Kentucky's best; from Queen Lil.

John G. Carlisle:—Poker deck; from the Baltimore bankers.

Attorney-General Olney:—Retainer; from two new railroad clients.

Secretary Bissell:—A case of Prof. Bunco's famous anti-fat.

David B. Hill:—A photograph of Judge Maynard; from the New York Bar Association.

Senator Gorman:—A handsomely engrossed testimonial; from his friend Matt Quay.

Governor-elect Budd:—A photograph repeating the words, "Are ye in Jim?" from many who want to get in.

Adolph Sutro:—C. P. Huntington's head on a charger.

Judge Harrison:—Edition de luxe of Philbrook's brief; from the author.

M. H. de Young:—A tooth from a horse that Napoleon once rode.

Dan Burns:—A treatise on "How not to do it," by W. W. Stow, Esq.; from the author.

Jerry Lynch:—Case of Cuesta Bedamca; from Persiflage.

Senator Mahoney:—Suit of convict's clothes; from Citizen's Defense Association.

Governor Markham:—Microscope, with which to find the good opinion of those who elected him.

Queen Victoria:—Copy of "She;" from the Prince of Wales.

Frances E. Willard:—Living picture—Mrs. Cleveland breaking a bottle of wine over a ship's bows.

Dr. Parkhurst:—A photograph of himself playing leap frog at the beginning of the crusade; from Tammany.

Col. Andrews:—A new wig; from his friends Major Stonehill and Persiflage.

Mr. Lease:—Broom, dust pan and improved potato peeler; from his wife.

Annie Laurie:—A kiss; from Little Jim.

Dr. Harkness:—A Dodo; from appreciative members of the Academy of Sciences.

Benj. Harrison:—Letters from Wm. McKinley and Czar Reed refusing to run for the Presidency in '96.

Wm. McKinley:—Letters from Benj. Harrison and Czar Reed refusing to run for the Presidency in '96.

Czar Reed:—Letters from Wm. McKinley and Benjamin Harrison refusing to run for the Presidency in '96.

"Dick" McDonald:—Plan of the walls around San Quentin; from Seneca Swalm.

NICKELS.

Lord Chancellor Bethell after leaving an English seaside hotel delivered himself thus to a friend: "I came down here for change and rest. The waiter's kept the change and the landlord's got the rest."

A scoffer in one of General Booth's meetings in

Chicago yelled, "Why don't you work for a living?" "I do" was the response—I am on the job for the Lord, working piece work."

Col. "Jim" Scott of the *Herald* is Chicago's Chauncey Depew for story telling. His latest is of a man whose wife was reproaching him for his fondness for and indulgence in poker. "But, my dear," remonstrated the husband, "it is a very modest game, and we have only a 10-cent limit." "But, why, Charles," urged his wife pleadingly, "why have any limit at all?"

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a brother John, who, though all the world does not know it, was quite as witty as his brother. Brother John was once discussing the physiological fact that after fifty years of age men become appreciably smaller. By a gradual settling process they will lose in thirty years possibly a quarter of an inch in height. He pointed out in a fanciful picture the strange effects in the early days of the world. "Imagine," he said, "men of biblical times who lived to be 500 or 1,000 years old thus growing shorter continually during the latter centuries of life. The settling we do in our brief lives must be but a bagatelle to the extended shortening process they endured. You can imagine Methusalem at the latter end of his span starting out of a morning and being saluted with: 'Good morning, Methusay; how do you find yourself?'"

"Oh, pretty well," would be the answer, 'pretty well for an old fellow, but I am bothered somewhat by my shoestrings getting in my eyes.'"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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AL. HAYMAN & CO., (Incorporated) Proprietors.
LAST NIGHTS, LAST MATINEES, LAST TIMES
in San Francisco.
DAVID HENDERSON'S AMERICAN EXTRAVAGANZA CO. IN
ALADDIN, Jr.
No one should miss it, and you can see it many times.
GRAND HOLIDAY MATINEE NEW YEARS DAY.
Bring the children.
Last Performance Sunday Night, January 6th.
Monday, Jan. 7th—A Season of Grand Opera.
THE MARIE TAVARY GRAND ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE ALHAMBRA CO. (Incorporated)
Proprietors
3 N. FOLSOM ST.,
San Francisco, Cal.
LAST WEEK.
Every Evening including Sunday.
2-MATINEES-2
Saturday and New Year's Day.
A Most Emphatic Hit
Sadie Martinot,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMEDienne
Supported by
MAX FICMAN
And a Company of Unusually Excellence in
THE PASSPORT,
Received with Shrieks of Laughter Nightly.

Jan. 7th—**LOTTIE COLLINS' Troubadours.**

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THE POPULAR BOOKSTORE
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GOOD WORK. FAIR PRICES.

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T. H. ROONEY, Proprietor.

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Hours: 9:30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

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Crocker Building, Rooms 201, 202 and 203. SAN FRANCISCO.

DAVIS & HILL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
N. W. Cor. Ninth and Broadway, Rooms 12, 13 and 14. OAKLAND, CAL.

HENRY E. HIGHTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,
Rooms 36-39, Fourth Floor, Mills Building, San Francisco.

J. A. STEPHENS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MILLS BUILDING, Room 27, Tenth Floor.

W. W. FOOTE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
310 Pine Street. SAN FRANCISCO.

W. T. BAGGETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
234 Pine Street. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LINDLEY & RICKHOFF,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION BUILDING,
Rooms 39, 40, 41, 42.
530 California St. Telephone 645. SAN FRANCISCO

REMOVAL.
D. M. DELMAS and S. M. SHORTTRIDGE, Attorneys at Law, have removed their office to the Crocker Building, third floor, corner Market and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, Cal.

JAMES SIMPSON, M. D.
234 POST ST.
Hours: 1 to 3 P. M.

BEN. MORGAN,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
507 MONTGOMERY ST. Rooms 1 and 2. SAN FRANCISCO.

FRANK R. WHITCOMB,
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Rooms 171-174, Crocker Building. SAN FRANCISCO.

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BEGIN THE NEW YEAR

BY PRESENTING YOURSELF
WITH A CASE OF THE BEST
WHISKEY MADE. IT IS
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WHISKEY

MADE BY

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SOLE AGENTS,

CARROLL & CARROLL,

306 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

A MILLIONAIRE'S FAD.

SPRECKELS FOLLOWS NEWLANDS INTO THE LAUNDRY BUSINESS.

It is no doubt in imitation of the English nobility that our local aristocracy are going into trade. I am told that in England it is now quite the custom for dukes, and even princes, to swell their diminished exchequers by running, under some corporate title, all sorts of business establishments, such as restaurants, livery stables and haberdasheries. We accordingly see in British journals advertisements such as this:

BILLINGSGATE STABLES.

TURNOUTS OF ALL KINDS
FOR HIRE.
UNDER THE SPECIAL PATRONAGE
OF THE
DUKE OF FIFTEACES.

Or, again:

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

MADE TO ORDER BY THE
BLOOMINGFANE HABERDASHERY Co.
(Limited.)
Sole Purveyor to His Highness
PRINCE CLEVELANDSTREET.

I have nowhere been able to find that any of the nobles of old England have gone into the laundry business, but my researches have not been extensive. The laundry business must be a favorite line with the aristocrats across the sea, because I find that it is being taken up extensively by their imitators on this side.

One Artor has gone into the newspaper business, another is manufacturing street-sweeping machines, the Vanderhills have opened a pawnshop, Francis G. Newlands and John D. Spreckels have gone into the washing of dirty linen. This is literal, not figurative. Local aristocrats wishing to take a flyer in business will no doubt follow their example, until the laundry business becomes the swiftest of occupations.

It is an old story—how the Palace Hotel laundry (owned by the Sharon estate) captured a couple of laundry-wagon drivers, and began competition for business outside of the great caravansary. But the entree of Mr. Spreckels into the laundry business has not hitherto been noted. The story is very brief. The hotel Coronado is owned by the Spreckels, and a very fine and popular resort it is. In connection therewith a laundry is run which until recently did but the business of the hotel. Now, however, the Spreckels laundry proposes to swallow up the business of San Diego. Prices have been cut until the poor laundrymen of San Diego find bankruptcy staring them in the face. They can't compete with Spreckels, and if he wants the washing of the town he can get it. Even the Chinese will be forced to abandon the business, if "Spreckels' Special Rates on Socks and Underlinens" continue.

There is, too, a certain element of enobishness in the free-born American—even in the Populist, I mourn to say—which causes him to prefer having his laundry work done by a Spreckels to having it done by some poor Smith or Jones. "And you know it's a satisfaction to the wife for her to say, 'Mr. Spreckels does our work; he really puts an extra fine gloss on the shirt.'"

The millionaire is encroaching on the humblest tradespeople. A laundry trust is probable within a few years. Our Spreckels and Newlands will meet around the corporate table and while smoking their perfectos decide whether a pair of socks shall be counted as two pieces or one. I give a word of warning to all poor men: Get out of the laundry business; it has become a millionaire's fad.

SAN DIEGO.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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A QUIET HOME, CENTRALLY LOCATED.

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WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

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THE SUTRO RAILROAD CO. incorporated under the laws of the State of California, has acquired the charter granted to Adolph Sutro, Esq., for a road, starting from the corner of Central Avenue and Geary Street, and running thence on Central Avenue to Washington Street, First Avenue, Clement Street and Point Lobos Avenue to the Cliff, with a branch line to the Park.

THE PEOPLE'S ROAD.

The Capital Stock is divided into forty thousand (40,000) shares,

At \$10 a share, payable in 5 Installments.

There are to be NO bonds! NO debts!

NO watered stock!
Passengers over this road admitted FREE to Sutro Heights and the Cliff, and on special terms to The Sutro Baths.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ALCOHOLISM

IS A DISEASE.

THE FITTZ CURE

A Safe and Certain Remedy.

THE PEOPLE'S CURE!

THE POOR BUY IT.

It is their only hope. Cheap in price. Terms easy. No one turned away.

THE RICH BUY IT.

THEY ORDER IT BY TELEPHONE and take it within the privacy of the home; no loss of time, no interruption of business; no publicity; it is delightfully pleasant. From their abundance which God has given them only for a good purpose they buy it for their neighbors and employees who are less fortunate.

MODERATE DRINKERS BUY IT.

Those who are gradually but surely destroying their business and breaking up their homes.

"GOING TO QUIT HIMSELF."

The man who is going to quit himself but never does it himself, buys it. He would have his heart-broken wife believe that he only drinks now and then, and can quit when he wants to, and yet the sign of the inebriate is on his face as plain as the sign at a railroad crossing; he buys it also, as he is tired trying to quit himself.

IT IS THE PEOPLE'S CURE.

And the only hope of all classes alike.

HARD TIMES.

Such a thing would be unknown on the Pacific Coast if the money that is daily wasted for rum were used in the business and in the home.

THE CURE GUARANTEED.

Call on us or write for testimonials.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 519 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of James Flynn, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, November 30th, 1894.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE,
DEALERS IN

PAPER

512 to 516 Sacramento Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 5, 1895.

10 CENTS.

Published every Saturday, at 429 Montgomery St., by Arthur McEwen. Subscription, \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months; single copies, 10 cents. The trade supplied at office of publication. Advertising rates, \$10.00 an inch a month. Professional cards, \$5 a month.

Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly by mail will please notify this office.

The form of ARTHUR MCEWEN'S LETTER are stereotyped and back numbers will be supplied on demand.

Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

Millionaire Fair lived a useful life and died a useful death. Nature gave him a good body, a keen mind, and great energy. With such an outfit to start with the man couldn't have been kept under anywhere. In the army he would have worked up from the ranks to a commission. Had he been a slave he would have saved money and bought his freedom. If fortune had given him birth in the servants' hall of a European noble he would have died steward of the estate, or perhaps its mortgagee. Vigor and concentration like his marked him off from the common run of men and insured the accomplishment of any object to the attainment of which he set himself. He was as remarkable for the qualities he lacked as for those he possessed. Had nature not been niggard on one side while generous on the other, Fair would have died poor. He was denied imagination, for example—the power to see himself objectively, as if he had been somebody else. He had no power to sympathize with others, and so feel moved to help them, or refrain from hurting them. On the side of the affections nature left him almost blank. He loved himself so intensely that there was little or no room for love of anybody else. Thus he came to be an active Selfishness, reaching for what it desired most, and retaining what it grasped.

Those who study Fair as a man must fail to understand him. He should be viewed as a magnet, an octopus, or any other thing, inorganic or organic, that stands for the acts of attracting and seizing and holding. What feeling, strength, thought, time, other men expend in friendship, love and pleasure he saved for the one purpose that seemed to him worth living for—accumulation. No longings for ease, no desires to brighten the world for his fellow creatures, no flashes of perceptions or satisfactions not mercenary or sensual disturbed the steadiness of his purpose to pile up the coins by which he surrounded himself, and whose towering increase gratified him as the growing height of the pyramids pleased the Egyptian monarchs that reared them. It ought not to be hard to comprehend the psychology of so simple an organism as a Fair. Eliminate from any man of business with whom you are acquainted everything that fits him for the duties of a husband, father, friend and social companion, and intensify the remain-

ing money-getting faculty, and you have Fair.

I say he lived a useful life and died a useful death. I knew him well in the days when on the Comstock he was piling up his millions. And neither then nor after did I ever meet a man of good intelligence who had dealings with him of any sort that did not detest him. This was because he filled all who came into contact with him with suspicion and resentment. It is inevitable that men should judge others by themselves. Fair had but one aim in life—to get money. In order to accomplish that he would stop at nothing, for he had neither heart nor morals. If you possessed a dollar that he could wheedle or force from you he would do it. It was as natural that he would assume that to be your state of mind with reference to himself as it is for an animal to think that all other animals want the bone he is gnawing or has buried. If he knew you to be without the cunning to attempt to despoil him, or without the power to do it if you tried, it pleased him to show a good-humored contempt for you as an inferior. And to Fair every man was an inferior who was poorer than himself, or less eager for money.

It was hard for him throughout his life to speak of his partners with civility. They had but to fall into temporary misfortune for his scorn of them to break out. Their greater wealth forced his respect, though he attributed their larger piles to luck and association with himself.

When young Flood in his boyhood was guilty of some folly that disturbed his father and set the gossips of the newspapers cackling, Fair went around Virginia City chuckling, and saying to others as he said to me: "Well, what can you expect of a boy that has a fool for a father?" When the wheat deal emptied the pockets of the partners of millions and reduced them to need of ready cash, he sighed mockingly and said of Mackay and his Atlantic cable: "Poor John, poor John; he has all his money at the bottom of the sea." And even to strangers he shook his head and murmured: "I did for both of them all that any man could. One I lifted from the bar and the other from the wheelbarrow. But what can you do for fools?"

What was removed from his understanding he despised. Everything in a rich man that was not designed to bring in more money he sneered at as a weakness. Mackay's liking for the companionship of actors and artists and authors and statesmen amused him. It gave him an agreeable sense of superiority. "I see John's been giving a dinner in New York to Bob Ingersoll and Conkling and that actor man,

McCullough," he said to me once in Virginia City. "John's a great admirer of genius. I wonder how much they borrowed from him?" During his absence for a long period he left his wife without money to pay the ordinary expenses of the household. This was not from miserliness but from a simian, Quilp-like proneness to torment. Mackay, when the lady appealed to him in her embarrassment, drew a check with a gentleman's generosity. It was years before Fair would speak to him again. That check was the cause of the breach that had long been threatening. Fair could not understand the check.

His vacation from money-making and appearance in the Senate was prompted by jealousy. It annoyed him that his partner, Mackay, should be known by the public men of the country and be welcomed everywhere by those famous for other things than wealth. Besides, Mrs. Mackay's social success abroad inspired Mrs. Fair with ambition. Why shouldn't the Fairs do anything the Mackays had done? So Fair paid above \$300,000 to go to the Senate. He left his wife at home. He wanted a monopoly of the social success for himself; the man could not bear to share anything with anybody. He revolted Washington. I learned there that he had made the same impression as he made in Virginia City, for he could not but reveal himself. If anyone was civil to Fair his first instinct was to endeavor to discover what the practitioner of the artful civility was after—what scheme he had for coaxing away some of the Fair dollars.

At the Capitol men and women spoke to me of him with aversion as a gross, dull, greedy person, unfit for intercourse with ladies and gentlemen. But he was not dull. He was sharp—too sharp. They understood him no better than he understood them. They simply misread each other. That was Fair's weakness. He assumed that money was in everybody's estimation the supreme good and that nobody would refrain from any guile to get some of his. That he was too clever to let anybody succeed in doing it gave him the satisfaction, the warmth around the heart, that constitutes the consciousness of individuality, of life.

Heaven knows the man had reason enough to despise his fellow creatures. Those who were not of the kind that wanted something from him learned to keep away. He encountered in plenty the sort with whom it is instinctive to pay adulation to wealth. He met in his world the men he was looking for—the men who matched their wits against his to maneuver dollars from his possession, but his faculties were specialized and it is doubtful if he met more than a few who could overmatch him. In the game of

money he was a professional, a Corbett, and nearly all others who went up against him were amateurs. One who gives all his time and thought to anything necessarily grows more skillful than those who have time and thought to spare for other things. But even Corbett does not always box.

In my younger and more vehement days I was wont to revile Fair and hate him, he was so antipathetic to one of my temperament, but a wider knowledge of life brought me, years ago, to pity him. I have watched his decline with a commiseration that would have prompted me, had he been able to understand my feeling, to go up and offer the old man my hand. Wife, children, health, everything that makes life worth living, fell away from him. I saw him walking the streets less than two weeks ago smoking the one daily cigar his physician allowed him. All his pleasures, aside from that of accumulation, were those of the body. But he knew his disease was mortal and that to prolong life he must be abstemious. His self-denials had the mockery of skulls at the feast. He walked the streets as the total of his gains—nothing more. Therefore the old man was pitiable. Death walked with him, and he knew it. Death meant nothing for him save divorce from his wealth—the wrenching away of his grasp from what he had given his whole life to gather. Death was defeat—his overcoming by one more powerful than himself, and there was a humiliation in that which no one not a Fair could feel. Yet he was a stout warrior, and his front was bold and calm as he walked the street with the end not a week away. He died fighting, and the singleness of his purpose extorts respect. See how he sought, when he knew death had him, to gratify his master passion of accumulation from the grave and bedevil his heirs by intervening between them and their desire to spend. All his life it was his pleasure to stand between his money and those who wanted to scatter it, and in dying he managed to lay his body as a paper-weight on the coupons. Fair does not seem dead to his heirs. He derived anticipatory pleasure through many years in contemplating what has come to pass.

That a man of such endowments of mind and heart should have been able to roll together such a pile of wealth explains what I mean when I say that his life and death were useful. There is on all hands a recognition that he was a perfect specimen of the money-getter, and the money-getter is the noble in our social structure. Old conceptions of worth, old ideals, survive with more or less force, but the accepted dogma is that in the struggle for the prizes of life the fittest survive. The fittest for what? The fittest to take possession of the things worth having—the things we should all like to have the mastery and use of. Money is the key which unlocks ninety in a hundred of the treasure boxes that men desire to open and enjoy. Fair had the key. He was a perfect example of the successful money-getter. He was what the average man would like to be, were it not that the average man is weakened, and made better, by the play of influences that come down to affect, and yet do not belong to, a strictly commercial time. He was an unrelieved example of entire success. His concentration of his powers in the pursuit of what all but a few are pursuing produced results in millions, which command the respect and evoke the envy of competitors. He was fitted for the modern environment as few are.

Though every other man you meet desires

to be rich—and it is not an unnatural, not an unworthy desire—I doubt if one in ten thousand of the ambitious would deliberately consent to be a Fair to gain their wish. There is that in them which shrinks from such a fate, such a personality, as his. Hence not one in ten thousand becomes a millionaire, let alone a forty-millionaire. The causes that implant this reluctance are the characteristics, the instincts that render them unaccommodating to their environment. Their repulsion does them credit as men, but it brings them under the contempt that Fair would have bestowed upon them. To be entire successes they would have to be what he was, useless successes—gatherers of rinds for the feast of life, which, when gathered, they would not have known how to sit down and enjoy. Who on Front street, on Sansome street, would really care to be he? Is there any member of the Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade, or Traffic Association that would change places with Fair—Fair living, not dead?

We are all human, and no matter what religions and philosophies teach, personal happiness is the good aimed at. Wealth is sought intelligently because its attainment seems to insure liberty to him who has it to do as he pleases—to give him a license to be happy. "We honor the rich," says Emerson, "because they have externally the freedom, power and grace which we feel to be proper to man—proper to us." That is to say we respect the possessor of forty millions because we fancy him to possess wings which he can use if he chooses. But nobody respected Fair for his possession of wings;—for he was as heavily loaded with his twenties as the Jumping Frog of Calaveras with his shot, and had neither the ability nor desire to fly.

It is an old, old story, the progressive forgetfulness of wealth as a means, and absorption in it as an end. Literature and fable are full of it, but it is always new when a striking instance comes under our own observation. It isn't often that men and women, and even children, see it so plainly exhibited as in Fair. He wasn't a miser; for the old man had a sense of humor of his own and would have laughed at rags on himself. But after he had clothed himself and fed himself and bought himself a cigar and paid the rent for comfortable lodgings, it would have seemed fantastic for him to have spent money for anything else except such evanescent pleasures as the devil suggested. Even then he would have regretted the absence of his bookkeeper.

This grossest of Philistines has enabled even the youngest of his tribe to see that the peaks of highest Philistia hold no treasures worth the climb. Contrast such a life as his with that of the novelist Stevenson's. The man of genius did not know what all the petty struggling and striving meant, but he felt how petty and sordid it was, and left it, going away to an island of the sea where men went naked and were natural. There he strove to become natural himself, and wrote, and become natural, and the loving hands of natural men toiled to bury him. There was no war over his belongings while he remained above ground.

The useful lesson of Fair's useless life is that we are all born upon the hither side of the stream of difficulty, on the other side of which lie the fields of ease and pleasure. To throw bridges across this stream seems rational employment to those of us who are not satisfied to remain as we were born. The rational are content to complete their bridges

and reach the shade of the trees. A few, like Fair, become so engrossed in the employment of bridge-building that the construction of the bridge becomes an end in itself and they waste their years in its rearing and die content with their fame as engineers. The humble man who crosses on an unsteady plank is wiser than he. His unfinished bridge is a folly. In the judicious it excites neither more awe nor respect than a modern man-of-war in the hands of a Chinaman.

That Fair remained among us and invested his money in our real estate, and put up buildings, is accounted creditable. If his inability to move has been useful to us let us be glad that he was without the imagination to inspire the desire for a larger life. Mackay went away and laid a cable under the sea and saw other peoples. He was not like Fair, afraid to adventure. Our turtle had no desire for new scenes. His contempt for any creature more fleet-footed than himself was unfeigned. No man has died in San Francisco since San Francisco was a city who deserved men's pity more than James G. Fair, for the radius of his activities and the range of his sympathies were exceedingly limited. His life was very little. I say he was useful, for nearly all men saw what he was.

On the average the citizen selected from the community to go to the Legislature is a lawyer or a man of some property—one who has raised himself above the dead level of sordid drudgery, a person who is known as a "smart man," in short. His election is the tribute paid to his superiority. The natural assumption is that these men will apply to the selection of a United States Senator the same principle that was applied in their selection, that they will select from the whole community a man who is to the State what they are to their own constituencies. At least this is expected of them. The theory is that the representative has the capacity to represent. Everybody knows that the theory fails in practice but the theory must survive if government does. If Santa Rosa were to pick off a park bench the least of the hobos to send to the Legislature the incongruity of the thing would be apparent to all. Yet that is what the Republican party in California seems bent upon doing, for there doesn't seem much doubt that M. H. de Young is to be made United States Senator. It is not because the Republican party of the State wants this or that the Republican Legislature desires it to happen. If the matter were put to a popular vote Mr. Perkins, Judge De Haven or some other man congruous with the idea of the Senatorship would doubtless be chosen, but it happens that C. P. Huntington wants M. H. de Young, and what C. P. Huntington wants the Republican party of California has to put up with. Mr. Huntington is under no illusions as to Mr. de Young; he knows him to be ignorant, crass, impudent, forward, and no better suited to the society of the Senate chamber than the most assured and self-confident of his brakemen.

Mr. de Young is without education, and although for twenty years he has been placed in circumstances where he could have acquired at least the outward habits of civilized society, he has shown himself incapable of taking on the slightest polish. It is mentioned to his credit that he was once a street boy, but it is not to his credit that he has grown to mature manhood without losing any of the peculiarities of one. He urges in his own behalf that as a Senator he

THE TWADDLER.

would be more useful than Mr Perkins, because he would not be diffident in asking for what he thought the State needed. But as the asking would be done in the style of the gamin who has half a dozen papers or apples yet to sell, it is to be doubted if his persistence would be well received by the harassed senators.

In his paper Mr. De Young plumes himself upon his superior aplomb, but although he does not know it, there is a distinction between aplomb and cheek. Ignorance has an assurance as well as knowledge, but it depends on where it is exercised whether it shall prove efficacious or not. One can easily imagine a Senator from Mississippi speaking with confidence to Senator Sherman, say, on the need for a large appropriation for the strengthening of the levees of the Mississippi river, and one may readily picture also Senator De Young harassing Senator Sherman to vote for an appropriation for the deepening of San Rafael creek—not because San Rafael creek would be a valuable addition to the navigable waters of the United States, but because the Senator from California intended to tell the reporters how he had stood up "the jay from Ohio." Unquestionably appropriations are good things, but it is also well to have them applied for by a person who is admitted to reputable society at home. It is a large price to pay for appropriations to deepen and widen creeks if they shall be obtained to get rid of a person who knows even less about the primary principles of English grammar than he does of the rudiments of engineering. I am not exaggerating. M. H. De Young is a vulgarian so pronounced that he is a jest among men whose highest social life is found in the Kearny street saloons, and who, since he became proprietor of the San Francisco *Chronicle* through his brother's death, has been refused admission to any club in San Francisco. He cannot write, he cannot talk, he cannot conduct himself after the manner of the civilized; he is a boor whose manners divert the waiters who serve him his meals in the restaurants. He is no more representative of the brains and cultivated life of the metropolis than is the hobo who sits upon the bench of the unemployed in Santa Rosa waiting for the farmer to offer him a job. If he has money it has come to him for the most part disgracefully; it is no more creditable to his personality than was Fair's—indeed far less so, for when Fair did not dig his out of the ground he stole it like a man and a pirate in the stock market. He never blackmailed. Fair's counterpart, Sharon, was wont to say that his wrist had grown weary drawing checks to meet the blackmailing demands of the De Youngs. Stanford knew the survivor of the brothers to his cost and hated him to his dying day. It was because of this hate that Huntington first conceived the notion of making De Young Stanford's colleague in the Senate. The humiliation that the old man designed for his partner he now in his malignity reserves for a State in rebellion. Collis P. Huntington, who desired to beat Sturtevant for Mayor with the unspeakable Dr. O'Donnell, has a natural affinity toward the proprietor of the *Chronicle* for the Senatorship. Wishing to get even on California, he picks out for the Senator the most disreputable public man in the State. The revenge would be retroactive, too; it would destroy one of the honors enjoyed by Stanford during life.

Under what bonds are the members of the California Legislature to impose this disgrace upon their State? They are men who have to make their living here—to pursue their

professions, follow their trades, accumulate property, rear their children. They have a stake in the State's good name. No one of them can vote to make M. H. De Young United States Senator without branding himself for life as a lackey of the Southern Pacific, in pursuance of an order from W. W. Stow, obedience to whom leaves a cicatrice across the face of one's character which every eye can read. Under what bonds are legislators to obey W. W. Stow? Who is he, and what is his commission to command the representatives of the people of California? He is rich, to be sure, but the orders he issues are not his own. He is intelligent, knows what a gentleman should be, and feels the same aversion to the De Young that all the reasonably well-bred experience, but he has undertaken to elect him. C. P. Huntington has no more tenderness for the sensibilities of W. W. Stow than W. W. Stow has for the sensibilities of the members of the Legislature. But as the average member of the Legislature is not a scoundrel either by profession or for diversion, it is not comprehensible why he should pay so much respect to the orders of W. W. Stow as W. W. Stow pays to the orders of C. P. Huntington.

A tyrannical without conscience like that of the Southern Pacific, necessarily gives being to such moral malformations as W. W. Stow, but it is not comprehensible why they should be duplicated in every community in the persons of legislators. If the moral sense of those communities were as healthy as it should be the duplication would be impossible. Whatever the officers of the Republican party of California may be—and heaven knows, with Burns, Cornwall and Hayward, it would be hard to exaggerate their unworth—the mass of its voters are ordinary Californians, and ordinary Californians are not criminals. Therefore it does seem as though there should be moral health enough in the hundred and twenty thousand Republican voters in the State to prevent the infamy of the election of a De Young to the Senate—for a De Young is but a composite of Burns, Cornwall and Hayward, with the intellect left out.

What service has C. P. Huntington rendered the Republican party of California, what favor has he conferred upon it, that his will should be omnipotent? He is not even a resident of the State. His known approval of the candidacy of any man requiring the popular vote—as in the case of M. M. Estee—is fatal to him. The suspicion of such a connection is injurious. He is known to be a malignant, clever old man whom Californians as a rule are glad to disoblige, as was shown in the election of Adolph Sutro as Mayor of San Francisco. His name stands for spoliation and obdurate refusal to abate a jot of his privilege to rob. People writhe under his power and burn with resentment under his contemptuous lecturing. He is hated as Stanford and none of his other partners ever were. Yet when it is given out that W. W. Stow, who in himself is without political authority or influence, has received orders to elect De Young to the Senate, it is taken for granted that the ukase will be obeyed—that Caligula's horse will be made Consul.

ARTHUR MEWEN.

Dr. Thomas Dwight tells the following anecdote of Oliver Wendell Holmes in his capacity of professor of anatomy: "What are you doing?" he once asked another student in the dissecting-room. "Digging arteries, sir." "Why not say tie?" asked Dr. Holmes. "And that country practitioners ligate arteries, and that surgeons tie them."

What the deuce are we coming to in California when the press can speak disrespectfully of forty million dollars? Here's Senator Fair not in his grave yet (this is written on Thursday) and the newspapers are teeming with anecdotes concerning the opulent deceased. I can't say that the circumstance gives me a personal shock, as the late Senator was never particularly respectful to myself. But, demme, some deference is due a great fortune such as his. Once when I topped him as he was hurrying along Montgomery street, presumably towards the Nevada Bank (for it was during the wheat deal) with a polite remark about the brilliancy of a function at Mrs. Fair's mansion on the previous evening, he exclaimed with great exasperation:

"Out of me way, ye damned old fule—ye damned old fule!"

Before I could think of a crushing retort, which is my specialty, he had passed beyond the reach of my voice, and I was obliged to commit my reply to paper, which I handed to his son Charley to deliver, but I am sorry to say the millionaire never vouchsafed me a reply.

For a long time I bore malice, but now that he is dead I forgive him. Yes, begad, I forgive him. Persiflage is not the man to carry a resentment beyond the grave.

"I should think," I said to Senator de Young only yesterday, "that a sense of propriety would restrain you from expending your irony on a man of Fair's enormous wealth."

"Irony?" cried De Young, astonished.

"Yes, sir," I said; "I see you spoke in the *Chronicle* of his imp's, manly frankness."

"Oh, well," said Harry, taking a cigar from my vest pocket. "He wasn't on my political side of the house, you know, and besides that—yes, hang it, he's dead anyway."

Harry never forgets anything. I would not be surprised to see him the President or a rabbi some day.

Joe Redding was walking about the rooms of the Bohemian on New Year's eve with an impression. He is one of that sort of men who always have impressions when the occasion is proper. I doubt if he ever thinks of his Savior except upon Christmas, or of gratitude except upon Thanksgiving Day, or of good resolutions save upon the beginning of the New Year. Veuve and myself positively object to New Year's eve. We have not much to do with trade, but slight as our connection with it is, we naturally object to having it interlarded with.

"For twelve months to come," cried Joe, "I shall not drink a drop. I have bought a diary and recorded my row in it. I have also written it above my door, and I have scratched it upon my window pane with my diamond ring. I have gone upon my knees and pledged myself to my Maker. I tried to get Bouvier to permit me to go upon the stage at the Baldwin and announce it to the public, but he refused. He said he did not think it was any consequence to San Francisco whether I drank or not."

"Egad, Joe," said Veuve, "it's of considerable consequence to a good many of your friends."

I did not think this reflection upon Joe's generosity was fair, as I have known him in his time to throw considerable trade in Veuve's way, for he has introduced quite a number of strangers into the club. And I have never noticed that he was stingy.

Slyly glancing at my watch, which a friend, who shall be nameless, has signalized the season by restoring to me, I cursed the waiter and called for the dice.

"What shall it be, Harry," says I, "a bottle of Cresta Bedemora or Pommery, Tic?"

We elook, and I am sorry to say fortune was against me. Of course I invited Redding to participate, and a more fearful struggle I never witnessed in a human countenance.

"Is it after twelve?" he asked hoarsely.

"Five minutes, said Veuve.

"Well," cried Redding, desperately, "a year more or less doesn't matter," and he dashed off a beaker of the incomparable vintage.

Sitting in gloomy thought for a moment, he suddenly sprang to his feet, and roaring out an order for a bottle of beer he rushed to the piano and rattled off the drinking song from "La Grande Duchesse," and laughed wildly as he finished.

I think more of Joe, and shall not press him for the dozen and a half he owes me. Next day I saw him walking arm in arm with Pete Bigelow.

It does a man of fashion no harm to keep in touch with men of affairs. On New Year's Day I encountered Col. Burns wearing a moustache and a chrysanthemum.

"Come on Persiflage," he said with holiday

gayety, "let's go up and drop in on the Governor."

"Esteet?" I said.

"Esteet?" cried the Colonel, "this is no day for ceremonies." And we entered the California hotel.

"You brace him," said Burns, "the society business is more in your line than mine."

Pushing open the door, according to campaign invitation, I called out gaily:

"Are you in, Jim?"

"I confess I was never more astonished in my life. Before Burns and I knew what had happened to him, I had been eleven at the bottom of the stair in a very dishevelled condition with half a dozen men at my heels. Foremost among them was Gavin McNab, Premier of Administration, who, very red in the face, shook his fist under our noses and cried out angrily: "Hang ye, have ye no better manners nor lie interrupt a consultation on affairs of State?" I have no respect to the chief magistrate of a great commonwealth nor tas'ca' him Jim? Na, na," he continued, holding back with a firm hand Eddy Greany, "you munna disgrace the Administration wi' violence."

And we went off and called on Bill Stow instead, who isn't proud.

There was an exceedingly agreeable little function at Mills' residence on New Year's day, where we had old fashioned games which reminded most of those present of their youth, though they come in after my time. There was one in which a monstrously pretty girl was blundered and it happened that in the general scurry she caught me, and, as in duty bound, printed a kiss upon my cheek. I could not resist the temptation and paid her an amount of attention during the evening which excited the ill-concealed mirth of the thoughtless. As I have confessed before, in these communications of late, the question of marriage has occupied a space in my mind hitherto denied it. And subsequently having the young lady in a corner it occurred to me that the occasion was not an inauspicious one to make the tender advances which, I have understood, are appropriate. Of course, as we met at Mills' it was to be taken for granted that both were eligible from a worldly point of view.

"My dear young lady," I said, holding her by the hand to which I gave a tender pressure, and speaking in a low voice, "has it ever occurred to you that it would add to your happiness in life to place yourself in the care—under the loving guardianship of another?"

"Well, Mr. Persiflage," she said with a blush and a candor that were equally charming, "I have often heard how queer you are out here in California, but really as I have a pa and a ma back in Massachusetts I really can't see what special advantage it would be to me to be adopted."

Unfortunately there were those about who had been rude enough to listen to our conversation and the laughter which the singular misconception of the young lady excited, induced me presently to take my leave, though Mr. Mills did everything in his power to detain me, going so far indeed as to invite me in a loud and hearty voice to spend him up on the morrow two dozen of the Cresta Bedamca. I am free to say that for the first time in my life I resented such an order. Not even the persuasions of the young lady, who, I could see, was filled with mortification and remorse, to induce me to take part in the celebration as Mr. Mills desired, prevailed on me to alter my determination to depart. In my indignant confusion I found later that I had taken Mr. Mills' hat instead of my own, and although it is considerably too small for me, begged I shall retain it, for I am determined never to enter his house again, no matter what happens.

PERSIFLAGE.

The Marquis de Fontenoy is responsible for the following story on the Shah of Persia, who labors under the delusion that he is a great poet: One day, hearing that the most famous poet in Persia was at Teheran, he invited him to the palace and insisted on reading to him his poetry. When he came to the end, his majesty asked of the poet what he thought of his verses. The old man, with more frankness than caution, informed the Shah that they were without rhyme, meter or sense. The king at once flew into a terrible rage, had the poet taken out to the imperial stables and soundly flogged by the grooms, after which he was detained in quiet captivity. A few days afterward the Shah again summoned the old man to his presence, and proceeded to read some verses which he had just composed. Before he had got half-way through, his aged critic arose and ambled off.

"Where are you going?" inquired the astonished Shah.

"I'm going to the stables for another flogging," replied the poet.

An Eastern visitor to the Comstock, who had heard of Jim Fair's limited knowledge, once asked him if in his experience he had ever come across a lode of ambergris. "Oh, yes," he replied, "there is a claim up near Washoe, and it aaysz darned well for silver."

UNITED STATES SENATORS.

THOSE WHO GO OUT AND THOSE WHO MAY BE RETURNED.

Some of the California papers have spoken of Senator Perkins' return to this State as an evidence of his fear of defeat, but the California Senator was nothing more than faithful to custom in leaving Congress to fix his fences. The Senate chamber will be comparatively deserted for some time to come, so many Senators will be at their homes looking out for re-election.

One of Senator Perkins' political managers, in speaking of the outlook is quoted as having said: "Unless there is an unusual percentage of liars in the Legislature Perkins will be returned." But unusual percentages of this kind are not infrequent in politics.

Senator Dolph will be re-elected on the first ballot in the Oregon Legislature. Of this there can be little question as no opponent is in the field and Dolph is backed by all the railroad corporations of his State.

In Washington State Levi P. Ankeny leads in the fight for re-election. John B. Allen filled until the Legislature of two years ago got into a deadlock and failed to elect anyone. Ankeny is the richest man in the State, a Walla Walla banker, with no public experience whatever. If he is elected it will be a clear case of purchase. His opponents are John L. Wilson, a present Congressman who has held office ever since he entered the State, and State Senator Taylor, an A. P. A. leader who lives in Tacoma.

Mr. Power of Montana is said to be certain of re-election.

Mr. Shoup of Idaho is in a peculiar position. He agreed not to be a candidate provided Willis Sweet, the present representative from that State, got the endorsement of the Republican Convention for Senator. Sweet could not get it and Shoup considers himself released from his pledge, so that he will enter the contest and will probably win, as he is the richest man in Idaho. But Mr. Sweet declares that Senator Shoup has acted in bad faith and a lively senatorial fight is promised.

Senator Carey of Nevada, who aroused the ire of Senator Jones of Nevada for standing with the Eastern Senators in the fight over the repeal of the Sherman law purchasing clause, is likely to be defeated by his business partner, Mr. Warren, a strong free silver man.

Mr. Martin of Kansas, the Populist Democrat will give place to a Republican. J. J. Ingalls is not an avowed candidate but some of his friends hope to secure him a return to the Senate over which he once presided as President *pro tem* and was next in succession to President Arthur.

Mr. Wilson of Iowa announced his retirement over a year ago and Congressman Gear was elected as his successor.

Mr. Manderson of Nebraska has also announced that he was going out of politics to make some money for his old age, and he will be succeeded by Mr. Thurston, former President of the National League of Republican Clubs and present attorney for the Union Pacific Railroad.

The jovial Senator Wolcott of Colorado has received a letter signed by every Republican member of the Colorado Legislature asking him to accept re-election, and he has said he would.

Mr. Cullom of Illinois, who so prides himself on resembling Abraham Lincoln, has met with formidable opposition in his campaign for re-election but the Republican papers of Chicago speak now of his return as almost certain.

Minnesota will, unless something unforeseen occurs, give Mr. Washburn, the flour man, another term as Senator Davis' partner.

Young Mr. Patton of Michigan who was lifted out of obscurity by his appointment a year or so since and seemed doomed to defeat, so many are his opponents of superior strength. Whatever the result it will be effected by combination of several of the present warring factions.

One-eyed Gov. Tillman will sit in the Senate as Mr. Ransom's successor and a Republican will succeed Mr. Jarvis. This break in the Solid South will not stand alone, however, for West Virginia will send a Republican as Mr. Camden's successor—probably Steve Ekins.

Mr. McMillan of Michigan, Mr. Pettigrew of South Dakota and Mr. Lindsey of Kentucky, have told

Burnham's Claim Bouillon is the best.

their friends in Washington that they were certain of re-election. But Mr. Harris of Tennessee will win only after a desperate fight. He has more votes than any of his opponents, but combined they could easily defeat him.

Across the river, in Arkansas, Mr. Berry is also having a very lively time. His enemies are anxious to have Minister Breckenridge return and make a try for the seat.

Texas will no doubt return Mr. Coke without any delay. Mr. Morgan of Alabama and Mr. Caffery of Louisiana have already been elected. But Mr. McLaurin of Mississippi will retire after only a year in the Senate to allow of the return of his predecessor, who voluntarily retired for a time on account of ill health.

In Delaware things are badly mixed. Mr. Higgins, whose term expires, is opposed by Mr. Addicks, the new trustee, and by Mr. Blasey, who was connected with the management of the World's Fair. The two latter together have enough votes to keep Mr. Higgins at home.

Senator McPherson of New Jersey announced over a year ago that his present was his last term. In doing this he proved himself a man of foresight, for the present Legislature is overwhelmingly Republican and will choose Gen. Sewell, according to all authorities.

Rhode Island sent a wholesale grocer named Dixon to the Senate because he had made an excellent Alderman, Mayor and State Legislator. Mr. Dixon said that he had enough of public life some time ago and the little State elected ex-Gov. Wetmore as his successor.

Some opposition has been developed in New Hampshire to the re-election of the aggressive Mr. Chandler, but this will probably fade away as the Senator's peculiar powers are brought to bear on the case.

Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fry of Maine, will meet with no opposition.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

I wish I were one of the Fair girls. No, I don't mean that, exactly, but it wouldn't be so very uncomfortable to fall heir to ten millions or so, even if a relative had to die to bring about the happy result. Now, all that sounds very cold-blooded, doesn't it? But is it in human nature to feel terribly downcast under such circumstances? I put the problem to myself, and while I shrink from the idea as wicked, I am forced to confess way down in my heart that ten millions will console one for almost any loss.

Ten million dollars! That's an awful lot of money. Five hundred thousand dollars a year income! What in the world can anyone do with such an amount? A palace in New York, another in Newport, perhaps still another in the Berkshire hills, a steam yacht, a box at the opera, gown from Worth and Felix, an empress's jewels—yes, I suppose it is possible to spend a half million a year, and possibly find holes into which more could be dropped.

But will the half million bring happiness? I ask the question because I haven't the money and must find some argument with which to console myself. That's a kind way the world has of making us forget our poverty and scoff at wealth—by telling us that to be poor is to be worthy (oh, how I hate that word!) and to be rich is to be unhappy. I really thank the newspapers every now and then for some story about the rich who are miserable—family don't speak to each other, terrible scandal hangs over their heads, while that drunks, or something like that. You know, when I am in an avaricious mood—generally caused by Jack having the blues or by his refusal to countersign my requisition for a new gown—and I find one of those stories about the unhappy millionaires, I fairly dance with ghoulish glee, and in my fancy laugh at the tortures of the rich, much as the devils of heaven are represented in old pictures as looking down from the battlements and laughing over their roasting neighbors in the Pit beneath. I know this is a shameful confession, but mine is surely not an uncommon feeling. If Gehenna finally swallows me up, it will be for breaking the Tenth Commandment. I am envious; not that I want others to be hard up, and all that, but I want to enjoy some of the things they enjoy; and I can't help it. Men call us the envious sex, but what would they be like if they could do nothing themselves, and just had to wait and wait until some one else had a stroke of luck?

My readers have by this time probably pictured me as a sharp-faced, old shrew, who makes poor Jack's life a burden by complaining that he isn't rich and begging him for things that he can't afford. The thought of that ten millions was to blame for all this wickedness. After all, who wants to be bothered with half a dozen houses and a whole army of servants? I have found one house and a staff of servants more than enough to worry the life out of me. And, as for the steam yacht—life must get to be a awful bore cooped up in a small ship with only a couple of other people on board whom you could speak to or look at. The opera box is a very good thing in which to show off the Worth gowns and the empress's jewels, but I suppose one can enjoy the opera just as much in a couple of orchestra chairs.

Of course, we all would like to see what the other kind of life, the life of the very rich, is like. No one ever refuses to make the experiment when the opportunity is offered, and no one willingly returns to the simpler and cheaper life after having tried the other. That's what makes it so hard to believe that the life we lead is the happier of the two. How I do envy those mortals who go through the world unconscious of the things they are missing because they haven't got five hundred thousand or fifty thousand, or even ten thousand a year! The small boy with one apple is perfectly happy until he sees another small boy with an apple and a banana—then unhappiness begins. Hence, you know, there is one safe refuge just as well you know—philosophy. But philosophy is about as hard to get sometimes as the other things.

Riches! Riches! Riches! How the world is running after money! What does a girl's beauty count for now, or her mind, or her character? She may have the blood of heroes in her veins and a face and figure as beautiful as those of the Venus de Medici; she may be sympathetic of heart and pure in spirit, but she sits in the background while Miss Croesus leads the German—Miss Croesus, the underbred, Miss Croesus of nowhere and of nobody, Miss Croesus, the coarse and the indelicate. The fortune hunter is abroad in the land, and

he is more numerous than our kind old gray-haired mothers imagine. Miss Torrefiance becomes beautiful in his eyes if her father strikes "pay dirt," and her life, at least, until she is fully tied up by the clergyman, is made a giddy, reeling dream of pleasure. But Miss Nofortune may congratulate herself that when the man seeks her favor, he pays a compliment, or to her father's bank account, but to her own virtues, beauties and endowments. Poor Virgie Fai! She may not need my compassion, but she has it. It will be hard, indeed, for her to know when the honest man appears.

BETTY.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

San Francisco is to enjoy during the next two weeks something which she has not had the opportunity to enjoy for a long time—good opera. The company which Mme. Tavarly brings should prove one entirely adequate to the operas announced, for it contains many singers who are not strangers to this city and who have pleased us at other times.

The California Theater will be occupied the week of January 7th by Lottie Collins' Trombadoura, and an entertainment of more than ordinary interest and merit is looked for, judging by the universal expressions of praise with which their efforts have been greeted elsewhere. Miss Collins is described as charming in her characterizations in "The Fair Equestrienne" and "The Devilbird" and the specialties introduced by Wood and Shepard, the brothers Meers, Marion, Hayes and Marion, Ward and Curran, Anna Wilmuth and others are said to be of unusual excellence.

Fritz Scheel and his orchestra expect to desert San Francisco the latter part of February. New York could not support Seidl in Madison Square Garden, and San Francisco has not yet advanced sufficiently far in musical culture to support so fine an orchestra as that of Scheel. The wonder is not that Scheel must go, but that he has been able to stay so long.

Can a woman make herself beautiful? That she can Mme. Yale proves in her own person. She went seriously about the business, spent years in Europe studying physical culture, testing waters and various preparations and lotions. She was a plain Scotch girl, and after years discovered the arts by which she could develop beauty of form and face. These arts she will reveal to the ladies of San Francisco in a lecture she will deliver in the Baldwin the week after next. Mme. Yale will probably make the tour of the coast.

NEW YEAR SWEAR OFFS.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS MADE ON JANUARY 1ST, 1895, BY VARIOUS MEN AND WOMEN.

Emperor William: To stop writing songs.
Czar Nicholas: To drop the actress altogether and become a man of recognized family.
Lillian Russell: To go out of the matrimonial market.
James Gordon Bennett: To stop thinking.
De Witt Talmage: To write a new sermon and give the old barrel a rest.
W. Q. Greaham: To confine himself exclusively to "Old Pepper."
John D. Spreckels: To go out of the laundry business.
John P. St. John: To take the Keeley cure for intemperance of language.
Sarah Grand: To induce the New Woman to give the Old Man another trial.
Judge Murphy: To follow Superintendent Byrnes' example in time.
M. H. de Young: To see the goods delivered first.
Mrs. Dr. Walker: To quit dropping her trousers carelessly on a chair at night.
Lottie Collins: Never to sing "Boom de aye" again.
Senator Peffer: To get a clean shave.
Judge Greene of Oakland: To use a club on young lawyers instead of his tongue.
All Sacramento Household: To see that the doors are securely locked as long as the Legislature is in session.
C. P. Huntington: To purify California politics.
Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

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AN EPOCH IN SOCIETY

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THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

TO LECTURE TO THE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Crowned Heads, Warriors, Statesmen,

Princes of Finance and the Nota-

bles of the World Have Bowd

Down to Her Glorious

Beauty.

MME. M. YALE.

Celebrated as the Most Beautiful Woman on Earth, will appear at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, January 14th, at 2:30 P. M., in a lecture entitled

"BEAUTY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE."

Reserved Seats, 50 cents, on sale at box-office of theater on and after January 8th.

Aside from MME. YALE'S Remarkable Beauty, she is the most noted authority living on the Ways and Means of Cultivating Beauty, Preserving It and Restoring Youth. She has succeeded in discovering the Fountain of Youth, for which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Although forty-two years old MME. YALE does not look over eighteen.

MME. YALE'S LECTURE will consist of two parts:

THE FIRST ACT

Will be devoted to the Cultivation of Beauty in general, treating of the Complexion, the Hair, Eyes, Expression, the removal of wrinkles and all traces of age. MME. YALE will be seen in this part in an ELABORATE BALL GOWN designed for her by Worth.

IN THE SECOND ACT

MME. YALE WILL WEAR TIGHTS and an ELEGANT ATHLETIC COSTUME, which will enable her to go through the movements recommended by her for making the figure perfect. The development of the Bust, the Limbs, the Chest, Neck and the Perfection of all parts of the Body will be thoroughly treated and instructions given.

Ladies, bring your notebooks and pencils. Mme. Yale will give Beautifying Recipes of great value.

MME. YALE has lectured in all the principal cities of the world, always before vast audiences of the most cultured lady. She is a college graduate and an accomplished lady of the highest qualities. As an educator of her sex she has never been equalled. Her lectures are strictly scientific and hygienic in character, embracing every detail of the most advanced order.

MME. YALE is the creator of beauty culture and the originator of the latest physical culture calisthenic exercises. Mothers, attend and bring your daughters.

AN AUSTRALIAN REVOLUTIONIST.

THE MOST POPULAR PAPER PUBLISHED SOUTH OF THE EQUATOR.

Something over thirteen years ago two clerks in a Sydney, New South Wales, dry goods store thought they would fill the long-felt want there existing for a radical weekly paper. The result was *The Bulletin*, "the unique weekly," as it terms itself, having the largest circulation of any paper published south of the equator. It was started with no capital but brains, and has made both of its proprietors rich and one of them a baronet. It is the boast of *The Bulletin* that its red cover is equally familiar to the bushman of the Far North, the stockman of Central Australia, the pearl-shell diver of Torres Straits, and the digger of the Macariland Ranges. A paper which is at once the most popular and the most useful organ of the intelligent bushman must indeed be broadly based.

In proof of this, one has but to read its platform which it prints at the head of its columns:

The Bulletin favors—
A republican form of government.
One person, one vote.
Complete secularization and freedom of State education.

Reform of the criminal code and prison system.

A United Australia and Protection against the World.

Australia for the Australians.—The cheap Chinaman, the cheap Nigger, and the cheap European pauper to be absolutely excluded.

The State bank, the issue of bank-notes to be a State monopoly.

The direct election of Ministers by Parliament, instead of party government, or rather Government by publication.

A new Parliamentary system—one house to be elected by constituencies as at present; the other to be chosen by the whole country voting as one constituency.

A universal system of compulsory life insurance.

The entire abolition of the private ownership of land.

The referendum.

The abolition of titles of so-called "nobility." It is indeed "unique," this product of the South Seas. To appreciate the radicalism of the platform one must ask where in the United States or England there is such another paper—an illustrated weekly of extensive circulation and large business patronage with such a platform of principles boldly advocated? The fact that such a paper flourishes in this remote British colony makes evident once again how extreme are the notions of the Australian people. No American publisher would dare to-day to venture his money in such a publication addressed to American readers.

A glance at the *Bulletin's* cartoons would make one believe for a minute that he had before him an American weekly during a political campaign—such fun is poked at the British Lion. On a recent front page is a picture of a stage on which stands a huge lion with open mouth; beside him John Bull as a lecturer, and for audience a small boy labelled "Australia." Underneath are the lines: "Lecturers are to be sent to Australia in the interests of Imperial Federation." Then follows this explanation of the picture: John Bull (lecturing on the British Lion): "In conclusion, I would say that he is the most amiable, the most sagacious animal in the world, and is very fond of children, and if any little boy in the audience would like to step up and put his head in the lion's mouth he will be given the opportunity. He may get swallowed, but in that case it will be a comfort to know that he has become an integral part and parcel of the boundless and glorious British Empire." It is safe to say that Benjamin Franklin or Thomas Paine would not have dared to print such a cartoon in the American Colonies before the time of the Declaration of Independence.

The *Bulletin* is in no wise "eminently respectable," but is eminently popular. It refuses to take the mode of society seriously and is filled with pictured jokes which prove that the Australian has much the same kind of humor as his American cousin.

It is essentially a man's paper—there is no fashion article and little of a sentimental kind. That the paper is not addressed to women may be inferred from such verses as the following, which are based on the statement of a lawyer that his client, Martha Needle, a murderess, "wishes to die."

LUCKY MARTHA.

When a dame is shut in a dungeon small
To feast upon felons' fare,
And the parson makes a morning call
To solace her soul with prayer:

When the hangman lurks at the prison gate,
Though never a friend comes nigh,
And she's bound to swing on an early date—
She probably wants to die,

To die—
She probably wants to die.

When the guv'nor sounds the knell of hope,
And sleep is a gruesome dream
Of a shrinking neck in a hempen rope,
Attached to a sturdy beam:
When the glistening tear declines to start
In the criminal's wistful eye,
O, she puts a hand to her broken heart,
And probably wants to die,

To die—
She probably wants to die.

Then hip, hooray for the Law so kind!
Right merrily hip, hooray!
For it gets the prisoner quite resigned
To a drop on a certain day.
She quietly quits her sunless cell,
Which nobody can deny,
And the pressmen know, by the way she fell,
She probably meant to die,
To die—
She probably meant to die.

There exists between Sydney and Melbourne a rivalry much like that which in the United States obtains between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Seattle and Tacoma, and formerly between St. Louis and Chicago. The panic of two years ago treated Sydney much more kindly than its rival, and as the truth comes to light regarding the closed banks of Melbourne, many of her prominent men are placed in a by no means enviable light. But Australian society seems as unwilling to give up her pets who are rascals as any other. The *Bulletin* quotes the following from the *Melbourne Age*: "It would appear that the land-boom was not only responsible for sweeping away the savings of the thrifty classes, but for sensibly lowering the moral tone of the community. It was not a very credible story about share transactions which was told by Mr. Thomas Bent, in the Supreme Court on Monday." The *Bulletin* makes the following comment, which has a wider application than to any one locality:

Oh deah! O deah! that's too seaveh—
The critic is mistaken:
Our faith in them whom facts condemn
We'd fain preserve unshaken.
We knew the boom had cast a gloom,
And Luck had proved untoward,
But even now we can't allow
That Smellbourne's tone is lowered.

Though captious cranks have curst at banks
Whose chairmen came a cropper,
The good old Law no reason saw
For thinking aught improper:
No taint of shame or less blame,
Could touch the deeds those men did;
The poor might groan, but Smellbourne's tone
We still considered splendid.

Perhaps it seems that certain schemes
Were somewhat crink and shifty—
Perhaps they may have swept away
The savings of the thrifty:
It is the case that rumors base
Round innocence have hovered;
These things are known, but loss of tone
Has yet to be discovered.

It must not be thought that these skits represent the mass of the matter which appears in the columns of this South Sea radical; its editorials are bold, thoughtful and well-written, and it contains more condensed news than any paper in the United States. It contains more "composition" than all the leading weeklies of San Francisco combined and is throughout original.

As we are taking our improved election machinery from Australia and are talking of following in her footsteps in our agitation for government ownership of railroads and other natural monopolies, possibly we might find out how to make a great popular weekly by going to the far away islands of the South. Strange isn't it, that Australia, a British colony, should support a paper more radical than any worth speaking of in the United States!

NEWSPAPERMAN.

Max O'Rell, in his new book, tells of his experience with the business men of Victoria, Australia, in this fashion: "I had occasion to go and see the Mayor. I found him tipsy. On leaving his presence I went to the office of the town clerk. He was tipsy. From there my manager and I went to call upon the director of the principal bank. He was tipsy. The proprietor of the hotel where I was staying was in bed, suffering from delirium tremens."

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HERR MOST, ACTOR.

THE ANARCHIST GOES ON THE STAGE AND MAKES A SUCCESS IN CHICAGO.

Look to your laurels, Mr. John L. Sullivan and Mr. James J. Corbett, for another, with equally deadly purpose and equally loud and aggressive mouth, has taken the stage, and he is none other than Herr Most, orator, journalist, anarchist. Not being willing to allow the pugilists and divorcees to reap all the rich reward of a stage career, Herr Most has made his debut as a histrion. Most has made his wide reputation as a preacher of the gospel of elevating many things, therefore it is to be presumed, although he has not so announced, that he proposes to elevate the stage.

The occupation of an actor is not a new one to Most, as it is to some of his more powerful rivals. Before he became an anarchist, and before he was a member of the German Reichstag, he was on the stage. As a constant reminder of early ambitions he carries a disfigurement of his face. When he was a youth in his native town of Augsburg, Bavaria, he served at a local theater in an army of "lutes." His face was pained, and from the results of the pigment gangrene set in, and the result was a facial distortion.

The play in which Most appears is "The Weavers," by Gerhardt Hauptmann, and ample opportunity does it give the noted anarchist to cry out against society and lead mobs in the destruction of property. Having failed in his efforts to incite the people of America to the burning of houses and the annihilation of things in general, Most has turned to playing anarchist. "The Weavers" tells the story of a body of oppressed workmen who demand wages on which they can live, and failing in their efforts, destroy their oppressor's house. Most takes the part of the leader of the men, a weaver named Bannert, and the Chicago papers unite in praising him for the excellence of his acting. He seems perfectly at home in every situation and carries out his part with much skill.

In talking with a reporter after his debut Herr Most said: "I have adopted the stage for awhile for revenue. Of course it is not my chosen profession, but it is not at all distasteful to me; in fact, I rather like it. No, I have not changed my views with regard to the state of society. I think it is unsound in its foundations, and can no more last than could the social organization of the feudal days. The time for a change is rapidly approaching. There is a great lesson in this drama which I am playing for socialists. For a time I am out of socialism and anarchism, and am only an actor now. I may be for a long period." Although he now plays in German, he intends within a year to produce a drama in English. All his plays, he says, will deal with the social condition of the poor. He will be a preacher as well as actor, speaking other men's words that tell his own thoughts. Thus he will make money while promulgating anarchism—a combination not hitherto effected by Most or any of his school. This method, too, has the additional advantage of keeping him out of jail.

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SECOND SERIES. No. 15.

SAN FRANCISCO, JANUARY 12, 1895.

10 CENTS.

Published every Saturday, at 429 Montgomery St., by Arthur McEwen. Subscription, \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months; single copies, 10 cents. The trade supplied at office of publication. Advertising rates, \$10.00 an inch a month. Professional cards, \$5 a month.

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Governor Markham's appointment to the Police Commission of Mr. Mose Gunst has scandalized the respectability of San Francisco. It has been received with a sort of bewildered horror, which must be surprising and puzzling to Gunst and his friends, of whom he has battalions. They cannot see any reason for the outcry of the citizens, which a press careful as to subscribers and advertisements, but faintly echoes. Mr. Gunst is rich, he does a large business in his various lines of gainful endeavor, and pays his bills. That ought to be enough. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Gunst's prosperity is widely respected, if he is not. The objection to him as a Police Commissioner merely is that he is disreputable—that he offsets the advantage of being an eminent tobaccoist by being also famous as a betting man, a saloon proprietor, a patron of the prize ring, and, in sum, a Prince of the Tenderloin.

At a time when the disclosures of the Lexow Committee and the downfall of Tammany have sent a thrill of life and aggressive courage through the moral forces of most American cities, and when those of San Francisco are seeking to combine for action, Governor Markham has made an ideal Tammany appointment. In searching for an explanation of the Governor's action, reason fails and fancy takes up the task. Possibly General Markham as a military man, wants to see an even battle and has sought to strengthen the hands of the side that is in danger of attack. As an American statesman believing in representative government, he has endeavored, perhaps, to give adequate representation on the Police Commission to the elements most in need of police protection—the gamblers, side-entrance saloons, fallen women, bunco men, sluggers and lovers of slugging, and, in general, those who, under a police force managed solely in the interest of respectability, would be run in and kept in. But the fancy of normal minds loses confidence in ability to penetrate the notions of a Markham, who has crowned a squalid administration by an appointment the first reports of which were received as a poor joke, and that on confirmation has been resented as an outrage as wanton as it is harmful.

Beyond question the appointment is an outrage, an affront and challenge to the decent men and women of San Francisco, and in effect an encouragement and guaranty

of safety to the criminal and disreputable. But why should it surprise anybody? Police Commissioner Gunst is the inevitable fruit of the moral condition into which the citizens have allowed California to fall. Considering the state of our politics we should be grateful that no worse a man than Mose Gunst has been made the successor of Dan Burns, for depravity is apt to be progressive. How can good government rationally be looked for here? In this climate no more than in others can figs be gathered from thistles. The Southern Pacific Railroad Company—that is to say, Mr. C. P. Huntington—owns the Republican party of California, and Mr. Huntington is about the most conspicuous thief in the United States. The party, in turn, is officered by criminals, who take orders from Mr. Huntington's servants. With P. B. Cornwall as Chairman and Daniel M. Burns as Secretary of the Republican State Committee, W. W. Stow as the acknowledged elector and commander of the Legislature, and William F. Herrin flitting around everywhere, keeping an eye on the courts and Supervisors, the Republican who revolts against Gunst is as one who turns away ill from the dish he has helped to cook. Governor Markham himself is a convicted liar. The Supreme Court of his own party which found him guilty of the authorship of a letter that he repudiated lest he lose votes, has no power to pronounce sentence upon him. But he has attended to that himself sedulously, and will leave office infamous in the State's annals. It seems to be forgotten that it was he who appointed Police Commissioner Burns as well as Police Commissioner Gunst.

With what force can a party that has made it possible for a De Young to become a serious aspirant to the United States Senate condemn as disgraceful the modest elevation given a Gunst? Usage hardens to anything. It is only familiarity with the phenomenon of Mr. de Young's ambition that deprives it of its atrocity in the minds of the multitude. Mr. Gunst is a better man than he. If he has made his money in part by betting on races and prize-fights, and running a gambling house, and from the profits of saloons, it is still cleaner money than M. H. de Young's, candidate before a Republican Legislature for the United States Senatorship. Gunst is not accused of blackmail. Nor has he held fast to money not his own, as De Young has done in the case of the profits of the Midwinter Fair—an act in insolent defiance of the public that would be tolerated from no other man in this community, which submits because it realizes the uselessness of appealing to the sensitiveness of a De Young with anything less

potent than a threat of criminal prosecution. And the San Francisco public does not make that threat because it has learned that in money matters Mr. de Young is as shrewd as any crook, and the public takes it for granted he has kept within the law. Mr. Gunst is a brighter as well as a better man. He has more brains and superior manners. In the estimation of such as care for realities rather than appearances, Mr. Gunst's social position is higher. Mr. de Young's appointment to the Police Commission would be more disgraceful than Mr. Gunst's. Mr. Gunst would make a less discreditable Senator. Mr. Gunst is new to us, that is all.

Republicans who are respectable men are not less shocked by the Gunst appointment than are men of the same intelligence and instincts belonging to other parties. But every citizen who acts with the Republicans in California shares the guilt as well as shame of this latest manifestation of his party's morals here. That party has Mr. Huntington at its head, and it was Mr. Huntington who tried to make Dr. O'Donnell Mayor of San Francisco. That is a depth from which even Governor Markham would have shrunk, unless under orders. The party which begins with Huntington and ramifies down through Stow, Herrin, Burns, Cornwall, Hayward, Gunst and De Young, and openly allies itself with the gutter—the purpose of its energy being the maintenance by any means, however corrupt and corrupting, of the robbing privilege of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company—why should any Republican, who is a respectable man, give it his vote? The Republican party has become an organized crime in California. Whatever is unclean goes to it by natural attraction. Only political habit and regard for a party name, which has lost its right meaning here, can account for the great following of good citizens which Mr. Huntington manages to keep, though these citizens abhor Mr. Huntington and all his works. Until these citizens use their brains when they vote, instead of obeying habit, we shall continue to get such appointments as that of Gunst and suffer under the impudent indecency of such candidacies as that of Mr. de Young for the Senate. When reputable Republicans refuse to vote the Republican ticket until there is a reputable Republican party in California there will be one, but not till then.

As to the Senatorship, there is a prospect that the De Young cup may not be pressed upon us. If Mr. Huntington wants him, of course he will get him. Only simpletons will deceive themselves as to this Legislature. It is of the party that belongs to Mr.

Huntington, and Mr. Huntington always retains full control of his property, whatever its character. Were Mr. de Young opposed by a candidate who if chosen would be dangerous to Mr. Huntington's interests, Mr. de Young's election would be certain. But Mr. Perkins is not such a candidate. The Southern Pacific has nothing to fear from him, any more than it has from this Legislature, and certainly Mr. Stow is under no apprehension. This is known to the people. Nobody regards Mr. Perkins as an anti-monopolist, but as an alternative to Mr. de Young he has popularity. It is simply a choice between candidates selected by the Southern Pacific. Everybody knows this, too. And the great State of California is not ashamed. The great State of California is used to it. The old men of the plantation have almost forgotten that they were ever free, and the young have grown up in slavery to the corporations. It is not unnatural, perhaps, that they should submit with a negro-like complaisance to the masterful rule of the associated villainies.

Mr. Huntington is a cunning old man. It is thinkable that were it his design to make the election of Mr. Perkins cheap and easy he would encourage Mr. de Young to appear against him. To get his Senator and have his choice hailed with cheers as a popular triumph—that would suit both Mr. Huntington's pocket and his sense of humor. There are reasons why Huntington should prefer Perkins to De Young. He has tried him and learned that Mr. Perkins is not the kind of statesman who is without scruples. He is acquainted with Mr. de Young, whose large mind, were he in a position to be influential, would naturally ask itself why so fine a property as the Southern Pacific should remain wholly under its present ownership. To be sure, if Mr. de Young is cheated of the Senatorship that has been promised him—he would not try for it had it not been promised—the *Chronicle* would once more become a fierce anti-monopolist. But the *Chronicle* has been silenced before, and newspapers are to be had in San Francisco when needed.

Perkins or De Young—Huntington's right hand or his left. That is the choice given the people of California. There are honest men in the Legislature—honest Republicans elected by honest constituencies that are robbed by the Southern Pacific. Is there not one such honest Republican Senator or Assemblyman with the courage to rise and smite his party for the shame of such a situation? Is there not manhood enough among the Republican legislators to bring forward a candidate who is not a coolie of the Southern Pacific, and ask his election in the interest of the people of the State?

There are Republicans fit in ability and character to sit in the Senate. Why should it seem preposterous to ask a Republican Legislature to elect one of them? But it is preposterous. No one is more vividly aware of that than I am; for the Legislature, being Republican, is representative of its party, and the Republican party is the property of C. P. Huntington. If a Senator or an Assemblyman were to play the honest and courageous part I have suggested his reward would be derisive laughter from his colleagues. That is the moral condition of politics in California. Yet there is wonder at a Gunst for Police Commissioner.

If the Democratic party were very much better than the Republican, the Democrats in the Legislature would propose to such of the other side as are capable of feeling the ignominy of the situation, that a Republican not a coolie of the Southern Pacific be

offered for the votes of both Republicans and Democrats.

We are not in the enjoyment of a republican form of government. We are ruled according to the grace of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. It must be either Senator Perkins or Senator de Young. Therefore all save those who see no impropriety in the appointment of Gunst, will hope that it may be Senator Perkins, who is neither a vulgar scoundrel nor a social curiosity.

The political mastership of Huntington is but a necessary complement of his industrial tyranny. He must have the law-making power in his hands in order to protect his business, which is to share the profits of every other man's in California without being a partner in risk and loss. In the newer towns of the State, whose populations are largely drawn from the East, the fire of rebellion glows at a heat that surprises the San Franciscan. Last week I visited Fresno, and the difference between the temper of that city and San Francisco's I found to be remarkable. Here the "leading citizen" may usually be identified first for his wealth and next for the fear that the Southern Pacific will punish him by taking some of it away should he be so presumptuous as to murmur at the company's commercial policy of larceny or its political despotism. In Fresno the leading men, with quite as much to lose proportionately and more completely at the mercy of the railroad than their San Francisco brethren, have not had the manhood fined and browbeaten out of them yet. They have the courage to cry out when they are hurt, and are not hopeless that relief may be had by fighting. Fresno, which is second to San Francisco in tonnage supplied the Southern Pacific, is typical of the other towns of the San Joaquin Valley in the manner of treatment received. When Mr. Huntington let it be known that he would open the porches of the royal ear to the complaints of Fresno, which he understood were numerous and which he was anxious to relieve, the complaints of discrimination and thievish freight rates were poured in. He was asked to make Fresno a terminal point like Stockton. No, he couldn't do that; and on being pressed to tell why, blandly answered: "Well, gentlemen, because I don't have to." Mr. Huntington is generally frank, and that answer reveals the whole policy of the Southern Pacific. With its competitive points are ones where it can't steal, and non-competitive points are ones where it can. Fresno is a non-competitive point, and it is plundered as all points without water communication are plundered. Some striking instances of the general extortion were furnished me at Fresno by the sufferers. The tariff on oil from Los Angeles to San Francisco is \$68 a carload; from Los Angeles to Fresno, a little more than half the distance, the charge is \$132. The rate on nails for raisin boxes is 65 cents from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to Stockton, and 75 cents from Stockton to Fresno. A man, who raised watermelons on land worth \$75 an acre was charged \$43 a carload to San Francisco, where he got just the price of the freight for them. He asked for a fairer division. He was willing that the railroad should take \$30 a carload of his crop and himself put up with \$13. The proposition was rejected and the watermelons were left to rot on the ground. A vineyardist who is in the business on a large scale, informed me that he has paid to the Southern Pacific in freights at the rate of \$50 an acre each year. The railroad charges, taking the raisin district as a whole, will average about \$40 per annum per acre.

No community can long stagger under such frightful taxation. The people of Fresno, like other people of the valley, are not working for themselves so much as for the Southern Pacific. "This," I said, "is a fine rain and will insure big crops." "Yes," answered a Fresno farmer, "and of every three drops of it two belong to Collis P. Huntington." It would do the members of the Traffic Association good to take a trip to Fresno and hear how they are spoken of there. The people's desire for a competing railroad that will shatter the Southern Pacific monopoly is intense, and is becoming angry. Hatred and contempt for rich San Francisco mingles with the denunciations of the Southern Pacific. And love for Los Angeles is growing in proportion. The metropolitan trust that the range of mountains reared between Los Angeles and the valley will prove an impassable barrier to a change of commercial dependence does not seem securely founded when one hears Fresno talk. A merchant there told me that even under present railroad conditions Los Angeles is building up trade. The Southern dealers pay the higher freight and put up with the resulting smaller profits. "The Eastern men down there," he explained, "are not accustomed, as San Francisco wholesalers are, to think they should make big money on every transaction; they are willing to get rich by small profits on a big trade instead of by big profits on a small trade. They have had the Eastern training and retain Eastern ideas. Fresno is reciprocating. Most of our eggs used to go to San Francisco; now they go to Los Angeles, though the railroad rate to the latter is 20 per cent. greater. The dealers at Los Angeles don't try to skin us. They want our trade, and take the trouble to show it."

Whether or not the Traffic Association shall do anything to help the valley—and nobody now expects it to build a railroad—the sort of men who inhabit the valley will not much longer submit to Southern Pacific taxation, which, if levied by the government, would provoke armed rebellion. The producers are loaded down with mortgages and they can't stand interest and railroad spoliation both. Dammed waters find a way to break out, and so will these robbed and goaded people. I expect to see Eastern capital come to their rescue and build a road from tide-water to an Eastern connection at the South, and do it as a legitimate business enterprise. But if that does not happen, Fresno is only fifty miles from the navigable waters of the San Joaquin, and a narrow-gauge line could be built that distance for a quarter of a million dollars, and boats would do the rest. Other towns would build in to the narrow-gauge. It is also possible to dig a canal to the river. Or Los Angeles may, as she is trying to do, join hands with the prisoners of the valley and put a road over the mountains. Anything is likelier than that the Traffic Association will put its hand into its own pocket, or brave the revengeful anger of the Southern Pacific. One thing must be counted on by this sluggish city: While the valley people are casting about desperately for a way of escape hatred of San Francisco will grow; and sentiment has a good deal to do with business, the received saw to the contrary. Already, as I have shown, Los Angeles is cutting into San Francisco's valley trade, and the Southern applicant for custom has the tremendous advantage of a friendly footing. Give the South an even show, and it would leave nothing for San Francisco.

Although filled with scores of men in Fresno on the situation and the possibilities

of changing it, not one spoke of the Railroad Commission. I invite Dr. Stanton's attention to this phenomenon. Everybody believes that Mr. Larue will keep his promises and do his duty. If everybody believed that of Dr. Stanton, too, all eyes would be turned hopefully on the Commission, for it is clothed with full lawful authority to destroy the whole criminal scheme of discriminating freight charges. Dr. Stanton possesses a power for good superior to that of any other man in the State. He can be the master even of Mr. Huntington, and do for the people what competing railroads could accomplish. And to do all this, to exercise a power that is adequate to free a whole State from bondage to brigands, he has but to be an honest man. If he chooses to take the other course he may do so with only the penalty of the universal contempt of the people. They are no longer capable of indignation at betrayal by Railroad Commissioners; and since Cone and Beerstecher and Carpenter and Humphreys escaped personal peril for conduct like that of the Athenian orators who took Persian fees for lawyerlike speeches against the soldiers of Greece in the field, Dr. Stanton can be infamous in security if he so elects—and he can do it at a time, too, when the Supreme Court of California is teaching the Southern Pacific that there are laws to which it must yield obedience. I refer to the tax case and the Robinson suits. I wonder, by the way, that it has not occurred to the venerable Justice McFarland to pair with the rest of the Supreme Court and take a vacation whenever a suit to which the Southern Pacific is a party comes up.

Dr. Stanton is a man of education and intelligence. He ought to be able to read the signs of the time as well as anybody, and they show that the Huntington power, great as it is, is breaking in California. A few years ago a Supreme Court that should have risen to the height of doing dispassionate justice between the State and the Southern Pacific corporation would have been greeted as a marvel and applauded as a deliverer. Now, nobody appears to think that a court which has calmly done its duty, without any popular clamor to bribe or frighten it, is in any way remarkable. We are growing used to seeing the once omnipotent corporation being taught that there are limits to its power. A few years ago who would have thought of the Mayor calling a mass meeting because the United States District Attorney's office had dealt tenderly with Mr. Huntington for breaking the law—for treating him as though he were of something finer than the clay out of which ordinary American citizens are made? Should Dr. Stanton take the same ignoble trail which was followed by Cone and Beerstecher, Carpenter and Humphreys and the creatures who have just ended their term, I do not believe anybody would take the trouble to call a mass meeting. I may be mistaken in this, but my reason for the opinion is that the kind of people who feel wronged when public officials become servants of the corporations of which they should be the masters don't expect much from Dr. Stanton. The railroad and the bosses helped to nominate and elect him, and though he has protested his intention to do right, he is under the need of proving that he is sincere. There will be more surprise if Dr. Stanton turns out to be a co-worker with Mr. Larue, than if he joins with Commissioner Clarke to form the customary Southern Pacific majority.

Hot and daring souls are so incensed at official misconduct that corrective measures outside the law find favor with them. I ob-

serve that the *Examiner* has been inflamed to the revolutionary point by Mr. Louis Sloss, who hitherto has not been regarded as an incendiary character. Mr. Sloss's wild words were these, his subject being municipal reform:

"The movement lacks a strong and determined leader, such a one as William T. Coleman was in his day. * * I have no doubt that some good, strong, conservative man, or men, will come to the front and guide the better element of the community to better government of the municipality. Concerning Mr. Gunst's appointment to the Police Commissionership I can only say that I know him to be an excellent man in his private relations and strictly honest in his business transactions. He will go to greater length to do a favor for a fellow-man than most men would. But were I Governor of this State I would not have appointed him to that position. In the eyes of the public it lowers the tone of the commission. The various lines of business which he is credited with being connected are such as to give his appointment a bad moral effect."

"When such a man as this kind, gentle merchant," comments the *Examiner* in sinister double-leads, "utters in public print such a warning, even the reckless easy good-nature of San Francisco will heed his words." And it adds: "Oh, yes; the city needs a Coleman badly. If it does not find one it may perchance get a Robespierre." That is to say, if we don't get a Vigilance Committee we may prepare to undergo a Reign of Terror. Yet it is my belief that Governor Markham will escape to Pasadena with his neck unbroken, and that the metropolis will not run blood because Mose Gunst has been made a Police Commissioner. Should danger of such a calamity prove more imminent than I think, doubtless Mr. Sloss will be able to calm the *Examiner*, in which his fierce and uncontrolled eloquence has roused the war spirit.

Vigilance Committees are capital things when they spring up in the right places and have a due sense of the relative importance of things. If we should have another here let us hope that it would show better powers of discrimination than the one to which Sacramento has given birth. The specialty of the Sacramento regulators is tramps—tramps, petty thieves, and even burglars and murderers if such large game shall come in their way. The president of the committee, a lawyer, gave public notice the other day that if any one were found attempting a burglary he would be hanged at once. I don't say no, but if it is allowable to banish tramps and hang burglars without process of law, is it right, is it sensible, to grant entire immunity to criminals whose deeds in their effects on the commonwealth are infinitely more harmful than burglary, or even murder? The occupation of Mr. W. W. Stow when he visits Sacramento while a Legislature is in session there is perfectly well known. So is that of his subordinates of the lobby. Yet if it were proposed to the Sacramento Vigilance Committee to treat Mr. Stow with the same harshness as it treats a tramp—to say nothing of burglars and murderers—one can fancy the horror that would be depicted on the countenances of the good Vigilantes. Or if it were suggested that the legislators who take bribes, and so undermine civilized society—not to speak of republican institutions—should be banished along with robbers of hen-roosts and hanged by the side of burglars, one does not care to think of the expression that would usurp the intelligent Sacramento countenance. A Vigilance Committee in a town where a whole Legislature is sitting, and a Senatorial contest is in progress, that can find its reformatory and punitive energies equal only to vagabonds and common criminals does not excite respect. Let us

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

trust that if the Vigilance Committee which the *Examiner* seems to think Mr. Sloss has in mind shall take actual existence it will show judgment. After Mr. Gunst has been executed under Mr. Sloss's sentence, with the concurrence of the *Examiner*, Mr. Huntington—Mr. C. P., not Mr. H. E. Huntington—ought certainly to be strung up, if he can be caught, which I doubt, for Mr. Huntington has led a mob himself in his time, I am told, and therefore ought to know enough to keep out of one's way. And when the various solid lines and solid sevens of past boards of supervisors have been suspended in rows from the beam, they should not be without the companionship of Mr. Herrin and others who induced their solidarity. All the millionaires and directors of corporations who have bribed Supervisors and Judges ought to swing with the takers of the bribes. And since bribery is the master crime of the time, the worm at the root of popular government, the committee might do well to suspend a few of the San Francisco newspapers, together with their proprietors, real and ostensible. Above all, a vacancy in the Park Commission would be called for by the removal of Mr. W. W. Stow. But before we proceed to extremities by organizing a Vigilance Committee in order to avert a Robespierre, suppose we try what can be done with the machinery of the law? There is a Citizens' Defense Association in town that will answer very well for what a Grand Jury ought to be. If properly supported with funds and influence, this association can bring to the bar of justice high-placed rogues who now walk about with full pockets. The evidence is to be had that would prove in court the guilt of some judges on the bench and some who have been removed from it. It can be proved that Supervisors have been bribed. Such scoundrels go free because it is nobody's special business to run them down. Let the Citizens' Defense Association have the money needed to employ detectives, and there would be results in conviction and sentence. There are honest judges, and honest jurors are to be got. And the Legislature now in session in a Vigilance Committee city can do much by a simple bill to strike at future corruption. If it will but enact that either party to a bribe shall go unpunished as a reward for revealing the transaction, there will be fewer Bob Morrows, fewer P. B. Cornwalls, fewer Buckleys, Burnses and Raineys—not to mention attorneys for corporations like the Southern Pacific and Spring Valley Water Company, who are now not unwilling to try cases out of court and to influence State and municipal legislation by other means than argument.

The public enemies whose management of politics brings about such appointments as that of Gunst ought to feel grateful for the talk of vigilance committees which has been heard in San Francisco during the week. It is merely a wasteful blowing off of steam that should be reserved for intelligent force against scoundrelism. Moreover, it is childish to talk of vigilance committees here. Bad as things may be, it is not beyond the power of citizens to improve them within the law. The election of Mayor Sutro and the defeat of Judge Levy prove that. If the bench is rotten in spots, on the whole it is sound. A thoroughly awakened public opinion would do immeasurably more to purify politics and elevate public service than many vigilance committees. The trouble is not that the machinery of the law has broken down, but that its aid is not often enough sought by citizens of public spirit to redress public wrongs. San Francisco has passed far beyond the vigilance committee stage of development. This is neither

a frontier camp nor a rural town. Besides, troops are easily moved in these days, and even if the entire population of San Francisco were to rise as one man, the militia and the Federal soldiers would find it no harder to quell the revolt than they did to put down the fighting strikers at Chicago, Sacramento and elsewhere last summer. It is humiliating to find it necessary to write things so obvious for Californian reading. Threats of violence in a city of this size are confessions of political impotence which grown men should be ashamed to make. They awaken the wish that the bold spirits who utter them would make practical test of the effect of policemen's clubs upon skulls that roof brains so unreflecting. What we need is not more lawlessness but less. The government of California can be taken out of the hands of the Southern Pacific and its Markhams, Stows, Herrins and Burnses whenever the people choose. Until the people do that they deserve to have a Gunst for a Police Commissioner, and it will serve them right to have a De Young for Senator. An American community living under settled, civilized conditions that will admit its inability to govern itself by babbling of vigilance committees is just the sort of a community that a Huntington is always at hand to reign over.

As for Gunst, the way to be rid of him is to adopt a new charter that will permit of the reorganization of the Police Commission.

Fevered editors and others who are aching to cure civil evils by military means could take no better antifebrine than Mayor Sutro's inaugural address. It is a model of common sense and rich in the practical suggestions of a practical man of wide experience and liberal mind. He proposes reforms enough to call for all the public spirit that San Francisco is likely to have at command for the next quarter of a century. He has sketched an outline that when filled in will make of this one of the cleanest and most beautiful and best governed cities in the world. There is statesmanship in his programme, for when San Francisco owns its own water works and lighting plant, and has brought its corporations under subjection to vigorously enforced law, the main sources of political corruption will be dried up. This address is not one to be laid aside after a single reading. It is a paper to be kept and studied, for it is a map, drawn by a man to whom the great cities of America and Europe are familiar, of the roads which San Francisco must follow in the future if she is to reach a condition that will place her among the best. And San Francisco has every right to aspire to that rank.

Mr. Fitch has lost the *Bulletin*, but his loss is far less than that of California. Without its editor the *Bulletin* ceases to be the *Bulletin* and becomes merely a new newspaper, having its character to establish. The purchaser of the *Bulletin* may be able to make a better paper of it than it was, but Mr. Fitch takes away with him that which is not a thing of purchase and sale—a man's personality. The public's knowledge that Mr. Fitch owned and edited the *Bulletin* was to it an assurance of the sincerity of the paper's editorial page. No other San Francisco daily has this quality, which can be imparted only by character and time. The disappearance of Mr. Fitch's *Bulletin* means the extinction of the one newspaper of this city that had other than a commercial reason for existence. The last conscience of the daily press has been eliminated, and in consequence our journalism has suffered a distinct fall. The *Bulletin* was on a level of its own—a level on which more honor than money was to be won. Mr. Fitch has reached

an age which disinclines him, I presume, from re-entering journalism. As he goes into retirement there should go with him the thanks and respect of every good citizen of California. He has fought many a hard fight—often wrong, in my judgment, but never, I believe, without conviction that he was serving the community. Under strong and constant temptation to descend to the plane of his competitors, where more gain lay, he held on his own way. I salute Mr. Fitch as he lays down honorably a man's pen.

ARTHUR McEWEN. POSTSCRIPT.

Friday. Last night a bare majority of the Republicans of the Legislature bound themselves by caucus action to vote for Perkins for United States Senator. While this is not decisive, it has reduced by two-thirds the danger of the election of M. H. de Young. I congratulate California.

THE TWADDLER.

During the week I hastened to Sacramento and at once sought my illustrious friend Governor Budd.

"My dear sir," said I, when I had drawn him away from Gavin McNab, Secretary Colnon, General Clunie, John Daggett, Marcus D. Boruck, Johnny-Behind-the-Gun and other persons eminent enough in statesmanship but of no standing in the world of society, "My dear sir," I said, "I implore you to move very carefully. San Francisco is deeply agitated, I assure you."

"Good Lord, Persiflage," cried the Governor, "I hadn't anything to do with Gunst's appointment."

"I am aware of that; it is something far more serious than Gunst."

The Governor turned pale and besought me to be more explicit.

"Have no fear on that head," I answered. "I came here to be explicit. I saw the tide rising in the metropolis and could bear it no longer, so I hurried here at once—at great personal inconvenience, at great personal inconvenience, sir."

"I won't forget it, Persiflage," said the Governor, waving his hand, "but what the devil is the city excited about? I haven't had a chance to do anything yet."

"The city is excited, Mr. Budd," I said, standing off to mark the effect of my words, "because a report has reached it that you intend not to wear evening dress at the inaugural ball."

"It's a lie; an infamous lie!" exclaimed Governor Budd.

"Thank God for that," I murmured in a choked voice, for I was overcome with joy.

"Of course I'll wear a claw-hammer, Persiflage," he continued, "and the man who started a report to the contrary is doubtless some scoundrel in the pay of Dan Burns. It is true that I haven't had a spiketal on since I graduated from the University, but I hope I know, as Chief Magistrate of a great commonwealth, what is due society."

At this moment the Governor was obliged to leave me in order to keep a luncheon engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Fair, but I saw him later, and I am in a position to speak with authority that the social side of the administration will be what it should be, for I shall spend a good deal of my time at Sacramento the next four years.

I dropped into the University Club not long ago. I don't go there often, for, the fact is, a mere man of the world does not feel quite at home among scholars, scientists and that sort of thing. The conversation is apt to be deuced heavy, and I shudder. There is, too, among men who pass their lives at seats of learning—I refer to the professors—a certain innocence of the world, a want of appreciation of the value of its real prizes, that is fatiguing. During my last visit to the University Club, John McGillivray and a few others of the lighter spirit were chatting of this very subject, and McGillivray gave what he evidently thought to be an amusing instance of it.

"You ought to hear Professor Joe tell the story," he said. "He begins with: 'I was walking up Broadway, marveling at the enormous height of New York's buildings, and as my head was thrown back to get the proper angle of vision, I darned my mouth was open.' Two fine-looking gentlemen ac-

counted him, one saying: 'Professor Le Conte of the University of California, I think?' Ah, profoundly pleased to meet you. On his way to attend the Science Congress, doubtless? I saw a paper there myself. I am Professor Hysock of Waukeeshaw, and this is Professor Wickersham of the University of Colorado.' Of course Professor Joe was tickled to meet men of his own kind in a strange place and toddled along, prattling of science and the wonders of the metropolis.

"By the way," asked Professor Hysock, "have you seen Dujardin's new and great work on Anthropology? No? Well, I have two copies at my rooms at the St. James, and if you'll call to-morrow any time before noon I'll be more than pleased to give you one."

"Professor Joe stopped right there and caused a jam on Broadway while he shook his brother educator by both hands and squealed out his satisfaction. Twenty minutes later the party turned down a side street, and, pausing at the doorway of a queer house, Professor Hysock of Waukeeshaw observed with a smile:

"I hope it won't shock you, Professor, but when I'm in Rome I do as the Romans do. In fact, I have something of a taste for games of chance, despite my profession, and indulge myself a little when I am away from home. There is a famous lottery inside here. Will you step in and watch my fortunes?"

"Professor Joe is a blood and doesn't like to back down from a challenge, so, marveling greatly at the taste of Professor Hysock, he entered. 'He bet a small sum of money, I have no reason why I should not, and when a wheel had been turned a great package of greenbacks was handed him. The same result followed a venture by Professor Wickersham. This was done over and over again, and their winnings were enormous, simply enormous! Presently Professor Hysock suggested that I follow their example. He said there was no reason why I should not, and enough to pay my expenses while in attendance on the Science Congress, and even take me back to California with money in my pockets. 'Thanks, gentlemen, thanks,' said I with extreme cordiality, 'but I have money enough—more than enough for all my wants. I wouldn't know what to do with the money. I don't mean it. I don't mean to despise it, and would object to having more.' For some reason they retired and left me to find my way to the street alone, and at the sessions of the Science Congress I did not meet either Professor Hysock of Waukeeshaw or Professor Wickersham of Colorado."

McGillivray laughed with the others when he had finished his story. My gravity was noticed, and Senator John Beard asked me what I thought of the narrative.

"Well, gentlemen," I said, "to be candid, I think that a man who takes Professor Le Conte's contemptuous view of money is no better than a fool. Understand me; I mean no disrespect to Professor Le Conte. And he may thank his stars that his innocence served him as well in this instance as guile would have done, for it is evident to any man of the world that this Professor Hysock and this Professor Wickersham were simply a pair of the bunco men that infest all great cities."

My view was disputed, but I rather think that before I left the University Club I had convinced the young gentlemen that their revered Professor had been in the hands of professional swindlers.

It gave me something of a shock yesterday when Moss Gunst stopped me on Market street and offered his hand. I took it, of course, but with reluctance. Gunst noticed my hesitation, and grew red.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"The fact is, Gunst," said I, taking him into a doorway, where we would be seen by as few as possible, "I can hardly afford to seem on intimate terms with a man of your extreme disreputability just at present."

"Disreputable?" he cried. "How's that?"

"You sell whiskey, bet on races, attend prize fights, rent a place where gambling is done, and that sort of thing. The town is up in arms about it."

"See here, old fellow," said Gunst, coarsely and earnestly, "you're one of the sweet-scented lilies who live in the clouds and get up for respectability. Now, answer me a few questions. How many whiskey sellers belong to the Pacific Union?"

"But they're all wholesalers, my good man," I protested, "and among the most respected men in San Francisco."

"How many bet on the races?"

"Well," I admitted, "of course, we all take a flyer at the pools, but not as professionals, understand."

"And how many rent places for saloons and all sorts of joints?"

"Mr. Gunst," I retorted, haughtily, "I am not here to discuss the private affairs of other gentlemen."

A BUSINESS MAN'S BOOK.

REVIEW OF A LITTLE VOLUME OF ESSAYS BY A SAN FRANCISCO REAL ESTATE DEALER.

The title calls attention to a book by a business man rather than one for the business man—"Essays by Thomas Magee." The author is one of the best known of San Francisco's pioneer business men; indeed he prospered in the unpoetic occupation of a real estate dealer. When such gentlemen have heretofore designed to use the pen for other than bookkeeping purposes the result generally has been a column or so upon the matchless resources of the section in which their lands were located, or possibly a prophecy as to the material growth of their city or State. But here we have from Mr. Magee a small volume of essays upon "The Alphabet and Language," "Immortality of the Big Trees," "Wealth and Poverty of the Chicago Exposition"—subjects, all of them, which show that there is at least one man of business who has time to think on things other than the price of town lots. It is a point in favor of our culture that such a book comes from a San Francisco press. For it is seldom that an American man of business takes the time to write of what he sees, thinks or feels, although Louisville boasts of a poet (Mr. Cawein) who keeps a billiard parlor, and New York is proud of a contractor named Hopkinson Smith and a banker by the name of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Mr. Magee's essay on language is a comprehensive statement of much that has been said by the eminent writers who have discovered. Mr. Magee shows, for instance, how, by dispensing with inflections almost entirely and relying, instead on the collocation or syntax, the English language is unconsciously but certainly approaching to Chinese, which he declares to be the simplest and most philosophical language in the world. If there is to be a universal language it will be English, but to make it more popular the proportion of words of romance origin must be greatly reduced, for simplicity, directness, earnestness, are essential.

When he comes to the discussion of the effect of a debased civilization upon the dignity of words, Mr. Magee speaks with the feeling of a man who realizes that we still have in the English language the words that represent the simpler virtues and have not sought to temper our language as the Italians and the French have done to make the bad seem less ugly and the good less beautiful. To the English of the Bible he pays the tribute which all scholars pay.

This business man has evidently taken time to study something, too, beside books. The evidence of this we see in his essay on the big trees. He has tramped the Sierras, not only in summer, but has climbed their sides on snow-shoes and sought to find the secret of the immortality of the Big Trees. There is genuine feeling in what he writes of these forest monarchs. He is proud not so much of their height and their girth as he is of their everlastingness. They are to be subdued only by the axe of man or the thunderbolts of Jove. For so superior are they to all else that grows that no disease can conquer them. "Whether the oldest sequoia be a hundred or four thousand years old is not the vital point. That point rests on the fact that not a single one of these big trees has yet been found showing any evidence of the feebleness of old age or of natural decay—not one! Fires deface and consume them; storms, when the trees are in exposed situations, may prostrate, and lightning (a frequent agent in their destruction) may blast and destroy, or set fire to them; but natural decay and death have not yet marked or defied them." It is Mr. Magee's opinion, therefore, that if the sequoias had been protected from lightning, storms and man, we could to-day find trees that stood from the far distant geologic period when they were first naturally sown. In closing this essay an appeal is made for the preservation of these forests and a protest against the opening of any part of the present reserve to the miner or the farmer.

In his essay on the Chicago Exposition Mr. Magee gives his explanation of the poverty of the great Fair to its fine arts exhibit. He conceives that the first London Exhibition of 1851 excelled the Chicago Exposition in its presentation of works of art, but for all this he will not allow that the world, or even the United States, is growing indifferent to the beautiful. We have no statues to place beside those made twenty-three hundred years ago in Greece, no picture to rival the work of our minor artists of three hundred years ago, no Homer or a Dante has not made glorious the century; but for all that, we are rich beyond precedent in things both utilitarian and ideal. The genius of the century has turned to other things than poetry and art, and after all "the mitigation of human loads and labor is the highest poetry," says the essayist. To this practical philosophy exception can be taken; certain it is at any rate that

there is no danger that it will be ignored. But Mr. Magee makes an excellent point in calling to general attention the consideration that is at present paid to making even the things of ordinary use more or less beautiful. He compares the "Rocket," Stephenson's old locomotive, with one of the present day, showing how, with its compactness and utility its beauty has also increased. An even better illustration he finds in the models of the ocean steamship of fifty years ago and those of such greyhound as the "Britannia" and "Paris." In striving for the most useful we obtain the most beautiful.

Of the three essays, the best is the one that is most original—that on the Big Trees—but all show thought, and in the simplicity of their language and freedom from the forced, are remarkable, coming from one not professedly a man of letters. For sale at the Popular Book Store, 10 Post street.

Maunys', 769 Market St. Sheet Music at half-price. Pianos: Decker & Son; Marshall & Wendell.

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And has an enormous sale throughout England and Europe. A pure mixture of ASSAM (India) and Ceylon Teas, the finest blend imported. An economical and delicious brew. Having once used this tea you will use no other. Put up in lead packages of one half or one lb. For sale by M. HANKIN & CO., 505 Battery St., S. F.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. FRESE, Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. FRESE, Administrator of said estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1895.
J. D. KELLYMAN, Attorney for Administrator.

CALIFORNIA

STORAGE WAREHOUSE

722 Mission St., bet. Third and Fourth Sts., San Francisco.

H. T. ROONEY, Proprietor.

"And how many were members of the California Athletic Club when slugging was in fashion?"

"That's all very well," I said, "but gentlemen are permitted to abuse these things too."

"But I'm not, eh? Now, square, Persiflage, what do you think of me?"

"To be frank, Mose," said I, "I think you're a pretty decent sort of chap in your way, and no worse than your neighbors, but you are not respectable. That's the point, don't you see?"

"Not respectable enough, to sit down in the Police Commission with Billy Alford, I suppose?" put in a dashy man who had drawn near—a cigar-store gentleman, evidently. "What in blazes has Alford ever done to be so overwhelmingly respectable? Or Tobin, either? The parsons are shouting that Mose here won't help to close up the dens of vice as they call in his honorable position. After what's happened to me for selling liquor and so on, I hope you'll draw out of Cresta Bedanica. It's good wine, but still it's wine, and wine's liquor. Labor Commissioner Persiflage, agent for the incomparable Cresta Bedanica, will scare Budd, Persie."

"It's all very well, but society may tolerate many things that it can't afford to approve by giving their representatives official sanction. Good day, sir."

"Good day, Persie," said Gunst, with a strange lightness for one in his terrible position. "After what's happened to me for selling liquor and so on, I hope you'll draw out of Cresta Bedanica. It's good wine, but still it's wine, and wine's liquor. Labor Commissioner Persiflage, agent for the incomparable Cresta Bedanica, will scare Budd, Persie."

Taking no notice of this low badinage, I went on my way, and was so fortunate as to meet my friend Fargo, with whom I had lunch at the Palace grill-room. Although I decline to patronize Newlands' laundry, I do drop into his restaurant occasionally, and even drink at his bar, where the Congressman bears himself coldly toward me, I'm sorry to say. But, hang it, a man ought to be privileged to get his clothes washed where he pleases.

My political activities have not, it is needless to say, prevented me from discharging my social duties, and on Tuesday evening last I attended a dinner given at a Pacific avenue house to a distinguished English divine now visiting our city. Dr. Shiels was one of the guests, and the conversation became rather professional, which is bad form—though it wasn't the doctor's fault. The clergyman persisted in twitting him on the fact that medical treatment had frequently reversed itself—that once, for instance, no cold water or fresh air was allowed the fever patient, while now all the water and air he wants are given him. The doctor looked annoyed, not to say distressed, and I cut in to help him.

"The church, sir," I said loudly, "has reversed herself on occasion." "Never!" cried the clergyman, thumping the table. "Theology is an exact science. What begins as perfect cannot be improved upon. That stands to reason."

"Nevertheless, the church has reversed herself." "An instance, sir," demanded the clergyman.

"Why, now," said I, "what would you think of any of us here who should lift his head to his mouth with his knife?"

"That he should be cast out of such society as this into the lowest, the very lowest—and hottest," was the witty response.

"Yet, sir," I vociferated, "in Queen Elizabeth's time the pulpit thundered against the fork, which had been introduced into the country, and predicted that such effeminate luxury would draw down upon the nation heaven's wrath and plunge it into—into—the very lowest society, and the hottest."

Amid the murmur of astonished comment that arose I heard the English divine ask Dr. Stebbins, at his left, who that learned man was, and as for me, he showed me a respectful and slipping back a card with a penciled order for a dozen. After all, it is only the really well-read man who can, without wealth, hold permanently a high position in society.

PERSIFLAGE.

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the date of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1895.
J. D. KELLYMAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine St.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

The weather—oh, the weather! It is the universal topic of conversation, and it deserves to be. Never again dare I boast of our balmy California winters. Never again shall I anneringly refer to our neighbors of Oregon as "webfooters." The climate of California is changing—it must be, for winter after winter I have been told since my arrival that this is an exceptional year; another case in which exceptions make the rule.

There is only one time when I am a dress reformer, and that is when it rains. Then I long to don Jack's trousers and mackintosh and go forth and revel in the fury of the storm. I hear men complain of the weather and I laugh scornfully at them. What do they know of the embarrassments of a wind storm? How are they troubled by the aloof of the streets? If I could only dress as I should, I would ask no more delicious pleasure than to take my morning walk with the rain pelting down and the wind fighting me at every step. There is companionship in the rain, real good company; the hard points of life are softened a bit and the mind is given an almost sensuous tranquility. But not to a woman!

I was envying Jack his thick-soled boots, his trousers and his great coat as I went struggling up Bush street last Tuesday, carrying an umbrella in one hand and with the other making an heroic effort to hold my dress out of the water and keep a book from falling into the gutter. "Oh, that I were at least a dress reformer!" I was exclaiming to myself; "if I can't don trousers, let me enjoy the short skirt and leggings." Then a blow came to all my hopes—sudden, a terrible, an overwhelming blow. Coming down the street I saw a woman arrayed as I had just been praying I might be—short skirt, leggings and all. She was certainly forty-five or fifty years of age, with an excellent figure and a rather masculine face. Her light hair, of which she had a great mass, was crowded up under the edge of a canvas sailor hat, giving it a tilt which added much to the comical figure that she cut as she sauntered boldly down the street. The rain came down upon her, but she did not seem to mind it. Both her hands were free and she gave her arms a slight swing as she walked. I saw a knot of workmen who were repairing a sidewalk stop work as she passed and look on her with as great astonishment as if she had been a ballet girl on street parade in her tarlatan. As she passed I felt an involuntary impulse to stand on the edge of the sidewalk and examine her. I could not resist the temptation to turn round, and I saw a Chinaman with open mouth and bulging eyes looking at her as she went by him, and even the stoical Chinaman broke into a grin. As I crossed to the other side of the street and looked back I saw butcher boys and business men, women at windows and children on doosteps, gazing upon her with an amount of interest that a circus procession would have been pleased to excite. No, no; the sensible rainy weather dress is not for me. My longing for the short skirt and leggings has passed away.

In Golden Gate Park some time ago I saw my first woman bicyclist in bloomers, and I can't say that I was pleased with the sight, nor did I envy the young woman the attention she attracted. She was riding with a man, who looked as proud and happy as if he were a showman exhibiting his prize dog, and I thought that man had a boot for a steam yacht," exclaimed Jack. "And I wouldn't be in her clothes for a diamond coronet," I replied. But the couple seemed rather to enjoy the general scrutiny they excited. As they came up to the big bear's cage the young woman jumped from her wheel and took a look at bruin. After a minute she mounted her machine again, taking the man's mount from the step on the bar, and rode away. The old lady with the short skirt, I am convinced, was acting from principle; she felt it her duty to show us less sensible and courageous women how to dress on a rainy day. But I cannot be so charitable to the young bicyclist. There is no necessity for bloomers when riding the bicycle; in this I speak from experience. There would be greater comfort in men's costume, or in some such modification of it as this young woman wore, and in such a costume greater speed can be made; but there is more reason for wearing bloomers on horseback, and almost as much for wearing them in the ball room, as there is for wearing them on a wheel. Now I do not hold that there is the slightest thing immodest in the wearing of bloomers, nor would there be in the wearing of long trousers or of tight-fitting knee-breeches, but there is something immodest in wearing any kind of dress to produce a sensation. When women are willing to wear bloomers in windy weather—in which there is certainly as much need for them as on a bicycle—I shall have no word of protest to offer against the bicycle bloomer.

But Fashion permit—indeed, indorse—the bloomer for bicycle wear. And where does Fashion's decree in the matter come from? Paris, of course; Paris, where it is fashionable and correct to wear gowns so low as to the neck that a woman wearing such a dress in a California ball room would be blasted. There are a good many things done in Paris by both men and women which our American civilization, as the French would declare, has not yet become refined enough to appreciate and adopt. The hope of the dress reformer is that the rage for bloomers will spread until the Mary Walker suit becomes the common costume. But it is a vain hope. Fancy a cotillion with the women in bloomers. Heaven knows, it is hard enough to get the men out to them now, but if the women were in bloomers—

BETTY.

Amusement Notes.

Herrmann, the magician, is to follow Lottie Collins at the California Theatre. The Baldwin is to close for two weeks after the Tavary engagement.

Next Monday Mme. Yale, who has been much heralded as the most beautiful of her sex, will lecture in the Baldwin Theatre. It is needless to say that women, whether beautiful or not, are anxious to know the means by which the curse of homeliness can be removed from so many of the sex, and this revelation Mme. Yale promises to give.

Sybil Sanderson, the California prima donna, receives \$700 a performance in New York. This is the same salary given Mme. Nordica.

The society women of San Francisco have taken with enthusiasm to the Pure Food Exposition which is to open in the Mechanics' Pavilion this month. One of the great features will be the lecturing by Mrs. Lincoln of Boston. New York society has taken a more lively interest in these expositions and lectures than in any other of the large affairs given in Madison Square Garden, except the Horse Show. To learn how to cook and what to cook is not a bad feat.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CALIFORNIA PURE FOOD EXPOSITION,

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

BALDWIN THEATER, JAN. 14.

AN EPOCH IN SOCIETY

MME. M. YALE,

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY,

TO LECTURE TO THE LADIES OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Crowned Heads, Warriors, Statesmen,

Princes of Finance and the Nota-

bles of the World Have Bowed

Down to Her Glorious

Beauty.



MME. M. YALE.

Celebrated as the Most Beautiful Woman on Earth, will appear at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday, January 14th, at 2:30 P. M., in a lecture entitled

"BEAUTY AND PHYSICAL CULTURE."

Reserved Seats, 50 cents, on sale at box-office of theater on and after January 8th.

Aside from MME. YALE'S Remarkable Beauty, she is the most noted authority living on the Ways and Means of Cultivating Beauty, Preserving It and Restoring Youth. She has succeeded in discovering the Fountain of Youth, or which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Although forty-two years old MME. YALE does not look over eighteen.

MME. YALE'S LECTURE will consist of two parts:

THE FIRST ACT

Will be devoted to the Cultivation of Beauty in general, treating of the Complexion, the Hair, Eyes, Expression, the removal of wrinkles and all traces of age. MME. YALE will be seen in this part in an ELABORATE BALL GOWN designed for her by Worth.

IN THE SECOND ACT

MME. YALE WILL WEAR TIGHTS and an ELEGANT ATHLETIC COSTUME, which will enable her to go through the movements recommended by her for making the figure perfect. The development of the Bust, the Limbs, the Chest, Neck and the Perfection of all parts of the Body will be thoroughly treated and instructions given.

Ladies, bring your notebooks and pencils. Mme. Yale will give Beautifying Recipes of great value.

MME. YALE has lectured in all the principal cities of the world, always before vast audiences of the most cultured people. She is a college graduate and an accomplished lady of the highest qualities. As an educator of her sex she has never been equaled. Her lectures are strictly scientific and hygienic in character, embracing every detail of the most advanced order.

MME. YALE is the creator of heavy culture and the originator of the latest physical culture calisthenic exercises. Mothers, attend and bring your daughters,

AN AMERICAN GRAND OPERA.

HAWTHORNE'S "SCARLET LETTER" BY WALTER DAM-ROSCHE AND GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

An American grand opera has been written, the libretto by George Parsons Lathrop, who married the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the score by Walter Damrosch, who married Miss Blaine. When young Damrosch, a frowy-headed boy, succeeded his distinguished sire as the leader of the Symphony Society in New York it was explained that the position was given him out of sentiment, and as soon as possible and as easily he would be let out. But the day of his disposing has not yet come, nor is it likely to. Again, when Mr. Damrosch married the statesman's daughter and moved into the Fifth avenue house which was Mr. Blaine's wedding present, those who did not know the young man prophesied that his day of work was over and in future he would play the dilettante. The writing of this opera proves how false were these prophecies. From the time when he first read "The Scarlet Letter" Mr. Damrosch had cherished the idea of using the story as the basis for an opera, but it was long before he could find the poet to write the libretto. At last whom should he choose but the son-in-law of the author, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

The second Mr. Damrosch has said: "The music is essentially modern and composed on the lines laid down by Richard Wagner—that is, a continuous dramatic recitative, to which, however, I have tried to give also a melodious significance. To the orchestra falls an important share in the development of the dramatic and psychological notation of the story."

The poem is in three acts and the characters are seven in number: Hester, Arthur (the young minister, Dimmesdale, of Hawthorne's romance), Chillingworth, Wilson (the old minister), Bellingham, Brackett (the jailer) and a shipmaster. Besides these chief persons, there is a chorus of Puritan men and women, soldiers and new English pilgrims. Little Pearl was left out because such a part would be impossible in an opera and she is supposed to have died before the stage story begins.

Mr. Lathrop has followed the elemental story of Hester's and Arthur's love, sin, suffering and partial expiation as the gist of the book, though he has departed from the story with great freedom.

"My text is a new creation," Mr. Lathrop says, "a dramatic poem upon the old theme. I do not suppose I have adapted from Hawthorne's pages more than two dozen sentences in the whole work. This new dramatic poem, therefore, stands as a work which may be read for itself. But in every line it is also designed for music and singing. I have used entire freedom in the form of varying measures, the range of which is much greater, for example, than in Wagner's text. The form at each moment is moulded by the sentiment, passion or situation."

The opera opens with a scene before the market place in Boston where Hester Prynne is about to be sentenced by Governor Bellingham for having given birth to an illegitimate daughter, Roger Prynne, the husband, who is supposed to be in England, comes upon the market place as the mob of Puritans are crying out against the woman who has not yet been brought forth from the prison. Prynne passes under the name of Chillingworth. He stands with the mob and sees his wife Hester led out wearing the scarlet A upon her breast. The husband sees her and is horrified.

Then the mob in chorus sings:

Jezebel! Jezebel!
Daughter of hell!
See how serpent-like it twines—
Yon letter with its coiling lines,
As though it were clutching her breast,
Of her soul in quest.
Lo, she sports with her shame,
And bats her wings the letter.
With gaudy splendor of scarlet.
The token that should be her fetter
She turns to a mocking damask.
Of adornment. Dying with the cursed harlot!
Punish her evil doing!
Haciab her shadow, that dark Jesus
Each true Puritan dweller,
staining us all with dishonor.
Tempting God's wrath in disaster.
Far into hell-fire cast her.
down with the cursed harlot!

Chillingworth vows vengeance. Wilson, the old minister, asks Hester to reveal her lover under fear of death. She refuses. Then her pastor and paragon, Arthur Dimmesdale is asked to plead with her and he reluctantly does:

Thou hearest, then, Hester Prynne.
And alas, thou seest
The name of grief wherein
I walk, the least
Of those who dare so openly upbraid.
Thy woe was to my keeping,
And so thy sin must be mine.
Fully thou hast faith in my guide.
All the more, therefore,
Implying—yea weeping—
My prayer must ascend for pardon.
Why, then, dost thou make me sign?
Say, think; if thy lips thou hasten,
Then I—for thy sake—will ask.

Arthur's sin would save
Thy burden of sinning in the tale.
Tell thy name with thy new woe suffers,
Though hiding his guilty heart.
High or low, spare him not from the ban.
Be not too tender.
Nor pity render
To him who, so, may be tempted
To play the dissembler's part.
Remember, he is not exempted
From the doom that shadows thee.
Think, ere thou repliest
For if the truth thou deniest,
O Hester, liest!

His soul with thine condemned may be.

Arthur faints. Hester still refuses. Chillingworth reveals himself to her and demands that she give the name. But she cannot be moved. Sentiment is passed that she must wear the scarlet A all her life. Chillingworth declares that he will hunt the guilty man to death. Arthur is brought near to her. She runs to him, but is driven back. Then Chillingworth suspects the secret. This is the end of act one.

Next Hester is seen in the woods, to which she has been driven. Years have passed and she still wears the letter. She sits by the brookside and sings:

Ripple of the brook, and 'rest of the sunshine
Asleep under trees—
Restless as I as the water's murmur
And wandering breeze.
Sunlight flies from me ere I near it;
The brook's madd'ning play!
Grief never dies from me; still I hear it,
Through nights and days,
Sole music of the stream intoning
My heart's own woe.
Ah, sad brooklet, why still art moaning?
What dost thou know?
Is it a secret of this dark forest
Told unto thee;
Frenziedly wrong that thou abhorrest,
And so must flee,
Whispering ever the hapless tidings?
Couldst thou but in answer
Hush thy plait, with my spirit's childings;
Shouldst thou not
A body of English pilgrims draw near, but
warned by their Puritan guides they hold aloof.
Then in a violent outburst of feeling she curses them:

O Ruler of heaven
Art thou not in answer?
Can it be thou hast given
To men thy features
With hearts of clay
And lips of flame,
To blacken Time's image
And a soul to blast in Thy name?
Ah, then, farewell
To meek repentance;
No longer I dwell
In mercy's bound.
Lord, give them sentence
Of anguish profound—
As I, too, fling them my curse
Like a brand from the fire of my bosom.
May it burn and wither
Their wandering souls,
Hither and thither
Cling to their haunting,
And humble their vaunting
To crumble in ashes
Of endless death!

Chillingworth—Hester's husband—after discovering Arthur's guilt, attaches himself to him as a friend and physician, that he may see the man's torment and prolong it as long as possible. Arthur, on Chillingworth's advice, visits Hester, who needs consolation. At this meeting Hester tells Arthur who Chillingworth is. Arthur is about to take his own life, when Hester proposes flight instead, and the Second Act closes with a duet: "Quick, Then, Escape."

The last act opens with Hester and Arthur in high hopes of freedom. But the sea captain with whom they are about to take passage tells Hester that Chillingworth is going also. They see that he has discovered their plan and Arthur, who is so weak that he can hardly stand, mounts the pillory, calls Hester to his side and confesses:

O people of New England!
Ye still who are true
And holy have deemed me!
Your pastor behold,
Not as yon long-tongued dreamer,
But, as heaven shines high above me,
So of all sinners the lowest.
Thou shalt reap as thou sowest!
From falsehood's seed
I garner disgrace;
But lo, I uproot the shriveled weed,
And the power of yon blooming here in its place!
The Scarlet Letter that Hester wears
Ye have shuddered at long;
But its lurid ray
Was but as a shadow of that fierce fire
Of smothered wrong
That night and day
With daiming despairs
My breast has scarred, and branded my soul!
Her fellow in sin, I have won my desire
And reached my goal.
For I stand now beside her
The debt of my guilt's confession to pay,
So long denied her
If any here still
God's judgment deny,
Here now ere I die
Let them witness his will
In the blood-red mark revealed on my breast;
The Scarlet Letter—behold!

He tears open his coat and shows the mark, then dies in Hester's arms after a tender and faint farewell. Chillingworth is mad with anger. Hester takes a phial of poison from her bosom and swears with her arm around Arthur. At will be seen that this plot differs widely from Hawthorne's story, and also from the dramatic version which Richard Mansfield produced in San Francisco two years ago.

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It was with an envious thought of the musical feast spread before New Yorkers that the poet-crowded the Baldwin on the night of the 10th. East, they have Sybil Sanderson, Nordica, Eames, Melba, the great De Reszkes, and now the new French baritone, about whom all the metropolis is raving. We have the Tavery Opera Company, its chorus singing in English, its baritone in a Teutonic variety of the same language, its contralto in the same language, and its prima donna and tenor in melodious Italian. One might overlook this curious mixture of tongues and the fact that the Baldwin stage is so small that the performers are huddled up in ridiculous little boxes, and the awful translation of the libretto, and the diminutive distinctness of Guille, and the different species of the same genus and its prima donna and tenor in melodious Italian. One might overlook this curious mixture of tongues and the fact that the Baldwin stage is so small that the performers are huddled up in ridiculous little boxes, and the awful translation of the libretto, and the diminutive distinctness of Guille, and the different species of the same genus and its prima donna and tenor in melodious Italian. One might overlook this curious mixture of tongues and the fact that the Baldwin stage is so small that the performers are huddled up in ridiculous little boxes, and the awful translation of the libretto, and the diminutive distinctness of Guille, and the different species of the same genus and its prima donna and tenor in melodious Italian.

There is only one thing in the theatrical world more seriously near the ridiculous than bad tragedy, and that is bad comedy. It is a tragedy, in short. On the other hand, if the music be the expression of the composer's meaning and the libretto the expression of the poet's thought, there is no earthly feast of the senses that may be compared to this union of sentiment and song. The company at the Baldwin does not merely approach the perfection in its presentation of Verdi's "Rigoletto," neither does it fall to the lowest mark. Marie Tavery has a powerful, high soprano, beautifully trained, and utterly lacking the sympathetic quality. Her voice is admirable, but she never thrills her audience; in all the crowded, eager house, there is not one person who is affected by the passion of Gilda's part. Her solo in the second act was delightfully sung, and in the beautiful quartette at the end of the fourth act, all her defects were forgotten in the fine fullness, variety and melody of her tones. Guille sang charmingly, as he always does. We are fond of the miniature golden-throated tenor. He was enthusiastically applauded and repeated "La Donna Mobile." Yet Guille is as far removed from a fitting personation of the dashing, inconstant Duke of Mantova as is a merry little humming-bird from a roystering hobnob. Mertens' singing was very uneven, but several numbers, the duet with Gilda in the third act particularly, were excellently given. He presents only the outline of Rigoletto's power and style. Although Helen von Boehnopp has little to do in "Rigoletto" she displays considerable ability as an actress. She will make a glowing, vivacious Carmen. Her voice is a strong, smooth contralto, a trifle coarse. The chorus is a fine one, full, spirited and well trained, and the orchestra is excellent.

Lottie Collins is at the California—Lottie Boom-deeay Collins, who has kicked herself into fame and now wishes to kick herself into opera-buff. That she will realize her ambition no one who has seen this determined young person can doubt for a moment. Success is here, and properly, too. She has nerve, inexhaustible energy and aplomb, and she is a thorough artist of her kind. A peculiar kind it is, a very knowing, unfeeling kicking and out-kick of the ball. A performer whose smart repertory has caught the taste of the masses, and who now floats upon the high tide of success buoyed up by a reputation made by a single song and a multitude of kicks. Yet Lottie Collins will not sink when the support is withdrawn. She is a genuine product of the times. She is individual, and unique, and original, no matter in what form it expresses itself, is so rare a gift that its possessor is bound to win.

This pirated "Fair Equestrienne"—which in Lottie Collins' hands becomes a circus rider pretending to be a lady, where Rosina Vokes gave us the lady trying to behave like a lady, is individual and original. Boom-deeay story serve as a means of displaying Lottie Collins' peculiar talent, a talent which is simply the exaggeration of whatever form vaudeville, as relates to feminine performers, takes in this latter day. If it is admirable to kick high—thus sends the first article in Lottie Collins' code—it is none the less admirable to kick higher and to kick highest with native excellence. To know the latest slang, to have a fetching wink, to hesitate at no sacrifice of personal beauty or grace to produce an effect, to have a marvellous degree of assurance, and to have a certain amount of "theatrical" in the repertory of the performer are virtues.

The company is a medley of specialists, each one master in his trade. For they follow the celebrity's lead in being *outré* measure. It makes no difference what one is, provided only that he is more so than anybody else. To *outré*—this is the second and last article in the code before mentioned. The brothers Meers, high-wire acrobats, not only do the old tricks with more ease and grace than their predecessors, they add any number of amazing and daring acts, and conclude with a slack-wire performance that is the height of equilibrist skill. Wood and Shepard have skimmed the cream and strained the jokes from the old minstrel shows. They are delightfully absurd and keep the house in a roar. The dancing of Marion, Hayes and Marion is the essence of extravagant motion, lightness and agility. They are probably the most nearly dislocated men in the profession; they, too, have attained superlatives. What more could vaudeville performers ask? The Misses Winslip, Buskop and Warren are themselves entitled to a superlative, but one which they will hardly be eager to accept. Their Apotheosis of *Lagerley*, which accompanies and finishes the dancing of Marion, Hayes and Marion, is a further evidence that woman can do all that may become a man—and that she'd much better not.

J. P. Curran's very pleasant, fresh voice was particularly effective in the pretty good night at the end of the "Devil Bird." Miss Wilnuth has a sweet, untrained, very sympathetic soprano, which she tries at times, straining too for "est." But she sings very prettily. "On the Streets of New York" is decidedly worth hearing, though why the little Irish-American ballad should be given by a singer dressed in a long-train white satin gown only specialty artists can explain—and want!

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What are to be the fruits of the recent mass meetings and other manifestations of popular feeling in San Francisco?

Those capable of taking narrow views only are not hopeful of much good. They have seen the people rouse themselves in much the same way before, and, so far as they could discern, little came of the upheavals. Nothing but immediate, definite and tangible results can be appreciated by persons of this class. If an agitation does not at once and directly bring about the objects declaredly aimed at, it is, in their view, a failure. They point to the great anti-monopoly, anti-boss uprising of 1882, and the subsequent betrayal of the State's government into the hands of the enemy, and ask what better outcome is to be expected now.

These faint-hearts do not understand the nature of the conflict that the people of California are engaged in. They are soldiers good for a one-battle war. Had they been in charge of the Union's interests Bull Run would have ended the rebellion.

The conflict here is in its essence the same that is being fought throughout the United States—the conflict between those who defend government of the republic by money for money, and those who seek, consciously or unconsciously, to restore government by men for men. Difference of locality gives special surface phases to the conflict, but it is really one. It is a war that will last a good deal longer than the rebellion did. The Californian uprising of 1882 was a general engagement of the forces in this field. Whether the present agitation will prove to be another general engagement or only a skirmish, time will tell. But in either case we may be sure there will be plenty of fighting left to do after it is over. Those who expect nothing, and those who hope for everything, will alike be disappointed.

The main good of the mass meetings and the general popular sympathy with their spirit and declarations is the revelation given of the healthy state of the public mind. So long as the people are sound there is no need for us to grow despairing or cynical. While there is the will to rebel, tyranny can be cast off.

The occasion for the mass meetings was the appointment of Mose Gunst, a sporting man, to the Police Commission. But note how the oratory at the Saturday night gathering broadened from that point and attacked the

conditions from which such an appointment came as naturally as an egg from a carrion crow. The chief speakers went straight for Collis P. Huntington, who is the Californian representative of the thieving and grinding plutocracy against which the masses everywhere are striving, intelligently and blindly. The meeting addressed by clergymen on the following Sunday was less clear-sighted, as was to have been expected. The preachers, though, of course, much better men than the rest of us, are far from being wiser. Their oratory had a superior vehemence, characteristic of gentlemen who speak habitually with the pulpit's irresponsibility—its freedom from contradiction and criticism. They made fierce phrases and hinted at hangings, but Mose Gunst was the large figure of the situation to them; or if they looked beyond him it was only to see Burns and Buckley and Markham, and such small fry, who are but the foul and obvious instruments of the greater villains that beset the State. Still, the clergy's aid is welcome, even if their zeal overtops their knowledge, and though they are prone to the delusions of a distorted sense of proportion in politics as well as in morals. Mose Gunst is in himself a small matter. He is important as being the match that has set a fire going.

Very definite and satisfactory fruits can be gathered from this hubbub, provided men of experience and good sense shall be permitted to command and focus the popular energy. There are now a considerable number of organizations in San Francisco—all signs of an awakening patriotism and courage—each with its more or less well defined programme for improved government. Among these the Citizens' Defense Association is the best known and enjoys the most general public confidence, because its members are citizens who have done good fighting already, and are of the kind who understand the situation. They are the least likely to waste strength in demanding the unattainable, and therefore the most likely to make practical headway. An election being two years off, the business on hand is not appeals to the public so much as pressure upon the Legislature for the passage of bills to meet the most conspicuous needs of the time. There should be provision for such additional guards to registration of voters and counting of votes as will render impossible a repetition of the frauds which accompanied the last election. Bossism can be attacked at the root by a reform of the method of holding primary elections. Primaries can be taken out of the hands of professionals. Instead of being mere cheating contests between rival bosses, they can be made to afford a reasonably fair expression of party will.

With clean primaries to insure the control of the various party organizations by the majority of their members, and regular elections freed from stuffed registers, and the voter assured that his vote will be honestly counted, the polls would be what they scarcely are now—the source of government.

And I hope that the Citizens' Defense Association, while seeking to erect strong barriers of law against the scoundrelism which exerts itself to procure dishonest elections, will also attack the scoundrelism that corrupts officials after they are elected. In San Francisco the weakest point of local government is not on its administrative side but in the Board of Supervisors. There the Buckleys, Rainey's, Crimmins's, Herrins and Cornwalls are supreme. So long as bosses control politics and can make and unmake Supervisors, Supervisors will be obedient to bosses, even when they may be above taking bribes. And while corporations seeking special privileges, or striving to protect themselves from molestation, are willing to give bribes, Supervisors will be found to take them, if they may do so safely. We should have from this Legislature a law abolishing that identity of interest which gives the briber and the bribed an equal motive for concealing their common guilt. Section 26 of the Purity of Elections Act grants immunity from prosecution to any one who testifies in regard to a breach of the Act. This principle should be extended so as to cover bribes to all public servants, including judges and members of the State Legislature as well as city and county officers. Thus the briber would have between himself and exposure only the honor of the bribed, should the latter be cornered, or tempted to use his power for levying blackmail on the corrupter. There is no honest reason why we should not have this law from the Legislature. It can be opposed only by those who desire to give protection to the home industry of bribery.

It is to be expected, of course, that the Citizens' Defense Association will welcome the advice and co-operation of all other organizations having governmental reform in view, but the Association, if it be as wise as I judge it to be from my knowledge of its membership, will prefer independent action rather than burden its programme with fads, or proposals for which the time is not ripe. There is a more or less vague desire expressed by the newspapers for "general co-operation" by the reform bodies. The Legislature sits only sixty days, and there is not much time that can profitably be used in trying to bring scattered elements into harmonious, aggressive union, seeing that the average reformer always wants a good deal more than he can get, and is not, as a rule,

fond of compromise. The Citizens' Defense Association is entitled to take the lead. It is scarcely likely that it will propose any measure to which good citizens can object, though it may fall far short in its demands of what, for example, the clergymen—now mostly Parkhursts—would wish. What is wanted is a programme that will commend itself to the sober judgment of the mass of sensible, commonplace citizens. A California Legislature, though it can be induced on occasion to pass an Australian ballot law, or a Purity of Elections Act, cannot be stampeded into reforming the world at a single session. There is danger that the unwise enthusiasm of the inexperienced may do more for the enemies of good government than those enemies could hope to achieve by their own exertions. Hence the necessity for the leadership of level-headed men who have practical knowledge of politics and are conversant with the methods of legislation, and harbor no illusions as to the motives which are apt to govern the ordinary legislator.

It is probable that we shall soon be in the fashion and have a Lexow Investigating Committee sitting in San Francisco. In every way it is desirable that we should, though that it will be productive of as much good as its model has been in New York, is more than doubtful. There is no Tammany here, and those who expect an investigation to reveal such administrative rottenness as was uncovered in New York are ignorant of affairs in both cities. As municipal governments go, that of San Francisco is clean, and as for our police force, corruption with it is sporadic and not systematic. Our officials have been changed too often, and the offices are too well divided among the parties, to permit of the growth of thieving rings to do business on a large scale. The rottenness has been in the Board of Supervisors chiefly. However, there is doubtless rascality to spare, and if a Lexow Committee can expose any of it the committee's existence will be justified. At least, it can do the work that a good Grand Jury could accomplish in going over the departments and public institutions. The latter always need overhauling. And there is never any telling what may be found by searching. Possibly there is an ex-boss or two who would like an opportunity to divulge what he knows about other bosses' deeds. Even it may happen that another Cornwall may arise and unbosom himself to the committee, as P. B. Cornwall did to the Wallace Grand Jury, when he confessed that the Electric Light Company, of which he was president, had been bribing the Board of Supervisors.

The clergy's courage will be put to the test, for it is to be taken for granted that a Lexow Committee will give them an opportunity to rake over the morals of the town and bring to shame opulent and influential sinners who derive income from the vices of their less fortunate fellow creatures. I have in mind, as an example, Police Commissioner Tobin, one of the most respectable men in San Francisco. Yet at Saturday's mass meeting Mr. James H. Barry in his speech charged him with being the owner of houses of ill-fame. None of the newspapers which have been reviling Police Commissioner Gunst with unexampled courage have, I observe, thought it timely to take any editorial notice of this shocking accusation. And Mr. Tobin himself maintains a silence that does credit to his dignity as a banker and a Police Commissioner. But silence is not an answer to this publicly made accusation, which, if not false, ranks Mr. Tobin considerably lower in the moral scale than Mose Gunst. The charge is not

new. Mr. Barry has repeatedly made it in his forthright paper, the *Star*. The necessity of reporting Mr. Barry's speech compelled the daily press to print the accusation. And the clergy at their mass meeting adopted resolutions which contained a guarded reference to it. It would be competent for the Lexow Committee—and indeed for the Grand Jury now in session—to investigate Mr. Tobin's sources of disgraceful and unlawful revenue, if any such exist.

Mr. Highton, I see, thinks the committee ought to conclude its work within a few weeks and report to the Legislature. That would not serve. The committee should have plenty of time and be thorough. No investigation is required to prove the need for such legislation as that relating to elections and bribery which I have outlined as the Citizens' Defense Association's probable programme. The committee should sit until it has exhausted its field of research. The District Attorney and the courts can be left to deal with the criminals unearthed. The demand is for a sort of Grand Jury sitting with open doors and not restricted as to its period.

Mr. John Daggett is a candidate for the complimentary Democratic vote of the Legislature for United States Senator, and I have seen no protest in the party press. This is remarkable and discreditable. The Democrats went into the recent campaign on an anti-monopoly platform. Had it not been for the railroad strike and the skillful political use made of it by the San Francisco *Examiner*, Mr. Budd would have stood no chance whatever of election. The *Examiner's* petition against the passage of the Reilly Funding Bill, to which petition it secured the signatures of the majority of California's voters, kept the anti-railroad feeling excited and left the Democratic Convention no choice as to what the main issue of the canvass should be. It was as an anti-monopoly party that the Democracy appealed to the people, and it was as an anti-monopolist that Mr. Budd was carried into office over Mr. Estee, the Southern Pacific's candidate. Yet the Democrats of this Legislature, in which the Republicans are on exhibition between two Senatorial bundles of railroad hay, are asked by Mr. John Daggett to say by their votes that had they the power they would place him in the Senate! Mr. Daggett a dozen years ago was read out of the Democratic party by the Stockton Convention as a traitor who had helped to cheat it and the people of an anti-monopoly victory at the polls. He was found guilty by his party of betraying it to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, while holding the position of Lieutenant Governor. If he has since his expulsion from the Democratic paradise ever shown any repentance for his deeds, or decreased his intimacy with the Southern Pacific, the public has not been informed. It is true that the President has made Mr. Daggett Superintendent of the San Francisco Mint, but the gift of an office from Mr. Cleveland does not alter history. John P. Irish has been given an office, too. If the Legislature shall oblige Mr. Daggett, the Democratic party will sacrifice whatever benefit could be derived from contrast. It is certain that the Republican majority will elect a railroad man to the Senate. By giving the complimentary vote to Mr. Daggett the Democratic minority will prove that it has the will, if it lacks the ability, to do the same thing. And as the Democratic press is silent, there is every probability that Mr. Daggett and the Southern Pacific will receive the compliment sought. I congratulate the Populists of California on the outlook.

Speaking of the Senatorship, it is surprising that Mr. de Young, in setting forth his claims for the office, has made so much of his Midwinter Fair labors and so little of his home popularity. The daily press of the metropolis is a unit for this accomplished statesman and cultivated gentleman. At least, there is no paper here opposing his election. The *Examiner* gives some faint outward signs of inward disapproval, but no more than could be looked for from a rather friendly Democratic journal. This is a high, a very unusual, tribute to a Senatorial aspirant from the opposing party, and it may have weight with such legislators as hitherto have been under the impression that Mr. de Young did not stand very well with the people of San Francisco. Rural members who have no personal knowledge of the sentiment of the metropolis naturally look to its press for guidance, and Mr. de Young can point to the *Examiner* as a proof that even the San Francisco Democracy reverses and admires him too much to lay any obstacle in the path of his ambition. It is a reasonable inference that when a free and independent press like that of San Francisco, devoted to the public interests, can find nothing to urge against either the character or intellectual fitness of a candidate for office, there is nothing to be urged.

Mayor Sutro and Governor Budd are giving the public a somewhat rare and very agreeable experience—they are, after getting office, keeping their campaign promises to the full. San Francisco plainly has a Mayor who possesses both the will and the ability to lead the people. He does not need to be pricked with goads in order to come to the front, but takes that place naturally and marches faster than the less earnest masses are ready to go. To the popular resentment against the appointment of Gunst and the refusal of the United States District Attorney's office to treat Huntington as though he were an ordinary citizen, with an ordinary citizen's responsibility to law, Mayor Sutro gave form and expression by calling a mass meeting. Against the passage of the Reilly Funding Bill he is laboring as hard now as he did before he became Mayor, and with undiminished persistence endeavors to rouse the sluggish Pacific Coast to action that may influence Congress. If the subsidized overland roads escape the obligation to pay their debts—if the Congress and President of the United States deal with Mr. Huntington in the same tender spirit as the District Attorney's office in San Francisco has shown—no share of the blame will lie at Adolph Sutro's door. It is plain that as Mayor he will be responsive to every movement for the betterment of things locally that has the guidance of good judgment.

Governor Budd's first appointment of importance has given more than satisfaction. The choice of Stewart Menzies to succeed Mose Gunst as Police Commissioner has been received as a direct answer to the prayers of all that is decent in this community. Telegrams of thanks signed by reformers and other earnest citizens pour in upon Mr. Budd, who is hailed as a Moses raised up to lead the righteous out of captivity to the baser elements of society. It is characteristic of the Governor that he deliberately refuses to take credit for nobler motives than really actuated him in deposing Gunst. He has not yet learned the statesman's art of giving the very tallest and handsomest and most imposing reasons for what he does. It would have been in accordance with custom had Mr. Budd said to the reporters that, sympathizing with the feelings of outrage and shame generally produced by the elevation of a man of Mr.

Gunst's associations and business connections, he had come to the rescue of the public service and the good name of the State. Indeed, it is a pity that such was not his reason for appointing Mr. Menzies, but the Governor, with an ingenuously that must take away the breath of all civil service reformers, says:

"When Governor Markham appointed Mr. Gunst on the last day of his term I thought the appointment should have been left to me to make. I made up my mind then to remove him if I had the authority to do so. Mr. Gunst was opposed to me bitterly, and there was no reason why I should not put a good man and good Democrat in his place. * * * The recent mass meeting in San Francisco has not influenced me in this matter, but it may have hastened me in the removal of Mr. Gunst."

Longer experience of office will do something for Governor Budd. Either it will inspire him with a larger view of his responsibility, or cure him of his frankness, which startles while it charms.

The activity of the clergy compels the journalist just now to give unusual attention to them. As they are conspicuous in the general reform movement they necessarily take a prominence in the newspapers to which neither they nor the public are accustomed. Americans are by instinct and habit averse to accepting guidance in politics and other secular affairs from the sacred desk. Therefore, when the preacher takes an excursion from the preserves of theology and offers himself as a leader to worldly men in worldly things his fitness for the mission is rightly examined. Ordinarily the best proof of a man's capacity to superintend other people's business is his ability to manage his own well. If all is not as it should be in the tents of Israel, there will arise doubts as to the propriety of the guardians thereof neglecting their own doorsteps in order to give their strength to the large task of sweeping and garnishing the household of the Gentiles. These respectful remarks are preliminary to some that need to be made concerning one of the brethren, Evangelist Yatman, who is calling sinners to repentance in Oakland. Speaking in the First Methodist Church of that city on Sunday last, Mr. Yatman said:

"At the Day of Judgment God will deal with the wicked as a rat terrier shakes a rat."

"Mr. Yatman," the *Examiner* reporter records, "has dramatic talent, and he illustrated his metaphor with startlingly realistic gestures. He shook his head, gnashed his teeth and crushed the life out of an imaginary rodent." Then Mr. Yatman went on:

"That's what God will do, and after he has crushed you he will put the hottest place in hell and he will throw you in there—you who desecrate your souls and rob the earth of purity and sweetness."

A week has passed, yet I have seen no protest against Mr. Yatman by any clergyman. Surely it is even more important that we should have a civilized God in heaven than that we should have a respectable man on the San Francisco Police Commission. Mr. Yatman is not a dervish of the streets; he is a recognized evangelist, admitted to the churches as one with a power to move the unregenerate greater than that possessed by their pastors. Is it well that the Christian churches should make themselves responsible for such views of God as those held by this preacher of the Word? Is not something due to the nineteenth century? Apropos of Mr. Yatman I quote these sentences from Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man":

"The God of this country is called a God of love; but it is said that He punishes the crimes and even the errors of a short and troubled life with torture which will have no end. It is not even a man which theologians create, for no man is quite with-

out pity; no man, however cruel he might be, could bear to gaze forever on the horrors of the fire and the rack; no man could listen forever to voices shrieking with pain and ever crying out for mercy and forgiveness. And if such is the character of the Christian God, if such is the idea which is worshipped by compassionate and cultivated men, what are we to expect in a barbarous age? The God of Job was a sultan of the skies who, for a kind of wager, allowed a faithful servant to be tortured, like that man who performed vivisection on a favorite dog, which licked his hand throughout the operation. The Jehovah of the Pentateuch was a murderer and bandit; he rejoiced in offerings of human flesh. The gods of Homer were lascivious and depraved. The gods of savages are merely savage chiefs. The God, therefore, is an image of the mind, and that image is ennobled and purified from generation to generation as the mind becomes more noble and more pure. Europeans believe in eternal punishment, partly because it has been taught them in their childhood, and because they have never considered what it means; partly because their imaginations are sluggish, and they are unable to realize it; cruelly, and, finally, also, it must be feared, because they have still the spirit of revenge and persecution in their hearts."

Does this, the language of an unbeliever, strike the pious mind as irrelevant? But is it in irrelevance at all comparable with Revivalist Yatman's conception of God in the semblance of a furious and death-dealing rat terrier? Did the Rev. Dr. Dille, the Rev. Dr. Brown, the Rev. Dr. Smith, the Rev. Dr. McClish, the Rev. Mr. Boyard, or any of the clergyman who attended the anti-Gunst mass meeting on Sunday last, and there expressed entirely just indignation at the appointment of such a man to the Police Commission, ever encounter in the writings of Ingersoll blasphemy so offensive, so fearful as Yatman's? Surely, if the brethren who are commissioned to defend the faith take their faith seriously, and desire that it shall commend itself to the minds of men and women of intelligence, they will show as much concern at a Yatman in the pulpit as at a Gunst in the Police Commission. I suggest a mass meeting to rebuke the ecclesiastical Markhams who appointed Mr. Yatman to the evangelist's office.

A good deal of wonder and not a little resentment have followed William Waldorf Astor to England, whither he has taken his millions, become a Briton and engaged in the publication of newspapers and magazines marked by a fine old aristocratic Tory tone. One of the accepted explanations is that Mr. Astor sought a foreign shore because his wealth did not bring him in this free country that attention and consideration which his snobbish soul longed for; that here, though a millionaire, he was treated as a mere fellow citizen by an independent people and a self-respecting press. Yet it is hard to see how he can justly complain of want of interest in himself and his affairs when he visits his discarded native land. The press, as is well known, is the mirror of the popular heart and mind, and the newspaper which does not gratify the rational curiosity of the enlightened masses must put up with a small circulation. The other day Mr. Astor came home to bury his wife, and the press of New York, which is metropolitan, taught him afresh that in this new world, though we are not slavish, we have at least some dim sort of notion of what good taste demands when a person of prominence is among us, though his prominence be due only to the possession of money. On the 9th it was telegraphed to the San Francisco from the New York press, that Mr. Astor, on his arrival stood on the deck of the *Teutonic* "attired in a long, dark-colored overcoat, with the collar reaching up around his ears, almost obscuring the band of mourning on his hat. He was surrounded by reporters." But to all the questions of the gentlemen of the press he made the somewhat insulting,

and obviously evasive reply, that he "had nothing to say." He changed his haughty manner, however, when he stepped to his carriage and recognized his old coachman. Actually, although he has been dwelling among the nobility and gentry of monarchical England, Mr. Astor shook that menial "warmly by the hand." Then Mr. Astor drove to the Hotel Nederland, the gentleman of the press presumably streaming after his carriage on foot, and left word at the office that he wanted to see nobody. Exhibiting an exclusiveness that reveals the pride of the upstart he "had lunch served in his apartments" with the oak sported. But while Mr. Astor thus fed in gloomy, repellent solitude, the representatives of the American press were not idle. Acting in behalf of the American people, they busied themselves below stairs, with the following result:

Late in the afternoon his valet registered Mr. Astor's name. The "William" and "Waldorf" were very plain, but "Astor" had been written so hurriedly that the "T" had been omitted, and the curl on the final "R" was brought down to look like an "N," and the whole name reads "William Waldorf Anson."

Though none of Mr. Astor's relatives attended the funeral of his wife, it must have comforted him inexpressibly to find that Society was more sympathetic, for there was so great a "fashionable jam" at the church that women had their dresses torn and men's hats were crushed under their arms.

Mr. Astor has, I believe, sailed for effete England again, the clear air of this simple republic, where one man is as good as another, being too harsh for his pampered lungs. Yet I dare say that he will have no such flattering reception on his return to London as he had on his return to New York, his native city, which he has abandoned. Nevertheless, so great is his desire for the patronage and society of a hereditary aristocracy that he is willing to exchange for their comparative neglect the warm-hearted, unrestrained manners of the republic. A millionaire who wants to be treated as one, and is not content to be ranked simply as a private gentleman, makes a mistake to leave the United States for alien lands. Nowhere else on earth is money so respected as among us.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The publisher calls special attention to this book, just issued. It has been most favorably noticed by the press. It treats of some of the most important subjects upon which the mind can be engaged. Price, in paper, 50 cents; in cloth, 75 cents; in leather, \$1.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1886.
D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine St.

Burnham's Clam Bouillon is the best.

THE TWADDLER.

Of course I don't deny that youth is an advantage to a man in Society, but, equal, experience counts for something, too. At a five-o'clock out on California street last Tuesday afternoon my young friend Greenway and I were the only gentlemen present, for it is one of the disadvantages of a commercial civilization that we have few men of leisure, and that most of those we have prefer pleasures of a stronger sort than are to be had in drawing-rooms. Greenway had thrown us all into convulsions of laughter by relating how a roughish girl had stuck a hairpin in his locks, unknown to him, just before he went forward to lead a german, and the joke was that he didn't know why all the dancers giggled at him.

"Speaking of the german," said Greenway, "I have a new step or two which perhaps you'd like to see."

No sooner had the artful fellow said this than I choked him. He had led up to it skillfully enough, but I was in possession of private information, as I usually am, and as he performed before the ladies, for their undivided admiration, I whispered to me the one who occupied the tele-a-tete with me, "He took lessons from the girls in the Aladdin J. Company." That will be common knowledge in Society before the week is out, and it's true. Edward did his steps prettily enough, I must say, and his face was flushed with triumph as well as the exertion when he cut down, and no longer in the man, I suppose he expected to see chagrin on my countenance, but he was disappointed. Taking the floor and asking for a little quick music, I gave that company a surprise, and begged, I felt sorry for poor Greenway, for his face was ashy when I resumed my seat—panting, I own, and decidedly distressed about the lesson, for I am no longer in my twenties, and my steps had become almost too much for me. I don't say that my work was quite as artistic as Edward's, but it was more modern, and it took with the ladies to an extent that led Greenway utterly in the shade.

In confidence, when I heard that Greenway had been making friends with the Aladdin ballet, I began an introduction to Miss Lottie Collins, with the understanding, and to that lady I cannot be sufficiently grateful. The flowers that were nightly passed up to her during the last week of her engagement, but poorly expressed the sense of obligation under which the few hours of private tuition that she was kind enough to grant have placed me. I am told that she was a generous because she has social aspirations, and hoped for some introductions through me. But of course that would be impossible. We must draw the line at stage people.

"Persiflage," said my distinguished and variously gifted friend, Mr. Samuel Shortridge, on the promenade on Monday, "why is it that you do not lend us the aid of your able pen on the *Call*?" "Because," I replied, "I am empowered entirely, nothing could induce me to write of Society for a daily paper. The work must be done too hurriedly, and the lines of selection are infamously miscellaneous. You jumble Minna street and Pacific avenue, my dear sir, in a way that is criminal—positively criminal." "I did not refer to your speciality," said Mr. Shortridge. "A journalist of an experience knows too well that your pen is already too fully engaged in the higher walks of that species of writing. But give us some of your Thoughts—contribute to our editorial page. May we depend upon you?" "Of course," I answered. "I have no objection whatever to adding to my income. I'll send you in some articles."

"But be sure to catch our tone," said Mr. Shortridge. "We aim at being characteristic. Read the *Call* and absorb the style. I do it myself—myself."

On the following day I mailed the subjoined paragraphs as a beginning:

We salute you!
We've come to town!
If you don't see what you want in this *Call*, ask for it!

The interior is all right; so is the city.
Your editor when he comes to town is invited to make this office his headquarters. Here's our

Away with pessimism! Let us be hopeful and cheerful. The best way to remove disagreeable things is to ignore their existence.

If you like our being here as well as we like being here, the problem of metropolitan journalism is solved.

Get a move on you, and subscribe for the *Call*. Harmony between city and country is what we believe in, and we propose to get there with both feet.

Our motto shall be: Westward the star of empire takes its way. You take the *Call* and we'll do the rest.

Tell the truth, but hurt nobody's feelings. That's our platform.

We don't see many hay-wagons on the street, but there are other signs that business is brisking up. We return thanks to all—particularly to our kind friends of the country press for their kind words of encouragement.

We are shaking things up, and if the *Call* hasn't won first place yet, it isn't because we're not happy and excited.

My work for the *Call* has attracted much attention. Of course I would not neglect the authorship of the paragraphs—for that is contrary to journalistic ethics—but that my style at once betrayed me, and I am now well known as a man of fashion, it seems to surprise the fellow that I can do trunchant, intellectual, serious writing.

"That's an extraordinary idea of those New York Presbyterians that our friend MacKenzie is old-fashioned and not up to date," said Dr. Stebbins to the daily papers: saying that for the reason specified a call to accept a metropolitan pastorate had not been extended to Dr. MacKenzie.

"Really," continued Dr. Stebbins, "I don't know a more wide-awake brother than MacKenzie." "That is my own view," concurred Dr. Hemphill, who was then walking.

In support of this opinion an anecdote was told, suggested by one that concerning Prof. or Le Conte and the bunco steers, which I had the honor to lay before the public last week.

Dr. MacKenzie, before his recent visit to the East, had been West so long that his friends in New York thought him to be a stranger. When he went to New York—that his innocent San Francisco appearance would be certain to invite their approaches. It was pleasant, in which the lady may indulge with Dr. MacKenzie—for, though a divine, he has a sense of humor—but, again, his reverence remembered the joke to practical purpose when a little, entirely respectable and handsome, with ironed whiskers and a last year's hat, stopped him on Broadway with:

"Good gracious, Brother MacKenzie, what are you doing on here in New York?"

"Hum," said the Doctor, "so you know me, do you?"

"Know you? Why, what a question! I might as well ask if you know me."

"Which I do perfectly, my fine fellow," cried the clergyman, angrily. "I know you are a bunco man and a scoundrel, in spite of your gray hairs, and if you don't vanish I'll call the police."

"Merciful powers!" gasped the other. "Put on your specs, Dr. MacKenzie, and correct your awful error."

The Doctor did so, and felt back aghast, for there stood before him my diminutive but venerable friend, Ira P. Rankin.

"Of course," said Dr. Stebbins, "it was an unpleasant mistake, but it shows that so far from Dr. MacKenzie being old-fashioned he is acquainted with the old-fashioned of great cities, and eminently fitted to minister to a metropolitan flock."

"Old fashioned!" echoed Dr. Hemphill. "Now I should say that of all the brethren I know, Dr. MacKenzie can most truly be said to be—"

"Up to snuff?" I suggested.

"Thanks, Persiflage," said Dr. Hemphill coldly, "I am not given to the use of such language." "That is the weakness of the cloth. They mean what we mean, but they shrink from using a maculose vocabulary. Demme, if I were a parson and meant snuff, I'd say snuff."

I find I have set the talk going at the clubs about bunco men. The theme is a low one and I regret that I have been the occasion of its introduction. I am sorry as much to Senator John Beard of Washington Corners at the Bohemian on Saturday night, when he observed:

"Well, I don't know about that, Persiflage. One theme is as good as another if it interests a fellow. Now, I have never been interested in bunco men, but they've taken an absorbing interest in me. You know Beard—fine, big man, with ruddy complexion; the picture of the gentleman farmer."

"Every time I went to New York the boys would pick me up and try to do me. Never did, you know, but I couldn't walk three squares without a fellow coming up and being overjoyed to see me. I thought it must be my clothes, for I better myself than a huck's face, and the last time I struck the town I had Oelrichs take me round to his tailor and got a dude's outfit, including neckties and gloves. That, I thought, would fix 'em, but I hadn't got a hundred yards away from the Hoffman when up steps a chap, lifts his hat, and says:

"Mr. Beard of California, is it not?" "I don't know," I said. "I'm quite plaintive, 'I'm tired of this. This is the fourth time in two days, and I thought I'd quarantined myself with all this style. Now, I can't be buncoed, my boy, but

Use Burnham's Clam Bouillon.

I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll put me on to why it is you know I'm from the provinces I'll give you a five."

"Done," says the chap, and, stooping, he pulled up my trousers till my bootleg was exposed. "There," says he; "nobody that lives within a thousand miles of New York ever wears those."

"Wears what, John?" I asked, greatly interested.

"Why, top-boots, you old ass," answered Beard. That's his way. He means no offense by such epithets, and though he makes wine himself, I do him the justice to say he does not forget his old friend, and always has a bottle or two of Cresta Bedamnia when he rounds me up at the club for a talk. Of course that isn't all friendship, quite, for good as his own wines are, he knows them to be inferior to the incomparable vintage with which I have the honor to be slightly connected.

Returning to Oelrichs, I accompanied him to the train when he went East the other day, and we had a few minutes together on the boat.

"Herman," said I, "I am profoundly glad you've made up your mind to cut New York and come out here and be one of us. I don't know your equal for brewing a punch, or cooking a terrapin, and as for telling a story, begad you're almost my equal."

"Thanks, Persiflage," he said with feeling, as was natural, "I have always liked San Francisco, and my business interests now require—"

I stopped him with a finger on his chest and slowly winked.

"Gammer, Herman," I said, smiling. "Business is all very well, but business couldn't drag you, or me, either, or any other civilized man, away from New York to settle down in this hole of a village—comparatively speaking, of course, comparatively speaking. It's politics, my boy."

"Politics, Persiflage?"

"Yes, sir; politics. Oh, I know you, Herman. I have a friend or two in the Manhattan who keep me posted. Don't pretend to me that you don't care for politics. Were you a member of the National Democratic Committee up to '90, and didn't you give your days and nights to Cleveland's cause in '88?"

I poked him in the ribs and winked again, and we both chuckled.

"Now that the millions are in sight why shouldn't you aspire, my dear fellow?" the Sidney answered. "Young men of social position like you are wanted in the Senate. A new era has dawned in California. Without social position no amount of talent can now advance a man to the Senate-ship. He understated that, and waited while I won his way. It was slow and painful, but he won it. Now that he has polish as well as intellect and wealth, he goes in."

"Who the deuce are you talking about?" asked Oelrichs.

"Why, our friend De Young, to be sure," I answered. "You may reasonably hope to climb to his height some day, Herman."

"Dear boy—dear old boy," said Oelrichs, in a low, intense voice, and he hung both ir y hands.

Needless to say, he took a case with him in his Pullman drawing room.

PERSIFLAGE.

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Lottie Collins on Woman.

SHE TELLS WHAT SHE THINKS OF THE NEW VARIETY, AND WOULD LIKE TO VOTE.

If you were asked to name a distinguishing quality of Lottie Collins, would it occur to you to say common sense? Probably not, but this woman who has danced over two continents, whose name is a synonym for hoydenism and overflowing animal spirits, who loves to "tear about like a madcap," as she calls it, is one of the most sensible, practical and liberal of women. She is naive, and still retains something of that childish vivacity and impulsiveness which characterize the successful actress—the irresponsible cricket of womankind. But she knows her own professional worth, and she must be shrewd and capable in the management of her affairs.

"Let the women," she said to me on Tuesday, "whose lives are happy and who are satisfied with their rest at home. I wouldn't dream of telling them they had to go and make a living. Why, then, should they tell me to stay at home and be content when I simply can't, you know? Of course, home's a nice place to get back to—I've left my baby in England because she was so sick the last time I took her with me—and I'll be glad enough to see her again. But I tell you what I think. There's many an unhappy marriage, and some women I know have a terrible time with their husbands. Say, do you know why they stand it? Just because they can't make a living for themselves. Isn't that shocking—to bear abuse and have your children see you degraded and still be a man's wife, all for the clothes you wear and the food you eat? I don't think so. What I think is this: Every woman ought to be able to make her living. If she's lucky enough to marry a good man, so much the better for her. If she isn't, so much the worse for him. You know, if my husband didn't treat me well and I couldn't sing or dance, why—I'd scrub floors—I'd do anything to get away from him. But when a woman puts up with everything because she loves her husband. How can she, I'd like to know, when the love's just knocked out of her? But every woman has got to settle it for herself."

She sighed and put a few stitches in the yellow satin bodice whose big sleeves she was making bigger with a haircloth cap.

"You know I made all my dolls' things when I was little. A woman ought to be able to sew, and it's very handy to know how to fix one's things up one's self."

"Tell me, if you lived in America and women were allowed to vote, would you?"

"Would I? Why, of course. I would—when I knew what it was about, you know. In England, all the society ladies know a great deal about politics. I'm too busy, of course, but I'd learn in time, and, do you know, I find that women have ever so much better judgment than men in lots of things. And they're far-sighted too; they can manage things better, and don't make as many mistakes as men. Do you think? Most of the actresses you meet are cleverer than the actors, aren't they?"

"I'd have voted for Cleveland if I'd had a vote to give. Why? Well, because my husband's a Democrat, I suppose."

She showed her even teeth with appreciation of the joke, but she seemed to say:

"But that was not only the beginning. Afterwards, when I knew what it was all about, you know"—she waved her hands about vaguely—"why, I'd have a mind of my own."

"And you think politics wouldn't be another bone of contention between husband and wife?"

"Indeed not. When I tell my husband that my mind's made up, he knows I mean it."

She laughed but looked determined.

"What do you think of women's riding bicycles and wearing bloomers?"

"Well, bloomers aren't pretty, now are they? But a pretty woman's pretty in anything, and as for the ugly ones—why riding a wheel's good exercise, and that's what women ought to make themselves. I'd be crippled with rheumatism if I hadn't to dance so much. And they say that you're really not safe on a wheel unless you wear bloomers. After all, I don't see why one should not wear them. And I think it's wicked, don't you know, for men to put silly notions into our heads about it, and make us do it. We don't think of those things; why should they?"

"And about kissing between women, say?"

"Well, you know, we're pretty silly about that. Sometimes I think if women had more to do and go around more to see things, they'd get over that. But kissing between women means something sometimes. The newspapers love to fan up a quarrel between women, actresses particularly, you know; and they love to say mean things about the way we treat each other. But they never say

anything about the kind things a woman'll do for another woman on the stage. If I were alone and sick or in trouble, who'd I suppose would help me out? An actress, of course. I don't know much about women off of the stage. They'd do the same, I suppose. Sometimes I think really that the more women get out of their homes the more they're like men in doing for each other, you know—in not being stingy and selfish and—and mean, you know."

"And do you think men like the new woman?"

"Well, I don't know. Sometimes I think they like the clinging woman best. I wonder if it's because she's so stupid and silly. I think they think they're cleverer? But they'll get used to the new way. They always do, you know. No matter how styles change, no matter how we dress, they always finish by liking the stylishly-dressed woman. And I'm sure I can't see why a man should object to his wife's having a chance. If she became cleverer, nice, and to talk to, things ought to be much jollier for both of them, don't you think?"

"And the home and the children?"

"What about them? Oh, that she'd neglect them? Nonsense! A woman that would neglect her children for politics or books would do it for some other reason, if she couldn't vote or didn't like to read. Women can't get a little time from their sewing and pleasing to make themselves more sensible; and I know that growing boys and girls have more respect for their mother if she's up to date, don't you know? But I'm not a woman's rights woman."

"No?"

"No; I think a woman ought to do anything she can do well. But I don't like the women that are always talking and writing about that sort of thing, you know."

"For my part, I'm so busy that I don't have time to think much about all these things. I'm satisfied with my kind of life. I love to dance—I've always loved to fly round. I used to race about in my stage, and get round twice in eight bars when I was singing poor old Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay. Sometimes I'd spin about till I almost lost my head. I wouldn't have been surprised to land with a big Boom! down in the orchestra on the bass drum itself."

The toe of her pretty-booted foot began to tap the floor at the remembrance. Then she folded her hands in her lap, sat up straight in her simple gray gown, with its business-like little apron, looking wholesome and almost matronly.

"I just wanted to show, you know, how the awfully proper, demure young girl feels when she gets away from a too-tropic papa."

"I'm satisfied. I want to do less dancing, though, because I've danced so much I had to go on crutches for seven months. So I shall go into burlesque or opera bouffe. But I'll always dance; I'm fond of it—except when I'm ill or tired. Then you can imagine how much I feel like prancing about the stage to keep things from falling flat. No, that's the time I'd like to be a lady—a woman with lots of money, you know!"

M. M.

THE DRAMA IN THE SOUTH SEAS.

EXTRAORDINARY FATE OF A VAUDEVILLE COMPANY IN TAHITI.

In lazy Papeete, where the sun shines warmly and the breezes of the South Sea fan gently, and the true business of life is to lie on your back and breathe and dream and not care a coccasin for what happens, things happen nevertheless. People are human, even though they are brown and live in cane huts and go no faster than a walk over the bridge that divides the two silences. Papeete is in a score ordinarily, but Papeete's two thousand natives and thousand whites woke up two weeks ago, and they have been wide awake ever since.

It wasn't a wreck that brought the Wilson Antipodean Vaudeville Company ashore, but it would have been better for that aggregation of stars had it been, for then Papeete would have been kinder to them. Yet Papeete was kind to them—at first—though the company landed with the intention of going away again soon to finish the voyage from Australia to the United States. All Tahiti seemed to be stirred by the news that a troupe of players had dropped from the skies, and the aggregation never before received anywhere such flattering and disinterested social attentions. Governor Papiena himself shook Manager Bosco Wilson by the hand and accepted an introduction to Comedian Flaherty. Chief Justice Lucien Boomer and Chief of Police Lucas were instantly rivals for the honor of the further acquaintance of these two men of genius at lunch, and the Chief of Police carried the day, which gratified the Chief Justice.

M. Boomer is a stout, plethoric man, peppery as

to temper and conscious of the dignity of his office, in the French manner. He has hated Chief Lucas ever since the night of his arrival, for the Chief of Police, not then being acquainted with the person of his superior, ran the Chief Justice in, his Honor having celebrated the conclusion of his sea trip becomingly.

For days Chief Lucas kept possession of Manager Bosco Wilson and Comedian Flaherty, and revelled with them, and the humbler members of the Antipodean Vaudeville Company, and the soul of Chief Justice Boomer grew darker and hotter within him.

Papeete has no theatre, but Bosco Wilson, aided by the generosity of Chief Lucas, fitted up an empty warehouse on the beach with a makeshift stage and curtain.

On the great night the beauty and chivalry of Papeete were there, Chief Justice Boomer on a front bench, and Governor Papiena and Chief of Police Lucas, and all the rest of the nobility and gentry, native and foreign, civilized and converted.

It was not much of a show, but Tahiti is not used as to theatricals, and every "turn" of the poor shelf-worn barnstormers was a novelty to this audience. Chief of Police Lucas, on the strength of his personal intimacy with the management, led the applause, which seemed to irritate Chief Justice Boomer, who vented his molasses temper by clapping louder than anybody else.

The Antipodeans had among their talent no lady young enough to dance, and it fell to the lot of Comedian Flaherty to introduce to the islanders the latest thing from the mainland—"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," to wit:

On the night the accomplished Flaherty laid his tremendous emphasis on "Boom-de-ay" and genuflected, Chief Justice Boomer grew redder, and at last when Flaherty howled it out in a roof-lifting crescendo, M. Boomer arose and left the theatre, he and his household, casting poisonous looks at Chief of Police Lucas.

The Chief Justice saw in this new song with his name in it, an unarranged insult—an insult conceived by Chief of Police Lucas and carried out by Comedian Flaherty, poor man.

Manager Bosco Wilson was in clover, and after the performance went abroad on pleasure bent, accompanied by the elated Comedian Flaherty and the effective Chief of Police. They visited a native dance by girls and raised the noggin to their lips, and were having a gorgeous time, when the gendarmes, urged thereto by Chief Justice Boomer, broke in upon the festivities. Manager Bosco Wilson before entering upon the theatrical career had won laurels in the prize-ring, and he resisted arrest, as did also Comedian Flaherty and the outraged Chief of Police Lucas.

The real crime of the three was that of *lese majeste*, but when they were conquered and locked up there was a great string of charges against all. Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay had been sung and Chief Justice Boomer was implacable.

He has had his revenge. The song will be given no more in Papeete. Comedian Flaherty, any other member of the Antipodean Vaudeville Company, for that organization has been completely done for. M. Boomer is avenged, as follows:

1. Chief of Police Lucas, broken of his office and sent as a convict to New Caledonia for three years.
2. Bosco Wilson, late manager of the Antipodean Vaudeville Company, three years in New Caledonia.
3. Comedian Flaherty, one year in the local prison.

As we are at present without a British Consul here—the late incumbent having been promoted to the Commissionership at Honolulu—Messrs. Wilson and Flaherty will not be rescued for some time. And when a Consul does arrive, the diplomatic relations of the men have been convicted of the crime of "insulting the government."

I see that Lottie Collins is billed to appear in San Francisco presently. Please advise her not to come here. I have seen her and I like her.

FRED HEALY.

Papeete, Dec. 1st, 1894.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

"Please go off my dress." This was my introduction to the fat woman who sat next me on Monday afternoon at the Baldwin. I had gone to hear the much-heralded Mame. Yale—no, not to hear her, but to see a theatre full of women so beautiful, so young, so kind, so well educated, so hearty, beautiful and homely, old and young, refined and vulgar, stout and slender, the painted and the clean, the giddy and the bitter, the widow in her weeds and the child in her teens, yes, even the baby in long clothes. I saw friends from Pacific Avenue, from the big houses, from the big stores, the clerks in down town stores, and the fat woman confided to me that her husband kept a saloon. Never before within my recollection has San Francisco seen such an audience. Every grade, class and condition of women was represented. And I was to hear a play about women, and to see a beautiful woman and to learn how they could make themselves as beautiful. This is the hard fact which the New Woman has to meet—that the fine dresses of ladies who came in their carriages to the theatre scraped along the dusty floor of the Baldwin gallery, and thinking as much about the bill as about the play, for two hours, listening to a beauty doctor. They climbed two long flights of uncarpeted stairs and reached their seats near the roof at the risk of their necks to learn how to make a good complexion and a supple figure. "It doesn't look as if I could think as much about the bill as you do," said they as they are about their necks," remarked to my stout companion. "They know they'll get what's better than their rights if their necks are all right," was the bright reply. "Do you think that if women could vote and some great woman orator, say Frances Wright, could come and tell three thousand women would pack themselves in like this and pay to hear her?" "Not much!" was the terse answer. And I believe her. No preacher could have drawn such a crowd; no actor, not even a Booth, an Irving or a Ballard. Most of them were there to see, to hear, to learn, to get no longer troubled themselves with the fear that women would cease to care for physical beauty.

"Well, was she a corker?" Jack asked at dinner.

"If you had seen her in the second part you would have said so," I answered.

"Did she talk rot?"

"No, indeed. She told me that if I wanted to keep my skin healthy and grow plump I should bathe every other day in fifteen gallons of milk."

"What a boon for the dairies! And I suppose if I want to get thin I should bathe in champagne?"

"Yes, my dear, you shall have a champagne plunge on the very day I take my first 'fresh Jersey' swim."

What a dear old row there must be in the Astor family! And to think that a week has passed without the newspapers telling about it. Mrs. William Waldorfi dies, and as an insult to Mr. William Waldorfi, and just to show what they thought of Mrs. W. W., all the rest of the family break forth into wild and unbecomingly noisy and noisy. What had Mrs. W. W. said about Mrs. J. J. J. Had Mrs. J. W.'s butler told Mrs. J. J.'s butler the opinion Mrs. W. W. held of Mrs. J. J. J. ? These are serious questions, the answers to which I have duly expected from the press, but the revelation is not forthcoming. Can it be that William Waldorfi is not so much of an American because of the cruelty of his relatives to his wife? Or did his wife urge him to leave the country to get rid of her husband's relatives? There is some great mystery behind all this story of the lonesome husband and the gay and giddy relatives—a mystery to which I would call your attention. Can it be that William Waldorfi and Mr. Conan Doyle. As murder will out, so surely will a family scandal—even if it has to wait for one of the parties to die. What a shame it would be after all the abuse that has been heaped on poor Mr. William Waldorfi if we found that he, out of all chivalrous loyalty to his wife, fled to his relatives and sought refuge with the beloved and loving and aunt! The proud and haughty are angling their own good share of scandal these days. First, Mrs. Drayton played smash with her reputation. Then Mr. and Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt came in for their share of talk. And now the awfully, awfully awful respectable Astors (the two generations of the family peilder) give the world a glimpse of the skeleton in their closet.

And now the two Willies—Vanderbilt and Astor—have sailed for Europe on the same ship, the one to be the aid of his wife and the other to be the aid of his relatives. I can blame neither of them for fleeing the country, Mr. Astor least of the two. How hopelessly vulgar some of our newly rich are we realize when their doings become public property, as in this affair of the Astors. Here were people who had striven all their lives to delude the world into the notion that they were people of a higher class, an American aristocracy by virtue of wealth and opportunities. They led the balls, gave the great dinners,

patronized art, maintained many mansions, lived by themselves and imitated in their social life the nobility of Europe. They were taken seriously by the snobish gentry, and people in general had the belief that they were entitled to the place that was given them in society. How thin the veneer! A family row occurs and these underbred, little-souled would-bes take the death of a member of the family as the occasion for a manifestation of their enmity. Wealth may bring freedom from many cares, and may add much to life for those who know how to use it, but it cannot make gentlemen out of bores or ladies out of dull and cruel women.

"CARMEN."

The Tavery Grand Opera Company, which concludes a two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin to-night, has been very well patronized, and leaves behind the memory of much good orchestral and choral music, an occasional beautifully-sung solo, and a number of duets and quartettes well worth listening to. The strains of these will linger with us till a greater, better balanced organization shall come to give us that very good thing, grand opera as it ought to be.

The Tavares Company is lacking in several particularities; it needs a first-class prima donna soprano, a fine baritone with a better presence and more flexible temperament than Mertens', and a tenor with the ability to act and look, as well as sing, his part. The performance of the new opera, *"Carmen"* has been the success of the season. This gem of operas is not only a succession of beautiful melodies; its charm lies, too, in the passionate humanity of its plot. It is a dramatic story set to appropriate music. It contains little talent and gives scope to every performer. It needs a well-trained an orchestra and chorus, and the vibrant music of Bizet's greatest opera is a delight in itself, but when the story and music are vivified, made to glow and thro with color and passion by a Carmen like Thea Dore, he who loves music and drama has for once realized his ideal. That Payne Clarke, Don Jose, is a little weakly performed, but he is a saving ray of intelligence and then; that Carmen's other lover is not a bit more lovable, and that the lack of resonance and fire in Mertens' baritone robes the Toreador of all its picturesque glory and strength, detracts but little from the charming impression left by this opera as a whole. For Thea Dore seems in Carmen, Spanish in her very nature, infuses the whole performance with its warmth and beauty. Her acting is so continuous, so consistent; her conception of the fickle, willful, naughty little cigarette-maker is so true; and she herself has the "smile and eloquence of beauty." Add to this the melody and flourish of the music, the saucy coquetry of her glance, the graceful turn of slender arms and ankles, and the fascinating character is complete.

It is natural to dwell more upon the ability to act than upon the voice of the singer who takes the part of Carmen. Last winter it was Calvé's acting, her dancing, her grace, her identification of herself with the role that charmed New Yorkers. Of course, Calvé's coldness was an advantage, which, conceived a more convincing, crueler Carmen than Théa Dorre's. The Carmen we have seen is light, capricious, cajoling, changeful girl; a creature of impulse, whose varying moods are as natural and fleeting as the sun and shade of an April day. Théa Dorre's acting was like she tells her own fortune, like she tells the truth. Her face as she hears the Toreador's song, her pretence of contempt and real feminine interest in Michaela's dress, the teasing, amorous glances by means of which she arouses Don José's interest, the fury in her face, when she tries to kill him, and her singing of "Love Will Lead a Soldiering" and "Gone with the Wind" and "Over the Hills"—these are the pearls that we have gained from a sea of mediocre notes.

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NOBLEMAN, SPORTSMAN, DEBATER, LEADER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MADMAN.

Gladstone has just celebrated his 85th birthday, a hale and vigorous man, while the world expects hourly to hear of young Churchill's death. The Grand Old Man in his sixty years of public life has seen many a leader go down—Peel, Cobden, Russell, Derby, Palmerston, Bright, Disraeli and many others—but the end of none has been so sad as that of Randolph Churchill.

Macaulay in one of his essays, refers to young Gladstone, who had just entered the House of Commons and published a book on the relations of church and state, as the rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories. Gladstone soon proved a disappointment to his Tory friends. But fifty years or later another "rising hope" appeared in one of the descendants of the Great Duke of Marlborough, dashing, daring, plucky, nervous, magnetic "Randy" Churchill. He had inherited all the boldness of his ancestor of Queen Mary's day and he soon showed to the House of Commons that his was a personality that had to be considered. Finding that he was lost to sight in the mob of the House and regarded as a leader whose personal notions were not to be considered, he followed Disraeli's early example and organized a faction within the Tory party—a very small faction to be sure, as it consisted only of three members, but these three were sufficient to lead until he could force himself to the leadership of the Tory party. And this he did within a shorter space of time than any of his predecessors of a century. He never became Premier, but he took Gladstone's portfolio and Gladstone's seat in the House on the incoming of the Salisbury ministry. This was the climax of his career. His future looked even brighter than does that of Rosebery now. He, like the latter, had his stable of racers, though his horse never won the Derby. He had not married the richest woman in England, as did Rosebery, but he had married a wealthy and a beautiful American, a daughter of Leonard Jerome of New York, one who was a valuable assistant in his political work and an ideal mistress over the handsome Churchill establishment. All that he had gained in politics had come to him, not through favor, but after a fight. He had so often challenged Gladstone to a review of his career and an analysis of his policy that the whole English people admired the pluck of the man and conceded his ability. He had surprised even his warmest friends by making a most excellent administrator—a man of more than fiery tongue, a conservative manager of public affairs. He was, in short, the most popular man in his party and one of the two or three most popular in the whole English speaking world. Then came his fall. Without warning the world heard one morning that Lord Randolph Churchill had resigned the chancellorship of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House of Commons. The reason for this step has not yet been revealed. Perhaps after his death his friends who have so carefully kept the secret to themselves will make it known. Some have said that "Randy's" American wife was at the bottom of the trouble. Others have placed the blame on Lord Salisbury, between whom and Lord Randolph there had been no warm feeling at any time. All that is known is that Churchill and his wife visited the Queen at Windsor Castle and enjoyed the exceptional honor of dining with Her Majesty. Whether the Queen spoke some word which the young leader could not brook is not known, but at eight o'clock the morning after the dinner Lord Randolph and Lady Churchill left the palace without breakfast and without taking leave. There is a story, too, that on his departure Lord Randolph handed to a footman a sheet of note paper addressed to the Queen on which he had hastily scribbled his resignation.

Perhaps Lord Randolph fancied that his resignation would bring down the ministry; if so he failed. Perhaps he was prompted by pique, possibly his resignation was requested. At any rate, no one seems to have suffered greatly but the author, though for a time the life of the ministry was at stake. From that day Lord Randolph has declined in health and in the public regard until now he is spoken of only as a dying madman.

It was made apparent soon after his withdrawal from the Salisbury ministry that he and his wife did not agree. When he sailed for Africa, some kind American papers credited Lady Randolph with driving him from England, and later when he was found to be insane there were even some gentle pressmen who hinted at Lady Randolph as the cause. The first suggestion which the world received of Lord Randolph's insanity came through the columns of the London Times which printed a brief series of letters from him while he was abroad. So wandering were they that the paper, out of regard for their author's reputation, ceased to publish them, much to the relief of his friends. He

tried hunting, he tried mining, he tried travelling, all to no avail. On his recent trip around the world he made most pitiable breaks at dinners tendered him, and when he reached India was placed under guard. And the British statesman so was conducted back to England, his wife by his side. He has held to his seat in the Commons and shortly before his last trip he essayed to make a speech, which was so mixed and incongruous that his friends gave it out that he was drunk. Thus ended the political career of the most promising young Tory since the entrance of the dashing young Disraeli into the House of Commons. His death will not be an event, come when it may.

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During the year 1890 there came to California a gentleman representing one of the greatest investment institutions in the world. His mission was to study conditions here with the view of extending the operations of his company more directly and more extensively to this field. His purpose was not avowed, however, and his inquiries were quietly made and his business identity was not generally announced.

Several letters of introduction to professional men, with whom his companies had been in correspondence, put him in the way of being presented to the controlling persons of finance in San Francisco. He wished to sound sentiment, as represented by these gentlemen, first. To them he was introduced simply as, we will say, Mr. Blank of New York. He was well received, as a man of means travelling to see the State, and had every opportunity at the clubs and in banking-rooms to draw out the opinions he thought it his duty to probe.

Having spent some weeks in the city, he traveled a couple of months in the State, returned here for a fortnight and took rail hence, homeward. Before going he told a couple of his professional friends an experience, as follows:

"You have the most remarkable country I have ever seen. Its resources are astonishing in character, variety and extent, and its climate is alluring. But you are dominated by the most conservative and non-progressive set of gentlemen controlling your investment and banking capital I have ever met. An experience of yesterday illustrates the situation as I see it. At a club lunch table I sat with the principal officers of two of your big savings banks, two of your leading commercial banks, a railroad man of importance, a real estate owner of large wealth, and a money lender controlling extensive investments besides his own.

"After much general conversation on investment securities and properties and enterprises, I asked one of the savings bank gentlemen who controlled the hiring of much money and whose opinions seem to have as much influence as any among your banking class, what he considered legitimate and safe security on which to lend money or invest capital in California. His reply came: 'Well, sir, we loan our funds only on rent-producing properties in and near to San Francisco. Bricks and mortar, sir; bricks and mortar in this great metropolis are safe value for all time.'

"But are there no businesses so well-grounded, no properties commanding opportunities throughout the State, whose great values you gentlemen recognize as assured in the light of experiences elsewhere by the mere force of circumstances and natural augmentation of population and wealth? I asked. The answer: 'Those things, you understand, are beyond our field; practically, we do not consider any investment, or placing of our funds, legitimate or safe outside of properties yielding rents immediately in our metropolis or the near-by cities around the bay.'

"This answer was concurred in by every banking man present, and it developed fully and unmistakably that those who control San Francisco banks, both in their capacity as bankers and in handling their individual fortunes, do not take a lively and intelligent interest in the development of the State on which San Francisco depends. On the contrary, their tone was pessimistic, or doubtful, with regard to every class of property and enterprise spoken of as promising for the future, that was not located in or near San Francisco. The fact was plainly apparent that they relied entirely on interior banks and money-lenders who were milking the people and the State, and that they did not know for themselves what they were talking about.

"The railroad man harped on San Francisco's commanding position and seemed to gloat over the fact that the bulk of the State had, unavoidably, to come here to find a port. His tongue and words conveyed the idea that the San Francisco had a good thing because it had the rest of the State in a trap. The real estate man dwelt on the fact that every increase of wealth in the State must be met by a corresponding increase in the value of San Francisco real estate; and he accepted this as a finality of reasoning to the conclusion that his class of property was the right thing to lend on or invest in. The money-lending gentlemen distinctly warned me to beware of almost every line of investment depending directly on either mining or agricultural country; and, as for manufacturing, that was possible only in or near the city.

"I closed the conversation by propounding this query: 'Gentlemen, if you cannot point with confidence, and even enthusiasm, to any great classes

of properties or securities or growing enterprises in the producing quarters and industries of your State, pray what are your bricks and mortar in San Francisco worth?'

"There was no definite answer. I can conceive of but one reply. Until your State industries and raw properties are much further built up and improved, your city really values are not well-grounded. You are waiting for outsiders to build up the producing industries—to supply the cheap capital, organization and business energy—and you are not encouraging them to do it. Your wealthy old men are living in the past—in the recollection of the ways they made money; which now are no more. Your rich young men are busy spending incomes their fathers established for them. Your active, progressive men are looked upon with suspicion and distrust. Your interior industries are handicapped through want of sympathy, faith and understanding on the part of those who control the money that they should have to work with. There will be an awakening; but just how or when, I do not see."

These words, substantially, were spoken and stenographically caught four years ago. They came from a man of great experience and reputation as an active observer and thinker in the specialty of investment finance. How much truth is there in them? How many of our bankers, merchants and heavy business men of San Francisco really know and understand, first hand, the country they look to, and to what extent are they closely and actively in sympathy with it. Did the New Yorker slander us?

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The election of Mr. Perkins to the Senate is not so gratifying to self-respecting Californians as the obliterating defeat of Mr. de Young which accompanied it. The mere candidacy of the latter was a disgrace to the State which the State will not be permitted to forget, and for which it will blush when it recovers the capacity for blushing—as it is in a fair way of doing, judging from the moral revival that it appears to be undergoing.

I have constantly written of Mr. Perkins as a presentable gentleman of moderate intelligence who, as the alternative to Mr. de Young, should receive the support of every reputable man, in and out of the Legislature. It is not my fortune to be very well acquainted with him, for I have met him but a few times, under circumstances that did not enable me to take his measure accurately. He impressed me as having rather more brains than the ordinary merchant, some *savoir faire*, and the manners of one who has seen a good deal of the world. But I judged from the circumstance that he had been appointed to the Senate by Governor Markham, and was a candidate for election to the office by a Republican Legislature, he must of necessity be acceptable to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Mutual friends related to me actions of Mr. Perkins which proved him to be a man of heart, loyal to those whom he liked, ready to render them service, and one who in his private relations inspired both respect and liking. I was glad to hear all this, but still the fact that he was a candidate appeared to me, familiar as I am with the powers which rule politics in California, proof enough that he was not independent of Southern Pacific control. So believing, I still did what I could to advance his success, in place of M. H. de Young, who offends civilized men, and all who would choose to have California represented in the Senate by one who should work, speak and vote for the State rather than for the corporation which dominates, robs and debases it. On Saturday last I met Mr. Perkins on Montgomery street and he said with an earnestness that impressed me:

"You are under a misapprehension about me. I am not the sort of man you think. I don't say this in the expectation of deriving any political advantage from it, because I shall be elected or beaten before your paper comes out again. But I want your good opinion, because I respect you for your inde-

pendence. I know what it costs. I am not Huntington's left bower, as you suppose. All I am I have made myself. I came to this town a poor boy and I have built myself up. There is nothing in the Senatorship for me except the honor of the office. If I were to obtain it by the means you think I am willing to employ, it would be robbed of all value to me. I could be elected without any trouble if I would consent to vote for Santa Monica for a harbor and for the Reilly or some other Funding bill. I have refused to make these promises, and I won't make any like them. Now, no matter what happens to me in this Senatorial fight, I ask you, as man to man, to believe in my integrity."

That was straightforward, and it went to the warm spot inside of me. I told Senator Perkins so, and added that for the first time I doubted his election. He has been elected, however, and he will permit me to say that I am glad of it. I would have been glad of it even if he had not said the things I have recorded. He spoke like an honest man, and I want to believe that he is one. He had no notion that I would print what he uttered, and but that his battle is won his words would have little worth for the public, and taste would restrain me from making use of them. But they have a value for me which is not at all dependent on the vote of a Legislature. I believe that at the time he meant what he said, and I shall withhold my decisive judgment of him as a public man until I know him better.

If Mr. Perkins has been elected in defiance of the orders of the Southern Pacific it means that Mr. Huntington has undertaken a contract which he was unable to carry out. He did that when he tried to elect Dr. O'Donnell. But then he had the whole people of San Francisco to deal with, and not a small and picked body like the Legislature of California. However, I tell California what its new Senator said to me, and I salute Senator Perkins with the expectant respect inspired by his words to a man who had it not in his power to do him much good or much harm, for *Arthur McEwen's Letter* is not a journal of imposing circulation.

But such as the *Letter* is, it is genuine, and it has a right now to say some things about the action of the Legislature and the Senatorship. It is a little less than a year ago since the first number of the *Letter* was printed. Its space was taken to tell what sort of a man M. H. de Young was. It surprised me a good deal to discover the enormous interest—as evinced by the large sale—felt by the public in that person. To me he seemed about as insignificant a man as any cardriver or laborer on the street, and

intrinsically no more worthy of a serious writer's treatment. I was moved to select him for treatment for the reasons that he figured as the proprietor of the principal Republican newspaper in California, and because he had succeeded in getting the press of the city, daily and weekly, under his thumb. The *Call* and *Bulletin*, his old-time rivals and foes, had grown respectful, or, at least, silent, and Mr. Hearst's *Examiner* was in the same case. As for the weeklies, there was but one that dared to criticize him as a journalist or a man. The others, he had either cowed or bribed. I drew his portrait with a free hand—the portrait of a man without intellect, heart, manners, or modesty; a sort of Chicago drummer, endowed with immeasurable impudence, dull and endless energy, and entire unconsciousness that he was not in all ways admirable. An acquaintance with Mr. de Young extending over a quarter of a century enabled me to know him thoroughly—to know that in character he was no more to be respected than for his mind. I knew him to be as base as he was little.

It surprised me that all San Francisco, and, indeed, all California, should reach out for a *Letter* containing little besides the portrait of a man of this grade, who, except for his newspaper and his money, was no more deserving of attention than any hustling clerk behind a counter in Raphael's clothing store. But it revealed to me the depth to which the State had sunk—the need for preaching the simple gospel of manhood to a community in which M. H. de Young could be great. I have preached that gospel to the point of my own and others' weariness perhaps, but the preaching has not been fruitless.

I do not claim that this *Letter* alone has made the election of Mr. de Young to the United States Senate impossible, but I do know that it has helped to defeat his grotesque ambition. It has made him known to California as he is—it has prevented the people from forgetting what he was, and taught them that he has not changed. Success, wealth, have made no difference in the man. Money has only gilded his bristles.

It is not to be taken for granted that this defeat will end Mr. de Young's candidacy for the Senate. The drummer-like persistency on which he plumes himself, and for which he is applauded by those to whom unreflecting, stupid obstinacy seems a fine characteristic, will move him to continue to push himself up to the fence beyond which the acorns of office lie. He will pride himself on his determination not to be whipped back into his sty. But his career as a serious candidate is closed. This time he had on his side

nearly every element that disgraces our politics. Not a single daily newspaper in San Francisco could find the courage or summon the decency to oppose him. The *Letter* stood alone in San Francisco advocating the election of Mayor Sutor; it stood alone again in opposing De Young for the Senatorship. In each case it gave voice to what the people felt. In either case it would have done what it did if the people had been all the other way. When Mr. de Young, two years from now, reappears as a candidate for the Senate, the *Letter* will have plenty of protesting journalistic company. In proportion as the public does not need the championship of the press, the public gets it.

A spirit is around in California that portends a good deal for the State. The slaves on Mr. Huntington's plantation are in rebellion; there is no doubt about that. Manhood is asserting itself. Some victories have been won and more will be. And every victory will increase both the popular courage and popular demand. The hopelessness that weighed upon men's minds here for a good many years has been removed. That is a great gain. The people of the State have been encouraged by the discovery that in spite of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the associated villainies they could elect a Governor; and the people of San Francisco astonished and cheered themselves by finding that when they were in earnest—as in the case of Adolph Sutor—their strength was a giant's and able to prevail over that of the corporations.

The general movement for reform naturally follows from these two victories. How far that movement will go, how wide will be its scope, there is no presaging, but that it will overflow the political banks I regard as certain. The impulse to make things better has its source in moral feeling, and moral feeling is not to be restricted to politics merely. In attacking evils outside of themselves the people will eventually elevate themselves. That is the most hopeful aspect of the situation. A public spirit is being awakened in this community that will manifest itself in many ways for decades to come. Nothing new has been created. The people were neither indifferent nor depraved. Simply they had been cowed. Their hopelessness was mistaken by the reigning scoundrelism for acquiescence. The fundamental weakness of cynicism is that it overlooks the one great fact of human nature—that the average man, other things being equal, will prefer to do right rather than wrong. And under the impulsion of hope the average man will even make some little sacrifice for the sake of the right. Here is the basis of republican government. Show the people the way, and the people will be found sound at heart. Observe how they have responded in this city to appeals for improved government within the past few weeks. And that response has already accomplished much. It will accomplish immeasurably more.

The associated villainies are going to get such a shaking-up as they never have had before. The most deserving of our "leading citizens" may not be sent to jail, but the gates of San Quentin are going to close on some representative gentlemen who not so long ago would have been justified in feeling perfectly secure. Also there will be flights beyond the borders. The community has grown up to the Wallace Grand Jury. The soul of that strangled body has diffused itself. The average man in this State, and especially in this city, is larger and braver than he was half a dozen years ago, when the Supreme

Court intervened to save the imperilled politicians and judges and financiers on whose trail the investigators had grown energetic. Mayor Sutor is in the City Hall and Governor Budd is in the Capitol. Everything that the sanguine hope for will not be achieved, but a great deal more will be done than the small critics expect. The light is going to be turned on in dark places and the hose is going to wash out many a corner that has escaped a cleansing under the protection of associated wealth and respectability.

The stream of reform is not altogether pure, of course, and some have launched their boats upon it that one would rather see sailing elsewhere. The sight of these sets the small critic shouting and dancing on the bank. The small critic has his uses like other insects, but it does not tend to utility for others than himself to magnify his petty office. It is inevitable that men who are neither so wise nor so good nor so disinterested as they ought to be should attach themselves to a popular movement and endeavor to push themselves into leadership. The crank, the fool, the pretender and the rascal are pests no more to be escaped than is the small critic. But because this man who shoulders his way onto the platform and raises his voice against wickedness happens to be a rattlebrain; or another is piebald as to record; or a third is a coward who makes up in loudness what he lacks in the courage to direct the fire of his eloquence at the dangerously powerful; or another has a rogue's selfish interest in allying himself with the assault that he may not be assaulted—all this does not supply a reason why men of sense and right feeling should hold themselves apart and refuse to lend a hand toward advancing the good work of reform. If we accept the logic of the small critic—who is himself, of course, a lamb without blemish—we must wait for reform until reformers arise that are perfect men without exception. The last reformer of that kind made his appearance some two thousand years ago, and even he did not give entire satisfaction to the small critics of his generation. Men of the world understand that the public is the public. When soldiers are wanted every one capable of bearing arms is welcomed. It is when persons fit only to carry a musket aspire to wear the sword that the small critic becomes useful: He can be quoted by those in command to temper the ambition of the unworthy.

Behind this reform movement which has its centre in San Francisco there is the force of a great earnestness that comes up from all classes of the community. The people are tired of the reign of scoundrelism. And the movement is being guided by brains. However great the diversification of purpose apparent on the surface, there is to be observed a remarkable absence of contention. The dominant desire seems to be for harmonious action, and, this being so, the voice of good judgment and experience is likely to have the weight to which it is entitled. The lately ebullient clergy have subsided and, let us hope, are ready to give the strength of their influence to proposals good in themselves though they go beyond such evils as Mose Gunst's appointment and "side entrances." The citizens who believe that an investigation of the police department and the municipal offices is the supreme need of the hour, while exceedingly active, have not got in the way of the Citizens' Defense Association, which is preparing a programme that, if adopted by the Legislature, will insure us fair elections hereafter, and make the bribery of supervisors and judges immeasurably more dangerous than heretofore.

Among the men who have earned the right to be leaders, the men to whom the generality of people look with confidence, there is no observable disposition to wrangle over precedence. That is the very best of indications that the reform movement will bring large and permanent results.

There is plenty of work cut out for the leaders. Governor Budd, of course, stands at the head. He has promised much and much is expected of him. His response to public opinion in relation to the San Francisco Police Commission has been quick, but his acts in this regard have been no test of his courage. That test will come when he is required by his duty to do something which may be given the appearance of unpopularity by those whose interests are opposed to reform. The Southern Pacific and the Spreckles own the Harbor Commission and the Pilot Commission. This is another way of saying that they own San Francisco's waterfront and harbor. The retention of that ownership means many thousands of dollars annually to them. Both interests are influential in the Legislature and both possess newspapers. Mr. Budd cannot lay a disturbing finger on either commission without bringing a fight on his hands. There are discordant elements in his party. The railroad and the interests allied with it have Democrats as well as Republicans to serve them. The Governor will have to choose between such men and men who are not under the orders of the corporations.

The immediate problem that the Governor has to face is whether he will make appointments in reward of party services and in recognition of personal friendships, or with an eye to the public good solely. It is not easy to tell an energetic party worker or an old friend that to give him an office of importance would offend public opinion, yet Governor Budd will have to do that painful thing a good many times if he is to keep abreast of the sentiment that is abroad and that his own election has done much to awaken. But he cannot in one instance turn the party worker and personal friend away and in another yield to importunity. In short, the Governor must lay down a rule of action as to appointments, break it for nobody, and summon the phlegm to bear with curses and newspaper abuse. He has had no experience of either of these accompaniments of official responsibility since he took his seat, but they will come soon enough if he is resolved to be Governor and do right, no matter who may be displeased. The State is waiting to see of what stuff he is made. His first tussle with the powers commanded by the corporations will prove his quality.

The demand for a "Lexow" Committee has already had one noticeable result. The San Francisco Grand Jury has been moved to exemplary activity. It is giving signs of a disposition to take hold of the frauds developed by the recount of the votes cast for Sheriff and County Clerk. If we get the Lexow Committee we may count with certainty upon good work from the Grand Jury in more than one direction.

The petition for the Lexow Committee that has gone to the Legislature is hardly broad enough. It would be proper to ask a committee at Mayor Sutor's hands that would deal with municipal corruption only, but an investigating body appointed by the State's representatives ought to have powers as wide as the State. Mr. W. W. Stow is not a municipal officer, but he had much to do with the selecting and electing of legislative candidates in all sections of California last

year, and in other years. While it is desirable, of course, that crimes committed within the period which renders them punishable should receive special attention, the statute of limitations ought not to be binding upon the quest of the committee. Moral purposes could be served by going back to the election of Senator Stanford, for instance, and ascertaining from Mr. Stow and others how much that triumph cost, if anything. The Law Department of the Southern Pacific has conducted and supervised much litigation elsewhere than in San Francisco. The books and attaches of that department, past and present, could profitably be examined. It would be instructive to learn from Judge McFarland, the colored member of the Supreme Court, why it is he holds the belief that the Southern Pacific can do no wrong. Nobody believes that the loyal McFarland has enriched himself by his fidelity, but his own exposition of his reasons for his singular choice of a deity would be a valuable contribution to the curiosities of the human mind. Then there is the Superior Court. Judges have sat, and sit, upon that bench who are as worthy of investigation as any member of the Board of Supervisors. The New York Lexow Committee compelled police captains to produce their bank books and explain in detail where they got their wealth. That is an example that should guide our own committee.

There are Supervisors who helped to compose solid eights and solid nines who had no visible means of support other than their meager salaries, who yet managed to live in first-class style like men of wealth and pile up large sums in bank to their credit. Where did the money come from? The officials and attorneys of the Southern Pacific, Spring Valley, the Gas Company and other corporations ought to be summoned and questioned on oath as to this phenomenon. It is known that John D. Spreckels, as the partner of Colonel Dan Burns, with whom he has since quarreled, was extremely anxious to elect and control the present Board of Supervisors. It would be competent for the committee to ascertain why. Perhaps Colonel Burns, like most men who have been overtaken by misfortune, would be more communicative than his late partner, who has in mind, I understand, the public-spirited purpose of subjecting Mr. Alvinza Hayward's electric light company to competition. It will be remembered that, according to the confession of Mr. P. B. Cornwall, late president of the latter corporation and present Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, a former Board of Supervisors was systematically bribed, through the good offices, first of Mr. Buckley and next of Mr. Crimmins, to prevent the advent of Mr. Spreckels' competing company. Mr. Cornwall may still be in a communicative mood, though his dignity does not permit him to disclose his secret thoughts to the reporters of the newspapers. Under the advice of Mr. Lloyd Tevis he refused to divulge to the *Examiner* all he knew when I sent emissaries of that paper to him before the election; but the election now being over, it is possible that he would talk as freely to the Lexow Committee as he did to the Wallace Grand Jury. The active members of the latter body, by the way, are still living, and it would be an excellent plan were the committee to invite them to place at its disposal the proofs and clews of crime in important places that remained in its possession when the Supreme Court relieved it at once of legal existence and the obligation of secrecy. The clues were, I am informed, leading straight to the inner offices

of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

Since it was the appointment of Mose Gunst as Police Commissioner that touched the match to the gunpowder of popular indignation at official criminality and shamelessness, it would be highly appropriate for the committee to pay its investigating respects to ex-Governor Markham. No one has as yet offered a plausible explanation of why it was that Mr. Markham blackened the tail end of his administration by making such an appointment. After his persistent mendacity regarding the "Old Pard" letter he is not to be credited with conscience, and after his efforts to get others to pay the thousand-dollar bet which the State Committee lost by reason of its trust in his word, he is not to be suspected of shame; but Mr. Markham possesses intelligence. It is known that in order to get office he will lie, and that in order to escape the loss of a thousand dollars he will levy an assessment upon men who are under some obligation to him, but that he would deliberately disgrace himself and invite popular execration out of a wanton wish to offend is not thinkable. It was at the solicitation of Colonel Dan Burns that he made Mose Gunst—a better man than either, when all is said—Police Commissioner. What was the Colonel's power of coercion? Did the Governor owe him money which the Governor did not want to pay in coin, as honest men pay their debts? Or did the Colonel know some things concerning the administration as to which the public was, and is, in ignorance? In the newspaper offices of the city and among the politicians—in the under world, that is to say—there have been unpleasant stories floating for a long time. In the Sacramento correspondence of the *Examiner* recently guarded reference to one of these was made. It may be that ex-Governor Markham when he knows what this particular story is will request permission to appear before the Lexow Committee and deny it. As to its truth I know nothing. It runs that Boss Rea and others of San Jose made up a purse of \$7,500 in the campaign of four years ago and presented it to Mr. Markham, who needed money to meet canvassing expenses. After his election he complained of the cost of his triumph, and the Southern Pacific, which had sought the defeat of Mr. Pond, made an advance of \$25,000. Thereupon, Mr. Rea and his followers asked for a return of the \$7,500. It is strong inferential proof of the falsity of the tale of the \$25,000 contribution from the Southern Pacific that Mr. Markham declined to return \$7,500, or any other sum, to Mr. Rea. And it is rather good evidence against the \$7,500 tale itself that neither Mr. Rea nor any of those who are asserted to have joined with him in making up that purse, has ventured to allege publicly that such a purse was bestowed. The same line of argument applies to another story that places the ex-Governor's integrity in question. It is stated that Mr. Markham had decided to appoint Mr. de Young to the Senatorship made vacant by the death of Leland Stanford, when he suddenly determined to choose Mr. Perkins for the honor. I am informed that Mr. Higgins, late Private Secretary to Governor Markham, says that before this change in the executive mind occurred Mr. Perkins agreed to discharge what was called a political debt of \$15,000 of the Governor's in the southern part of the State. Mr. Perkins denies this flatly, and most Californians will be willing to take Mr. Perkins' word about that or anything else. Mr. Higgins will not affirm that Mr. Markham was privy to any such agreement, and, I dare say, would, if asked by any casual citizen, deny that he had ever made such a proposi-

tion to Mr. Perkins. But if the Lexow Committee were to summon Messrs. Markham, Perkins, Higgins, Burns and Rea and put them all on oath, one of two things would happen—either these floating slanders would be disposed of utterly, or a chapter of iniquity be added to California's known history that would be of service to those who are laboring to purify our public life. Of one thing I am sure: Mr. Perkins would tell the truth.

Relative to police corruption, I see that Chief Crowley is in error as to a statement coming from me. In the *Bulletin* the other evening an interview with him appeared in which he said that I had once investigated his department thoroughly and found it free from corruption. This is a mistake. What I found, after the most exhaustive search—in which I had all the *Examiner's* resources of money and men at command—was that he and Captain Lees were not guilty of any of the things charged against them by popular report. I concluded the investigation with the conviction that both were honest men, men of integrity and good, warm, human hearts. But as for the department, that was by no means my conclusion. The inquiry developed that Chinatown was a mine of blackmail. I found the Chinaman who collected the price of immunity from molestation from the gamblers and the keepers of bagnios, the house where the money was paid to the sergeant of the Chinatown squad, the monthly amount, and all the details. Where I failed was in being unable to get a man who could secrete himself and oversee the actual payment—such a man as would have his testimony believed in court. There was no proof, no suspicion, that Mr. Crowley was privy to this villainy. If another systematic investigation be undertaken, with energy and resolution, it will not, I am convinced, be fruitless. Policemen are but human, and not a high type of the race. Where bribes are to be had they will be taken. A Lexow Committee that shall apply the letter of the law with any strictness to the policing of San Francisco will find enough to cry out against.

Chief Crowley's weakness is a too generous readiness to dash to the defense of any member of his force against whom an accusation is made. This says much for the warmth of his impulses and his loyalty to his men, but he will have to abate his fervor, if he is to meet in the most effective way the assaults that are bound to come from the Committee. For example, there is the social evil. The law forbids the existence of bawdy houses altogether. Every evasion of that law that is discovered will provoke an outcry from the clergy, who will assume to be proprietors of the Committee. It will be well for the Chief not to lose his temper. He and every other man of common sense knows that the English method of dealing with the social evil has been adopted in this country. That is, we pass laws for its extirpation, wink at its existence, and leave its regulation to the police. In the hands of the police we place a power to blackmail, discriminate and banish for which there is no legal warrant whatever—a perfectly irresponsible power. Lacking the frankness of the French, we decline to recognize and license an evil that is stronger than repressive statutes. Everybody knows that Chief Crowley stands in the place where, in a French community, or an English garrison town, there would be written ordinances. If he has kept his men well in hand, prevented them from indulging in favoritism and persecution, and had regard for the sensibilities of those who are offended by

having manifestations of gross vice thrust upon their attention, he need not fear the members of the Committee—the clerical members—who will affect to be astonished at learning of the existence of things that neither they nor anybody else can be ignorant of. There is plenty of common sense in San Francisco. The Chief's real appeal will be to that, and I trust the Committee will not be seduced by its zeal into offending it. This community is not to be shocked, or aroused either, by being told what it already knows. It is aware of the presence of Mary Magdalen, unrepentant. But the Committee could do a service, and produce an earthquake, by bringing to common knowledge the names of the respectable citizens who rent her lodgings. According to Mr. James H. Barry, Police Commissioner Tobin is engaged in the clean business of thus sharing her profits. I fear that among other things that San Francisco will do as a result of getting a Lexow Committee will be to hold its nose. There will be more sympathy here presently than there has been with the view of Archbishop Corrigan of New York, who, as he wrote Father Ducey, couldn't understand how a decent citizen could attend the sessions without blushing. Archbishop Riordan, I observe, is not disposed to be carried away by the clamor for a general lifting of lids. His fastidiousness is easily comprehensible, but the ebullient preachers are, under the circumstances, better citizens than he, notwithstanding. It is not a dainty world, and those who set out to cleanse any part of it must be prepared to encounter dirt, and even to get some of it spattered on their vestments. I venture to say, too, that there are more of the Archbishop's flock profiting by the existing condition of things than the communicants of other denominations.

Candid writing about current affairs in San Francisco takes on a theological hue in spite of one. The preachers having stepped out of the pulpit and gone in for reforming the police, the municipality, politics and secular life in general, it is inevitable that they should come under a kind of comment to which they are not accustomed. The clergy of the Episcopal church, moved probably by the spirit which is animating the brethren as a whole to go beyond the sacred desk in endeavoring to impress their views upon the public, have appealed to the preachers of other Protestant sects to join with them in enforcing the rule that divorces obtained for other causes than adultery be not recognized—that no clergyman marry any man or woman who has been married before unless the applicant be the innocent one who has been freed by the courts. The Catholic church, of course, recognizes no divorce at all. In this matter the laws of California are more in consonance with the common sense of the time—common sense changes from generation to generation—than are the churches. Under our statutes, divorce is granted on the grounds of adultery, desertion, failure to provide, cruelty, and habitual drunkenness. In some States, as in New York, the law is in agreement with the Episcopalian demand, and in South Carolina, I believe, the law takes the Catholic view of the indissolubility of the marriage bond. The local clergy are quite right in saying that there should be uniformity throughout the country in the divorce laws. It is scandalous that people who are unmarried in one State should be deemed married in another, but it is moving for the unattainable to ask that all the States of the American Union shall in their laws come up to the Episcopalian, not to speak of the Catholic standard. The church view that marriage is

a religious sacrament is not the view of the people of the United States, nor of the government, which holds it to be a civil contract. That ill moral consequences follow easy divorce is not to be questioned, but it is also true that where no divorce is possible morals are not improved. In Spain, Italy and other Catholic countries where the tie is for life, the lapses of the unhappily mated are regarded by public opinion with a charity unknown in Protestant lands, and the severity of the South Carolina code led to the extraordinary result there of a legal recognition of concubinage—to a provision in the laws stipulating the proportion of a man's property that could be claimed by the woman who was not a wife.

The arguments for and against divorce are all tolerably familiar, and the state of the laws in the United States proves that the arguments favoring separation when union becomes intolerable or degrading have been accepted as the most reasonable. In modern days divorce is not viewed so much as an evil as a cure for the greater evil of unhappy marriage. It is not the laws which punish cruelty to children that make parents kind to them, nor is it the statute which rewards with the jail the man who fails to support his family that induces the average husband to provide for his wife and little ones. Neither is it enactments of legislators which cause husbands and wives to live together. Affection, and affection alone, sanctifies marriage. I ask Bishop Nichols and Archbishop Riordan, as men and not as ecclesiastics, whether they think a man does well or ill who continues to live with a shrew or a drunkard, or whether a woman does what is best for herself or society who puts up with gross brutality in a husband? The plea that the children must be considered is, I think, fully met by the answer that a child can have no experience so hurtful as that which it gets in an unhappy home. Regarding infidelity, there are two standards—one theoretical, the other practical. Man-kind is agreed that it is the unforgivable sin in woman and that it ought to be, but isn't, the same thing in man. No man who is a man will forgive it in a wife, but there are many wives—those as a rule of the better educated classes—who would prefer a husband of variable morals to one with traits more venial in the eyes of the church, such as a violent temper, a suspicious temperament, an undue love of money, or even very bad manners. The New Woman—that is to say, the self-supporting woman, endowed with a consciousness of independent being—is not inclined to take either the Episcopal or the Catholic view of divorce. And she must be taken into account, for she is going to vote, and besides helping to make the laws will give society its tone. She cannot be persuaded that indissoluble marriage is not an infringement of liberty—that a mistaken choice of a husband is the one error in life that ought to be placed beyond the reach of correction. And if the clergy were to ascertain the general opinion of the women of their congregations—their real opinion, and not that given in deference to the known wishes of their pastors—I make bold to believe that their pastors would be surprised at the result. Marriage is more important to women than to men; they give more thought to it, and are more concerned in the laws and customs which govern it. Yet good women, women of nineteenth-century sense, are few who will say they think a lady should live with a blackguard in order that a sacrament may be upheld, or that a good man

should endure a bad woman for the same reason. Where is the mother who, out of her honest thought and natural heart, would counsel her daughter to put up with the beatings or gross neglect of a husband, or a son to tolerate the flagrant misconduct of a wife, while the State holds the door open to honorable release? If it is the improvement of morals the clergy are solicitous about, since when has it been discovered that the tying together of husbands and wives who have no love to unite them conduces to chastity, or improving pictures of domestic peace?

The sum of the matter—speaking after the manner of the laity, who have as much interest in it as the clergy, if not more—is that divorce should not be made so easy as to cause it to be sought for trivial cause, but that it should be within reach of all men and women who cannot remain mated without loss of happiness. Divorce is better than misery, better than dishonor—clergy or no clergy.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE THEATRES.

Herrmann is here again; a little older, a little slimmer, a little balder, yet deft and polished, self-possessed and entertaining as ever. Truly, though, times have changed. Only a couple of centuries ago and a man accused of one-tenth the magic Herrmann seems to possess would have been toasted a beautiful brown over a slow fire, nicely boiled in oil, made to walk the white-hot gridiron, or have been carefully broken on the wheel. But now-a-days, we enlightened moderns pay the man liberally for fooling us; for making us doubt the evidence of our hitherto-trusted two eyes. Charlatanism has become so respectable that even the leader of San Francisco society hands his elegantly correct repeater to the magician to be used with other vulgar watches of various degrees of fashion and costliness, to be variously ill used, to disappear and then reappear quite "as good as ever," and to be returned with the polite little bow and profuse thanks of the foreigner.

Herrmann deserves his success. The ease, the dexterity with which he causes flowers, cards, yards of tape, birds, geese, pigs and women to appear from impossible places, properly calls for the admiring curiosity that you have for the person who can do the thing you can't, and do it well, too. The naturalness of his manner, the careful stage-setting, the variety and number of his tricks keep his large audience busy guessing and marveling. He can very well afford to expose one of his own tricks, or to affect a clumsiness which differs from his usual dexterity as much as the sheepish-looking gentleman, who obligingly lends his hat, differs from the magician's own quick, noiseless assistants. In short, Herrmann is a genius of genius, an honest—because unpretentious—fakir, a quick-witted, quicker-fingered, amiable Mephistopheles.

MIRIAM MICHELFON.

Herrmann's engagement at the California is for three weeks.

The Baldwin is closed for two weeks. On February 3d it re-opens with Warde and James.

The Carr-Reel Saturday Pop concerts begin again on this Saturday afternoon. If Mr. Haweis will attend this concert he will gain needed information as to the musical culture of San Franciscans, for certainly in no other American city have such excellent concerts as those heretofore given by Mrs. Carr and Mr. Reel been met with more hearty appreciation. The Saturday concert will introduce two new soloists.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1895.
D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine st.

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THE TWADDLER.

During the past week it has been a good deal of a nuisance to me to appear in the clubs, so many fellows have pressed around me to shake my hand and offer congratulations. The possession of political influence has its disadvantages, but, after all, begad, it's not unpleasant to be able to do things for deserving friends.

"No," said I to Governor Budd, "no, my dear boy"—we are on very familiar terms—"I really couldn't think of it. The fact is my seat is not as good as it was. I don't mind confiding to you, Governor, that without stays my figure on horseback is not exactly as slim and upright as it used to be when Major Stonehill and I rode up and down the line at Chehalatpec; and then, demme, I have lost the art, somehow, of keeping my feet in the stirrups. Besides, the race of gentlemen's horses has died out in California in my time, for, confound me, I never throw my leg across one but the best being to trot."

But, God bless me, Persiflage," said Budd appealingly, "you know as well as I do I must have a staff."

"Your Excellency," I returned stiffly, "I beg to remind you that I am not the Governor of California."

"Of course, of course," agreed Budd, with a sigh, "but hang it all, Persiflage, the poor devil that is, has to rely on the friends he can find. Now, put it to you, Persiflage, can I do without a staff?"

"Certainly not," I answered decisively. "It would be unheard of—disgraceful."

"Then I beg of you," he implored, "accept a commission as Lieutenant Colonel."

"No," I said firmly, "no, I'd rather throw my commission to the winds and go home."

"What," cried the Governor, bringing his hands distractingly, "what am I to do?"

"Offer it to Andrews," said I, with a flash of inspiration.

Budd threw his arms around my neck.

"Persiflage," he murmured, "next to yourself it's the best advice I could make. Blow me"—the Governor is queer in the language when excited—"Blow me, if it isn't ideal."

And Colonel Andrews it is, wig and all.

If I were Governor and the confounded Constitution were what it ought to be, there's one interloper that would be taken to the frontier in short order. Notwithstanding my well known respect for the clergy, I refer to the Rev. Haweis, late of London, England, and present barnstormer in these United States. My language is strong, but, egad, it is called for, and more. It is only the absurd restrictions of print which prevent me from repeating here what I have said, and heard said, about the friends of the present and future clubs, begad. Why is it, by the way, that a gentleman isn't accorded the same privilege to swear with his pen that he has with his tongue? Damme if I can understand it. If I had my way, by blank, I'll be blanked if I wouldn't let this Haweis have a piece of my mind, by

By a very gentlemanly party that anywhere, in any part of the world, when he is invited to a club, he is under the most sacred obligation never to say anything about his visit, unless his remarks be of a flattening nature. We made the mistake of inviting the Rev. Haweis to the Bohemian one evening last week, he having some small repute in literature, and which is one of the specialities on which we patronize when we have the opportunity. Knowing that he is given to writing about what he sees and hears, the club naturally exerted itself to entertain him in its own celebrated way. I sang my Tyrolean yodel and Joe Redding favored him with that fantasia on the piano which the club has acquired for many years. The young man, Charlie Dickman, went first to his place of business, and rendered his incomparable "My Red, Red Nose," that has brought roars of laughter from two generations of San Franciscans. Dan O'Connell recited "The Vagabonds" to Redding's piano accompaniment, and George Bromley executed the turkey dance, assisted by several of the younger members of the club, with H. Stearns at the organ. Our little impromptu concluded with a duet by the Polks, one on the banjo and the other on the comb. Yet that Haweis, the very next evening, had the effrontery—shall I say the aplomb?—to assert in his lecture (for which we all bought tickets) that San Francisco is deficient in musical ability and taste!

This is the man's second visit to San Francisco. I venture to predict that he will not indulge in a third—not if my friend Bishop Nichols has anything to say about it. Representations have been made in the proper quarter, and if London doesn't here,

after enjoy all the benefit that is to be derived from Haweis' criticisms on music it will not be the Bohemian Club's fault.

On Monday last I ran up to Sacramento and entered the Executive Chamber without knocking—a privilege I enjoy by invitation—hoping to have a little private conversation with the Governor regarding the Labor Commissioner'ship. But, as it happened, I found a lot of politicians there, including Gavin McNab, Andy Clunie, Sam Braunschart and Old Man Hinton, all urging the appointment of General Hammond to the office of Laborer.

The Governor looked immensely relieved on my entrance.

"Persiflage," said he, "I want your advice." I sank wearily into a chair and passed my hand over my brow.

"Well," I sighed, "what is it now?" He asked me my views as to Hammond and the Registrar'ship. My response was instant and emphatic.

"Jim," I said—there's nothing like a little judicious familiarity on occasion—"Jim, you couldn't do better. Hammond would make an ideal Registrar, or an ideal anything else with a syllable attached to it. He has mastered the art of obliging every man, and he would never disappoint. All there is to him now is a desire and a smile. He can shake hands, if it is suggested to him, of course, but that don't hurt."

"But, heaven save us, Persiflage," cried Budd, "we don't want a mere nonentity!"

"The device you don't!" I exclaimed. "Nonentities are not as plentiful as you seem to think. They're invaluable in office, and in life, too, eh? They have memories for neither favors nor injuries; they don't hurt an Administration if they can't help it. They battle the public, too. Men who come in with a kick roll their waves of wrath up against the wall of vacuity and recoil in harmless apoplexy. Hammond was an office man. He set how you can have the heart to refuse it. He's had one of some kind so long that I don't think he can live without one. Gentlemen," I said rising, "three cheers for Registrar Hammond!"

The cheers were given with a will, and I noticed that Clunie's voice rose shrill and high above the rest.

As to the Labor Commissioner'ship, Budd and I are to dine together next Sunday, and if some news to excite the public doesn't result, this Administration will not be the success it at present promises to be.

A hastily written note called me to the office of my friend De Young last Tuesday night. I expected to find him with arms thrown on the desk and his head resting on them; but in that I was mistaken. Chipper is the only word that will describe the expression and manner of that great man when he received me with outstretched hand. The rose in his button hole was as brilliant and as smiling as was as gay as that with which he favored me when together some months ago we added up the surplus earnings of the Midwinter Fair.

"Persiflage, congratulate me!" he cried buoyantly, seizing me in his arms and waiting about me the complacently furnished apartment.

"Gad, Harry," I gasped as I fell into an upholstered chair, "you take it well."

"Take what well?" he asked, ringing for a boy, giving him a quarter, and telling him to bring three cigars.

"Your defeat, of course," I said.

"Defeat?" he said. "You mean the Senatorship?"

"Surely."

"Pooh!" he said. "That's nothing. I hadn't any idea of winning this time."

"Then," I demanded, "what did you go into the fight for?"

"Merely to make myself better known," he answered, lighting one of the regals. "Until the people of California know me, until every inhabitant has seen me face to face—I don't expect to be Senator. When all California knows me and loves me as San Francisco does, a dozen Perkinses couldn't hurt me. I am a patient man, Persiflage," he continued, "and when I lay my plans I follow them. Every man, woman and child in California will know of Harry de Young before the next two years have passed."

"How," I asked, "do you think that will affect the circulation of the *Chronicle*?"

"I am not thinking of the *Chronicle*'s circulation, but of my own," he said thoughtfully. "Let the people but see me. I invite inspection and defy competition."

"Harry," I exclaimed, "why do you not abandon politics and devote yourself exclusively to the social career?"

"Persiflage," he answered, throwing his cigar upon the carpet with that carelessness of expense which characterizes him, "what more have I to achieve in society? When a man has you, Green-

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way and Chambliss together at his table, and letters of regret from the Crockers, the Tevies, the Kittles and the Parrots, to what more can he aspire?"

Touching a bell, Mr. John P. Young appeared and received instructions to compose a letter of congratulation to Senator Perkins, and Mr. de Young, leaning upon my arm, went out for his favorite recreation of a stroll on Kearny street, where we were joined by Mr. Gunst. Of course, it was impossible for me to invite them into the club, but in vain. When, however, my friend De Young attained the Senator'ship, and when we talk of it there is any virtue in perseverance, even the Pacific Union will be glad to receive him. I have had a talk with President Jordan and shall see what an L.L. D. will do for Harry.

Mme. Yale called on me at my apartments before her departure for Los Angeles. Despite her years the lady is beautiful, and having her regard for the proprieties that the New Woman considers necessary, I invited the landlady to make a third.

"Mr. Persiflage," said the lady, "as you know one of my specialties is the preservation of the complexion, and long before my arrival in San Francisco had heard that there were two young men in this city who were famed for the clearness and delicate color of their skin—yourself and Col. Andrews. What I want to know, if you will be good enough to inform me, is how it is that you who are old enough to be a great-grandfather—"

Madame," said I, with a testiness which I certainly think the occasion warranted, "if more complexion has not been misrepresented to you, it is quite evident that you have been mis-informed as to my age. You yourself, if all that I hear be true—"

"Well, well, sir," she interrupted, "we are both old enough to know better than to quarrel. Will you or will you not tell me how it is that you keep in your cheeks that shell-like delicacy, that rose-like pink, and retain a brilliancy of eye that, were I younger, I should be less inclined to acknowledge by speech than by other manifestations with which you are not unfamiliar." Here the lady clasped her head and lifted a finger to the corner of her mouth.

Of course, no man could be insensible to an appeal like this, and I at once disclosed to her the secret. It simply is that for the past forty-five years Col. Andrews and myself have been daily in the habit of climbing Telegraph Hill by way of Kearny street at the hour of sunrise, when that is convenient, and procuring from the humble cottagers residing on that eminence invigorating draughts of goat's milk.

"Land sakes!" cried Mme. Yale, rising, "I might have spared myself the trouble of calling. There isn't a fashionable woman in San Francisco who would do that climb every twenty-four hours to save herself from having a complexion like Mr. Fargo."

She's an exquisite creature, and I understand is making immense sums by her lectures. Egad, I— but of course I'm past all that.

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* The language of our contributor passes to grossness at permissible limits.—Ed. Letter.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

Jack and I were talking of the commercialism of San Francisco apropos of the Rev. Mr. Haweis's attack.

"San Francisco is no worse than any other American city," said Jack. "Mr. Haweis should mix with the swells of New York and the baconian aristocracy of Chicago if he would know what that life is which measures everything by dollars and takes no interest in anything but the piling up of millions and their display."

"Yes, indeed," I agreed. "New York is to San Francisco as Keokuk is to Paris in point of its appreciation of music. Why, the only reason the opera is kept up in New York is to give the 400 a chance to show off their new gowns and jewels. They don't care for the music—half of them couldn't tell what the name of the opera was they had just heard. I mean the people in the boxes, of course. They talk and laugh and flirt and ogle and sneer and jabber until the people who actually want to hear the music are driven into the very top gallery. Now, our women don't make nuisances of themselves in the theaters even if they don't appreciate the music to the fullest extent possible. Those New Yorkers just pay so much a year for the privilege of placing their necks on exhibition before a couple of thousand strangers."

"My dear, how bitterly you are talking!" interrupted Jack with a smile, half condemnation and half approval. "One would really think that some of the nobles of New York had given you the cut direct."

"That's the way with men," I retorted; "they can't believe that women have any ideas except those that are prompted by envy or spite. If you had said what I did and I hadn't agreed with you I would have been declared a creature of narrow views, no eyes and very much a snob. Yes, you would. 'After all, you're only a woman!'—that's what you'd have said. But because I agreed with you you think me bitter."

"It is a little wearying, all and took another tack—I believe that's the right expression. 'Well, a commercial age isn't so bad to live in after all,' he said. 'I don't know that there ever was a time when men got more out of life than they do now. A man might just as well be a bull on the stock exchange as a gay troubadour, I guess. You'd rather be the life of a San Francisco grain broker, I fancy, even though the business is not an ultra poetic, than that of a murdering marauder, eh?'"

"I'm not quite so sure about that," I replied with a frankness that gave Jack a decided shock. "The 'murdering marauder' would probably be a most interesting chap, and on his foraging expeditions he would most likely come across some jewels and other little trifies that would look rather well on the marauder's wife."

"How very non-commercial you are, to be sure! So the advantage of being a marauder's wife would be the jewels he would steal. Perhaps you fail to notice, my dear," Jack continued ironically, "how very non-commercial you are! Is it any wonder that we men are so commercial when our wives think only of dresses and houses and jewelry?"

"So you poor men are made to think of nothing but dollars because of our demand for gowns, eh? We have made this age commercial, have we? We have set the pace for you. You dear, good creatures just struggle and toil and fight and do other things not nearly so honorable for our sakes. How good you are! We made you do it. I believe I've heard that sort of an excuse before. Of course you don't desire the reputation of being wealthy, you don't desire the power that money brings. No! No! It's all for us! If it wasn't for your wives you would be content to live in some poor garret, never eat a dish, never wear a cigar, never see a horse race, never go fishing, never drive, never go to the theatre, never give a dinner, never go into politics. You do these things all for us; what a noble life of self-sacrifice! When you get up a corner on something you say to yourself: 'How dear little Betty will enjoy the new house I'll get out of this deal.' And when you—what do you call it?—yes, when you cinch some poor fellow you give it to him hard just for Betty's sake." Jack, I have never appreciated you enough. You have worn the crown of thorns for my sake."

Jack rather liked this good, long answer. His smile grew broader and broader as most petronizingly upon me and said: "In recognition of your humble spirit, my dear, I will allow you to kiss my hand." And he actually extended it, palm downward.

I am strongly of the opinion, and all the arguments which Jack or any other man can bring forward will not dissuade me from it, that woman is the least commercial of the sexes. There are more in instances, to be sure, of rich men marrying poor girls

than of the opposite, but this is due to the fact that there are so many more rich men than rich girls. I have met only one girl in my life who frankly confessed that she was marrying a man for his money—and she is an Oakland girl of fine family who is shortly to marry a man almost three times her age because he is reputed to be wealthy. On the other hand, I have met quite a number of men who were proud of the good stroke of business they had made in marrying rich girls. It is a common matter of congratulation among men that a man has become engaged to a wealthy girl, and if her pocketbook is up to the mark it is accepted that her face and her heart need not be. Put the question this way, and see how different in spirit are the two sexes: How many men have you known to throw over the rich girl for the poor one? I can't recall one; and yet instances of this kind among women are common. It seems to me that the fundamental differences between the two sexes prove the case. Man is the hunter. Man's life is broader and his ambitions more worldly and larger. Man's sentiment is suppressed.—Jack tells me it has to be—to succeed in his ambitions. Man wants to be powerful, and woman wants to be loved. Which one of the two is more likely to be basely commercial?

If San Franciscans think so much about the making of dollars that they have neither time nor inclination to hear music or read books, as Mr. Haweis charges, the blame is not to be laid to the women. Some newly rich women make a splurge with their money by giving big receptions and dazzling the beholder with the splendor of their dresses, but an excuse can be made for even these. I know a man who recently achieved a position in which he could command invitations to the houses of the local aristocracy, and he religiously took in every function for the mere satisfaction of looking back from his point of social glory upon the humble place from which he came. So the ex-washerwoman or board-house keeper should not be denied her revel. But this class does not altogether make up Society even in so small and new a place as San Francisco. And outside of society it certainly cannot be said that San Francisco women are unusually or remarkably devoid of interest in the arts. A visit to our libraries and theaters will sufficiently prove this. I am of the opinion that were it not for the women every theatre but the lowest, every library, every art store and every studio in San Francisco would close its doors for lack of patronage. And the only part of the park that would be preserved would be the drives. I don't propose to argue with Mr. Haweis; I leave that to the men, who are altogether to blame if his charge is true.

But I have one word of criticism to pass upon the visiting clergyman. The wildest cowboy in our foothills, the woolliest herder on the plains, the darest moneybags on the street would know enough not to appear before an audience with his dress-suit trousers turned up at the bottom and without a necktie. And of these laches Mr. Haweis was guilty at the lecture in which he scored San Franciscans for lack of culture.

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A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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SECOND SERIES. No. 18.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

10 CENTS.

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The insurrection on the Huntington plantation has suddenly attained the proportions of a revolution, and therefore has become respectable. From end to end of the State there is rejoicing, because there appears at last solid assurance that a competing railroad will shortly attack the Southern Pacific monopoly in the San Joaquin Valley and strike it a blow that is sure to reach its vitals. If California had been in possession of a foreign foe and the national forces had arrived to drive out the enemy, the rejoicing in town and country would be of the same character. Some of the men who have taken the project in hand and promised to back it with the millions necessary to its success are solicitous to have it made known that their motives are strictly business ones—that is to say, purely mercenary—and that in an affair of this kind there is in their bosoms no room for "sentiment." Nevertheless, it is to an existing sentiment among the people that they must look mainly for the success of their scheme. There are few men in this pillaged and affronted State who would not willingly put themselves to some trouble to ship their freight by a railroad opposed in interest to the Southern Pacific, which for thirty years has trampled upon the pride while it has picked the pockets of California. If Huntington & Co. had deliberately labored to make themselves hated they could not have succeeded better. Half the joy of the people at the prospect of the new road is derived from the belief that while they are being benefited the Southern Pacific will be made to suffer. The sentiment may be deplored as unchristian, but it is wholly human, and California is less disposed to love its enemy, Huntington, in obedience to precept, than it is to follow example and wale him with a whip of thongs.

It is well, of course, that business men, as business men, have taken up the enterprise. Acting under the goad of necessity they have found the courage to use their money for self-defense. All other appeals having failed of effect, the last has been made to the landlords of San Francisco. The diminishing trade of the city has shrunk the value of land, and rents have come tumbling. I know of retail merchants, occupying large stores, and to the passer-by and shopper seeming to be doing well, who have been compelled to demand a reduction of fifty per cent in their rents, backing the demand with the

information that if it were not granted they would quit business and save what was left them. A landlord who owns houses in many parts of the city said to me on Monday: "This railroad will have to be built, for we must remove the plaster of 'to let' that covers San Francisco." There is no one in this town who has not an interest in wishing for the new railroad. The merchants, deprived of their tributary territory, first felt the pinch, and the Traffic Association resulted; but the merchants alone were not able to apply the remedy of competition in transportation. And so long as rents could be held up, the landlords could endure the sight of the suffering of others. Huntington might fleece the population at large with impunity, but when the pockets of the rich were touched in earnest, and no other cure than battle offered itself, battle has been accepted. And even while the wealthy projectors of the assault on the monopoly are declaring with a modest frankness that does them credit that they have no sentiment about them and seek the public good only that they may find their account in it, the people, who seem to have plenty of sentiment, insist on hailing them as patriots and deliverers. And these rich men in building the road will do the work that men moved by sentiment, by patriotism, would do if they could. So I trust that Mr. Spreckels and the others who have made large subscriptions will not feel that they are altogether unworthy of the bays with which popular gratitude and enthusiasm crown them. Applause for a good deed, whatever the reason for its performance, can be unpleasant to no man. The Almighty himself, we are assured on the highest authority, is not indifferent to incense.

But all who are active in this railroad enterprise—active in work and active in contributing—are not the cold, calculating personages they ask us to believe them. On Tuesday a very rich man, who began by confiding to me that he was impelled to contribute his money merely for the sake of increasing the value of his real estate, ended by saying: "I'm seventy-five years old. I have lived in California since '49, and if I can see this road put through and the grip of the Southern Pacific broken, I'll be ready to say my *Nunc Dimittis* and depart in peace."

Material conditions have done more than all the writing and speech-making, and voting and praying and cursing—though these have helped—to bring about this best promise we yet have had of that competition before which the Southern Pacific monopoly must crumble. San Francisco has been forced to fight for her health, if not her life. She has become as desperate as the interior is, and

how desperate are the producers of the San Joaquin, one of the largest and richest valleys in the world, one has but to travel among them to learn. Farms are mortgaged, the banks are unable to collect interest—to say nothing of calling in loans—and depositors, when they ask for their money, get a sad shake of the head instead. And all the while the murderous freight-tax is being collected. The Southern Pacific is not milking the cow, but draining its blood. The only result of enforced collection of loans would be general bankruptcy. And general bankruptcy cannot be staved off much longer unless the valley be freed from its ruinous vassalage to the Southern Pacific.

Mr. Huntington will not be classed as a fool by any man of business. Why, then, does he persist in crowding California to the wall and compelling her men of money to fight him for self-preservation? It is not in reason that he would do it unless necessity quite as imperious in his case as theirs, controlled him. He must have golden eggs at any cost, even at the cost of killing the goose. For the stocks of Mr. Huntington's properties are largely water, and interest must be paid on the fictitious as well as the real capital. The quickness with which he yields to competition whenever it touches him, proves how insecure he knows himself to be. But he never yields until he must. When he is convinced that the valley road is really to be built, freight charges will come down with the same readiness as the price of ferry tickets did when Mr. Davie put on his boat to Oakland. It needed only the certainty of the Suto road being built to bring a five-cent fare to the ocean—a fare that Huntington had scoffed at as ridiculous, impossible. He has no pride, no shame, no courage when his business interests require him to dispense with non-dividend-paying sentiments. Financiers say that Mr. Huntington is on the verge of collapse. Let us hope so. Even though we of the plantation gained thereby nothing more than a new and no better master, it would be something to see Huntington deprived of the title deeds to us. If he had his deserts not only would every dollar of the money which he has stolen from the people of the Pacific Coast be wrung back from him, but he would pass the remnant of his life in jail. For Mr. Huntington, if a man of financial genius, is also a great criminal. The doing of simple justice to him would glut his most ardent enemy's appetite for vengeance.

Those who have taken the Valley Railroad project off the Traffic Association's shoulders are not the only cool-browed men in town. You hear the murmur of doubt and suspicion accompanying the popular

hurrah. "Won't Claus Spreckels make terms with Huntington for special privileges? He went into the Sugar Trust after fighting it—he fought to get in." "What is to prevent the new road being sold out to the Southern Pacific?" The answer to these doubts is that if the necessity for self-defense compels the construction of the road, the same necessity will induce its builders to retain control of it. Not all the subscribers expect the line to pay dividends, for they look for desperate competition. They feel that they could afford to be assessed to maintain it, since it would advantage them so much in keeping freights down and creating a prosperity which would hold up land values. Besides, it is likely that the majority of the stock will be pooled for a period of years, under proper pledges. The road, when built, however, will probably be able to take care of itself. Stanford once said, and Huntington agreed with him, that railroads paralleled ten miles apart through the San Joaquin Valley would make for themselves profitable business. Those who are experts have no doubt that the new line will do a remunerative business. Its comparatively low cost will enable it to stand any competition that Huntington, with his high-cost and over-capitalized roads, will dare to offer. Mr. Leeds is of the belief that a horizontal cut of 40 per cent. on Southern Pacific rates would still leave a large margin of profit.

There appears to be no room for doubt that the enterprise which starts so vigorously will be carried through. Yet were there to be a failure by reason of desertions to the enemy, rivalry for precedence in the directorate, or what not, the disaster would mean only a postponement, and a short one at that. The pressure of the industrial and commercial conditions which has forced the present movement would continue. For some months past I have known that Eastern railroad builders with large capital have had their representatives out here to investigate the field, and these investigators have informed me that they were more than pleased with the outlook. They failed, however, to get the desired promises of local co-operation and have been waiting on the ground. Now the advent as railroad builders of Claus Spreckels, John T. Doyle, and other San Franciscans in command of large wealth, has forestalled them. Doubtless, however, the Eastern men would reappear with their proposals if the opening were renewed. The plight of this one-railroad city and of the plundered, mortgage-burdened people of the interior supplies assurance that a way of escape must be found. Human nature cannot endure for long the robbery and tyranny to which the men of the San Joaquin Valley are subjected. These considerations have caused me, while expressing no faith in the efforts of the Traffic Association, to predict in the *Letter* that a competing railroad would surely come, and soon. The fulfillers of prophecy have arisen in an unexpected quarter, but should they retire, their places would be taken by others. There can be no question at all that we are to have a new railroad in the San Joaquin Valley. And that is one way of saying that the long-delayed day of reckoning for the Southern Pacific is at hand. A new railroad will cause feeders to spring into existence, and an overland connection is sure to be made at the South. The monopoly's days are drawing to an end. A new time is upon us which will mean as much politically and morally as it will materially. With the throwing off of Huntington's ceaseless and debasing rule California will cease to be his plantation and become an American State.

The expressions of satisfaction from the local newspapers over the new situation are doubtless sincere, but one could wish that they might be restrained a little. One of the principal subscribers to the new railroad broke out wrathfully against them to me. "Good Lord," he said, "these pages on pages of excited chatter and these portraits and laudations not only offend men of sense who are the subjects of them, but they harm instead of help the business in hand. Men of money are made suspicious by such gong-beating, and men of intelligence of all grades, becoming surfeited with the acres of print, permit their aversion to the unreadable masses of matter to transfer itself to the thing so written about. If our journals would strive to rival each other in giving the real news instead of trying to prove which can print the greatest quantity of stuff about any matter that interests the public, they would have some weight with the sort of men who possess the means to accomplish things for the general good. As it is, they have none. I know it embarrassed Claus Spreckels—for it made him ridiculous—when the whole newspaper barnyard set up an ecstatic and confused and confusing cackling when he laid his \$500,000-egg. People are keensighted enough to see that the newspapers in endeavoring to ride any popular wave, with shouts to attract attention to themselves, are not altogether unmindful of possible advertisers and subscribers. Perhaps when San Francisco, freed from railroad monopoly, becomes a larger and greater city, she may evolve a press that will have some sense of dignity."

There is only one class of citizens, not under Southern Pacific influence, whose joy over the assurance of a new railroad is not unalloyed. They are the enthusiastic single-taxers, the Henry George men. The readiness of the real estate owners to spend money so that the prosperity of the community may be increased, to the end that the value of land shall be raised and rents pushed up, will be to them a challenge. They will respond by showing that land has no value unless there are people who want to use it, and that this being so, it is the whole community which gives land its value, and not the landlords who pocket the rent. That rent, the single-taxers think, should go into the community's treasury. In their view, the landlords in building a railroad to bring purchasers and tenants are like the owners of a toll road who keep it in good repair in order that they may get more travelers to pay at the gate. The general argument is sound. But in this particular case the guilt of the landlord is mitigated. If in his wish to increase his own power to charge for the use of what does not really belong to him he makes expenditures which will benefit the entire community in other ways, his "increment" cannot be said to be altogether "unearned." It is better to have a city whose prosperity makes land values high than one in which general depression sends land values and everything else down. Nevertheless, if the single-taxers can get a hearing they will be able to do something toward dispelling the illusion that high land values are good in themselves. The illusion arises from the circumstance that when times are good land goes up and when times are bad it goes down. Therefore, it has come to seem to most people that high land values are a cause of prosperity instead of an effect only. A booming real estate market makes it harder for the average man to get a lot and build a home, and it raises the rent of every tenant. If we could have cheap land along with general prosperity it would be far better for everybody except the land-

lords. And the single-taxers say the single tax would give us that state of things, besides adding many other blessings. I agree with them. The theory is correct. But since the single tax is not in operation here, let us be thankful that the landlords of San Francisco have discovered that it is needful in their business to help smash the Southern Pacific monopoly. Postponing that great work would not hasten the coming of the single-tax era, when the community will be enriched instead of made poorer by the payment of rent. In the present case the landlords are rendering a very great service to the public, and every one who subscribes to the new railroad will deserve every dollar he gets by the increase in the value of his land that shall result from railroad competition.

The two most notable occurrences in the religious world during the past week have been the Pope's encyclical and the choir disturbance that has affected the peace of the little band of humble Christians comprising Grace Church, the shepherd of which is the Rev. Dr. Foute, who is Mr. Lloyd Tevis's spiritual guide, and looks like it. Although the local press has given ten times more attention to the discharge of Grace Church's resentful contralto than it has to the encyclical, I am disposed to think the latter the more important. It is the duty of all Catholics—and the rest of us, perhaps—to accept with reverence anything that comes from the Vatican, but I venture to believe that American Catholics, from the Archbishops down, have a wish of painful intensity that His Holiness knew a little more about the United States than he does. Catholics complain that the full confidence of their fellow citizens is not given them—that they are suspected of keeping one eye on Rome while making up their minds what they ought to do as Americans. In short, the American Catholic has an uncomfortable feeling that he is regarded as being somewhat behind the times and the representative of medievalism in other things than theology. The Pope ably contributes by his latest encyclical to this discomfort of his republican children. In his outgiving to "Our Venerable Brethren, the Archbishops of the United States of North America" he causes it to be understood that the progress of the church here under free competition with other religious sects greatly solaces him; "yet it would be erroneous," he adds, "to draw the conclusion that in America is to be sought the most desirable status of the church, or that it would be universally lawful or expedient for state and church to be, as in America, dissevered and divorced." That is to say, when the church is unfortunately deprived of monopoly, and the assistance of the secular arm to maintain uniformity, the church must fit itself as best it can to the unhappy condition of things.

The encyclical calls up again the ghost of the "A. P. A." which walked throughout the land during the recent political campaign and awakened in Catholics so much indignation, as well as evoked from their journals and pulpits improving eloquence on the wickedness of drawing religious lines in politics. But His Holiness does not share this liberal American sentiment. He would draw the religious line in trades unions. Witness:

Unless forced by necessity to do otherwise, Catholics ought to prefer association with Catholics, a course which will be very conducive to the safeguarding of their faith. As presidents of the societies thus formed among themselves, it would be well to appoint either priests or upright laymen of weight and character, guided by whose counsel they should endeavor to peacefully adopt and carry

into effect such measures as may seem most advantageous to their interests, keeping in view the lines laid down by us in our encyclical.

The practical carrying out of this idea would astonish Americans. All San Francisco, I am sure, would take a deep interest in a Catholic strike in a cannery, for instance, led, let us say, by Father Scanlan. While the head of the church thus frankly advises the Catholics of America to keep themselves a people apart, even in so secular a matter as associating for the purpose of maintaining wages, it is not wonderful that men should be found who think that there is reason for Protestant associations such as the "A. P. A." Had such language come from any save an authoritative source, the Catholics of America would be eager to repudiate it. And those of them who are Americans in fact will decline to take Pope Leo's advice. The last thing the workmen of the country need for their good is division of their strength by religious differences. His Holiness is quite unacquainted with the spirit of toleration, not to say utter indifference, as to religious questions which prevails in American labor unions.

On the labor question in general the encyclical is as commonplace as an editorial in an ordinary daily newspaper of "conservative" principles—a newspaper, that is, published in the interest of the employing class. The Catholic unions officered by priests or upright laymen of weight and character, are enjoined to be good and humble. "Let them," says His Holiness, "never allow this to escape their memories, that while it is proper to assert and secure the rights of the many, yet this is not to be done by a violation of duty, and that these are very important duties: Not to touch what belongs to another; to allow every one to be free in the management of his own affairs; not to hinder any one to dispose of his services when he pleases and where he pleases." This is excellent advice, as far as it goes, but it has been heard before. It has, indeed, been dinned into the ears of workmen until the thoughtful among them, if they are human, must wonder if those in authority, capitalistic, journalistic and ecclesiastical, are as brainless as they take all the lectured workmen to be. The Pope's view of the strikes of the past summer are also without the charm of novelty or the value of enlightening suggestion. He is addressing the workmen, whom he would have gathered into Catholic unions, officered by priests or upright laymen of weight and character:

The scenes of violence and riot which you witnessed last year in your own country were sufficient to admonish you that America, too, is threatened with the audacity and ferocity of the enemies of public order. The state of the times, therefore, bids Catholics to labor for the tranquility of the commonwealth, and for this purpose to obey the law, abhor violence and seek no more than equity or justice permits.

If His Holiness had deigned to give attention to the causes which are at the bottom of these recurrent scenes of violence and riot in this free republic, his encyclical would have contributed to their removal, possibly. In his view, apparently, all that is necessary to meet the situation is that labor shall amend its way and keep quiet. That is not the view taken by intelligent men anywhere, in America or out of it, whether they be laborers or not.

Surely there is not a more unpleasant, a more pitiable figure than the riotous striker. He is a desperate fool, and when he gets his head cracked by the policeman's club he deserves the attention for having such a head. What the Pope tells him is

true. He ought to obey the laws. And he ought to have learned by this time that when he tries to defy them he will be forced into obedience. But the carmen of Brooklyn have been rioting in the good old way, with the inevitable result of being suppressed; and more strikes are threatened here. One would think that a superior race of apes might be taught something by experience, but the American workman goes on rising and coming into collision with the forces of government, against which, when he is militant, he is as powerless as spray against a rock. Until he learns that he must respect the law—until he has had it beaten into him that acts of violence accompanying a strike amount to a declaration of war on organized society and that he is sure to be vanquished—he will go on being the grown child whom the Pope exhorts to behave himself. Every strike, and every riot growing out of a strike, is a skirmish in the long war for the liberation of labor from bondage, it is true, but until men who labor are brought to make use of their brains and acquire the art of thinking, that war will not be won. It is because the mass of men are stupid and ignorant that they are enslaved. If the workmen of the United States were sufficiently intelligent to comprehend that they have the power to make the laws conform to the interest of the many instead of the few, the need for striking and the provocation to riot would disappear together. But while the workmen don't know what they want, and are too lazy intellectually to try to find out, natural resources and the machinery of production and distribution will remain in the hands of more intelligent men, who will continue to consider labor a commodity merely, subject just like other commodities to the operation of the law of supply and demand. That law is not a divine command, nor is it mandatory, but it rules the workmen in this country as if it were both. Trades unions and strikes and riots interfere with it somewhat by making quarrels with their workmen sufficiently unpleasant to employers to give the latter a pretty strong desire to avoid them. It is the workmen who are reading and thinking about what it is that causes poverty to accompany progress, and not those that heave brickbats through car windows and maltreat "scabs," who are fighting labor's battle efficiently. A strike is nearly always a poor weapon—about as efficient when it reaches the point of violence as a club is against a gatling gun.

Labor has powerful allies. Chief among these is the conscience of the age, which smarts at the sight of suffering amid plenty. And the unselfish intellect of the time in all countries is turned upon the social problem—which means the problem of how those who do the work of the world can be given a fairer share of what their industry produces.

Philosophy won't feed a hungry man, of course, but when the hungry man enters his protest by throwing cobblestones, sympathy for his sufferings must be put aside until he has been subdued in the interest of that order which is necessary to everybody else's welfare.

It is only by going into politics—practical politics, large politics—that the workman can hope to better his condition. When he knows what his interests are and is loyal enough to vote for the rights of his class, those rights will be obtained. His recourse is armed revolution, and a revolution achieved by men too dull to know how to vote would be a calamity much worse than

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the present state of things. Labor has friends, but the task of working out its salvation must rest chiefly on itself. Labor is discontented and rebellious—which is well, the Pope notwithstanding—but discontent that eschews thinking is a poor thing. Still, there is more hope for this world in any kind of discontent than in pious submission to removable hardship in the expectation of compensatory dividends beyond the skies.

It is not agreeable, of course, to have to differ in opinion with Pope Leo XIII, but frankness requires it to be said that as a judge of what is needed to bring labor and capital into harmony he does not impress. Trades unions, officered by priests, or upright laymen of weight and character, will scarcely become popular in this republic; and if they did, it is not clear to the American mind how they would put an end to labor's griefs and relieve us from strikes.

If the Funding bill should be defeated, which seems unlikely, the credit will be due to Adolph Sutro. Many months ago he opened the fight against it, inspired a large portion of the press of San Francisco and the State with some of his spirit, maintained a committee in Washington at his own expense to argue with Congressmen, supplied the newspapers of the whole country with information as to the true nature of the funding scheme, called mass meetings, addressed the President and Congress by wire and mail on the subject, and has in other ways worked with an energy quite matchless to defeat this attempt of C. P. Huntington to cheat the government of its honest dues. It is a shame to this city that its commercial bodies, because of their fear of the Southern Pacific, have taken no part in the efforts to save the State and Coast from the calamity of the Reilly bill's passage. Had they joined with the Mayor in rousing public sentiment and petitioning Congress, Mr. Huntington's prospects of success would not be as bright as they are to-day. The importance of this bill to the Pacific Coast has not been exaggerated. If passed it will not only save Huntington a good many of his millions but it will preserve the Southern Pacific from an overland competitor, which the Central Pacific ought to be. It is not too late yet for the Chamber of Commerce and the Board of Trade here, and all such bodies throughout California to make themselves heard in Congress. The rules of the Senate will permit the bill to be defeated by talking it to death at this session. Senator White has declared his intention to do that, if necessary, and he and other friends of the Pacific Coast in the Senate should receive every encouragement. The Southern Pacific superstition is breaking down. Sutro defied the monopoly, and the vote which elected him Mayor of this town proved the state of the public mind. The millions needed to build the San Joaquin Valley road are being subscribed, and some of the subscribers are men who a few months ago would not have dared to oppose Mr. Huntington. Surely, under these changed circumstances, the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce can find the pluck to ask Congress to compel the Central Pacific Company to pay its debts or forfeit its road. Now that the battle against the Southern Pacific monopoly is on, Huntington ought not to be allowed to win a victory in Washington while he is being fought and beaten in the San Joaquin Valley. The fight against the Funding bill should go hand in hand with the pushing of the valley road. Those capable of seeing the connection of things in the Californian commercial situation understand that the mo-

nopolis should be assaulted wherever an opening offers. More blows at the Funding bill are required, and they need to be delivered quickly. The Chamber of Commerce has an opportunity to fill in a disgraceful blank in its records.

The financial statement of the Midwinter Fair submitted by the Director-General half a year after the closing of the exposition must remove from any mind the suspicion that it is possible to exaggerate by description the impudence of Mr. M. H. de Young. That impudence is seemingly as unconscious as it is indecent, yet this circumstance should not prevent a determined attempt to bring him to justice, if he acted without authority in disposing of most of the money which the Fair earned, and which was intrusted to his custody. If he had any authority to spend this money the public has been kept in ignorance. Apparently he has considered the money as his own, to do with as he pleased. It pleased him to go to New York and disburse over \$45,000 of the Fair's surplus for Napoleonic relics and objects of art, which he has generously presented to the Park museum instead of keeping. Nobody is credited with having asked Mr. de Young to make these New York purchases, and as he made them the probabilities are against their being valuable, for Mr. de Young is not known to be any more learned in such matters than he is in others. He appears also to have permitted the adventurer Cornely to rake the treasury with both hands. The Count Cornely was reputed to be his partner in concessions at the Fair. Instead of turning over a surplus of \$100,000 Director-General de Young has reported one of about \$30,000.

I doubt if there is another man in California who would have ventured upon such conduct as this without expecting to be denounced as a thief, but it is likely that Mr. de Young felt he was placing the State under an additional obligation by doing what he did. Doubt of his capacity to lay out this money far more wisely than anybody else could probably never crossed his large mind. It will be recalled that he did not hesitate to repeal the judgment of artists in matters of art when the Fair was in progress, and perhaps argued—if he troubled himself to argue at all—that he knew as much about Napoleonic relics as he did about pictures, and in this he was undoubtedly correct.

Unless he had the authorization of the Committee of Fifty to disburse this money, Mr. de Young has been guilty of embezzlement, or at least breach of trust. Assuredly he had no more right to spend a dollar of it than would any other man in whose possession it had happened to be. Criticism however severe will not meet a case like this. Mr. de Young should be compelled to refund. That would be a severer punishment than imprisonment. A meeting of the Committee of Fifty is the first thing in order.

Since the foregoing paragraph was written Mr. de Young has explained in the *Chronicle* that he derived his authority from the Executive Committee, composed of eight members. This Executive Committee derived its existence from the Committee of Fifty, and to the latter it is therefore responsible. According to the Director-General, the Executive Committee was privy to his disbursements and approved of them. This would seem to divide the guilt by eight, but as the Director-General assumed the same full ownership of his associates during the Fair that he has of the surplus, his explanation goes for little. It is the imperative duty of

the Committee of Fifty to call Mr. de Young to account.

The honesty of Chauncey W. Johnson, a jurymen in the McDonald case, and the efforts of Attorney Livernash, counsel for McDonald, have brought into the law's trap a professional jury-briber. The atmosphere of San Francisco is not favorable at present to criminals of this order, any more than it is to fresh exhibitions of Mr. de Young's cultivated understanding and delicate sense of propriety. Unless the law itself is flabby, Mr. Hurley, the briber in question, will go to San Quentin. He is an old-fashioned operator evidently, and has not to any degree whatever come under the new reform influence, which induces the once confident attorneys and sack-bearers of the large corporations to keep off the streets as much as possible. Mr. Hurley sought employment as a briber and when it was refused him went boldly about the business of laying in jurors to sell as an independent merchant. There is no millionaire behind the man; he is only a product of gutter politics and City Hall environment. There being nobody of greater importance to be shielded, conviction is reasonably certain, if conviction depends on the facts developed at this writing. I congratulate Judge Murphy on the indignation he has shown at this contempt of his court and the opportunity it gives him to score one for his reputation and the public good. Mr. Hurley has been made manifest at a happy juncture. He will serve to stimulate the energies of the reformers. A fillip was needed.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

I am not among those who harshly criticize people of Society for attending Inauguration balls, for I can quite understand, if I do not admit, the force of the argument that we should set an example to the lower orders, as well as give the government countenance. Nevertheless, I have never been able to bring myself to participate in any of the absurd affairs at Sacramento. Governor Budd implored me to come, but I was unshakable.

"No, hang me, sir," I said. "I am willing to go to almost any length to serve this administration, but I really cannot consent to make myself ridiculous."

"Ridiculous!" cried the Governor.

"Yes, sir; and ill, besides," I replied. "It always makes me ill to come into immediate contact with the common people, they're so damned unfriendly."

"How," demanded the Governor, "how, Persiflage, can you, with such sentiments, expect me to appoint you Labor Commissioner?"

"Good grief!" I exclaimed, "I hope you don't think that I mean to do the work myself? What are deputies for?"

Of course there was no answer to that, and I explained to the Governor quite fully why it was that I set in San Francisco couldn't possibly attend the ball.

"Aside from his being bad form," I said, "to mingle with butchers and bakers and whisky-sellers and that sort of thing, you should be able to see, my dear fellow, that such association is painful to many of our best people on another ground. In these days of anti-monopoly, competing railroads and general Anarchy, the aristocratic feel safer in their castles than they would in a State capital that has a Vigilance Committee. Besides, we might be mistaken for Sacramento or Stocktonians by strangers."

I grew quite warm, but his Excellency stunned me into an unusual calm by saying: "Well, well, Persiflage, and the rest of the 'Frico Four Hundred can stay away or come, just as you please. I dare say the common people and I will manage to have a good time either way."

Between ourselves, Budd is a little, just a little, queer. That is, his sense of the importance of things social is a trifle defective. Confound me, had I been in his place, I'd have resigned my office rather than meet on a footing of equality even for an hour such a concourse of impossibles as I see by the papers crowded the Capitol at that ball. There

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should never be another. It is a caricature of ourselves, and tends to bring us into contempt.

We are tremendously annoyed, of course, at our choir troubles getting into the newspapers, but on the whole, perhaps, it is just as well. The ladies who have the selection of the sisters will, we all hope, choose humble friends who will know better than to quarrel with them. That, I am sure, is the course that dear Dr. Foute would advise were the ladies to consult with him. They may be quite certain that he won't interfere if he can help it, for the Doctor, like myself, is an old stager, and knows better, begad, than to stir up a row where women are heaving one another's feathers out about music or anything else.

"Persiflage," he said to me, "I wish this had not occurred. With all due respect for the ladies involved, Mrs. Westwater included, and all proper abhorrence for the Church of Rome, I sometimes am tempted to wish that I had a Pope's choir,—or—bless me if I don't."

"It's monstrous," I exclaimed. "Here we pay a parcel of needy persons to raise their voices in praise to the Lord for us, and they have the impudence to raise roars on their own account. I notice that some of them even speak without deference of those whom they pleased. Provided, of course, that they don't offend them. I refer to the ladies of the Committee on Music. Egad, it's enough to make a man stay away from church."

"I haven't seen you there of late, Brother Persiflage," said Dr. Foute in his gentle way, a touch of irony, mild reproach in his tone.

"I responded," that this I don't draw a salary for being there, and the choir and you, my dear Doctor. So long as I can sing and pray by deputy and escape the sermon, I don't see why I should go to church any oftener than good form requires in a gentleman—at Easter and Christmas, and funerals, and that sort of thing."

The Doctor shook his head, smiling that sad, toying little smile that says to me, "I want him so to us all. Hang me if I'd blame him if he went on strike himself for the abolition of the choir altogether. But, on reflection, that wouldn't do. It would impose on us the labor of doing our own singing, and there would be a deal of unpleasant surprise in Episcopal circles in heaven. Of course, I shall go to church with regularity until the matter is settled. Dr. Foute and the ladies of the Music Committee stand in need of my moral support, and they shall have it. Also, I must at once send the Doctor a case of Cresta Bedamca, at a shade less than the customary discount to the clergy."

"Persiflage," said Herman Oelrichs to me at the Pacific Union, "you are the first man I have fought since I came back. You'll excuse me for saying so, but I had no idea of the reach, the extent of your influence." He shook my hand very respectfully.

"You refer, of course, to the Senatorship?" said I, accepting a cigar.

"Yes," he answered, "I had no sooner reached New York than the reporters were after me, and the papers had the news that I am to be a candidate. Now, you were the only soul who ever spoke to me on the subject, and you did not broach it until you came off on the car to the Assembly building in station with the editors of all the great New York dailies?"

I permitted him to remain under that impression, for reasons of state, but the fact is, this department of the *Letter* is read the world over by persons who must keep up covenant with the higher politics as well as the inner life of Society. The *Letter* with its mention of Irmengard's ambition was published the day after his departure, and I need not say, the news was telegraphed East. Then it was telegraphed back to our own dailies, and mankind was in possession of the truth.

"I needn't assure you, Persiflage," said Oelrichs, "that I am eternally obliged to you, and that when I have reached—"

"That's all very well, dear boy," I interrupted briskly, "but the situation has radically changed since you were away. There's another candidate in the field."

"Who?" inquired Herman, turning pale.

"John D. Spreckels," I answered.

"What must I do to stand him off?" questioned Oelrichs with an air of intense anxiety, and I noticed that it pained him, and said soothingly: "Oh, that is easy enough. Just build a railroad."

"But," cried Herman despairingly, "he's got in first."

"Never mind," I replied comfortingly, "if he's attacked out his fences in the State house, the Sacramento's open to you. We have valleys enough to supply all Senatorial candidates for the next twenty years."

Oelrichs was inexpressibly relieved, and invited me into the dining room, where we had a bottle. Yeuve was at the next table just finishing his dinner and admiring his hands as he used the finger bowl. I could see that the man had actually been

drinking his own gooseberry. Begad, I have to give Harry credit for a strain of heroism in his blood, anyway.

Stewart Menzies extended his hand to me yesterday. I took it, but not warily, and he noticed my comment.

"As a clubman, Menzies," I said, "I wonder how you could have brought yourself to do it. It's all very well for Bull. He's Governor, and it's his business as a public man to go in for morality. But with you, with us, it's different. What the deuce 'd become of the town if it was reformed? What 'd a fellow like you do?"

"Persiflage," said Police Commissioner Menzies, "I'm ashamed of you."

"Oh, of course, of course; that's your official view, and that's why you shouldn't have taken the office. I suppose next you'll be agreeing with the parsons that sin's to be deplored and ought to be abolished altogether."

"Why, you old reprobate," exclaimed Menzies, "how can a decent man, parson or no parson, take any other view?"

"Any other view?" I cried. "Do you really mean to tell me that that's your honest opinion?"

"Honest opinion!" vociferated Menzies, so loudly that three club waiters came running with decanters and a fourth with a box of cigars. "God's a life man, are ye in yer senses? Are ye a heathen, or a pagan, or a Christian, or what? Dummit, ha ye no religion? Are ye no leevin' in a civilized land, man?"

"Tut, tut," I said quietly, taking one of the decanters and a cigar from the waiters, and filling one. "I don't see how you could be so one thing, and another. I put it to you fairly, as a Bohemian, would this town be fit to live in if you should, as a Police Commissioner, do what's expected of you? Where would we eat, where would we drink, where would we—disport ourselves, if the sinners were all suppressed? Would there be any good restaurants? Would there be any hucks, anywhere to drive to? Would there be any fun?"

I confound I smote the table so hard with my hand that I upset a decanter. Menzies frowned out of the smoking room in a rage, but, begad, he can cool down at his leisure. I'm determined to bring his case before the governing committee.

Speaking of reform, it makes me tired. This is not a colloquialist, but here's the town bursting into mass meetings and the press rampaging about the Reilly bill. Everybody that is not in Society seems to be in a rage because my friend Huntington does not want to pay his debts. It's demagoguery, sheer demagoguery. Who does want to pay his debts? I pay mine, but hang me if I like to, and I'm as honest as the angel. I'd like to see the man who wouldn't, if he could, get his tailor and his hatter and his shoemaker and his landlord together and persuade them to take a funding bill instead of the cash. Huntington's able to do it, and because he is the rest of us are raging with envy. Confound me if it isn't a shame, the language that's being used. When a man's as rich as Huntington, it'll become a parcel of poverty-stricken creatures like the rabble to speak disrespectfully of him or anything he chooses to do.

I communicated these views to him by letter recently, and he honored me with a reply, asking that whenever mass meetings are held to condemn his actions or interfere with his large purposes for his own and the public good, I appear upon the platform and give voice to my sentiments, which, he is pleased to say, meet with his entire concurrence, and do equal credit to my heart and head. But such is my contempt for the mob, so extreme is my disinclination to come into contact with the common people, that I cannot bring myself to do it. But I have since the letter to both John D. Gage and Colonel Irish, and I feel sure that the demagogues will not have it all their own way hereafter. What I can accomplish in the clubs, of course, my friend Huntington may count on me to do.

All is over between Madame Yale and myself. She showed me some courtesies while here, sending me a quantity of her complexion food, as a mere compliment, of course, for, of all men, I am in no need of such aids. On my side, I gave her some introductions and consented to take a small commission for my influence with men at the clubs who have grown passe. But the lady seems to have misunderstood my position in life. Yesterday a male person with a dyed moustache and penciled eyebrows called on me at my apartments and made a proposition so extraordinary that I took with difficulty write of it with composure. The proposition was, in brief, that Colonel Andrews and myself should sit in a show window on Market street, like a pair of Sutherland sisters, as an advertisement for the preparations of Madame Yale. I will not deny that the terms offered were exceedingly generous, but I need not say that I at once declined to jeopard my social position. I suggested that if a disguise were allowable I might

think the matter over, but this was rejected by Madame Yale's agent, who pointed out that my celebrity, as well as my complexion, gave me value as an advertisement. This closed the negotiations, and forever. As for what Andrews may do, I neither know nor care. A passion for wealth at any cost has no place in a true gentleman's heart. PERSIFLAGE.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Carr-Beel concerts are always enjoyable. The music is of the best, each of the regular performers is an artist, the programmes are short and well selected, and the atmosphere is natural and unpretentious. Mrs. Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine have given forty of these popular concerts, which are really all their name implies, and a pleasant feeling, which is very near to personal sympathy, has grown up between them and their audience.

The chief attraction on last Saturday's programme was the new String Quartette of Dvorak's, which has been so well received in New York and Chicago. It is a beautiful thing, fresh in theme and original in treatment. It is said that the composer has been influenced by the negro melodies he heard in the South last year, and there are parts of the quartette full of the swish of tripping feet, of meriment and motion; there is the melodious beat of the cello and the viola, and the beautiful Lento full of pathos. The quartette was excellently given, Mr. Beel and Mr. Heine, playing with their usual delicacy and finish. Reinberger's Quartette for piano and strings was charmingly played by Mrs. Carr, Beel, Janius and Heine. Mrs. Carr has a sympathetic appreciation of the possibilities of a piece of music, and she is so thorough, so excellent a musician that her audience is made to share with her all the pleasure it gives. It is said that the composer was of course, to hear these two numbers that people filled Golden Gate Hall. The programme was varied by Mr. Aspland's songs. His voice, though colorless and not always true, is pleasing, and he sings a ballad prettily. Miss Iris Griffin played a number of selections for the piano, of which Scarlatti's Allegro was the most satisfactory. Her rendition of Chopin's Tarantella was confused and rather disappointing.

This Saturday's programme includes a violin solo by Mr. Beel, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," and Beethoven's beautiful Trio for strings and flute.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

The Baldwin re-opens on Monday next with Frederick Warde and Louis James in "Julius Caesar," Warde as Cassius. The first week's repertoire includes "Othello" and "Henry IV."

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A CELESTIAL VERDICT.

EDITOR WAR KEE DOES NOT LIKE ADVANCED AMERICAN JOURNALISM.

I was talking with my friend War Kee, of the *Original News*—one of San Francisco's foremost Chinese journals—the other day. We were discussing "shop" and newspapers in general, and presently turned our attention to the *Call*, under its new management.

War Kee is very intelligent, though apt to be dogmatic. He will let you contradict him early and often, yet when he has given an opinion it never can be altered. His English is so fairly good that a humorist would scarcely think of using it for dialect.

"And what do you think of the *Call* under Mr. Shortridge's ownership?" I asked.

"It is good as all the other papers here."

"But don't you think that it is better in some respects?"

"How can we tell? Me, I don't like the American newspaper."

"But why? on account of the war news?"

"No; I publish all that."

"Well?"

"They talk all the time too much."

"How's that?"

"They put too much names in all the time. I don't like."

"What's the matter with the names?"

"I don't like names in, unless they pay. People give me ten dollars, twenty dollars, I put name in. All your papers they put name in for nothing. It is very bad. Your papers put woman's name in all the time. China paper be killed they put woman's name in. No good, no good."

"But the women like to have their names in the paper. See this copy of the *Call* about the Inaugural Ball at Sacramento. Don't you think those ladies like to have their pictures in the paper?"

"They like, maybe—their husbands no like. I kill man put my wife like that in paper. No good, no good."

"The pictures are all pretty, though."

"Yes, pretty—but China no like pictures all time. Bad! Bad! Newspaper made for news."

"Well, I say, just translate one of your own news paragraphs, and let me answer your argument."

Whereupon, War Kee showed me his leading piece of news, which read as follows, from right to left in Chinese fashion:

器
漆
隆
榮
廣

THE QUEEN OF THE HEAVENS HAS BEEN SICK.

"Who is the Queen of the Heavens?" said I.

"That? Why, she Empress of China."

"But why don't you say so, then? Why don't you tell what ails her—say she has a fever or a bad cold, or prostration from the Japanese war?"

War Kee looked at me appalled.

"She Empress of China," he managed to respond.

"That makes no difference. You're not within her reach. She doesn't do you any good. She doesn't advertise in your paper. You are living in a republican country. You can say what you please. Why don't you put the old lady's picture in, and say that the crowned heads of Europe have all sent their condolences to her son, the Emperor?"

"How I know they do that?" asked War Kee, perplexed.

"That makes no difference. You want to give the people the news, don't you? They want it, and they believe anything you say."

"That had, very bad! I tell anything like that to Chinaman bye-and-bye he come and kill me. They don't like us say too much, only when they put advertisement. Then they pay. American paper like *Call*, *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, it lose lots money. They fight railroad too much all the time. They don't get picture in paper. It good picture. It atamabip. I got railroad picture in my paper. Why I got that? They pay me put picture in."

"Yes; but those are advertisements—they're not news items."

"Ugh!" grunted War Kee, for he is fat and he grunts, "I get money. American papers don't get. I make paper once a week. I get five dollars a year subscription. *Call* makes paper every day—every seven dollar year subscription. *Call* makes picture free—no charge. I make money. They lose all time."

"But look at these editorials, man! Have you editorials in your paper? See here, let me read to you."

Whereupon, I read some of the latest of the *Call*'s paragraphs, such as:

WE ARE CONTENT.

SPECKELS IS WITH US.

BEDD HAD A HEADACHE YESTERDAY.

MONOPOLY IS A THING OF THE DARKER PAST.

"Now, don't you think those are very effective?" said I to War Kee.

"We not like that in China newspaper," he answered gravely. "Too much talk—too much talk!"

"But don't you say things like that in your own

newspaper? Don't you sometimes have articles advising San Francisco Chinamen what to do?"

"I put them other way," he answered solemnly, pointing his finger to certain paragraphs in his journal.

"What's this?" I asked, "what does that line mean? It's just as short as the *Call*'s."



War Kee smiled and replied with enavily.

"That means:

Be very good.

"But," I replied, "why should you publish a thing like that. It can't leave any effect upon your readers?"

"It make good luck," replied my Celestial confrere. "That doesn't sell papers, however," I answered. "People don't like to be told that all the time; they hate it. What's this next paragraph in your editorial column?"

War Kee smiled and watched me quizzically, then he read:

"This mean like this:

RAILROAD MAN GOOD MAN ALL THE TIME.

"Why, War Kee," I exclaimed, "that is not an editorial—that is a subsidized perfidy, instigated by the associated villainies. You are a base monopolist!"

"Ugh," he grunted again, "I no care. I get money. *Call* don't get money. I no care."

"Well, we'll leave such subjects alone, because I don't think you really appreciate the American idea of the brilliant short paragraph. However, I want to ask you your opinion of this question: The other day a Chinese Chinaman, living in Vallejo secured a divorce from a Chinaman on account of cruelty and failure to provide. Now, what mention did you make of that? Did you rise in virtuous indignation and pour the vials of your wrath over the most immoral man, or defend the poor afflicted wife?"

War Kee grunted the third time and turned to a Loomis Chinese-English Dictionary. After a complete search he got triumphantly:

"No! I no like much woman in paper all the time. I put him like this:

QWONG TAT HAS JUST BEEN DELIVERED OF HER SECOND HUSBAND.

"Newspaper man in San Francisco," War Kee concluded, "all the time talk—talk too much. Bad, very bad!"

And nothing more could be pumped from him but grunts.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

No doubt all have observed that Society didn't attend the Inaugural Ball. Now, it is not Governor Budd's fault that this was so. Nor was it due to the fact that the new Governor is a Democrat, for there is no politics in Society. I didn't go myself, for the all-sufficient reason that Jack said he would rather attend an afternoon tea or a piano recital. I felt put out and annoyed at Jack's lack of patriotism until I discovered that nobody else was going to the hall. In my effort to learn why this State function was boycotted I fear that I lowered myself several degrees in the esteem of several of my friends. One prim old lady to whom I confessed my very improper desire bestowed upon me a smile all patronage and pity as she said:

"Why don't you ask why I don't attend a ball at the Mechanics' Pavilion?"

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, "is the Governor's ball as bad as that?"

"I don't know how bad it is," was the reply, "but I would hardly care to attend an affair where I would be bumping at every turn against saloon-keepers' wives." (Jack tells me her own husband made his money keeping a hotel and bar in the mines.)

This was the view I found everywhere. With one woman of my own age I presumed to argue the matter. She had said that it would be a "jam of country jays."

"That's because nobody else goes," I answered. "Of course, the members of the Legislature and their wives must be there, but that's no reason why people who are past to Society should stay away. I've attended Inaugural balls at which were all the finest people in the State. They made it a point to be there. They felt it was due the Governor. There is a social side to a Governor's administration, just as there is to a President's or a King's. And I never was in a place before where people thought it disgraceful to be seen in the presence of the Governor."

"But Society must be exclusive, don't you know. Fancy the awful fix one would be in if her grocer or florist should present himself and ask for a dance."

"There is no necessity of dancing," I replied. "But why not turn out and do the only thing we can do for the Chief Executive of the State—give his administration some social eclat?"

Being puzzled at the position—the unreasonable and unpatriotic position—taken by friends on this matter, I turned to Jack, as usual, for a solution. "Can't you see, you stupid?" was his gentlemanly reply. "It isn't so long ago since they were jays themselves. You don't want them to be reminded of their rejection so forcibly, do you? The next generation will attend the Inaugural Ball all right."

This was very brutal of Jack, even if he doesn't care for Society. And I am still wondering why so little is made of an occasion which offers Society such exceptional opportunities.

Mrs. Lincoln, who delivers the lectures on cooking at the Pure Food Exposition, is a pleasant-faced woman, and no doubt she knows her business. Much more than this I cannot tell of her, for I was one of the five hundred who tried to hear her on Tuesday afternoon. If she had the voice of a steam calliope she couldn't make herself heard by everyone in that immense barn, with a roller-skating rink going full blast next door. Mrs. Lincoln does not claim to be "the handsomest woman on earth," but she would please a good many husbands far better than the woman who does claim to be. For she knows how to make a delicious breakfast out of three eggs and a cold potato. When I took my seat she was instructing her hearers how to slice a potato, and I must confess that she talked as if she had never seen a potato or a knife before. "After peeling, take the potato in the palm of the band, so, holding it firmly, but not so as to break the edges. Then, raising the knife and holding it so, cut a thin slice or layer," etc., etc. This was the style of her talk, and the exactness with which she described every movement amused me. "Goodness, if I look so long to slice a potato as that," exclaimed a little woman behind me. "My husband would rush down town for his breakfast." But all this care and precision, I suppose, were necessary to many who were there, for the most of Mrs. Lincoln's hearers looked as if it had been many a moon since they had seen a kitchen range. But it is one of the facts of the day—and a most sensible one—that a little cooking school. Even if a woman does not need to cook, she should know the right process by which all dishes should be made, and when there are more capable mistresses there will be fewer incapable servants.

There is such a thing as being too lenient to one's husband. This is the prologue to the play.
Scene: The California Hotel elevator. Dramatis Personæ: Jack and myself. Jack shows me into

the elevator, wearing his hat. I look from his face to his hat and from his hat to his face. Jack does not take the hint. Then I quietly ask him where his hat is. Tableau!

On leaving the elevator Jack makes the following apology: "My dear, you must not construe my wearing my hat in your presence as an evidence of indifference or impoliteness. It is a compliment to you; a more profound one I could not pay you. So much a part of myself have you become that I would appear to be egotistic if I took my hat off while near you."

I told Jack that his sophistry should be reserved for unmarried girls. As for myself I preferred to maintain sufficient individuality, at least, to command deference.

I have been reading Marion Crawford's new book, "The Ralstons," a sequel to "Katherine Lauderdale," and my advice to Mr. Crawford is to confine himself to European characters and settings. He does not know the American woman, and he makes her a laughing stock when he puts her into a book. He has lived a long time in Italy, and has absorbed the spirit and tone of Italian society—at least I must suppose so from the high praise given his Italian novels—but his American women are pure creations of fancy. Mr. Crawford is American born, but that is all there is to him that is American. The most lamentable failure among his novels is his "American Politician," in which he presents a man who is what we as girls called a "ninny." In "Katherine Lauderdale" and "The Ralstons" the men are not as far out of line as are the women. Take Katherine's mother—sometimes and somewhere there may have been a weak, silly, vain, ridiculous woman after her style, but to present her as a type of American mothers is an outrage, and nothing less. Crowdie is another freak, and Hester Crowdie's jealousy of Katherine is something to be laughed at. Katherine herself might be of any other than American stock if it were not for her independence, which, evidently, is the one peculiar and characteristic trait Mr. Crawford believes the American girl possessed of. We also have an American father who strikes his daughter, and a choice aggregation altogether of freaks and brutes. The ending of the book promises a third volume to complete the series, and it is to be regretted that the author feels that he is in duty bound to go further. Europe—especially England, where Mr. Crawford is much read—will have a rather unpleasant idea of American society when Mr. Crawford is through with us.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his residence, for the purpose of settling the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased
 Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1895.
 D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine st.

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to my Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. I personally indorse its action and give the public my solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY hair specific. It STOPS HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

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CONCERNING CALIFORNIA.

EUGENE FIELD ON THE CLIMATE.—PROF. BACON ON C. F. MONTGOMERY.

Eugene Field, the Chicago newspaperman, story writer and poet, thinks that California is something of a humbug. He gives the South a loud, long boom for her winter climate and thus toasts poor California:

Instead of advertising herself as what she is, a superb summer resort, California chooses to be known as a winter resort for invalids. The result is that people in delicate health flock to California in winter, and after shivering for two months come away with a violent prejudice against California's climate. In the sunshine California is lovely; in the shade California is as miserable a spot as ever drove an anemic to suicide. The plain truth is that the average temperature (from Dec. 1 to March 1) in California is 59 degrees outdoors; indoors it is 59 degrees—that is to say, it is colder indoors than out.

Col. Mulberry Sellers (he must have been a native of California) used to say that all a person needed in order to keep warm was the appearance of heat. This is evidently one of California's pet theories. There are to be met with in that part of our country some of the most remarkable stories we ever clapped eyes on. It is commonly reported that California has the biggest liars and the smallest matches in the world. We wonder that the stoves of California are not included in this bon mot, for surely it were hard to conceive of stoves more liptian than these miniature affairs which are called into service whenever the chilled traveler lifts up his voice in expostulation against the alleged geniality of "our glorious climate."

Our friend Leigh Lynch had an interesting experience at Riverside. He arrived late in the evening and ordered a fire in his room, for the night was rainy and cold. After supper he went to his room and sat down to read the newspapers. He felt so chilly that he rang the bell for the porter.

"I must have a fire," said Mr. Lynch, peremptorily. "I ordered one an hour ago, and it is very curious that my order was not attended to. I can't freeze to death; I want you a stove about the place?"

"Of course we have, sir," said the porter, very much embarrassed. "I built your fire as you ordered, and—and you're sittin' on the stove, sir!"

Mr. Lynch arose and scrutinized the object upon which he had been sitting.

"Is that a stove?" he asked disdainfully.

"Yes, sir," answered the porter, apologetically. "Bless my soul! so it is," said Mr. Lynch. "I thought it was a new fashioned kind of campstool!"

An expert scientist, who was one of our party in California, made a careful analysis of a dozen stoves, representing all size in what is termed the perennal (or banana) belt.

He reported (under oath) that the average California stove had a heating capacity of 3-32 of one candle-power.

Prof. Thomas R. Bacon of the University of California has an article in the *Yale Review* on the railroad strike in this State, which not only gives an excellent condensation of the case against the Southern Pacific, but also affords pleasing proof that a university professor sometimes comes down to earth:

"According to common report, the Southern Pacific runs political contentions, influences elections, controls legislatures, owns railroads, commissions, and frustrates justice. It is the arbiter of trade, fixes the prices of most commodities, determines who (if any) shall prosper and who shall go to the wall, dictates the waxing and waning of prosperity in every community within its grasp. It pursues individuals with petty spite, from which no corporations are supposed to be free. Its policy seems still to be that which has been pursued in the past of wrecking railroad corporations for the benefit of those who control them. Some of these charges are proved, more of them are known to be true, all of them are believed. There are no indications that the company has learned anything from recent events. Indeed, there is evidence that it regards the suppression of the late disorder as a corporate triumph, and that it is free to be just as mean, just as unscrupulous, just as oppressive as ever, and that it is going to try to be meaner, more unscrupulous and more oppressive than before, if it is possible to be so. Perhaps what I have said will partly explain why California sympathized with the strike. Such sympathy was unreasonable, but it was human."

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. FRESE, Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. FRESE, Administrator of said estate at his office, No. 315 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

10 CENTS.

Published every Saturday, at 429 Montgomery St., by Arthur McEwen. Subscription, \$4 a year; \$3 for six months; \$1 for three months; single copies, 10 cents. The trade supplied at office of publication. Advertising rates, \$10.00 an inch a month. Professional cards, \$5 a month.

Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly by mail will please notify this office.

Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

The readers of the *Letter* will observe that it appears to-day in twelve-page form. This is three times its original size, and, owing to smaller type, four times the original quantity of matter. From a publication intended only to give me a vehicle for the free expression which is not to be had in daily journalism as we know it here, the *Letter* has grown into a weekly paper of varied contents. The successive enlargements tell their own story of public approval. When, a year ago, the first number was issued, this city was but the headquarters of the associated villainies and the State their plantation. Now, the Southern Pacific monopoly is breaking down and its confederates are scattering for safety. Even Lloyd Tevis has turned anti-monopolist and is helping to promote the new San Joaquin Valley road. The *Letter* has been one of the instrumentalities that have brought about this great change. It has spoken the truth of men as well as conditions—lashed the sinner as well as the sin. I flatter myself that a good many opulent scoundrels have been taught by the *Letter* that they are human and amenable to public opinion. I have also demonstrated that a journalist may take in vain the names of these men and still manage to live in California.

A new time is opening for us here. The old tyranny that has cowed manhood is passing away. The citizen is daring to hold his head up and use his voice. It is because this is so that the *Letter* prospers. It has had a hard fight, for the associated villainies, though great in wealth, are unspeakably small in method, and the paper has not only had to battle against the general commercial depression which has affected all newspapers, but it has been required to encounter everywhere the fear inspired in business men by the Southern Pacific and its allies. Those who have not had actual experience of the reach and ramifications of the oppressing power of Huntington & Co. find it difficult to credit the facts. Wealthy merchants and imposing financial institutions have not only been afraid to help the *Letter* with the same advertisements they give to other publications, but they have not been ashamed to volunteer the confession that they had not the courage to antagonize the railroad by showing approval of a paper that challenged its hostility by arraigning it for its crimes. Nevertheless, there have been men in San Francisco brave enough to do more than offer private words of approval and encouragement. The ad-

vertising columns prove that the city has a good many business and professional men who decline first to ask the Southern Pacific's permission before exercising their right to choose their method of inviting public attention to what they have for sale. Men of means, personal friends, have offered to give or lend me money to support the *Letter*, and yet have declined to give it business, on the frank ground that one can't be expected to advertise in order to get himself into trouble.

I go into these particulars so that the conditions of business life under the Southern Pacific's reign may be understood by those who have not suffered from them, and also to show how remarkable it is that this *Letter* has lived at all, to say nothing of prospering. Its circulation accounts in large part for its survival and progress. What the associated villainies have been able to do to cripple the *Letter's* facilities for reaching the public has, of course, been done, but the people have bought it notwithstanding. So I have been able to continue publishing, and to add to the paper's interest by giving its readers something besides opinions.

The *Letter* is destined to grow and improve with the growth of the new California. It is my expectation that before long the twelve pages will become sixteen. All the paper's earnings will go to defray the cost of making it better. Just as I am able to afford it, will more pens be called into service and the scope of the paper be broadened. The means to make improvements must come from the paper's earnings, as that is the only way I have of getting money. Therefore I frankly ask those who believe that the *Letter* has done a good work and has good work still to do, to subscribe for it and give it their advertisements. There is plenty of room and ample employment for a weekly paper which seeks for its clientele among intelligent men and women, who understand the value to a community of a journal committed to truth-telling as its sole policy. It is not expected that the readers of the *Letter* will always agree with its utterances—I should be sorry if they, and I, had so little individuality as that degree of harmony would betoken—but it is expected that they will believe in the paper's sincerity, and support it because it is sincere.

If during the next four months the *Letter* does as well proportionately as it has done the past four, the Pacific coast will have a weekly able to bear comparison in its general features and the literary quality of its contributions with any in the country. I venture to hope that the *Letter's* readers will be as pleased as I am with this report of progress and the outlook.

If the people of San Francisco were fully awake to the significance of what is happening, the hilltops would have been blazing

with bonfires on Saturday night last. The prevention of the passage of the Reilly Funding bill by the House of Representatives was an astonishing event; and nobody was more astonished than Mr. Huntington. He felt so confident that he talked sneeringly to the New York reporters a few days before of the bill's opponents as "communists." The bonfires would have been lighted, too, by an awakened people when the Spreckels, father and son, made their subscription of \$700,000 to the San Joaquin line. The business men, the land-owners of the city, and the bankers, ranchers, fruit-growers and merchants of the great valley, know the material meaning of this competing road, if they are not alive to the complete import of the blow—let us hope the death-blow—dealt the monopoly in Congress. The two events taken together imply to eyes which can see that California is to regain her liberty and develop upon a scale and with a rapidity which will change the face of things utterly within half a decade. Those who look at material results only, rejoice; those who care for other things as well, rejoice more.

It isn't surprising that California should be slow to awaken to the new facts, that her people in general should fail to realize with vividness that a revolution is about to be worked. I say worked, instead of achieved, for conditions to which most of us have been half-blind, rather than conscious efforts for relief, are responsible for the coming emancipation. Men are prone to regard as normal, as unchangeable, the environment under which they have been reared. To the young Californian it seems in the course of nature that the State should be dominated and bled by the Southern Pacific and the corporations confederated with it. It is a quarter of a century since that domination began, and that is long enough to make almost any man who has lived here feel that what has been and is shall be. Business for a generation has been adjusted to Southern Pacific conditions, and so have our politics and our social life. Although the State has grown greatly in population and wealth since 1869, the growth has been along the lines decreed by Huntington & Co. The railroad corporation, with a power to discriminate between places checked only by the navigable waters, has lorded it over California as no modern monarch would dare to lord it in his kingdom. Its greed has been equal to its power, and that power has so intoxicated the men wielding it that they long ago lost the prudence, the foresight, of ordinary business men, and acted the part of despots, to whom the act of tyrannizing is pleasurable. If they had been the inventors of all the products of human ingenuity that go to make up a railroad they could not have

used them with a more entire sense of sole ownership, a more complete absence of responsibility to the public. Although it is obvious that the State's interest ought to be theirs, as a simple principle of business, California has grown in spite of them. To say that other men in their places would have done as they have done, is but to say that unrestrained power will brutalize and stupefy anybody. The truth remains that Huntington & Co. have never made an improvement or yielded a concession that has not been forced from them. To competition, or the serious threat of competition, they have been sensitive, but to no other influence whatever. As for the laws enacted to regulate them, they have met that danger with their purse, filled by other people's money.

Claus Spreckels, in a published letter, predicts that California will experience the benefits of the new San Joaquin road as soon as it is incorporated and work begun. In that he is right, and in that fact, too, is the sure promise of relief from extortion to other people than those who live in this city and the San Joaquin Valley. Taught that the response to persistent plunder will be competing roads, Huntington & Co. will cease to plunder, for their own sakes. They have used California ill, though they point to such progress as it has made as their beneficent work. In reality they are to be thanked as men should be who had exclusive ownership of a river, and brought its waters to a desert, for sale, and left to the settlers who used it the smallest margin of profit that would induce them to go on cultivating their farms. Settlers would continue to arrive and to reclaim the desert, for men must live, but they would be merely the peasantry on the estate of the water-owners. And that is what the people of this State have been for twenty-four years to the owners of the Southern Pacific system. The same relief will be given to the fellahs of California by the death of the Reilly Bill and the building of the San Joaquin road as would come to the desert peasants were the power to charge more than a reasonable rate for irrigation taken away from the water-lords.

California, because of the avarice and despotism of the Southern Pacific, has not kept up with the rest of the West. Had we been favored with railroad competition, or intelligent, future-regarding management of the railroad monopoly, the State would have had three or four times its present population. Because of the management of the Southern Pacific, men of capital and enterprise have kept away from us. Such men had but to visit San Francisco to learn that business could be done here on a large scale only by royal permission, personal abasement and the payment of a monstrous transportation tax. So California has been driven in on herself commercially, and reduced to a dependency of a corporation. The State is not in the current of active American life, but is only a sort of still and stagnant pool by the side of the rushing river. All this is about to be changed. The thrill of the new time is in the air.

Of course the millenium will not arrive when railroad monopoly expires. Oppression will not cease or stealing come to an end, or corruption depart from among us, when we buck Mr. Huntington out of the saddle in which he has sat booted and spurred, whip in hand, this quarter of a century. But at least we can hope that when we have to deal with many small rogues instead of a single great one, there will be quarreling among them, and honest men,

therefore, stand a better and more frequent chance of coming by their own. The problem of just conditions of life lies far deeper than railroads. Until we learn how to change the rules of the game of existence so that the winnings shall be distributed among the many instead of being appropriated by the few, the clever and lucky will have full purses and the stupid and unlucky have slim ones. But life will be far more tolerable to all of us out here with old Mr. Huntington off our backs. Men in Chicago and New York—men, that is, who have the ability to fight the battle imposed by our competitive civilization—are not peons as Californians are. They are not ruled as the retainers and vassals of a feudal noble were, or as Virginia City was in succession by the Bank of California and the Bonanza firm. They are American citizens, with such measure of freedom as the conditions of ordinary business life allow. We shall advance to the common level, and have an equal opportunity with other American communities to mould our own fates when the monopoly is smashed.

The immediate effect of the railroad competition which is assured will doubtless be a swift revival of industry. Men of brains with money and courage will arrive to exploit our resources and enlarge our commerce. We shall get immigration, and feel pride in our place in the census tables. There will be profound social changes. New men will rise into prominence and take the leadership. We shall be in the world and of it. But better than all, most hopeful of all, we shall grow Californians instead of Native Sons of the Golden West.

A talk with Miss Phoebe Couzens is given in this *Letter* which will astonish the rampant "new woman" everywhere. Miss Couzens has pursued the independent career which it is the ambition of so many girls of this generation to lead, and pursued it with success. She began with youth, beauty, talent, and ample means. It was not necessity which induced her to choose to be a lawyer, a politician, and advocate of the extension of the suffrage. She was honestly ambitious, and preferred the road of high endeavor to the domestic life. She achieved a good position at the bar, she became the co-worker and equal of Miss Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone, and the other leaders whom the new woman follows. Her name is a national one, and she is esteemed as a friend as well as an able woman by our foremost public men. She is the new woman realized. And yet, though her hair has only begun to silver, Miss Couzens has wearied. Not recanted, understand, but just grown tired. What she was sure of in her youth she is doubtful of in her maturity, which is the common experience. She perceives that for woman to be independent and self-supporting is not a privilege, but a responsibility, a burden, which those who marry happily are fortunate to escape. To love, be loved, to grow old in one's own home with children around one to engage the affections as well as fill the mind with unselfish cares—this, after all, is woman's natural lot, and her best lot. And it is man's best lot, too. Anyone, no matter how lofty his or her ambition or how ample the powers, who sacrifices to that ambition the natural ties, the simple joys of life, must wake up as age creeps on to the knowledge that the best that existence has to give has been missed, that an irreparable mistake has been made. Miss Couzens' frankness will bring down upon her the reproaches of many women of not half her intellect, and of service to the sex insignificant in comparison

with hers. She is brave enough to speak her true thought rather than shape her utterances to fit the supposed interest of a "cause," and conduct so courageous cannot fail to earn her the reprehension of the shallow. But the more thoughtful will see below the surface and understand both the wisdom and the pathos of the conclusions of this earnest woman. The new woman who has sense will draw from her words the counsel that progress does not lie away from husband and home, and that if a girl must make choice between these and a man's life of struggle and labor, she will serve her own happiness, and perhaps society's interests, by choosing the home. If the two can be harmoniously combined—the duties of the wife with the activities of a profession—there will in these days be none to object whose objection is respectable. This, however, applies only to women of unusual brains. The mass of women, no more than the mass of men, are fitted for other than manual labor. To the great, and sad, and ever-increasing army of women who are compelled to work for a living, Miss Couzens would give the ballot. And so would all generous men, it seems to me, who have overcome the prejudice of tradition. The lot of such women must be hard enough, no matter what may be done for them. They compete with men and one another in the labor market, and it is cowardly injustice to make the disadvantage of sex the excuse for withholding from them the aid that the privilege of voting would give them to better their state. The question of "woman's rights" is one with man's rights. A social system which does not enable the men to support the women and children—and that is our Christian civilization, with all its show of magnificence—is one for which Miss Couzens has lost respect. As her view has broadened with time and observation, she sees the identity of the sexes' interests, and is more disposed to regard the new woman as a victim than a heroine. For, when denuded of the robes of rhetoric and illusion, the new woman is seen to be but the old man, in female form—the old man who has had to work to keep from starving. It is the aristocracy of both sexes who perform the relatively easy functions of talking and writing.

The San Francisco opponents of a Lexow Committee are hard put to it for reasons. The organs of Mr. Spreckels and Mr. de Young appeal to local pride by declaring that if the metropolis is sinful it should be allowed the God-given privilege of exposing its own wickedness. Also they alarm us by showing the damage which might be done by an investigation that should exhibit this city to the world as another New York. They insist, too, that San Francisco needs no investigation, being without sin, or, rather, not afflicted with it to any greater degree than other Christian communities. Clarified of their emotion and false pretense, the reasons against the committee are: 1. It is dangerous to begin investigating, for there is no telling when it would stop or who would get hurt. 2. A coat of whitewash is an excellent thing for a sepulchre, anyway.

Solicitude for criminals highly placed who have not been found out is a sentiment that does not wring the popular heart. And as for the reputation of the city, if that is to be retained by concealing the city's character, it is not a deserved reputation, and therefore not worth having. The truth is better for San Francisco than even patriotic editorials in Mr. Spreckels' and Mr. de Young's newspapers.

An honest committee, without respect for the statute of limitations or for anybody whose claims to deference are money

and a pull, could do a great deal of good in San Francisco. The corporations are prudent in antagonizing the proposal. Spring Valley, the Southern Pacific and the individual rich men who have had dealings with the Supervisors, and perhaps with the courts, are naturally averse to having the history of their transactions inquired into.

An overhauling of the Harbor Commissioners would yield some instructive results. I am informed, for illustration, that the materials for the construction of the new ferry building have been decided on with reference to the interests of the railroad company. There is a scandal, too, about favoritism to contractors, which has reached the Legislature. The bidders for the new building are in controversy as to what the specifications mean. Some hold that it is required that all the partitions of the structure shall be of white quartered oak; others say that white oak is obligatory for the lavatories only. If white oak is used throughout, over 50,000 square feet will have to be imported from the East, and the Southern Pacific will have the hauling of it—to a State that is rich in building woods. This doubt as to the scope of the specifications makes it difficult for the contractor who is on the outside to bid intelligently. The difference in cost between native and imported woods is great, because of the charge for transportation on the latter. It is also arranged, I am told, that most of the steel will be brought from the East, to oblige the Southern Pacific. I am not an expert in this sort of thing, of course, and take the word of others for these imputations. But a Lexow Committee could get the testimony of experts. The greatest value of a committee of the kind would not be in the proofs of indictable crime that it might unearth—though it would doubtless do much in that line, if honest—but in the exposure of rascality in the public business just within the line of the law, or shielded from legal penalties by the lapse of time. An informed public opinion would be created that even the predatory rich and their official servitors would fear. The methods of successful soundrelism would be made known and the task of guarding against their future exercise rendered less difficult. None save the designing and the guilty have cause to fear a Lexow Committee.

Apropos of the war upon corruption, the Citizens' Defense Association has had a bill introduced in the Legislature which, if enacted, will strike at the root of the master evil of bribery. It is Senate bill No. 845, which amends the Penal Code by making a participant in bribery a competent witness as to the transaction. The testimony so given, it is provided, shall not be used in any prosecution or proceeding, civil or criminal, against the person so testifying. This is the measure which the *Letter* some weeks ago urged upon the Defense Association, and I am glad it has met with approval. Let the bill become a law and the situation will be this: No attorney of the Spring Valley Water Company can bribe a Supervisor without placing himself at the mercy of the bribed official, who can, under threat of exposure, blackmail the corporation in perpetuity or revenge himself for refusal by exposure; no attorney can bribe a judge with a client's money, with the knowledge of that client, without placing the judge at the mercy of the client; no official can take a bribe with better security for safety than the honor of the briber. This bill aims to destroy, or at least greatly to impair, that equal interest in concealment which the law at present gives the corrupter and corrupted. The business of buying up

legislators would be made enormously more dangerous than it is now. The corruption of officials is not a crime peculiar to San Francisco. The press of the whole State should urge the passage of this bill, which was introduced by Senator Fay on January 29th. It is not apparent how any honest legislator, or any legislator who wishes to be of good reputation, can oppose the measure. Of course all the power of the associated villainies will be brought to bear against it, but they will not dare to fight in the open, and in the existing state of public opinion a few determined members of the Legislature can procure the passage of the bill. It would work as much good in the direction of purifying official life as the Australian ballot law has worked in its domain.

The departure of Ward McAllister for a world where there is no Four Hundred has deprived New York of a man who did much to improve the manners of its aristocracy of wealth. McAllister was a gentleman, using the word in its restricted sense. That is, he was well-born, decently educated and polite, advantages denied a great many of his metropolitan pupils and followers. He knew how to order a dinner, how it should be served, and all about the etiquette of the table. This knowledge he took admirable pains to impart to the new rich among whom he was the *arbitrator elegantiarum*. Besides being a gourmet he was a connoisseur of wines. He understood the art of entering and leaving a drawing room, the proper form of introduction, and the right thing for a gentleman and lady to say to each other at that pleasing moment. Nothing was hidden from him as to garden parties, five-o'clock teas, dancing, picnics, coaching jaunts, costume, or any of the amusements of fashionable existence. He took himself seriously and was taken seriously by those who benefited from his knowledge. The press jeered at him, but the gentlemen of the press seldom or never come in personal contact with the life in which McAllister was supreme. To the shafts of satire and ridicule rained upon him from the newspaper offices of the whole country New York's Beau Nash was heroically indifferent. Of course he was amusing, but he certainly was not useless. The old families of the metropolis had no need of his instruction, or thought they had not, and gave him and his pretensions the cold shoulder. But to the new rich, not only of New York, but of the Union, Ward McAllister was a benefactor. He created, or directed the evolution of, a school of manners, and there can be no question that his influence on the behavior of the plutocracy has been all for good. The rich of the provinces made pilgrimages to the capital and to him in order to learn, and he polished them, both by personal exertion and through the example of his own well-drilled Four Hundred. He had plenty of shrewd sense, within his limits, and was satisfied to do what he could rather than to repine because he could not accomplish all he wished. Knowing that it was impossible to transform vulgarity into refinement, he contented himself with impressing upon the vulgar the necessity of adopting the forms of politeness. Recognizing that wealth newly acquired impels the socially aspiring to ostentation, he sought to make that ostentation as little barbarous as might be. He led by gentle stages. Toward the last he found his school ready to listen to printed discourses on the essential bad form of imitation and was quietly working to infuse a tincture of Americanism into the American aristocracy of money. Possibly the country could manage to struggle along

without a fashionable caste, but no nation has been without one, and since we have fashionable society, assuredly it is well that it should be tamed and led by a man of McAllister's fairly good taste and common sense. Let us hope that the Greater Greenway will find a successor as learned as himself in polite usage, and as serious in the discharge of his weighty duties. New York without a McAllister would be as a young ladies' seminary minus the professor of deportment.

What view St. Peter has taken of Ward McAllister's merits it is not permitted us to know, but we may be sure that if the great man has been denied admission, he will be able to solace himself with the conviction that he did a life's work that deserved more grateful recognition at the gates. That he enjoyed existence more than most men is certain. It is not given to many to have enthusiasm for an ambition that is easily realizable. McAllister was perfectly satisfied with his achievements and himself. Who is there among us that would not be glad to have that sensation with him abidingly? He was a frible, of course, and the set of a coat, or the tie of a cravat, or the temperature of a bottle of wine was of supreme importance to him. But is the average man's concerns of more real moment? The millionaire is the type of success; he is the winner of the prizes that all save a few Americans are striving for. Was Senator Fair's life larger or nobler than Ward McAllister's? I dare say St. Peter has taken a pitying interest in them both.

Everybody in San Francisco who has not some private interest to bias his judgment or to direct his wishes, desires a new charter. The defects of the old Consolidation Act, with its accretion of judicial decisions that hamper municipal action, have been made clear enough through the years to the duller intelligence. But while San Francisco wants a new charter, and wants it badly, she has shown repeatedly that she will not adopt one that does not meet her demands completely. Whether the one submitted by the latest Board of Freeholders does this or not will require study and controversy to develop. It is very, very long, and its full meaning is not to be mastered at one reading. Mayor Sutro suspects that the Southern Pacific was careful to take a hand in framing it. The action of the Freeholders in selecting as a boulevard First Avenue, along which the Sutro road has a franchise for a few blocks, has a queer look. Other streets could just as well have been chosen, and the possibility of clouding the right of way of the only competing line to the ocean been avoided. Mr. Sutro, however, is not the sort of man to mistake his own for the public's interests, and if the hand of the Southern Pacific is nowhere else visible in the charter, he will undoubtedly support it. There is no one in this community entitled to be listened to with more, or as much, respect where the railroad monopoly is concerned. He knows its workings and has done it more damage here and in Washington than all other anti-monopoly agencies combined. That he should have lost his temper and used hot language to Freeholder Scott when the latter was blocking the track of competition on First Avenue, is not surprising. It is true that Mr. Sutro was talking for his own property interests, but those interests happen also to be the public's in this case. As between Irving M. Scott and Adolph Sutro the judgment of San Francisco will not hesitate an instant when the point at issue is the friendship of either for the Southern Pacific. All of the shipbuilder's interests lie with the railroad, and all those

of the Mayor away from it. Considering the relations of the two men to the corporation and their contrasted records of public service, one is not astonished that Sutro broke out in wrath that was unparliamentary. Had he and not Scott been on the Board of Freeholders, who would feel doubtful about the charter's effect upon Southern Pacific interests?

There is, happily, plenty of time in which to examine the charter. In its general features it is manifestly a good instrument, and under it we should have something like a rational scheme of responsible local government. The vital question to be settled is: Is it free from the Southern Pacific taint? If it is not, it will be rejected. It would be too high a price to pay for a charter did it give to the monopoly here a new hold when that monopoly's old hold on the city and State is being shaken off.

ARTHUR McEWEEN.

THE TWADDLER.

During the past week my friend Coleman has passed me repeatedly without recognition, and it annoyed me, for James and myself, though not moving in precisely the same circle—our tastes differ—have yet been on excellent terms. Eliert, the ex-Mayor, whom I have taken under my wing of late, since he has quit politics and risen out of the retail drug business, has also walked by without a nod or a glance. It struck me that some enemy had possibly been poisoning their minds against me. Yesterday I encountered them together coming out of Eliert's magnificent offices in the new building. They were about to ignore me as usual when I accosted them with some heat.

"What does this mean?" I demanded.

"What does what mean, Persiflage?" asked Coleman, turning a dazed look upon me.

I explained; whereupon both grasped my hands and assured me that the slight had been entirely unintentional.

"The fact is, old man," said Coleman, "that since Governor Budd did me the high honor of appointing me to the Police Commission, I have been so weighed down with the sense of responsibility and the labors of the office that I have neither thought, nor eyes, nor ears for anything else. I can't even get time to drop into the Froquois Club."

"Same here," sighed Eliert, passing a weary hand across his brow. "I wish to heaven Alvord and Tobin were in again. The toil of the Mayoralty was nothing to this."

I would have continued the conversation, but they wandered away, their heads together over a copy of the *Examiner*, of a date two weeks back, announcing the Governor's determination to appoint them. Gad, I trust that when I get the Labor Commissionship, I shall take it more lightly.

Speaking of the Governor, I considered it prudent to run up to Sacramento on Tuesday. The Saturday before I had refused to go boating with him among the arches of the foundations of the new ferry building and assist in chipping off bits of concrete for analysis.

"No, hang it," I had said. "I can't afford to, Governor. It would compromise my dignity, don't you know. And anyway, I'm no engineer."

"But neither am I," said his Excellency.

"Then what the deuce do you want to go poking around among the piles for?" I retorted, for I didn't like his tone. "Why don't you employ an expert? If you wanted to know whether the county hospital was being conducted properly you wouldn't go out and ask the patients to show you their tongues, would you?"

"Assuredly not!" cried the Governor angrily. "And let me say, Persiflage, that the liberties you take, your insolence, in fact—"

But I waited to hear no more. I love Budd, and can't bear to quarrel with him. On Tuesday, when I had returned to the Executive apartment at Sacramento by Dr. Marc Livingston, who eyed me anxiously.

His Excellency was delighted to see me, as he always is, and after a chat about his dogs, the weather, the Legislature and the death of Ward McAllister, he grew serious and said:

"Persiflage, you have come at the right time. I want your advice about an appointment or two that I fear may not be quite as popular as I would like. Now—"

Here Dr. Livingston stepped forward, seized the Governor's wrist, felt his pulse and peremptorily ordered him not to indulge in further conversation. "The same old Jim," said the doctor, as he

showed me to the door, "but he's being bored to death by visitors and office-seekers, you know, and it's all I can do to keep him from breaking down." The few remarks I had intended to make on the subject of the Labor Commissionship have been committed to paper and sent by mail. Dr. Livingston has been polite enough to acknowledge the receipt of a case of Cresta Bedamene, and added his professional testimony to its merits.

Up at the University Club last Sunday afternoon there were a few of us in the billiard room, and I came in for some chaffing because of a display of gross ignorance made by the editor of this paper, Dinitius instead. Of course I felt mortified, though in no way responsible. Yet to be connected with a publication capable of such a blunder is obviously unpleasant. Every gentleman, if he uses Latin, should use it correctly. I said as much, and those in the billiard room, all graduates, agreed with me, naturally.

"It's astonishing," said Frank Deering, "how few people retain a proper knowledge of the classical tongues, which not to know is disgraceful."

"Yes," agreed Donald Campbell, "and I'll bet that not one man in a hundred who has been denied a university education could translate even that simple line."

"He pointed to a legend under the looking-glass, which reads: '*Vultus est index animi*.'"

"Egad," laughed Sam Knight, "I don't think most of us with the university education can manage to do it."

"Pooh," said Jack Casseely, "that's easy. Why, it actually means, 'The vulture is an indecent animal.'"

"That's manifestly absurd," scoffed Frank Michael. "Vultus is derived from vulpus, meaning fox, and the line reads, 'The fox is the index of all animals,' which is a slap at crafty humanity."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Mr. Casseely Howard, "the whole lot ought to be birched. Vulpis means fox literally, but it stands for craft, too. The line reads: 'Cunning indicates the animal.' And it's a good saying, too, for simplicity is the mark of the gentleman."

"Fudge," said Horace Platt, who reads Latin as readily as he does English, almost. "The thing is plain as a bell. '*Vultus est index animi*—vulgarity is the index of animality.' There you are. Now play ballies."

But Harold Wheeler and Charley Eels and Jack Chetwood insisted on trying their hands. Finally the room was in an uproar, and the cry arose,

"Leave it to Persiflage!"

According to the dictionary stand, I turned to that portion of Webster with which every real scholar is acquainted, and read aloud: "*Vultus est index animi*—the face is the index of the mind."

As the Cresta Bedamene passed around, a quiet discussion arose as to whether the needs of the age do demand that the sciences give place to the sciences in the university curriculum, but, begad, I would listen to no such utilitarian brutalities, and took my leave of the company with a simple and dignified *Salve*.

A most extraordinary and highly discreditable scene occurred in the reading room of the Pacific Union on Wednesday evening. I had just finished dinner and had sat down for a chat with Major Rathbone and George Lives on the melancholy news from New York, when Joe Quay joined me. I respect Quay for his brother's sake, the distinguished Senator from Pennsylvania; but I own it shocked me into protest when he flung down the *Bulletin* after a glance over its editorial page, exclaiming: "He tore the paper, there's nothing in it."

"What, sir, do you expect to find in it?" I inquired, with a certain stiffness, for, between ourselves, I contribute editorials to the *Bulletin*.

"What a man is always looking for and never finds in his paper—good sense. Confound all newspapers!"

"And newspaper men!" he added, facing me angrily.

This was personal, in a way, for though my connection with journalism is rather that of an amateur than a professional, I could not but take offense.

"Damn me," I retorted instantly, "what do you mean by that, sir?"

"I mean," said he, with a calmness which anybody could see was forced, "that, since you take it to yourself, you ought to be expelled from this club, and—yes, by Jove—every club in San Francisco!"

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Bobby Grayson, his glasses dropping from his nose in the excitement, "this language to Persiflage?"

"Yes, by gad," roared Quay. "It's infamous that nothing can be said or done here without its getting into print."

"Egad, Quay," I replied, seeing that as he had lost his temper I had the better of him, "it hasn't been very good luck to hear you say anything worth reporting."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" admonished Major Rathbone. "Tut, tut."

"This publicity is a breach of all club usage, all tradition," persisted Quay.

"I'm sure," said Lives, "that Persiflage amuses us so immensely."

"Amuses!" I cried, turning on Lives fiercely, "confound me, sir, do you think I write to amuse? No, sir; I have a serious purpose, and one that it takes some intellect to comprehend. It seems to have escaped you and Quay."

"Purpose," sneered the Senator's brother, affecting to laugh. "What in God's name is it?"

"To elevate the standard of club manners and conversation," I answered, "and there are many discouragements—yes, begad, many discouragements, Mr. Quay. Can you understand that? Damn me, can you understand that?"

"Pooh, you old chaps," said Quay. And in another instant I would have been at his throat had not Irving M. Scott thrown himself upon me, crying that it was shameful, indefensible, for gentlemen to engage in violence under any circumstances. I saw the force of this, and calling for my hat and stick left Quay to his reflections, giving him a look, however, which will hardly be forgotten.

When he is cited to appear before the governing committee. The incident was particularly unfortunate, as it did, I admit, upset my nerves, and quite unfit me for the address on "The Wig at the Court of Napoleon" which I was down to deliver at Mr. de Young's private theatre the same evening.

I fear that I acquitted myself very poorly, though the applause was frequent and very loud, my friend De Young kindly leading with both feet, as I gratefully perceived from the stage.

It is amazing how little even the cleverest men learn from experience. Less than a year ago no lawyer in the town held a more dignified standing at the bar than my friend Herrin, yet by keeping low company he has lost it all. "Be a statesman if you like," I used to say to him, "but, my dear fellow, I implore you to avoid association with the minor politicians. They're disreputable."

"I know it, Persiflage," he would answer, "but I need them in my business." And he continued to haunt conventions and have back-room conferences with shady characters until it became positively injurious to a Judge's reputation to be seen with him. Even Judge McFarland grew cold.

"Persiflage," said Herrin to me immediately after the election, "I regret that I did not follow your advice. I find I am avoided, and it pains me deeply."

"Then try and recover your ground," I counseled. "By keeping out of sight for a while. After a month or two I'll appear in public with you—take a turn on the promenade of an afternoon, you understand—and all will be well."

He tried to follow these instructions—I really believe he sincerely tried—but the ambition to control the Board of Supervisors has been too much for him.

Only yesterday he forced me to ignore the hand which he held out, and I would have passed without noticing him. But I couldn't help throwing a trifling when he stammered pleadingly:

"Why—why, Persiflage, would you cut me?"

"Yes, sir," I replied gravely, "that is precisely what I would do, and what I mean to do hereafter until you mend your ways."

"What?" he implored in a voice of agony, "what have I been doing now?"

"You've been meeting Buckley in saloons," I said, and passed on.

It's a pity; yes, hang me if it isn't. But when a man once takes to such courses there seems to be no stopping him. He will continue the shock of my rebuke may have its effect, but at best it can be but temporary. The end is inevitable.

What a pleasure it is, when one has rubbed against the rough world, to return again to one's congenial element. It refreshes the spirit, begad, and strengthens one to throw off the demoralizing influences of common life. It was my fortune to

walk on Market street, only last evening, Ned Greenway and my protegee Cosgrave of the *Ware*, walking arm-in-arm. With me was my gallant young co-worker, Chambliss. The world is

aware that cordiality has not marked the relations of our little group for some time, and only a few bows would have been exchanged, had I not had a sudden inspiration and halted Greenway and Cosgrave. I insisted on a handshake all round, and led the whole party over to Newlands's grill room, where, as benignant fate would have it, egad, we encountered Stokes.

More reconciliations followed, and a pleasant scene of amity I need not witness. As we sat around our table and consumed a devilled bone and a couple of bottles of Cresta Bedamene. Curse me if I could blame Joe Irwin, who does Society for the *Examiner*, and Cook, who records our doings in the *Argonaut*, for being affected almost to tears. We gave them a glass apiece, but, of course, they were not invited to sit down.

PERSIFLAGE.

WHAT SAY YE WOMEN TO THIS?

Miss Phoebe Couzens on Single Life and an Independent Career.

I read the other day that whenever a young girl consulted Mary Anderson about becoming an actress, she invariably met with that discouraging advice *Punch* gives to people about to marry: Don't.

That gave me an idea, and I went to see Miss Phoebe Couzens. For bright girls nowadays have so many other ways of earning a living, and perhaps a small meed of fame, that it is the old kind of woman who is stage-struck now, and not whole classes of all kinds of girls.

"Miss Couzens," I asked, "suppose that I was ten years younger and thought that I was ten times cleverer than I am; in short, suppose that I was a school-girl, that my head was full of the new woman, that I had made up my mind never, never to marry, and intended to be independent of my own men folks—what advice, in the light of your own experience, would you give me?"

Miss Couzens' hair is just softened with silver, she has dark eyes and her smile is very gentle. She smiled as she said:

"Well, let me tell you a little of my experience. That might explain something.

"In the first place, I never had to battle for independence. Everything was made beautifully easy for me. Some of the faculty and most of the members of the Board of the University in St. Louis were friends of ours. The word 'person' was interpreted to include women to fit my case. No obstacles were put in my way, and I became a lawyer as easily as any man could. I understand that a woman lawyer in San Francisco had to get a special bill passed before she could practice law here. What effort and struggle of that kind would have upon my temperament I can't say. But as I tell you, I lived in my own home, among my friends, who petted and praised me, and, if anything, urged me on the path which as a girl I had chosen."

"And do you wish they hadn't?" I asked, surprised at her tone.

"I don't—know."

She said it hesitatingly, thoughtfully.

We were both silent for a moment. Then I asked:

"And men didn't stand in your way at all—and we women aren't abused?"

She shook her head.

"It is as I tell you. Men didn't hinder, they helped me. The hardest blow I ever got was from a woman."

Shade of Susan B. Anthony! When I recovered from the shock, I said:

"In Chicago, you mean, about the Presidency of the Woman's World's Fair Commission? Yes, I know, of course, about the dispute between yourself and Mrs. Potter Palmer—"

"Not at all. We are as friendly now as you and I are. It was like this: Mrs. Palmer was in the hands of a group of men who knew they could make use of her; they knew that I would not be a party to any dishonest practices. They said absurd things about me; for instance, that I was not competent to write the few letters and do the little business required of the President of the Woman's Commission of a little World's Fair, when I had filled the position of Special Commissioner of Mortgages and that of United States Marshal—magistrate enough for the 'new woman'—eh?"

"Oh! I'm weary of the new woman."

"So am I. Well, at Chicago, I was opposed by such men as Mr. de Young, you understand. As to Mrs. Palmer, well"—Miss Couzens lifted her dark eyebrows, and her smile was not gentle this time—"she deliberately opposed the 'new woman'—"

"Perhaps it is their responsibility that leads women to fib?" I suggested.

"Perhaps. A woman like Mrs. Palmer would as lief lie as not. I think she rather enjoys it. When a woman goes into business, though, I find that she becomes more truthful; that is, more careful of what she says."

"Then," I began eagerly, "a business life, a public life for women—"

"Public life for a woman," she said speaking slowly, "is fraught with hardship and trouble and disappointment. Here am I. I had a good start in the race; almost an ideal one. I have had the success, the excitement, the adulation. But I have been ill and of late I've had trouble. I am left alone now and feel like a tree standing bare, whose branches have been lopped off."

She leaned her head wearily on a soft, plump hand and I noticed the black mourning rings on her white fingers.

"When I contended my fleeting ambition to go on the stage—I had it too!—to my father," I said, after a pause, "he woke from his absorption in business

just long enough to tell me sternly that he'd rather see me in my grave. Tell me, was your father as liberal?"

"My father would have been better pleased if I had not entered public life, although he never opposed my wishes in that respect. Men don't like their women-folk to be different, do they? If a girl dances every dance at a party, there's no one so pleased as her own father or brother. And if she's neglected, there's none so savage as he. I suppose he feels it a sort of reflection on himself. It's a survival of the old idea that an old maid is a disgrace to the family."

"I suppose your father wished you to marry, too?"

"No. My father knew that my temperament is very idealistic. He never wished me to marry a man of only ordinary attainments. We were very dear to each other, my father and I. It was only before his death—which he wished always stood between me and trouble was about to leave me—that he expressed a regret that there was no strong arm to protect me. He realized that disillusion would be very painful to me. You know, I idealized women, and when I found out how narrow, how little-minded they are, it was another blow to me."

I didn't say anything to that. How could I?

"When I was in Washington first, they all said: 'Oh! this won't last. She'll be snapped up.' I have been on the verge of matrimony several times. I don't know why I have never married. Destiny, I suppose," she said laughing. "At the time I was born, perhaps the stars that were in conjunction had nothing about matrimony in them. Still, you know what the Bible says about true repentance coming never so late! Only, if I'm to walk down the other side of the hill with a man, he must be rich. I could have climbed, I could have helped a poor man build up a fortune when I was a girl, but," she added, becoming serious again, "my enthusiasm was gone. I wish the stars had been kind to the young ones. I do believe, though, that a woman and for man too, the natural state, the fullest life is the married one."

I looked up. But it was really Miss Phoebe Couzens I was interviewing; and she said it as simply, with quiet conviction, as if there was no such thing as a woman's suffrage and woman's independence in the world.

"A woman who remains single," I said, "may miss much joy, but she misses more unhappiness. Of course, there are the children—" I added pensively.

"Yes, there are the children." She smiled again. "I think," she said quietly, "there are many more happy marriages than unhappy ones. And that same instinct of motherhood which is strong in every woman goes far toward making a wife content. George Cannon told me this once about the Mormon women."

We talked a while about the Mormons, and then I asked another question.

"If you had your youth to live over again, would you do as you have done?"

"I don't know." She sat for a moment thinking; then she said:

"It was evidently my fate to be the kind of woman I am."

I thought to myself that the real test of a woman's opinion is the way she brings up her daughter. I remembered a barum-scarum girl friend of mine who has become a demure wife and mother. She told me, in all seriousness, that her daughter should never have the liberty she herself had had.

"They say it is as much a mother's instinct to marry her daughter off as it is to nurse her, perhaps she is a baby. If you had a daughter, Miss Couzens, would you advise her to adopt a profession—to be like yourself, for instance?"

She sat for a moment, her hands in her lap, her eyes cast down, and as I sat facing her I began to imagine in what way the mother of this imaginary daughter would have differed from Phoebe Couzens, Lecturer, Leader of Advanced Women, Lawyer, United States Marshal, and Special Commissioner of Mortgages.

The face would have been tenderer possibly, the well-modulated voice more sympathetic. Her figure would have been fuller. The hair might have been grayer, but it would have been parted and waved back from the broad forehead, and the dress—well, if one has a grown daughter one must keep up with the styles, I suppose.

I had been so busy fixing her up and making her over all in a moment, that when she did speak I had almost forgotten my question.

"I should not constrain a child of mine in any way," she said lifting up her eyes. "I did adopt a little girl, my niece, but she died when she was seven. I should have given her all the advantages to be had in this nineteenth century. I should have wished her to follow her bent, to develop any talent she might have. But if she had lived and married a good man, a worthy man, perhaps she would have been far happier than if she had been as I am. If her husband had been a brute and had

abused her or neglected her, a life like mine would have been enviable in comparison.

"Don't you know," she went on, "it is hard for women, nowadays. Formerly there was but one thing for them to do: marry, raise a family, fry beefsteak and darn stockings. And after all, it was not so dreadful a thing. A woman could feel a sense of rest, of duty done; for there was no use striving. Her lot was ready-made. She could not alter it. Now there is so much to be achieved, even to a girl. She sees other women successful in various professions and she says to herself, 'Why couldn't I do that?' The wider sphere brings greater responsibilities, and so much is expected of her."

"But she's happier anyway," I said stoutly.

"I don't know." The San Francisco lawyer I mentioned before has combined both kinds of life. She has her children and need not look forward to a lonely old age."

I held Miss Couzens' cape and she slipped it on, and we walked out together.

"And what is the advice you'd give to that imaginary daughter of yours? Would you be happier to see her married?"

"I don't—know."

She had said it again, shaking her head doubtfully, thoughtfully—a little sadly, it seemed to me.

Where were the dogmatism, the independence, the assurance about which so much has been written?

We said good morning, and as I walked away I found myself wondering what effect this talk would have had upon me if I had been the school girl I had first thought of. And as I pondered I could almost see that supposititious young woman before me. She would have a pale, peacefully sad face. She might sigh occasionally and frown over her disappointment; but remembering Miss Couzens' plain black, narrow-skirted gown, my up-to-date young lady would soon settle herself comfortably, with an approving touch to her big silk sleeves and flared skirt six yards wide. She'd catch a glimpse of her fresh young face in the little mirrors opposite and she'd smile back at it, wondering whether she was as charming as Miss Couzens must have been when she was the flower of young new-womanhood. She'd think it over all the way home, and be a little preoccupied, but if—such things are possible—the brother of her dearest friend should have happened to meet her at the corner when she stepped off the car, she would have permitted him to walk with her to her home. At parting she would have smiled very kindly upon him. He'd find her unusually sweet and pretty, and her own dreams that night would be very different from those of the night before.

But then school girls are proverbially silly! M. M.

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A SAGEBRUSH COMEDY.

I.

Colonel Frank Wright, Superintendent of the Case Dollar mine, looked more than his forty-eight years as his wife of twenty faced him with burning cheeks, wide-open eyes and clenched hands held stiffly down by her sides. She was very angry, and so was the Colonel.

"How dare you, Frank Wright, how dare you!" she demanded with the hysteria of wrath in her voice. It rose in spite of her.

The Colonel had better command of himself. When a man has followed mining for thirty years, and "placed properties" in London, and reached the rank of one of the three best poker players in Nevada, his grip on himself in an emergency is apt to be reasonably strong. Still he looked much less careless than he had ever been when dislodging jumpers from a claim, or holding a claim when he had jumped it. His behavior in his shooting scrape at Pioche had won him the serious respect of the residents, and particularly of the gamblers and others of the leisure class who are compelled to include an occasional exchange of shots in their calculation of the probable incidents of life. The Colonel had made a clear-up of a quarter of a million out of his stock, he astonished Horn Silver and imperiled his reputation for level-headedness by marrying Nina St. Clair.

It was just the right name for the girl. You know the kind—pretty in a small-featured, large-eyed way, a vivacious chatter, a thing of smiles and laughter, a girl who would, as a comrade from the level-headed, steady-nerved, masterful men of the Sagebrush. The millionaires esteemed him for his abilities and the "boys," while familiar with him, as with everybody of their acquaintance, accorded him deference as a man of equal sand and sense.

When the Colonel, after the big strike in the Case Dollar had made a clear-up of a quarter of a million out of his stock, he astonished Horn Silver and imperiled his reputation for level-headedness by marrying Nina St. Clair.

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keeper at the Case Dollar—a lad with fair hair parted in the middle, immense quantities of good clothes, and even a larger outfit of calm assurance. The Colonel had sneaked him. Diffident young men were not in his line. To get out in the Sagebrush one needs a good opinion of himself and plenty of self-assertion.

"He is not my nephew," said the Colonel, frowning, "only the son of a cousin. Flirting with you, eh? I'll fire him, if you say so, blast his children!"

She came over and sat on the arm of his chair and smoothed the wrinkles out from between his eyebrows, and laughed and said she didn't want anything horrid done to poor Tommy, who was really a mere child.

"Child!" scoffed the Colonel. "Why, Nina, my kitten, he is three years older than you are."

"Oh, I hate young men!" she said, and proved it by marrying the Colonel, a month later.

Everybody in Horn Silver said he was a fool. He harbored some suspicion of that kind himself, but Colonel Frank Wright had reached the age when men are likely to think that the highest wisdom is to hang on to one's level-headedness had not prevented the Colonel from feeling lonely, and poker is not to all a satisfying substitute for the domestic affections.

II.

They had traveled for three months and been home another. Home for them was the International Hotel. The Colonel, proud, being a millionaire, had a direct of reputation left in his boy. And I tell you again—here he went off his centre and banged the table with his fist where he stood—

"I won't have my wife talked about. It would kill me—or somebody else," he ended, recovering his grip on himself.

"Oh," cried Nina, breaking down, as always, when he laid a direct of reputation left in his boy. And I tell you again—here he went off his centre and banged the table with his fist where he stood—

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Colonel touched the button it was notification that he was sorry; when she touched the button it was the sign of penitence. Happily the bell never rang the two went instantly to the other.

"How ridiculous all this nonsense is," smiled Nina on her pleased lord's knee and lifting her face to his.

"Yes indeed," agreed the Colonel heartily, "I ought to be ashamed of myself, I know. Don't mind me when I lose my temper, darling."

"And you mustn't mind what I say either," said Nina, snuggling. "If it was anybody worth while, of course I wouldn't care if you objected, but Tommy is only a boy, a foolish boy."

"Don't let's talk about Tommy," suggested the Colonel, trying to beam. "He's a whippet, a little fellow, quite delicate, but he's broadway with his fancy togs and airs instead of being out here among men."

"He does beautifully, Frank, doesn't he? And I think he's very good looking, don't you?"

"He'll pass, I suppose," admitted the Colonel, restive.

"But he's so young," reflected Nina. "A mere child."

"He's twenty-two," growled the Colonel, "and I really wish, dearest, that you'd keep him in his place."

III.

But Tommy had something to say about that. In his view, his place was to be where he wished, and it was opposite Nina in the table as usual in the hotel dining room that evening. A Harvard education, working upon a disposition that needed no adventitious aids to give it confidence, had made of Tommy a youth who should have been English, so calm was his assurance of superiority to all other created things.

He smiled Nina and chaffed her, and she met his impudence with light laughter and bright banter and airs of languishing. She couldn't help it. Sex was so strong in her that a presentable man ready for flirtation was a relentless challenge.

Tommy was cruel in his strength. He knew that Nina loved him, and he smiled upon her with the consciousness of that love. Only a certain degree of regard for the Colonel, his relative, who had befriended him and was really a decent sort of old chap, had imposed restraint upon him. But, after all, a man can't be expected to turn about and run if women will fling themselves at his head. Relative or no relative, benefactor or no benefactor, by the dirty little Colonel would have to do his own guard duty.

Nina gave him both eyes as she went from the dining room. She dropped her handkerchief, too. Colonel Wright looked unconscious, but he saw.

It was the great battle of the series. He had tried his best, his noblest best, to hold in, but he was mistaken, so he was forced to let out. He was impulsive that discretion was powerless to restrain, returned again and again in the domestic talk to Tommy.

"I believe!" shouted the Colonel, when the quarrel had risen from height to height, and his efforts at repression had but served to give force to his confined wrath, like steam in a boiler. "I believe, by heaven, you love that puppy!"

"Oh?"

"Yes, madam! I believe you love the cub, and are sorry you married an older man. Go if you like, but if you stay with me you must not dishonor me!"

"Dishonor, Frank? Oh?"

It disturbed and puzzled him, she spoke so quietly, and went away without slamming the door behind her. This was new.

The Colonel got out the decenter, and drank, his cigars, and smoked. He was sorry he had spoken—that, at least, he had gone to such lengths. But he was right, whatever happened. He knew men, and women, too. He knew that Horn Silver was perhaps laughing at him by this time. His fingers worked, and he had Tommy's throat in view. No, that wouldn't do. Be hanged to him, no matter what came, he wouldn't play the wretched, ignoble, ridiculous part of the injured husband. A fool like that—a white-headed, sniping school-boy, a pitiful dandy tenderfoot! He ought to have known better than to have married Nina. He was too old for her—too old.

IV.

Nina went to her room, and wept softly there. Then she grew indignant as the process of undressing advanced. She fairly flung herself into bed, and was in the act of tugging the blankets resentfully over her head to cover herself and her wrongs from the world—was in the act of thinking how unpardonable, how absurd it was for a big splendid man like her husband to be so jealous of such—

When a whispering voice said:

"Nina!"

She sat up, frightened.

"Nina."

It couldn't be imagination, then?

No, it wasn't imagination. The door of a closet

opened, very slowly, and just enough to permit the eyes of a headstrong man's face to be seen.

But that she was frozen with terror by the sight of the moving door she would have screamed.

"Nina, darling," said the head.

It was the head of Tommy—the fond and foolish and leering head.

"S-s-s-h!" breathed Nina, recovering all at once, and lifting a warning finger to her red, full lips.

Then she waved her dimpled hand toward him, and Tommy, the Tarquin, took heed and softly closed the door on himself again.

Nina reached forth her arm and touched a button.

"Frank," she said.

"Yes, Nina," answered the Colonel very slowly. But though his face was set, his eyes softened at the sight of that small, that lovely little figure, sitting there in its dainty night dress.

"I wanted to ask you," she said, dropping her eyes timidly, "if you meant in earnest what you—what you told me you know?"

"It's for you to judge," replied the Colonel, with creditable fragility.

"Then you do truly think that I'm—I'm fond of—that person you mentioned?"

"Your behavior certainly bears out—"

"Well, sir," she interrupted, lifting her head in dignity, "you are not quite such a silly as I thought you. You were wrong about me, but your eyes were sharper than mine in one way. I'm going to give up Tommy—your nephew."

"Give him up? Nina you're a dars—" began the Colonel, radiant.

"Yes, I've got him, and you can have him. Just open that closet, please."

The Colonel, awaking from a daze, tore wide the door, tore out what was there, and his working fingers found what they had had in view.

Nina's laugh rose high and merry.

"Don't Frank, don't kill him. Spank him!" And the Colonel obeyed.

A. M.

San Francisco, February.

AMUSEMENTS.

There is always a reason for an actor's popularity. Theatrical audiences may be fickle and sometimes injudicious, but he who wins applause has in some degree deserved it.

Frederick Warde and Louis James are not great actors. For one thing, their art is not elevated enough or potent enough to blind their audience to a perception of the improbabilities of classic tragedy. But their experience and ability save the play from degenerating into melodrama. They present an excellent repertoire in an unpretentious, careful, intelligent manner. Their best is not the best, but there is merit, worth in it; and although they and their company overlook some of the gems in the Shakespearean jewel-box and sadly distort others, there are still pure stones enough to make a second-best ornament.

Where these two men fail is in not being more richly endowed. They have made the most of their stock in trade; they have done all that industry and honest effort can do, but they lack the *feu sacré*. Neither of them has ever made his listener forget for a moment that an actor stands before him; neither of them will ever so realize and vivify a character as to lose his identity in the audience's eyes.

As a whole, the presentation of "Julius Caesar" is a creditable one. Warde is a good Cassius—always within his limitations. His diction is clear, his reading appreciative. His action is faulty, and he overvalues a situation now and then, but he is always in good taste. As Brutus, James was enthusiastically received. His best acting is in the quarrel scene with Cassius. One's remembrance of his performance is of occasional, detached, finely-delivered speeches, but there is no clear, distinct conception of a living man behind them. The pictures are blurred, interrupted. Walter Walker's Caesar is dully handsome. Guy Lindsey's Antony is well done. The ambitious young actor has ability besides his good looks. The great scene in the fourth act was a strong piece of work, and the audience remained seated to the end while his speech over Brutus wound up the play—a courtesy which San Francisco audiences are not in the habit of paying the unfortunate actor who speaks the epilogue.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

Next week Warde and James produce "Francesca da Rimini," "Ranulph," "Othello," "Julius Caesar" and "Richard III."

James was almost ill with a cold in his face on last Monday, the opening night. Mr. Warde, in his speech before the curtain, expressed himself as deeply indebted to his companion for sacrificing himself that the play might go on. And it was a sacrifice. If Mr. James had been a woman nothing

could have induced him—or her—to appear. Of course, a one-eyed Brutus is better than none, but has the man no vanity?

Herrmann's engagement has been a very successful one. It closes to-night.

Nellie McHenry follows at the California in "A Night at the Circus," beginning February 11th.

Greer Harrison's new play "Runnymede" will probably be presented by Warde and James in a later engagement at the California.

At the Saturday Popular Concert to-day, Signmund Beel will play a violin solo—a positive treat for music lovers.

There is talk of a lecture upon the Silver Question, to be given by Miss Phoebe Couzens at Metropolitan Temple soon. San Franciscans are interested both in the talented speaker and her subject.

TRILBY'S FOOT.

Du Maurier's metrical description in French of Trilby's foot is thus translated for the New York Sun:

Poor Trilby—beautiful and good and dear!
I am her foot. Let him who will divine
What tender friend, that worshipped at her shrine
In other days, hath framed (with love sincere)
This charming souvenir—child of a day—
Child that a breath might bring away.

A twin I was: where is my brother, where?
Alas! us two, whom Love hath parted quite,
Eternity, I trust, shall reunite;
And we shall be, as once we were, a pair,
At a chaste couch's end, where never aught
Shall trouble Trilby's dreaming thought.
Oh, tender friend, oh for the days that were!
The door is fast that sheltered Trilby's worth.
Heaven lies afar * * * and on this nether earth,
Which smiled on us, and will be light to her,
If one shall seek our peers, from east to west,
In vain, I ween, will be the quest.

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Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESKE,
Administrator of the Estate of Oliver Ewen, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10th, 1895.
D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine St.

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WHAT WOULD DR. PARKHURST DO?

How the Local Situation Differs From That in New York.

The demand in this city for a legislative investigating committee is the result of the Lexow committee's success in New York. But those who advocate this method of reform fail altogether to appreciate the different conditions in the two cities. In New York such a committee was a necessity, but in New York had been as San Francisco is, I believe we never would have heard of Senator Lexow or his committee.

While under Tammany rule New York was tongue-tied and morally paralyzed. The man who wished to live in peace and comfort dared not complain of blackmail, of thievery, of outrage or misrule of any kind. And if he did, to whom should he complain? The Grand Jury was drawn by Tammany; the courts were presided over by Tammany men; the District Attorney was a Tammany man; the Sheriff was a Tammany man; the Mayor was a Tammany man; and so throughout the whole city government. If he turned to the press he found some of the papers owned and controlled by Tammany, others in favor of it, and still others in fear of those who were in fear of Tammany. The *Evening Post* was the only paper in the whole of great New York city which, in season and out of season, in campaigns and between them, fought Tammany fearlessly, and it addressed a very small number of readers, and these of that conservative class which shrinks at the thought of a real fight. The Lexow committee was, therefore, necessary in New York. By no other means could the evidence have been secured.

But who can say that any such probing committee is needed in this city to tell us how seriously our city needs a cleaning up? We have no Tammany. Our local political machinery of to-day are poor, broken-down things, only useful in a small way to their owners. Our people are not intimidated into silence. The man who would make a revelation of official corruption in San Francisco would be hailed as a hero and a patriot. There is but one judge upon the Superior Court bench who is even suspected of crookedness, and he is kept in a position of comparative harmlessness. It has been and is possible to get grand juries that will indict and petit juries that will convict. Supervisors may be bought to fix water rates and award contracts at an exorbitant figure, but no one can say that a Lexow committee is needed to tell him of these things. There are no newspapers here which are ready to print any facts which are given them, no matter what political boss or office-holder they hit. And there is at least one paper, the *Examiner*, which keeps a sharp watch on the various departments of the city government, hoping to find some trace of crookedness. There are no city council members who are members of an organized political club, such as Tammany, are here divided among Democrats, Republicans, Independents and Populists.

This city, too, is a small one compared with New York, and all its people are in more or less intimate touch with its affairs. The New Yorkers know next to nothing of the conduct of the city's government, and most of them care little as to how things are managed, or who is in control. The acts of the legislative board of the city and county are not published in the daily papers, but in a special publication called the *Record*, which but a few ever see. The New Yorker does not care how long his taxes are, nor does he care if they are unreasonably high, he is generally willing to submit to whatever the bosses give him in the way of government. Even when of more than ordinary intelligence he cannot name a tenth of the judges or a twentieth of the heads of departments. He rarely knows his next-door neighbor, and there is no fence over which to lean and talk politics. He meets men either in the club or the saloon, and neither of these places is the source of reform movements. He is not a citizen in reality, but merely a resident.

How very widely, therefore, New York's conditions differ from that of San Francisco! The Lexow Committee had to go to New York to prove to her that which does not need to be proved to San Francisco—that there is knavery of one kind or another going on in certain branches of the municipal government. The New Yorker was in ignorance, and he had to be aroused. It was not expected in New York at the time he was appointed that he would discover any such body of evidence as that which it did bring to light. This was due partly to the general belief that while the Tammany of Croker was a selfish and greedy organization, it was not honeycombed with corruption as was the Tammany of Tweed, and it was thought by the masses of New York that the state municipal government was quite as clean and economical "as could be expected." I have frequently heard busi-

ness men, brokers, lawyers and others, who were altogether out of politics, declare that Tammany, under Richard Croker's leadership, was giving the city excellent administration of its affairs. And I have no doubt that many men within Tammany itself were as much surprised as any others at the revelations made. In short, when the Lexow Committee was appointed, the people of New York city were not dissatisfied with their municipal government.

But San Francisco is not in ignorance, and she is ablaze with the fires of reform.

The reform movement in New York had a definite purpose—the overthrowing of Tammany. Whatever misrule could be discovered in New York city Tammany was responsible for. Therefore, the Republican legislature took pleasure in making an investigation which would lead to the destruction of the arch enemy. No Republicans had to be shielded, no compromises made. The path of the committee was made straight. The special attorney of the committee was a Democrat, to be sure, but he was a leader in the small anti-Tammany faction and more bitter than any Republican. The committee did its work well, and Tammany went down. But what definite purpose could such a committee have in San Francisco? Our offices are divided among all parties; we have no election for two years to come.

At the end of any investigation which a legislative committee might make, we would be left just where we are now, with this practical question to answer: What remedies can we find for the evils that we know exist? We might find more by probing for them, but they would probably be of a nature likely to arise at any time out of the imperfections of human nature.

If our papers were under censorship, our leading citizens gagged, or courts subject to corrupt control, our peace officers part of a great political machine, the whole city dominated by one party, the mass of the people out of touch with municipal affairs or indifferent to existing corruption, and an election was at hand in which it was proposed to change administrations and sweep things clean, a legislative investigating committee would be as necessary and useful here as it was found to be in New York. But, under present conditions, I believe we have nothing practical to hope for from such a movement. On the contrary, the reform spirit which should find vent in forcing practical legislation would, if such a committee were appointed, expend itself in digging for sensations rather than cures, and would content itself with investigations. We know of enough that can be done, and until we do that, why should we seek to increase immeasurably the burden? We neither need a Lexow committee to arouse the reform spirit nor to furnish facts, and we have no Tammany to overthrow.

I am against a committee that would be purposeless, that would divert attention from the problems that are apparent and allow the present reform enthusiasm to ooze out in the rehashing of old tales of corruption, or the discovery of new ones. The people, as every one knows who has ever worked in reform movements, have but a certain amount of energy within them for such work. A legislature is still more easily bored. Why not, then, direct the energy of the movement, and the undivided attention of the Legislature to the evils which we know exist, and demand legislative remedy? If the popular demand for reform is made to center around the investigating committee idea, it will soon die out after the committee is appointed. It is possible to bring iron to a white heat, but not to keep it there always. If we want cleaner elections let us ask the Legislature to authorize the use of the voting machine. If we want the present Police Commission abolished, and responsibility and order brought into our municipal affairs, we should support the new charter and urge its adoption by the present Legislature before being voted upon by the people. After we have gained remedies for the evils we know of, let us go on the hunt for others.

I believe I am in full accord with the purpose of the demand for an investigating committee, but for the reasons given above I do not believe one necessary, as it has not been shown that we are in need of such a committee as New York was, owing to Tammany rule, or that we have not within ourselves the means of obtaining all the knowledge that is necessary to prompt reformatory action. I believe, too, that the action for or against such a committee is inexpedient coming at a time when all effort should be directed in more practical directions. If Dr. Parkhurst were in this city, or Mr. Goff, I feel confident he would agree with me. The purpose of reform movements is not exposure, but purification. The reformer kills his birds as he goes along; he does not spend his day trying to find out how many birds there are in the field before firing at the ones within range.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

He—"How is your Club for the reading of Forgotten Authors coming on?"

She—"Oh finely! We've given two teas and are planning a dance."—*World*.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUGGESTIONS ON GOVERNMENT."

Is seen by the intelligent men and women of the Coast.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

My sympathies are with the burglar, and I do hope the judge will be easy with him when sentence day comes. Of course I am writing of the burglar who in so handsome a manner allowed himself to be captured by Miss Willetta Robertson. I really do not see how that young lady had the hardihood to prosecute him. He can't be a hardened criminal and he certainly is not a brute. Why, I never in all my reading of romance, and certainly not in every-day life, found a man of more knightly mould. He had committed a crime, not a very bad one—simply runnaged through a trunk or two and carried off some jewelry. He walked out of the room and a young lady, not an Amazon by any means, caught him by the coat lapel and told him to come with her. The young man said he did not desire to, but, being too gallant to disoblige so fair a lady, he walked with her to the elevator. There she told the elevator boy to keep him until she could find a policeman. The young man indignant at the treatment to which he was subjected by a lady to whom he had been so courteous, threatened to box the boy's ears if he was not at once released, and was proceeding to put his threat into execution when the young lady took hold of his coat collar and requested him to keep himself in a manner more becoming a burglar and a gentleman. Whereat this modern knight ceased to trouble the elevator boy and bore himself quietly until a policeman arrived who took him in charge.

Now all this time it had been easy enough for Sir Launcelot Burglar to have tripped up the fair young lady or given her a smart blow between the eyes and calmly walked out of the hotel. But, knowing that he was walking into San Quentin, this gallant knight refused to take advantage of his superior strength. His courtesy to women will, I much fear, land him where he will be out of danger from our gentle sex. How Miss Robertson could have the heart to so cruelly play upon the chivalry of a gentleman, though a burglar, is more than I can understand. Does Miss Robertson appreciate that she is putting a man in jail for years because he did not knock her down? Some day, no doubt, she will marry, and then she will perfectly discover that men of so delicate a nature, so perfect mannered and so easily led as her burglar, are not so plentiful that she can afford to put any of them in jail. Altogether I am getting rather tired of these "female burglar catchers."

I haven't been in a good mood since Sunday, when I went to hear the Rev. Dr. Hawes on "Marriage. I don't know why it is that every clergyman under the sun thinks that he has been specially appointed by some one to give counsel to wives on how to get along with husbands. I would like a change from this. "Wives submit to your husbands" and "let the wives be subject unto their own husbands in everything." The sermon to wives is growing monotonous and I want to see more sensible women of experience turn preachers, so that some good advice may be given to husbands. Mr. Hawes seemed to agree with St. Paul—the burden of responsibility for domestic happiness is the wife's. Therefore she must yield and yield and yield. This sort of thing is very orthodox, and perhaps necessary once in a while, but it grows tedious, and, moreover, it isn't exactly suited to modern conditions. It was all very well for St. Paul to tell the Ephesian women who showed signs of rebellion that they should submit, for these good ladies of two thousand years ago didn't have the advantages of newspapers and universities. If Mr. Saul of Tarsus had gone on a long trip and failed to account to Mrs. Saul for his absence, she, poor thing, thought nothing of it. But Mrs. Saul of to-day has learned from her beloved pastor's sermons, if from nowhere else, that Mr. Saul's long trips may not be the innocent things they seem, and she is bound to do a little questioning.

If Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the artist of *Life*, is in a mood to marry a handsome and wealthy young Californian now is his time to appear upon the scene. I saw her in a book store on Tuesday—there were several of her in fact. She asked to see Gibson's new book of illustrations. The dapper clerk at once produced it. She (turning over the pages): "Oh, how clever he is!" The clerk: "We are selling a great number." She: "How beautiful his models must be! What a lovely throat!" The clerk: "The fifteen dollar edition is taking better than the five." She (looking with earnestness at a picture of a group of men): "That one is like him they say. How blasé he does look." The clerk: "The price is really nothing for such a collection of gems." She: "Oh Susanna, Susanna, what a little beauty you were, and they

say he was in love with her, don't they?" She looks for five minutes at the picture of the little Parisian model, the clerk standing by motionless and speechless with the air of one performing a disagreeable duty. At last the silence is broken by the clerk asking if he shall send her a copy. She (awakened from her dream): "Oh, yes, yes. Give me this copy and charge it to papa." "Are there many young ladies who dream over Gibson's book?" I asked the dapper clerk. "We have them every day," was the answer. "The Mikado's son, who is looking for a rich wife, wouldn't be in it with Gibson just now."

Do you talk things to eat and how to cook them? No? Then you are a very improper person and society will have none of you. Weather and gowns and music and books are not correct themes of conversation, not just at present. It is more desirable that you should know what brands of ham are the best and how they are cured than it is that you should know Homer by heart. Not to have some specialty in the cooking line—an oyster dish, a rare-bit, a dressing, a sauce—is to prove oneself a miserable barbarian. It isn't bad form any longer to talk kitchen or table. If you have a cook who knows what a mayonnaise is, proclaim it aloud. If you have a recipe for a superior sauce, flash it in the eyes of your neighbors as you would a diamond coronet. You should know where all the choice morsels are. The unforgivable sin is to allow your cook or your butler to dress the salad. And she who knows not how to brew a punch is lost utterly. Jack says that woman has just discovered that she has a palate, hence all this commotion about cookery. Slowly she is becoming civilized. Poor Jack, he is such a plagiarist. Long, long ago a clever Frenchman said that women were often gourmards but never gourmets.

BETTY.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said A. C. Freese, Administrator of said estate at his office, No. 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Edward D. Griffin, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, January 10, 1895.
J. D. SCHLAVAN, Attorney for Administrator.



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WARD McALLISTER.

Ollie Teall an Aspirant to the Vacant Throne.—Why the Astors Fell Out.

NEW YORK, February 1st, 1895.

There is genuine mourning, not only in the ranks of the 400, but throughout the city, over the death of Ward McAllister. He had become one of our institutions. I asked a newsboy who was crying out: "All about the death of Ward McAllister!" who this McAllister was. "He's the fellow what runs the swells," was the reply. And now what will the "swells" do, thought I. Where will they find another leader of such excellent family, so fine a bearing, so clean a personal life, and of such genuine American spirit? This last was one of his strong points, singular as it may seem to those who knew him only as a society leader. He at all times decried marriages between American girls and foreign noblemen, and to him must be given the credit for keeping many Americans from making their homes in Europe. I heard a story at the Union League not long ago of a meeting between Depew and Ward McAllister, just before the former's departure for Europe last year. "Aren't you afraid I'll marry some foreign lady while out from under your watchful eye?" asked Depew hanteringly. "Now, Depew, you know I'm not afraid of you; not at all. You may have your eye on the Queen, but she won't have you, don't you see, don't you know?" The story is not any more illustrative of Depew's reaction to admiration than of McAllister's reputation as a believer in the policy of Americans for Americans.

Although McAllister was for so many years the director of things social here and in Newport, his wife was a little known as Mr. Lease. She brought him the small fortune on which they lived, and she had little or no interest in the social world. Their daughter, however, who is known among the intimates as "Subscription Lou," was her father's first lieutenant. Her name was earned by the eagerness with which she carried on the work of soliciting donations for the picnics given at the McAllister farm, the only place in America, as McAllister often boasted, where a first-class mutton chop was raised.

McAllister was an autocrat, but he did not indulge himself in petty fits of spitefulness. There were men and women in his 400 with whom he was on any but friendly terms. His position, however, he felt to be too responsible to make it a means for working his revenge. No king ever took himself or his responsibilities more seriously, and now that he is gone, not only society, but the people in general feel that New York has met with a not inconsiderable loss. Who will take his place? Surely not Ollie Teall, that pertinacious little popinjay who ought to be in the show business. Ollie, or Oliver Sumner, as his cards read, will no doubt work the papers for a boom, but there is no danger of his leadership; his enemies within society outnumber his friends, and this is not to be wondered at.

The gossip about the action of the Astor family toward Wm. Waldorf on his return to hunt his wife has not yet subsided, and solutions of the mystery are flying about the clubs. The most rational of them, and that which came to me from the authority which I regard as most reliable, links the trouble with the Drayton scandal. Mrs. Wm. Waldorf, so the story runs, refused to side with Mrs. Drayton and declare her belief that that young woman's innocence. Mr. Drayton and Mrs. Wm. Waldorf were friends, their sympathies were alike, and their taste was offended by much of the display and pretense of the family. When Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Drayton's mother, decided some months ago on forming a family cabal against Mr. Drayton and his wife, she obtained the support of Mrs. Drayton, the only opposition came from Wm. Waldorf and his wife. Mrs. William Astor blamed Mrs. Wm. Waldorf for this policy and issued orders that henceforth she should be unrecognized in any way by the family.

Perhaps it may not be news to Californians that Gertrude Atherton has written a new book, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," which is soon to be published. She has done the work chiefly while in England, but her scene is California, to begin with our New York later. Word comes across the water that several of her characters are more or less disguised portraits of well-known society people of San Francisco. She gives a realistic description of life at Monterey during the summer, where Miss Patience Sparhawk begins her career of gaiety and adventure, and carries her heroine along through fifteen years until she is accused of murder and stands trial in New York State. The book is the most ambitious and the longest of Mrs. Atherton's novels, and is loaded with indelicate questions in a more than usually indelicate way. FINSLEY.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

Harvard and Princeton are to have a debate on March 22nd, and the question that will be debated is "Resolved, That, if it were possible, a reasonable property qualification for the exercise of the municipal franchise in the United States would be desirable." The question was sent to Harvard by Princeton, and recent correspondence from Harvard says that it has been accepted and the negative chosen. Three men from each college will debate.

Prof. H. Morse Stephens, the historian, who was recently called from Oxford to Cornell, is giving a series of lectures at Smith and Columbia.

The University of Michigan (Ann Arbor) has decided to make a permanent feature of its summer school.

On June 27, 1895, examinations for admission to the Yale junior class will be held for the first time outside of New Haven, in the following places: Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Denver, Milwaukee, New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Tacoma and Washington, D. C.

The faculty of the Yale Law School has been increased by the appointment of ex-Minister Edward J. Phelps as Kent professor of law and lecturer on equity and international law. Professor James B. Thayer, of the Harvard Law School, will fill the place of W. L. Storrs, lecturer on municipal law. After the close of the academic year 1895-96, the regular course of study for candidates for the degree of LL. B. will be extended to three years. Bachelors of Arts of approved colleges will be permitted to complete the three-year course in two years.

Yale and Harvard play their first baseball game in Cambridge on June 20, the second in New Haven on June 25, and in case of a tie, the third in New York on June 29.

The latest surprise in college management is a step taken by certain members of the Harvard faculty, relative to bringing the faculty and students into close relationship. The scheme was largely that of Professor de Smichrath, though Dean Briggs was greatly interested. Professor de Smichrath called a meeting at his house of about twenty members of the various athletic and college activity. The college journals and athletic teams were all represented. Professor de Smichrath then announced the plan. It is to establish a system of conferences of the student body with members of the faculty. At these conferences such questions will be openly discussed as the assignment of scholars, the various athletic problems, and the affairs of college discipline. There will be a sub-committee of five students, who will present questions for discussion and open the debate.

Cornell is to have a debate with the University of Pennsylvania on the question: "Resolved, That the best means of restricting the evils of the liquor traffic is the elimination of the element of private profits."

Miss Ida Welt (Vassar, '91) has distinguished herself by her work at the universities of Geneva and Paris. She is said to be the only woman chemist in Paris. Her article, "Researches on Dissymmetrical Hydrocarbons," has been recently published by the Académie of Sciences.

The Germans are having a terrible time over football. We have before us reports of a recent *Footballspiel* from Mulhausen in Elsass, near Basal and from Zurich, says the *Westminster Gazette*. We read that there was a "match" on Sunday between the "Footballklub Basel" and the "Footballklub Basel." The report of the vivid description of the game, throws his German to the wind, and writes of "das Goal," "die Forwards," "die Halves," "die Backs," "das Kick" and "das Seiten-Kick," "der Referee," "Time" and "Half-time."

Yale faculty has just made a translation of an article in a German newspaper, the *Muenchener Allgemeine Nachrichten*, which says that a football game at Springfield. It is believed to have been written for the purpose of making unpopular the German Emperor's plans for introducing American sports into German universities. In describing the game the German paper says: "It turned into an awful butchery of twenty-two participants. Seven were so severely injured they had to be carried from the field in a senseless condition. The vertical column of one was put out of joint, a second one's nose was broken, a third lost an eye and a fourth broke his leg. The rest suffered severe internal injuries. The intention to injure each other in all their attacks was clearly evident; therefore, there can be no question of accident. The indignation felt towards the brutality of the students was powerful, but terror so dominated the spectators that nobody dared to interfere."

TRYING A DESPERATE REMEDY.

SCENE: Mrs. Bertram's boudoir.

Mrs. Bertram—Good morning, dear.

Miss Ayton (kissing her)—I am so glad you are alone. I want you to advise me. I am in a terrible fix.

Mrs. Bertram (cheerfully)—Yes, dear, what is it?

Miss Ayton—I—

Mrs. Bertram—Come, Ethel, out with it; it can't be very dreadful.

Miss Ayton—Captain D'Arcy—(pause).

Mrs. Bertram—Proposed to you last night. I saw him—

Miss Ayton (blushing furiously)—Oh! how could you! how horrid of you.

Mrs. Bertram (unabashed)—Leading you toward the conservatory with a sort of death or glory look on his face.

Miss Ayton (relieved)—Oh, was that all?

Mrs. Bertram—I don't know; was it?

Miss Ayton—He did propose.

Mrs. Bertram—Well, there is nothing very terrible in that; he is quite eligible; your father won't object; in fact, I congratulate you.

Miss Ayton—Don't; it isn't that.

Mrs. Bertram—Oh, then, I know; you said "No," and now you want to say "Yes."

Miss Ayton—That would be quite easy. It is much worse than that.

Mrs. Bertram—Then what on earth is it?

Miss Ayton—Mr. Monteague—(pauses).

Mrs. Bertram—Took you down to supper. Well?

Miss Ayton—He proposed, too.

Mrs. Bertram—They both proposed, and you accepted the wrong one?

Miss Ayton—No. I accepted them both; at least, I didn't say "No" to either of them.

Mrs. Bertram—Then you must say "No" to one or both of them now; it is very simple.

Miss Ayton—It isn't at all simple; it is very difficult.

Mrs. Bertram—Well, dear, by all means let us be practical. Let me see; Mr. Monteague must have quite £1,000 a year, and expectations; while that of D'Arcy can't have four or five hundred besides his pay, till his—

Miss Ayton—Don't be so horrid. As if that mattered. What I want to know is, which of their temperaments is best suited to mine? Now, Captain D'Arcy is very devoted to me, and all that, and I rather like him; but I am not sure that he is quite serious enough about things in general. He strikes me as being a little too easy-going; he never seems in earnest.

Mrs. Bertram—Yet he looked very much in earnest.

Miss Ayton—Mr. Monteague has more depth of character, I think. And he has such high ideas about women—life and, ah, this (sighs).

Mrs. Bertram—Yes. Then accept him by all means.

Miss Ayton—Oh, but I'm not sure that he isn't too serious. Besides, I'm afraid he is rather a Radical in some ways, and you know we have always been so Conservative.

Mrs. Bertram—If you are going to take politics into consideration, I should advise you to marry Captain D'Arcy. I should think that he would adopt your views, whatever they are.

Miss Ayton—But I like a man to have some opinions.

Mrs. Bertram (yawning)—Then, as I said before, marry Mr. Monteague.

Miss Ayton (after a pause)—I really can't make up my mind. I wish you would advise me.

Mrs. Bertram—But, Ethel, if you don't like my suggestions, what can I do?

Miss Ayton—I don't know, but you must help me.

Mrs. Bertram—If you are really as absolutely indifferent to me as you say, I think you had better toss up; heads, Captain D'Arcy; tails, Mr. Monteague.

Miss Ayton—Oh, no—that would be wrong; it would be gambling.

Mrs. Bertram—Not a bit, my dear; desperate difficulties require desperate remedies. But, as you object to tossing, let us rather toss the names up. Very well, I will write the names and you shall draw.

(Miss Ayton writes on two slips of paper, and Mrs. Bertram draws one of them.)

Mrs. Bertram—Captain D'Arcy. I congratulate him.

Miss Ayton—Captain D'Arcy, very well. Thank you so much, but I don't know what I should have done without you. Good-by, dear. (Miss Ayton drops the other slip into the waste-paper basket and goes out.)

Mrs. Bertram (to herself)—I hope they will be happy. It seems rather a risk, but what could I do? I wonder if she really didn't care which? I almost wish it had been the other one. (Reluctantly picks the other slip out of the basket and reads it.) Captain D'Arcy! Both Captain D'Arcy! Minx!—Black and White.

TOLO OF THE GREAT AND OTHERS.

Mrs. Leiter, wife of an ex-partner of Marshall Field of Chicago, is making Washington laugh with her malaprop remarks. She was visiting a house the other day where there was a child whose father died before its birth. That fact being mentioned, she exclaimed: "Oh, do let me see the poor little thing. I have never seen a post-mortem child."

Charles Dudley Warner, a neighbor and friend to Mark Twain, wanted him to go walking, and Mark, as usual, refused. Warner insisted, but to no purpose. "You ought to do it," he said finally. "It's according to Scripture." "No 'Mark-the-perfect-man' chestnuts on me," replied the wily humorist. "Where's your authority?" "The fifth chapter of Matthew, verse the thirty-first," said Mr. Warner, which reads thus: "And whoever shall compel these to go a mile, go with him, Twain." Mr. Clemens went.

In the days of his allience some one came to Douce pere for fifty sous to help bury a friend. "What was he," inquired Dumas, "A bailiff, sir," answered the borrower, Dumas's eyes lit with memories. He ran to his desk and returned with a note, which he thrust into the man's hand. "You say it costs fifty sous? Here are a hundred. Bury two of 'em."

A well-known English bishop was one day examining a batch of deacons for priests' orders. After the theoretical part of the examination, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you have passed a most excellent examination in theory; I should now like to see you do something practical. I shall go into the next room and persontate a sick man. You will come in one by one, address me as a sick parishioner, and say something comforting." When his lordship had retired, the candidates were in some confusion, and nobody cared to begin; but at last a mad Irishman volunteered to be the first. He entered the study, and, approaching the bishop, who was lying with a woe-begone air on a sofa, thus addressed him: "Oh, Anthony, Anthony! The drink again! Show it will be the death of ye! Turn from your evil ways before it's too late, and be a man!" This is said to be the last time that the bishop held a practical examination.—London Truth.

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W. W. Stow is dead, and a man puissant in old California has retired from the scene of activity—a man of secondary importance, for, though endowed with a quick brain and powerful talents, he was but an instrument after all. First he was used by Stanford, later by Huntington. Stow was a creature, a growth of an environment that is, happily, disappearing. A lawyer of acknowledged capacity, a man of great wealth, he yet lived amid circumstances that saved him from a sense of shame in being a servant. He was recognized by everybody as being the executive arm, politically speaking, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. There was no work to which he would not stoop to achieve the ends for which he had received orders. Only defeat could have humiliated him. Another Stow is impossible; he died at the right time, for California is ceasing to be a plantation. The Southern Pacific will never again be able to command such services as his. He made Stanford Senator. He manipulated the management of the Republican party of California in the Southern Pacific's interests; he controlled the press; he bent leaders to his purposes; and, I dare say, considered that he was doing the State a service in keeping it subject to the corporation. He worked much evil to California. And he was a strange man. It always jars upon one's sensibilities to speak critically of the dead by the side of an open grave, but it would be wrong to let W. W. Stow pass out of view without a candid judgment of him and his labors. Alone among the journalists of San Francisco, of recent years, I have endeavored to hold him to account. It had become the fashion to do him the favor of silence. Not long ago, when Mr. Stow was in possession of life and all his great power to injure those who crossed his purposes or challenged his right to work against the public in the interest of the corporation whose servitor he was, I said: "If the press were in the hands of broadly honest men with a sense of responsibility to the public—a compelling sense of duty to utter the truth for the public good, and to give the people leadership in the perennial struggle of the many to protect themselves from the predatory few—there would be no Herrins; no Herrins, that is, who would enjoy either the respect of the bar, a good social position, or any other desirable thing save the high wages of a disgraceful calling. There would

be no W. W. Stows either, out of jail. Mr. Stow is also a lawyer of ability, and a millionaire. Being above the need of what he earns by his work for the Southern Pacific, it is a mystery of human nature why he does it. For years this rich, intelligent man, who gives his leisure free of charge to the public as a Park Commissioner, gratifying his taste for the beautiful by laboring to adorn the city's pleasure-ground—even inducing the tight-fisted Mr. Huntington to make a gift of \$25,000 for a waterfall—this man, with the wealth and brains and cultivation requisite to make him a gentleman, for years has been the chief political agent of the Southern Pacific. It was he who arranged the original purchase for Stanford of the Senatorship that had been promised to Sargent, and four years ago it was he again who manured the State with money to re-elect Stanford to the Senate, incidentally electing the pitiful Markham Governor, and filling all the other State offices, including the Railroad Commission, with Republicans of the sort who hold their first allegiance neither to their party nor the people but to the Southern Pacific—that is to say, to C. P. Huntington and Fred Crocker. Mr. Stow is as clever a man as Huntington himself, and Crocker might be his office-boy. Why, then, does he lend himself to his foul employment? It can only be a perverted love of power that is gratified by the discharge of his shameful duties. How far that power reaches, how it ramifies, politicians and journalists know. Though he is the leader and manager of the Southern Pacific's forces in this political campaign; though he has selected the legislative nominees of both parties and will decide who shall be the next Senator; though no move of importance can be made without his direction by the ostensible chiefs of either the Republican or Democratic party; though the bosses whose names dot the newspapers daily and whose doings take pages to tell are but district messengers when Stow exerts his authority—what does the public know of his present activities? Scarcely a newspaper mentions him, and then never with disrespect. The bold and independent press leaves him in the privacy he desires and proves its courage on his underlings—the ruck of minor bosses, among whom Burns and Buckley and Rainey are tall."

The daily press of the city puts Mr. Stow's wealth at two million dollars. The *Examiner* is the only important local journal which, at this writing, has felt moved by the event of his death to draw from it a lesson for editorial treatment. That lesson is so notable, so characteristic of the old California, of which Mr. Stow was typical, that it deserves to be studied by an audience that, I trust, is more

thoughtful than one which a daily paper addresses. Here it is:

The news of the death of Park Commissioner Stow will bring a shock of regret to thousands of San Franciscans, and to none more than to the mothers and children of the city. The services that Mr. Stow has rendered in beautifying and improving the Park have made his memory a pleasant one to the people who had long heard of him in other capacities. The Park was a hobby of Mr. Stow's later years, and he brought to it the energy and organizational ability that had secured him a fortune and reputation. Not only was he an enthusiast in the work of beautifying the people's pleasure ground, he brought to it a good and a comprehensive view of what was needed to make it fulfill its object in the highest degree that few have possessed. The improvements in the Park that are due to him—the lake, the enlarged playgrounds, and other attractions that claim the admiration of visitors—are a more fitting monument to his memory than any that can be raised in bronze or marble.

When Mr. Hearst realizes that the old California of Southern Pacific supremacy has passed away, and the new California of railroad competition and self-owning manhood has come, I doubt if he will permit tributes to official worth so extraordinary to appear in the editorial columns of his newspaper. I think his conscience will be sufficiently quickened to appreciate the justice of what the *Letter* said of Mr. Stow as far back as November last: "As for Stow, he yet has a long time to serve as Park Commissioner, which is to be regretted on behalf of the good name of California. It is disgraceful that a man of Mr. Stow's known connection with the Southern Pacific as selector of legislatures and senators in its interests, should be given any public position of honor or trust. Governor Budd will have the pleasure of appointing a reputable citizen in Mr. Stow's stead in due season."

That Mr. Stow loved the relaxation of beautifying the Park was not conspicuously incongruous. Robespierre was fond of doves, Marat liked violets, Nero played the violin and wept at sentimental scenes in the theatre, Heliogabalus relaxed at the spinning-wheel, George the Third interested himself in the pigns of his peasantry, and had Captain Kidd on shore leave gone in for gardening it would have been similarly touching. But does history have nothing more to say of these ancient characters? When the *Examiner* tells us that Park Commissioner Stow "administered his public trust at Golden Gate Park as no other trust in California has ever been administered," it emphasizes the tone of the old California quite as sharply as the death of that chief lackey of the monopoly marks the entry of California on the new and broader and manlier era which the discerning perceive is at hand. Lackeys breed lackeys, and men beget men. W. W. Stow is gone. The end of his life closes a page—a page recording great material achievements. Another is opening. Let us hope it will give us the history of full statured men to whom wealth will mean liberty

to be themselves, and a press that will be ashamed to prostrate itself before unworthy power.

The prevailing tone in this country toward the Republic of Hawaii is disgraceful, because it is swaggering and cowardly. The government of the United States has officially recognized the government of Hawaii, and the latter is, therefore, entitled to all the immunities and privileges of any other sovereign power with which we have relations. We have no more right to interfere with Hawaii's internal affairs than with those of Germany, England, or Russia. But Hawaii is small and weak, and therefore it is safe to insult and bully her. Certain men at the islands conspired against the life of the government, and to that end imported arms and made other preparations for rebellion. It happens that some of these conspirators are Americans. The rebels have been tried for their crimes and several have been sentenced to death, which is the penalty for treason the world over. It is the punishment provided by our own laws. But as the Republic of Hawaii is a very little republic, its government is to be denied the right to protect its life in the customary manner. One of our local newspapers is of the opinion that "five days in jail on poi and water" would be a fitting penalty for treason in Hawaii. This is an unconscious statement of the popular notion that treason in a small country is not so grave a crime as treason in a big one; which is equivalent to saying that the murder of a man only four feet tall and weighing a hundred pounds is quite a different thing from the murder of a six-footer who tips the scale at two hundred and fifty. Mr. Gresham has been quick to act, and it is evident that if President Dole and his associates endeavor to stamp out treason as Emperor William or Czar Nicholas would, there will arise in the United States a demand for vengeance to which President Cleveland and Congress will respond willingly. When in the '80's Mr. Gladstone—not then converted to Home Rule—was giving Ireland a dose of coercion, and filling Kilmainham jail with suspects, among them Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, and a number of American citizens who had gone back to their native soil to take a hand in its politics, it will be recalled by Irishmen (a good many of whom afterward became admirers and partisans of Mr. Blaine) that Secretary of State Blaine and Minister Lowell could not see their way clear to cast the protecting bunting of the stars and stripes over American citizens who had intruded themselves into the politics of a foreign country and got themselves into trouble in consequence.

The news from Honolulu at this writing is that six of the leading rebels have been sentenced to be hanged. One of the six is Major William Todd Seward, formerly an American soldier and still an American citizen. He has been convicted of assisting to import arms to the islands for the use of the ex-Queen's partisans. In and about the residence of that unfortunate lady many rifles and revolvers were found, and enough dynamite to blow the Dole government to the clouds. Shift this scene to St. Petersburg. Would Major Seward's services to the Union in the war of the rebellion save him from the Czar's vengeance? Would the government at Washington feel warranted in demanding that the Russian government overlook the Major's connection with the Nihilists because of his American citizenship?

We have refused to annex the Hawaiian Islands. We exercise no protectorate over them. We have officially determined to let the little new republic work out its own sal-

vation. That may or may not be good policy, but, such as it is, it is the policy adopted by the Cleveland administration. The Dole government owes nothing to us. If Mr. Cleveland could have had his way he would have destroyed it by re-seating Liliohalani upon the throne. Now to interpose to prevent the government, which has maintained itself, from dealing with plotters against its life—armed plotters—as all civilized governments deal, would be a shameful exercise of mere brute strength. Doubtless we can do as we please, but self-respect ought to restrain us from behaving toward the government of little Hawaii as we would not venture to behave toward a government powerful enough to resent uninvited meddling. If Major William Todd Seward, or any other American citizen, has been engaged in the business of hatching a rebellion and supplying arms to rebels down in Hawaii, he will deserve all that may happen to him quite as righteously as if the government against which he was scheming were powerful enough not only to hang him, but safely to tell the United States of America to mind its own business. The Republic of Hawaii is entitled to fair play.

Our admirable clemency to Jeff Davis, General Lee and the other leaders of the rebellion is not a precedent to be quoted for President Dole's guidance. They would have been tried for treason, and hanged beyond a doubt, had there not been a reasonable certainty that there was no law for making so useful an example of them. The United States Supreme Court was, by our noble clemency, saved from the annoyance of declaring that the rebels had color of constitutional authority for their pernicious theory that the Union was a league.

We have a neighbor to the West who is possibly reserved by fate to give us a lesson or two in the utility, as well as the beauty, of modesty. I refer to Japan. About twenty thousand of her people are in the Hawaiian Islands, and are debarred from the suffrage because of the educational and property qualifications required by the republic's constitution. Should Japan demand that they be given a voice in the government, and we should inject ourselves into the controversy—as we doubtless would, for we choose to assume a guardianship over Hawaii, minus the acknowledged responsibilities of guardianship—our obtruded nose may get a tweaking. It is our habit to look down with contempt upon Asiatics, and if Japanese laborers begin to come hither in considerable numbers, it is certain that we will set out to give them the same treatment as the Chinese have been subjected to. Japan—modern, victorious Japan—won't stand that. Fortunately for us, and for Western civilization, China is too sound asleep in the slumber of centuries to know when she is insulted; but Japan is awake, very wide awake, and puffed up—as she has a right to be—with military glory. She has thirty-five millions of people, a rich country, large resources, and no special respect for the United States. Japan has by her prowess, and by her internal advance, proved her right to be counted among the civilized powers. She is a new factor in the game of international politics, and the chances are that we will be the first Western country to hurt her pride and inflame her anger by treating her like a Chinaman. Ignorance and conceit get nations as well as individuals into trouble.

To the average American the notion that Japan would be a serious antagonist in war seems as absurd as that Hawaii might be. The average American is a cross between a country bumpkin and a fat merchant. He

knows that we have a population of seventy millions, and his imagination gives him the warlike courage of this terrific reinforcement. His confidence in our ability to whip the earth has a sound basis, of course, but it is not on that he relies. It is on the individual superiority of the American as a fighter that he counts, not on the exhausted resources of the continent. We are, in his view, a race of Corbets and Sullivans. Yet it is General Grant who tells us in his book that had the rebellion lasted another year the North would have been so tired of hostilities that it would have insisted on ending the war and letting the South go. And the South was also very tired. I remember how in 1861 men elbowed and pushed for the privilege of enlisting—and rejected bounties, and fought against the draft two years later. We have not had a foreign war since 1812, unless we count the invasion and spoliation of Mexico. We need another to shake us out of the illusions of peace and give us our true measure. If we were in possession of that, the world would respect us more, and we should be less inclined to make a humiliating spectacle of ourselves by browbeating pigmies like Chili and Hawaii, and boasting ourselves invincible in the face of Europe, like a pot-valiant militiaman. We are mighty, incontestably. But what of it? Having plenty of land we have attracted the poor of all nations, and we have bred and grown numerous. Are we, therefore, all warriors and noble? If we are not civil to Japan we may have our valor put to the proof.

Japan is the miracle of history. In thirty years she has done for herself what it has taken Europe as many centuries to accomplish—and we, in the view of the sociologist, are a part of Europe. In thirty years Japan has emerged from a comfortable, secluded, semi-barbarous condition into the full strength of modern civilization. Her onslaught on China has let all the world see that she has mastered the art of war. It will not do to say that she is fighting barbarians. The Chinese ships are officered by white men, educated in our own and European academies. And Japan has done as well on water as on land. Japan has learned to build her own ships, to manufacture her own arms, and her navy and armies are led by native brains. In the arts of peace she has made equal progress. Her universities are crowded with students, and her men of science are on a footing with the best. Schools are everywhere. She has a constitutional government. More than eighteen hundred miles of railroad traverse her territory. She has a first-rate banking system, and her revenues exceed her expenditures. The balance of trade is in her favor. She has public hospitals, insane asylums, and homes for foundlings. Manufactures are on the increase. The professions, as they are known among us, flourish. "In a word," says General Lucius H. Foote, in a recent article in the *Overland*, "Japan is on the high road to an enviable station among the nations." In another article in the same magazine the progress of this newest member of the family of modern nations is strikingly put, thus:

Japan now has an army, a navy, a customs, a postoffice, and a civil service of the best type. The telegraph reaches as many places in proportion to territory as it does in the United States. The railway goes everywhere, and every coast is patrolled by steamers and steam launches. The telephone is used in the cities and towns, as is also the electric light. Even little mountain towns in the interior own installations, where the power comes from turbines driven by formerly unruly torrents. Gas and sewer pipes underlie the well paved streets of the cities, while the country roads are monuments to Macadam and Telford. A bicyclist will find better roads than in the great commonwealth

of New York. In their judicial system they have codes, civil and criminal, of procedure and evidence, police, police stations, police courts, magistrates, tribunals of original and appellate jurisdiction, court stenographers, court clerks, and court records. The system is equitable, expeditious, and economical. Justice in Japan is quick, cheap, and always accessible.

That is more than can be said of justice in California, or in any other American State. The Japanese have not gone in for the mere externals of civilization. They have seized upon the substance and made it their own. No people, save the ancient Greeks, have exhibited so extreme an adaptability, so extraordinary a flexibility, so amazing and admirable a willingness to learn from others. And the ability to perceive and acknowledge one's own inferiority is the beginning of wisdom. The attitude of the American, the Western, mind toward everything Oriental is one of patronage, of amused contempt. We have abiding with us that conviction of superiority which induces the Englishman to carry his umbrella, his walking stick, and his Bass' ale throughout the habitable globe and makes him so loved wherever he goes—the spirit which will in fated season bring the British empire to smash and awaken the British subject to the awful fact that he is only human after all. The West looks upon the East as the Pharisee looked upon Nazareth, out of which no good thing could come. Nevertheless, it is not impossible that it is the Orient that will take up Western civilization and bring it to its best. Why not? The Orient has had a long rest, and the Orient has a wisdom that in age far surpasses ours. Much that we know we have learned from her. We are her children, and it may be reserved for the East to complete the civilization which she began, but in the later centuries forgot. "It should not be forgotten," Winwood Reade reminds us, "that Asia was civilized when Europe was a forest and a swamp. Asia taught Europe its A, B, C; Asia taught Europe to cipher and draw; Asia taught Europe the language of the skies, how to calculate eclipses, how to follow the courses of the stars; how to measure time by means of an instrument, which recorded with its shadow the station of the sun; how to solve mathematical problems; how to philosophize with abstract ideas. Let us not forget the school in which we learned to spell, and those venerable halls in which we acquired the rudiments of science and art." It was Asia, too, that dispelled the night of our Dark Ages. Christian Europe threw itself upon Palestine to recover the Sepulchre, and learned from the Saracens again the arts, the thoughts of civilization. Christianity, as Draper tells us, did not produce an astronomer in a thousand years, and Moorish Spain was to Europe what Paris is to Petaluma for generations, while what is now the enlightened world was sunk in dirt, image-worship, and pious miracle-cure.

So, because Japan is Oriental and the Japanese look like Chinamen, there is really no reason why they should not seize the aniseed bag of civilization and lead even the United States of America in the race of progress. It is true that Christianity makes no perceptible headway in Japan, but civilizations have grown, flowered, and expired without knowledge of our faith. Note Greece, for example, which has never yet been approached in esthetic development, and Plato left the world little to do in philosophy save to amplify. Japan's men of place and power are so immodest as to think that their country will be a model for us all soon. "For," their reasoning runs, "we were shaken out of the persuasion, born of our seclusion, that we knew it all. Convinced of our error—shocked into a realiza-

tion that we had stood still while the Western peoples had developed and progressed—we resolved to learn. So determined, we took no one teacher, but studied all the advanced nations of the world, and as we selected for our use the best that each had to teach us, rejecting the defects, we have a right to think that we have improved upon any. We followed while we were pupile; now that we have learned what was to be taught, we are masters of our teachers in knowledge. The civilization of Western nations is a thing of growth, of evolution, with them; a thing of conscious adoption with us. We shall teach in turn."

California, being on the western edge of the American continent, the nearest portion of the Union to Japan, is entitled to the first and most authoritative word as to her and her probable policy, if geography goes for anything. Therefore, I say, that it becomes this country to recognize the rise of a new and a great power. We have done well to enter into a new treaty with her which gives notification that we are aware that she has emerged from what is conventionally known as Orientalism—that she is no longer to be classed with China, the huge, inert, the dull and stupid. But having done the sensible thing officially, it is the part of good sense to follow this up by evincing knowledge that Japan has a right to speak as to Hawaii, if we have any right. Were there twenty thousand American citizens there—even though the twenty thousand were illiterate and propertyless—we should be disposed to consider our right of interference commanding. The real status is that a few of our people have organized a government in the Islands, and the only power which is seriously troubling that government is our own. There would be humor—as well as danger—in the situation were Japan, "in the interests of civilization," to order us to keep our hands off.

What should we do then? Get angry, without question, and flare up at Japan as if Japan were a colony of Chinese. And then? Japan would have powerful friends, though those friends would be solicitous to remain hidden.

England, Russia, Germany, France—each has its interest in stepping between Japan and the natural consequences of the latter's subjugation of China. But these nations—jealous robbers—would have no objection, but a common desire, to see the great republic humiliated, and Japan—little Japan, just emerged from Oriental slumber—would be an ideal instrument. There would be money and arms and that modern thieves' backing, "moral support," for the Mikado, were he to assert a right in Hawaii superior to our own. So, I trust, for the sake of our national pride, that if President Dole wants to hang for treason Major William Todd Seward, late of the United States Volunteer Service, and still latter of the Grand Army of the Republic, President Cleveland will let him do it in peace and dignity, especially as the Major, from all accounts, richly deserves to have his neck stretched. If we interfere to save him we can't, in decency, do less than annex the Islands afterwards, and if we do that we shall not be permitted to treat the Japanese of the Islands like Chinese coolies, and raise a row with Japan, for Japan is not to be trifled with.

If we are to have a Lexow Committee it is likely that it will come in the Providence of God. For the preachers are denouncing it, and their demands range over so wide a field that ordinary laymen are ceasing to take much interest in it. The demand began on the basis of the need of the

municipal government for an overhauling. Those best acquainted with it believe it to be about as good as other municipal governments, but, nevertheless, thought it would do it no harm to investigate it. The preachers, however, have widened the scope of the desired inquiry, until it takes in every phase of sin characteristic of a large town. There is now nothing that would be offensive to the young people at a Sunday school entertainment that does not strike the brethren as needing obliteration by the strong hand of the law. One of the preachers, in daring imitation of the adventures of Dr. Parkhurst, ventured forth after dark the other night into the quarter reserved for the colored waiters of the Palace Hotel, and beheld the gayeties in the rear of that establishment. Horrified by the unaccustomed sights he cries aloud, not only for the Lexow Committee, but for electric lights, which he is sure would drive away the spectacle.

The truth is, the preacher is not of great utility out of the pulpit. His voice when raised for municipal reform is not the voice of instructed common sense, and when he faces the unaccustomed phenomena of the sins and amusements of a metropolis, he has a faith in the power of the secular arm that is denied the worldly. The clergyman is accustomed to inveighing, without contradiction, against society's vilenesses to a congregation of three or four hundred well dressed, decorous people. And when circumstances call him to take part in a movement participated in by thousands of people out of his set he loses his head, though he retains his tone, and also his point of view. These thousands are quite as moral, if not as religious, as the pastor, and they know more. They respect him for his office, but, having an eye to results, wish he would keep in the background. Being a pastor he is unable to do that. So results are endangered. And when common sense is endangered, any movement is in a bad way.

The newspapers encourage the preachers because the preachers represent congregations, congregations stand for numbers, and numbers stand for subscribers.

But what are we to look for from a movement one of whose clerical chiefs gazed upon a district of the city surrendered to brothels, and who at once conceived that the blot on civilization could be eradicated by the municipality dotting it with electric lights? That, he justly conceived, would scatter the drabs. Where they should go to after they had been scattered was a detail which did not occur to his searching mind.

The demand for the Lexow Committee ought not to be contracted to an appeal for an investigation into the supposed rottenness of San Francisco's municipal government. If that is all it should amount to, the results would not repay the labor—for San Francisco's government is not, and has not for a good many years been, worse than the average. The city is wicked enough assuredly, but its wickedness is mostly of a kind that requires the corrective force of public opinion rather than of the courts. Crime is to be dealt with by indictment, but sin is hardly vincible to the suasion of the policeman's club. Judging by the counts against the town's morality that accumulate from the pulpit, it is the efficiency of the pulpit rather than of the municipal government that should be arraigned.

This Letter is for a Lexow Committee, because I believe continuous crime has been committed by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and the Spring Valley Water Company with successive boards of Supervisors. I believe—although I do not know—that the Sheriff's office has been used to

procure pliant juries. I believe—the excitement and scurrying produced by the straightforward activity of the Wallace Grand Jury is in proof—that the Grand Jury has habitually been made a convenience by the associated villainies. And I believe that a Lexow Committee composed of honest and brave men, relieved of regard for the statute of limitations, and undeterred from duty by the wheedling and bullying power of wealth, could do an enormous amount of good in making all this past wickedness known. But I don't believe the pulpit can do a great deal toward getting us such a committee, or, should we get one, do much toward bracing it to attack indictable or unindictable criminality in high places. What sinner of large property and elevated social position has been disturbed in his pew in any San Francisco church within the memory of the present generation of San Franciscans?

Mayor Sutro is beginning to receive some of the rewards of his pugnacity. He and Mr. Huntington are old acquaintances. They have respect for each other's qualities. The Mayor is under no illusions as to the head of the Southern Pacific's mental mould. He knows that Huntington has as good a brain as any business man in the United States. And Mr. Huntington, on his part, is aware that Adolph Sutro never quits a fight on which he enters. Sutro gave his days and nights and ten thousand dollars of good money to fighting the Keilly Funding bill at Washington. The result is history. In reprisal Huntington has set out to block the building of Sutro's competing line from San Francisco to the ocean. The result of this local phase of the irrepressible conflict will be watched with an interest far from disinterested by the people of this city. On Mr. Huntington's side are all the dailies and weeklies of the abalone kind that cling to the Southern Pacific rock and draw sustenance from the ebb and flow of subsidy. The Mayor already is being abused by the long-necked clams of journalism. Mr. Huntington has caused them to be distressed because Mr. Sutro has not taken hold of the San Joaquin Valley competing road, and enriched it with enough millions to put every mortgage-loaded granger of the interior on velvet. It is well that other rich men have determined to share the work. The Mayor, for many months, has carried on a long and hard fight alone against the monopoly, and, I am sure, he is too well-balanced and too level-headed to be disturbed by the best attempts of Mr. Huntington's time-dishonored newspaper conveniences. He has the people with him, and he may be sure that he will keep them with him in his efforts to bring the Southern Pacific under the reign of law in San Francisco. The mob-like outbreaks of the monopoly on Church street and California street a week ago were invitations to mob reprisal, which would have been accepted by the populace under a Mayor less cool-headed than Sutro. The monopoly has been reduced to mob law. The end of that is not far off. It is inviting the policeman's club.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

After a long talk which I had with my friends Dr. Stebbins and Dr. Hemphill the other afternoon, I was brought to a realization, begged, that the life I've been leading was rather frivolous. When I left them, and went to the club, I was filled with the idea that it is the duty of every man in these times, no matter what his station, to do what he can for the cause of Reform. Brother Yatman, who has a notion that God is something like a rat-terrier, and will shake sinners over the pit, and Brother Filben, who has been looking into the immorals of the colored waiters of the Palace

Hotel, have been urging me to go to Sacramento, and use my influence with Governor Budd to clean out the alleys of vice in the vicinity of the *Examiner* office, but I have taken my stand on other ground. "No, gentlemen," I have said to Stebbins and Yatman and the rest; "every man to his metier. Your place may be down among the depraved females, song-and-dance artists, the burnt-cork keepers and that sort of thing. You, Dr. Stebbins, may have the eloquence to persuade a policeman not to take tips; you, Dr. Hemphill, may induce a lady who is no lady to retire to a nunnery; you, Brother Filben, may be gifted to fill a hoodlum with an ambition to be a gentleman; and you, Brother Yatman, are no doubt able to coax the police and that sort of thing into a mission. But as for me, gad, I must work where I live—in the clubs. As for the Governor, I've already taught him that he doesn't know how to order a dinner, and you will see that hereafter he won't visit Stockton often, which is a great gain."

Brother Yatman found a parcel of tracts upon me, and Filben began me to give up smoking, and Stebbins and Hemphill joined in beseeching me to eschew strong language hereafter; but I waved them a graceful farewell, suggesting as I went that if they would attend to their end of reform as assiduously as I did to mine, it would be a two-to-one bet that I'd distance them when it came to results.

And, begad, events have borne out my judgment. See the influence I had on Greer Harrison's breakfast last Sunday morning. He would have it on Sunday, but that's a small matter, and he looked surprised when I made objection. "What's eating you, Persiflage?" were his words, which I let pass not being, as yet, up in the arguments of the Sabatarians. But I went around among his guests, the stand-bys who always furnish entertainment at affairs of this sort, and there my work told. Personally I was absent, for I was determined not to desert the day. But did Charlie Dickinson say "My, Red, Red Nose"? Did Dan O'Connell recite the "Yagabonds"? Did George Bromley excrete "The Turkey Dance"? Did Joe Redding sing the drinking song from "La Perichole"? Did Ned Hamilton render that anecdote which has never yet seen print, and never will? Did Solly Walter tell his story, but I don't know from Victor Hugo's description of the battle of Waterloo? Did Johnnie Lathrop discredit his clerical training, as usual, by that shameful anecdote of the deacon and the plate? No, begad, everything was Shakespearean, from beginning to end, and expurgated, at that. And to me belongs the credit. We may not have a Lexow Committee, but the individual laborer in the vineyard can accomplish much. Before I am done, club conversation will be fit to bear reputation in mixed company. The other night, at the Pacific Union, I began, in a moment of forgetfulness, to tell that little story of Colonel Andrews and myself at Vera Cruz in '48, when—But that sort of thing is at an end now, thank God. I relieved the embarrassment by distributing a few tracts.

It was with no ordinary emotion that I stopped on Kearny street, Tuesday afternoon, and wrung the hands of my friends, De Young, Shortridge, and Hearst, who had approached arm-and-arm.

"This is a sad day for all of us, gentlemen," I said.

"Yes, indeed," they answered, in low tones. And Mr. de Young added, feelingly: "In the midst of life we are in death."

"He was an admirable Park Commissioner," observed Mr. Hearst.

"He had peculiar views on the Senatorship," remarked Mr. de Young.

"But ever," announced Mr. Shortridge, "he knew how to get on with both feet."

We spoke, I need not say, of the sudden, the appalling demise of W. W. Stow.

"Gentlemen," I added, "a great influence for good has been removed from among us."

"I know it," sighed Mr. Hearst, "and I caused as much to be said in the *Examiner*."

"I am glad to hear that," I went on, with emotion, "is for the press to take up the good work where he left it. I hope to see every one of your journals come out for a law forbidding the sale of cigarettes to small boys."

"They pressed my hand, and promised that it should be done."

Fred Webster took me aside at the Pacific Union last night, and drawing me into a corner, said in a low, confidential tone:

"Persiflage, you have the entrée into the best society."

"Was it necessary," I asked, coldly, "to draw me away from congenial company to tell me this?"

"No, but I had to get up to the table with Harry Veve, Greer Harrison, and Lloyd Tevis were sitting over a bottle of Cresta Bedamca, chatting of the coming production of "Runnymede"—of whose merits I have my own opinion."

"But," urged Webster, "I want your advice. I am thinking of getting married."

"Good ged!"

"Good ged be hanged!" cried Webster.

"Well, well," I said, impatiently, "who's the lady?"

"That's what I want to see you about, Persiflage," said Webster, persuasively. "Give me a suggestion."

"Well, Freddie," I said, taking the cigar he forced upon me, "you have begun well. There's no denying you're a pretty odd bird, and your accomplishments lead rather to distinction in the club than in society or the domestic circle. You can't expect, of course, to capture a *jeune fille*, and if you want a tight-lipped widow, your skill at cards won't come amiss, and the sharpness you have acquired in the wool business won't do you any harm. But, between ourselves, Webster, widows are the dence, and if I were looking for a wife, I'd cast about for something less experienced. You're good-looking, though ripe; you're a first-class hand with the shotgun, and you know how to dress. These are immense advantages—immense. Since you want my advice, it's at your service. Get a cinch for your waist, lay in a new set of teeth, cultivate a light, gay laugh, like Brugiere, put a diamond in your shirt bosom, and strike Swiss attitudes after you've fired at the trap at the Country Club, and go in for an odd, rich maiden. I don't mind her waist, but regardless of her avoirdupois, and remember that you are my friend. I'll be your best man, and all I'll ask will be to supply your cellar. God bless you, Freddie, and here's my hand."

He took it, and dropped a tear on it, and was about to come to go with me and join the "Runnymede" group.

I was sent for to headquarters yesterday, and at once closeted with H. E. Huntington and Herrin. The conference did not last a great while. Not so long ago this would not have been the case. But, damme, sacrifices have to be made for Reform.

I will not take the place left vacant by W. W. Stow.

It is painful to have the amicable relations of half a century disturbed. But when Colonel Andrews emerged from his diaphanous cocoon yesterday, and accosted me with his old-time freedom, I felt obliged to draw myself up to my full height—which I am still able to do, notwithstanding the confounded bend in my shoulders—and said:

"Colonel Andrews, all is over between us. You can send for your wigs whenever you are so disposed, and you can think what you please. Yes, begad, you can take Cresta Bedamca hereafter or leave it, as you like. Be good enough not to count me among your acquaintances hereafter."

He knew as well as I did what I meant, though he pretended to a foolish air of unconsciousness.

When a man who assumes to be a gentleman assaults the status of a President, or a Congressman, and acrosted me with his old-time freedom, I felt obliged to draw myself up to my full height—which I am still able to do, notwithstanding the confounded bend in my shoulders—and said:

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MISS ANNA GOULD'S COUNT.

The Parisian Dandy Who has Caught a Fortune and Introduced Green Clothes.

New York, February 8, 1895.

For the third time within two years announcement is made of Miss Anna Gould's engagement—first, to an actor, a fine looking and manly young fellow; second, to a broker, a man of wealth, years, and social standing; and now, to a French count, whose character and worth may be judged by his nickname, "Powder Puff." To the actor the family objected, to the broker the young lady herself objected, but with the Count, the most insignificant of all her suitors, every one seems to be satisfied. Count Castellane is a Parisian dandy, who has astonished New York and set the style by wearing bottle-green clothes. Were it not for his title he would seem only so much of society as a position as dancing master or riding master gives; and for both of these positions he would suit most admirably, being noted both for his horsemanship and his dancing. Were he not to marry an heiress he might gain distinction as the leader of a set of Willies, but I doubt very much if he could rival Count Cavendish, the wealthy young Englishman, who prides himself on possessing over a hundred thousands. There is nothing in the gay world that this young man has not seen. He tells his adventures in a delightful accent and with the air of a masterful man. Society has made much of him, and in Delmonico's and Sherry's he has been the centre of social life. He has been so successful in his life that he has not been able to capture Anna Gould was not thought of until he was twenty years of age. When some one remarked that Mrs. George Gould seemed much taken with "Powder Puff." To this ambitious young woman, who but a few years since left Daly's stage, is generally credited the match between her sister-in-law and the Count. The young Count had the same ambitions of Mrs. George Gould, and he had the same background and the young daughter-in-law greatly pleased the old man by pretending a disregard for society and a phenomenal devotion to his grandchildren. But the bird is flying high now and wants to go even higher. Every one knew that George Gould's yachting trip in England was not his own but his wife's scheme, by which to force unwilling New York to recognize the ex-actress. And every one now credits the same ambitious woman with the Castellane match, that the Goulds may be introduced into Parisian society, of which so far they know nothing whatever, by the Count's cousin, the Princess Sagan. Miss Anna Gould and her Count are always in the news, and are the talk of the average stater. Notwithstanding her vast fortune, which cannot be less than \$25,000,000, she has been regarded as the most catchable girl in society. Her desire to be married has become a joke, and she is not credited with any troublesome ideas such as annoy her elder sister. She is a bright-eyed, dark haired girl, with a fine nose, and reading and much love of excitement. The Count is very much of a blonde, his sobriquet, "Powder Puff," having been given him by the Boulevardiers because of his light hair and moustache and rosy cheeks. Neither one will be wasted on the other, but if Jay Gould had been alive this match would never have been made.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson's Californian friends need not be surprised if they hear one of these days that she has had a serious row with the management of the Metropolitan, for every day or so now she shows a littleness and jealousy that has already put her at odds with most of the company. When she was in the Metropolitan she was "No. 1" and Jean De Reske instead of herself, she pouted and fumed in the wings and refused to go before the audience to acknowledge its plaudits. She had been so accustomed to receiving all the applause in Paris that she could not endure De Reske's success. Mme. Sealechi and she speak when they go on, but Sealechi takes good care not to say very often. The social success of Emma Eames is even more galling to the young Californian than De Reske's superior popularity or Sealechi's indifference. One day, possibly, Miss Sanderson will appreciate how all essential to her success and happiness was her good friend Massanet, who not only gave her rogues but wrote copies of her voice and selected companies that would not belittle her.

On Monday night, New York saw Verdi's latest opera, "Falstaff," which was presented in Milan less than a year ago. The libretto is hardly recognizable as even based on Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," several of the most amusing scenes, for instance that in which Falstaff escapes disguised as the fat woman of Brentford, are omitted, but the opera is not damaged by the many changes. Victor Maurel, who studied with Verdi for the part, sang Falstaff, and, what is more, played it. Miss Eames added much to her reputation for versatility by her light, graceful, and mis-

chievous Mistress Ford. The judgment of the critics is that this opera is not to be ranked with Verdi's greatest works. The Wagnerites, however, find much in it that pleases them, showing, as they claim, a decided trend toward the German school. There is much less of melody, fewer sweet and catchy airs than usual in Verdi; music and action are less incongruous than in old-fashioned Italian opera. And certainly, judged by the reception given "Falstaff," the opera is destined to as great popularity in America as it has had in Europe. I hear that it is to be Louis J. Kaufman's last season with Frederick Warde, a dissolution that the playing public will much regret. In the autumn, Mr. James will star in a new Sardou play. At last this capable actor, who is regarded here as the best of the Shakespearean actors left the American stage—which is surely not mountainous praise—will try to stand alone, a thing he has been afraid to try heretofore.

Fred Gebhardt, "Biff" Ellison, Herman Oelrichs, and Howell Osbourne—four of the gay ones—gone. Oelrichs and Gebhardt, married. Ellison in Sing Sing, and Osbourne dead. The "Lily" is playing in Brooklyn, and will soon appear at Palmer's in a new comedy, "The Girl Who Came to Stay." But there, Ellison had to be deserted by his old-time friends because of one disgraceful affair after another, until now he toils in the stone-house on the Hudson for knocking an old man down who had denied him his house. Oelrichs has gone to San Francisco to stay an indefinite time, and Osbourne died in Fay Temple's arms after spending half a million upon her. It was not the grip that killed poor Osbourne, nor the Keeley cure which he took a year or more ago. He was gone in when he returned from Paris—nothing was left but the good looking shell. And now Miss Fay, or Mrs. Osbourne, which she is in law, having frequently been recognized by Osbourne as his wife, will find it possible, no doubt, to force a compromise with the Osbourne estate by which she will gain a small fortune. Perhaps, she will be foolish enough to try the stage once more, but no one will recognize the stout Mrs. Osbourne as the light and airy Fay of old. It was in San Francisco, so a friend of Osbourne's has told me, that the "Evangeline" actress made the young spendthrift her victim.

FINDLEY.

"THE WORLD IN ARMOR."

[William Watson, the English poet whom Gladstone came near appointing Post Laureate, has just published a new volume of verse, from which the following sonnet is taken.]

A moment's fantasy, the vision came
Of Europe dipped in fiery death, and so
Mounting re-born, with vestal limbs aglow,
Splendid and fragrant from her bath of flame,
It fled; and a phantom without name,
Sightless, dismembered, terrible, said, "Lo,
After the death of Europe, we shall know
After the morn of blood and night of shame!"

The spectre passed, and I beheld alone
The Europe of the present, as she stands,
Powerless from terror of her own vast power,
'Neath novel stars, beside a brink unknown;
And under her the sad Kings, with sleepless
hands,
Piling the fagots, hour by doomful hour.

THE GREAT MAN WAS OUT.

Two hoodlums in a boat—two North Beach hoodlums. They had stolen the boat at Mission Flats for the day, and rowed around to their own habitat in the cove to the eastward of Black Point. They did this because hoodlums, like other savages, have the feline instinct for familiar locality; and, besides, they wanted to be near a shore with the ins and outs of which they were acquainted in case the owner of the boat should row into view inflamed for vengeance.

"This is fine," said Jimmy the Rat, dropping his baited line overboard, and throwing himself back into the bow with his rusty felt hat pulled over his eyes to keep the sunshine out of them.

"Bet yeh," concurred Billy the Goat, following his example in the stern.

Each had won his title by his special talent—the Rat by diving off the wharves and hiding amid the piles and reaching the upper world through the sewers when pursued; the Goat by his agility in skipping up the acclivities of Russian and Telegraph hills and down their steepes, under like stress.

The Rat was seventeen and had elits for eyes, a dot of a nose, a loose mouth, a wealth of freckles, and sandy hair. The Goat was dark as an Indian with a jaw like a Gila monster's, and was the other's senior by a year. Neither wore a collar, neither minded dirt, and both scorned the weakness of

regard for personal appearance. They were united in their philosophy, which was based on a heart-felt contempt for work. Their philosophy had not been thought out, but acquired by observation from the infanter. Nobody they had ever known, who did hard work seemed to have a good time. The men who wore good clothes and drove around in buggies had soft hands and smoked cigars; the stoveholders and draymen and mechanics of the water front had hard hands and smoked pipes, and grew round-shouldered and heavy-footed at thirty. The Rat's father was a coal shoveler, the wharves, and his father's only relaxations were to empty the beer can and quarrel with the Rat's mother. When he could catch the Rat he beat him. The Rat couldn't see that hard work led to desirable results in his parent's case. The boy preferred a hoghead for a lodging place any time to the foul two rooms that the father's horsehold toilet maintained as a home for his female and young.

The Goat had no father, but his mother survived, and she took in washing, mostly the flannel shirts of unmarried longshoremen. Work appeared to be a habit with his mother, and a bad one in the Goat's view, since she could have got better returns from begging than ever.

The Rat and the Goat never visited their homes, now that they were nearly grown, except when they were out of luck and could get a meal nowhere else.

This lying in a boat fishing, on a warm day, almost dozing, was certainly better than shoveling coal or tugging, or being out of ships, or breaking the back of a washbait.

Yet the Rat and the Goat were not quite happy. They were nearer happiness, to be sure, than most human beings ever get except at brief, glorious moments. Two things only were wanted to complete the felicity of these Pluties of the water front—a package of cigarettes and a can of beer.

"Let's get 'em," said the Goat, when drowsy conversation as to these crowning luxuries had whetted the desire for them, and with the savage a desire is a command.

But how were the means of entire happiness to be secured? Both were penniless, the customary stuff of hoodlums.

Labor achieves results slowly; theft quickly.

"Junk," said the Goat.

"Junk goes," said the Rat; and they rowed ashore.

The conductor and motorman of an electric car at the terminus were taking their ease on the dummy, and so deeply interested in their conversation that they seemed to be asleep. But that seeming was deceptive, for when the Rat and the Goat laid hands on the dangling car-hook to make a beginning of junk for the cigarette and beer fund, the conductor and motorman gave chase, and caught the thieves.

A policeman took the pair by the collars and jelled them through the streets to the station, the admired of other Rats and Goats to be; and quick time—for the law is speedy and merciless in this land where no monarch, save the law only, rules—and the two were convicted and ordered to appear next day for sentence. It would be a term of six months to a certainty.

Jimmy the Rat's mother, a day off from her tub and the Rat's father from his shoveling, to do what they could for the culprits. These toilers, though poor and coarse and dense, and given to scolding and swearing at their offspring, yet love them in an ardent, self-sacrificing, animal way.

The judge was inexorable. So was the prosecuting attorney. Both said the rights of property were sacred, and that this pilfering must be stopped.

"But," reasoned the Rat's father, "that 'ere car-hook wasn't worth more'n two-bits anyway."

"The value has nothing to do with it," answered the judge. "It's the principle of the thing." And he waved the shoveler and the washerwoman away.

The conductor and the motorman, prosecuting witnesses, were more placable, more human.

"We ain't got no grudge against the shannigans," they said. "It's orders. If you can square it at headquarters, it'll be all right. The boys ain't no worse than the rest. A kick 'd about been the fair thing, if it 'd been left to me."

So they went to headquarters, and clerks were impudent to them, as was proper. The coal shoveler and the washerwoman were not surprised or resentful. People in such fine offices had a right to be proud. Those above the clerks were impatient, but to trifle more civil, which did surprise the shoveler and washerwoman.

At last they penetrated, awed and quiet, to the ante-room of the great man, whose name was written on a card, made grimy by being carried in the coal shoveler's hand. But the mission was a failure, for the great man, the page in the ante-room said, was not in. Mr. H. E. Huntington he answered was away.

Out, and busy stealing a street.

So the Rat and the Goat got their sentences and are serving their six months. Which serves them right.

AT L'HOTEL DE BLANK.

Men do not now take their wives, sisters and daughters to the Restaurant de l'Hotel de Blank, although they did so ten or fifteen years ago. Yet it is always crowded at dinner time, and there are husbands, bachelors, and fathers there, dining with well dressed women. The usual rattle of lively talk and noisy bustle of waiters one evening recently were suddenly and strangely quieted, when a man of about thirty-five years entered with an elderly woman.

They looked around with hesitating indecision, until the head waiter, with a little more than his usual ceremony, escorted them to a central table. The woman, more than the man, seemed to be conscious of the sudden quiet their entrance had caused, and she, too, excited the greater curiosity among the crowd of diners. She was a lady. It was that fact which created the wonderment. She was richly dressed in an old-fashioned style that had a quaint look there, emphasized by a long gray curl which hung down from beneath her bonnet nearly to her shoulder, in the mode of a generation ago. The man was a gentleman, distinction and breeding perfectly apparent in him, despite his weather-beaten face and bands, and the evidence, in his dress, of some Western tailor's machine.

It was some minutes before the diners resumed their conversation, and even then the odd couple continued to be the object of furtive inspection from all sides. The talk went on in a lower tone and in some way there had been a change in the whole atmosphere of the place.

The next couple which entered the room created something of a sensation, too, but of a different and more familiar kind. They were recognized by many of the diners as they walked straight to a table, which had evidently been reserved for them in the rear of the room, where the woman took her place with her back to the other diners.

Her costume in ever particular was in the fashion, but noticeable as being extreme in those effects which hint the fashion of to-morrow. As she passed the table where the odd couple sat, she turned her head aside to return some greeting, and did not notice them, but the lady with the gray curl saw her and started so visibly that her companion asked:

"What is it, mother?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Why, that was Mr. Bronson who just came in."

"What, Frank?" asked the mother eagerly.

His half rose, with the evident intention of following to the rear table. His mother laid her hand on his arm to detain him, and as she did so the man at the rear table rose, with a look of amazement, and quickly walked over to them. He greeted the mother with a deference in which there was a slight constraint, and then grasped the man's hand affectionately.

"Why, my dear old Jack!" he exclaimed, "I thought you were still out in the West digging gold or killing Indians, or whatever you have been doing these dozen years. I can hardly believe my eyes seeing you here."

"Just got in an hour ago," responded Jack. "Mother met me in Philadelphia, where she was visiting, and, as our house is closed, I insisted on coming here for dinner—the old place, you know. But changed somehow, isn't it?"

Frank gave a curious glance at the mother before he answered:

"I don't think many of the old set come here often now. I fancy you have not been here for some time, Mrs. Harrison. I still dine here occasionally."

"If any of your people are with you, we can get a larger table and dine together," said Jack.

"No, no! No one you know, old man. I'll see you at the club to-morrow," replied Frank, hastily; and, bowing again to Mrs. Harrison, returned to his own table.

Jack looked at his mother in surprise.

"That's not much like Frank," he said. "What is the matter? The place has changed."

He looked about at the people more critically than he had before.

"Perhaps we should have gone somewhere else, as you suggested, mother. But I have been dreaming for a month of the dinner I'd order here. I used to amuse myself out there with Thompson, my mining partner, telling him about this restaurant. By the way, mother, you have said very little in your letter about a year about his daughter, Nina."

Her father in his very devoted love for what you did for her when I—that is, we—sent her to you four years ago to be put in school. Was she not a lovely girl, mother? I had hard work, after we struck it rich, to prevail on her father to let

her come here for some polishing. I think he gave in at last because he suspected then what I must tell you now, mother—that I love Nina, and wanted her fitted to be your daughter, mother! What is the matter?"

"Nothing, my boy. It is close here, and I am excited by your return, and—and—I think we had better go home, John."

Nearly every one turned and looked curiously at the odd couple as they left the restaurant—he tenderly anxious; she pale and trembling, leaning on his arm.

"What's the sensation, Frank?" asked Bronson's companion, who had noticed the little commotion, but had not turned round, for her glass was being filled with champagne and she was waiting impatiently for that.

"Why, it's a curious story," explained Bronson. "When I left you a moment ago it was to speak to an old friend of mine who has just returned from the wilds, and the innocent chap had brought his mother here to dine. His mother; think of it! She lives down in this part of town—belongs to an old swell set—but I dare say did not know, any more than he, just what sort of gang patronizes this place now."

The woman was looking at him wickedly.

"Well, just what sort of gang does patronize this place now?" she asked, slowly, in a voice that did not warm her eyes.

"For instance, we are pretty regular customers ourselves," for instance," he replied, with a laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the girl. "What is your innocent friend's name?"

"Jack Harrison. Why, what the devil is the matter with you, Nina?"—*New York Sun.*

EDUCATION UP TO DATE.

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Trigonometry and Spanish;
Fill their heads with old-time notions,
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Know the habits of the cattle;
Know the date of every crowning;
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Make them show a preference
For each musty branch of science;
Tell the acreage of Sweden,
And the serpent's wiles at Eden;
And the other things we teach 'em
Make a mountain so immense
That we have not a moment left
To teach them Common Sense.

—*Truth.*

THE NEW MAN.

"Er—Mildred," he said, a trifle nervously, as his better-half laid down the morning's paper, and, lighting a cigarette, prepared for her departure to the city, "Mildred, dear, do you think you could spare me a little more of your time?"

"What, again, George?" she said. "Why, I only gave you your housekeeping allowance on—let me see—Thursday, wasn't it? Really, some of you seem to think we women are made of money."

"You forget, my dear," he remarked; "there are the girl's wages, and the water rate, and the children both want new boots."

"Didn't I give you the money for that?" she asked.

"No, dear; that was for the flannel for little Milly's warm petticoats I'm making."

"Well, will a pound be any good?"

"Not much, I am afraid," he said. "Besides, dear, I—don't be angry, will you?—I saw such a cheap pair of trousers at the winter clearance sale yesterday that I couldn't resist buying them, and you know I've hardly a rag to my back."

"Always your cry, George," she said, angrily; "really, your extravagance in dress is something sinful! It's a pity you haven't got to go and earn twice as much as you do now."

"You'd know it's value then. Here"—thrusting a finger into his hand—"take this, and for goodness' sake do try and pay some of your household bills with it, and not trifle the money away on a lot of trash."

"There's a dear, good, darling wife," he cried, joyfully.

"Let me hear my Mildred on with her coat," he added, following her into the hall.

"What time will you be home?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," she answered. "I've got to a lot to attend to at the office to-day, and I shall drop into the club for an hour or so after; so you needn't wait dinner."

"Oh, that'll be nice," he responded. "I've got my woman coming to wash to-day, and the girl and I are going to put up clean curtains and things. Give me a kiss, dearest! There—there's your bus going now." And as the breadwinner dashed out after the passing vehicle, George threw her a parting kiss and went up stairs to bathe the children.

—*Ally Sloper's, London.*

THE HEART IN THE SIERRA.

[*Eliz. Deutsch, President of the Good Government Club, and a young lawyer of promise, died last week. He was only twenty-four. Not long before his death he contributed to the LETTER the sketch which follows.*]

It was our last day out. All morning we had tramped along the open Big Oak Flat road, under a merciless sun. The road was parched and glaring; the dust lay thick and loose; and our only relief was to throw ourselves in the shade of an occasional tree, or to beg a drink along the wayside. We were now about five miles from Sonora, when we came upon a tasteful, comfortable cottage, shaded by broad oaks. On the opposite side of the road lay a large garden, full of brightly colored flowers. The spot seemed an oasis, and we longed to stop and refresh ourselves. As I entered the garden, the fragrant exhalations seemed to give birth to a new sense within me. For weeks we had been sight-seeing in the high Sierra. We had grown accustomed to the fragrance of the woods, but this exquisite perfume was intoxicating.

At the end of the path I came upon a venerable old man, evidently a foreigner. "I belong to a party returning from the Yosemite," I said. "My two companions, with our two burros, are at the gate, and we should like to rest and lunch here, if we may turn our animals loose in your field or corral."

"I shall have to see my son," he replied, his voice sweetly with age. He led the way back through the garden, and entered the gate leading to the house opposite. I followed, and we met his son, a fine, sturdy man, whose voice seemed to soften in addressing his father. He readily granted our request, and we were soon seated in an arbor in the garden beside a cool spring, refreshing ourselves. But not the least of the refreshment was the content that came over us as we thought of our journey's end, only five miles off. After tramping five hundred miles, caring for weeks for all one's own wear and sleeping on the hard, bare ground, and the thought of civilization is particularly sweet; and as we feasted, we revelled in the joy of our approaching freedom. Whether it was the charm of the place or the desire to prolong the delights of anticipation, I do not know, but probably both combined to lengthen our stay far beyond its original limit.

I was sitting on the steps of the cottage, watching my companions pack the animals—for that was their work—when the old gentleman came out on the veranda, and folded his arms on the railing. "You have a charming place, sir," I said. "Yes," he replied, with an affectionate shading of his voice; "my son works very hard to keep it nice."

"Why, do you and your son live here alone?" I exclaimed. "My companions and I agreed that this beautiful place must be a woman's work. Surely, the garden?"

"No," he rejoined; "we live here all alone. My son takes care of the house and farm, while I care for the garden. It is a good boy, and he works very hard—too hard, like his mother before him. But I suppose he can't help it any more than she could. I always told her she worked too hard. She didn't need to, because we had enough money to take it easier. But she would work on, and two years ago she died." The old man's eyes were brimming.

"We had lived together nearly sixty years—so happily. Next month I will be eighty years old, and we were married when she was only nineteen and I was twenty-two, back in old France. She was the best wife—and we were so happy."

"The garden was her chief pleasure, and now that she is gone it is my only pleasure. When I work in the garden, I seem to be near her, as though the flowers that she loved had caught some of her beautiful spirit. And so I work in the garden, as I know she would love me to do; and twice a week I take flowers from it to my poor wife's grave. We were so happy together—so happy."

"I paused a moment in the tender reminiscence. But I have good children. My son is a good boy; and every week my daughter comes from Sonora with her little ones, and brings me a little sunshine. But we were so happy."

As we passed through the gate and down the road, the old man stood on the steps, his face beamed by his tender, touching affection. And as he stood there, bare-headed, beaming a farewell upon us, a common impulse moved us, and we lifted our hats before a bend in the road shut him from view.

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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

What a good thing for the world it is that the Scotchman wasn't left out of the scheme of creation! The Scotch soldier and statesman and engineer and artist we might get along without, but where would we be for books without the Scotch novelist? We were being deluged with sermons in the novel form, and medical treatises and sociological studies called fiction, and, what was worse, were actually coming to believe that the romance was a thing the world had outgrown, when along came Robert Louis Stevenson, who told us stories, and we forgot Mr. Meredith and Mr. Howells altogether as we wandered with Bill Gunn over Treasure Island and crept through Highland heather with David Balfour and Alan Breck. Then Barrie came with his *Auld Lichts*, and a new, quaint, simple life was revealed. Crockett followed with a series of short stories never excelled in English literature, and now Ian MacLaren, sitting beside the bonnie briar bush, tells of the good people of Drumschott. It was not Matthew Arnold's habit to listen with attention to any kind of sermons, least of all to these of an orthodox Scot, but an hour or two before his sudden death he listened with interest to a sermon by the Rev. John Watson, who now has turned author, and, over the name Ian MacLaren, gives us "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." Those who read these stories will have no sympathy with the jesting newspaperman who wrote, "Matthew Arnold listened to a sermon by a Scotchman, and then died." The preacher who can say, "I have had a little real pleasure in a sermon, for ye never can hoo it will end; but there's nae risk about a beerial," is not one to be afraid of or to cause sudden death. "A Doctor of the Old School," in this volume, is equal in its pathos and elevated sentiment to the best in books. —(Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, Publishers.

THE MEDICAL NOVEL.

The romancists, however, have not everything their own way these days, as the *Americo Medico-Surgical Bulletin* points out in a review of the pathological novel as a new species. Four of the novels which attracted most attention last year dealt with disease or its treatment. Truly is in part a study in typology. "Shine the Light in the Night" is admirable as a pulmonary record. "Among physicians," says the *Bulletin*, "The Heavenly Twins" is looked upon not as a literary venture to be judged by artistic standards, but as a readable presentation of symptoms which suggest definite pathological conditions. "The Yellow Aster" affords an insight into the psychic phenomena resulting from neglect of natural instincts and desires, which, surviving the appropriate period of life, subsequently assert themselves in the form of belated maternal love and *ex post facto* philoprogenitiveness.

As to Miss Harraden's book, while we find it useful in the profession for its glimpses into refined conversation and pulmonary persiflage, we regret, from a medical point of view, that after giving such a careful history of the heroine's case, the author permitted her to be killed by an omnibus. It is humiliating, after following attentively the course of the disease and the method of treatment, to be told that an omnibus was the cause of death, and to be dismissed without hearing the result of the autopsy. Moreover, we found her style so delightful that we would have gladly followed the hero to the last hemorrhage, but that too was denied us.

"Sarah Grand's cases are open to the same objection of incompleteness. She starts out enticingly with such a character, for instance, as Edith's husband, but leaves the later and more interesting phases of his pathological history untold. As a general rule, however, she comes up to the requirements of modern fiction. The cases of most of her characters can be diagnosed, and with a little clinical experience we have no doubt that her future novels will be above reproach."

The *Bulletin* advises that during the first stages of the medical movement in literature young writers confine themselves to single diseases and simple cases. A blow on the head supplied the author of "God's Fool" with all the plot that he needed. Ibsen's "Ghosts" is simply the dramatization of an inherited disease, and many a successful story is based upon a case of simple mania with delusions.

TWO "ARENA" BOOKS.

The Arena Publishing Company has just published two books which represent the two special lines of thought to which the *Arena* is chiefly devoted. "The Mystery of Evelyn Delorme" deals with the mystery of the mind and "Cecil the Seer" is a social and political study.

Albert Bigelow Paine in "The Mystery of Evelyn

Delorme," treats of double personality as imposed by hypnotism. The heroine of this brief story, both in her natural state and in her hypnotic state, loves a young artist and is jealous of her rival, who is, of course, none other than herself. The plot is well conceived and is worked out with a realism that is in parts thrilling. Evelyn Delorme, in a fit of jealous rage at her other self and in an effort to murder her, kills herself.

"Cecil the Seer" is "A Drama of the Soul," at least it is so entitled by Mr. Warren, the author. The story of the play is a long one, hinging on the political ambition and social life of a Southern college professor. The work is ambitious in language, form, and theme. Mr. Warren is the author of two other dramas, "Columbus the Discoverer" and "The Aztecs," which have been much praised by reviewers. But we wish Mr. Warren would give over the word "gents." —(The Popular Bookstore, 10 Post street.

TOLSTOI'S "LIBRARY OF THE PEOPLE."

An acquaintance of Tolstoi says that the Russian writer is one of the most profound scholars in Europe, having not only a complete knowledge of European literature, both ancient and modern, but an equally complete knowledge of Asiatic. "He is a voracious reader," it is added, "and after he was fifty years of age he learned Hebrew, in order to be able to study the Old Testament more fully. His favorite English author is Matthew Arnold. He is a man of the very widest culture and attainments, but he is anxious to share his knowledge with other people. He has been engaged for the past ten years on a work which he calls the 'Library of the People.' In this he is endeavoring to gather together the finest thoughts of the best thinkers of all ages and countries. To carry this out, he has been going through the literature of all countries—Chinese, Sanscrit, Hindu, Greek, Roman, and modern. His only hope is to live until this great work is finished. Tolstoi has his own ideas about the value of different authors, and many of those whom the world holds in high esteem will not find a place in the 'Library of the People.'"

PROFITS OF LITERATURE.

Just what a successful hit in literature means to an author in dollars and cents was demonstrated to me a few days since when I saw a check sent to Hall Caine for nearly \$5,000 as royalties on the American sales of "The Manxman" during the last four months, says a writer in the *Brooklyn Standard-Union*. In the same manner over \$10,000 has been sent to Stanley Weyman by his American publishers as royalties on his books during the last nine months. What has been thus far remitted to Mr. Du Maurier is not known, but it is close to accuracy to place his revenues in "Trilby" at \$25,000. It was not an unusual thing for Robert Louis Stevenson to receive \$15,000 a year from his literary work, and I remember very well, during the popularity of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," as a book and play, that Mrs. Burnett's yearly income exceeded \$25,000. Mary Wilkins has netted over \$3,000 from "Hemlock," while a close friend of S. R. Crockett tells me that his income last year from his writings was over \$20,000. Literary success is a very profitable thing, without a doubt. When once it is achieved, the truth of the old maxim, that nothing succeeds like success, is very quickly demonstrated to the author. But only few reach the coveted goal. A novel, for example, must sell 5,000 copies before it pays its publisher and begins to show a profit to its author. And when one considers that not one out of forty novels ever reach a 5,000 sale, the chances of success will be better understood.

STEVENSON'S POPULARITY.

Robert Louis Stevenson's stories at the time of his death had sold as follows:

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," eighty-one thousand.
"Treasure Island," thirty-nine thousand.
"Kidnapped," thirty-nine thousand.
"The Wrecker" (Stevenson and Osbourne), twenty-seven thousand.
"The Master of Ballantrae," twenty-four thousand.
"The Black Arrow," twenty-one thousand.
"Catriona," twenty thousand.
"The Ebb Tide" (Stevenson and Osbourne), forty thousand.

These figures, however, do not include the numbers sold of pirated editions in this country.

NEW BOOKS.

Captain Charles King has written a new novel which deals with the great Chicago strike. It is to be called "A Time Surrender," and it will first appear in the next number of "Lippincott's Magazine."

Mr. Stanley Weyman has finished half of his novel, "The Red Cockade." It is a story of the French Revolution.

Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., who wrote four volumes

in the series called "American Statesmen," is preparing a memoir of Dr. Holmes.

Mr. Crockett's new story, "The Men of the Moss-Hags," which is now running as a serial in an English paper, is soon to be issued in this country.

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JAMES BRYCE ON THE NATION.

That This Country Will Not Be Divided, Is the English Statesman's Opinion.

The third edition of Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" has just been completed by the publication of the second volume. In this new volume of the ablest analysis of American institutions yet written appear several new chapters, but none of these will be read on the Pacific coast with more interest than that on "The Home of the Nation," in which Mr. Bryce asks and answers the question: "Whether this immense territory will remain united or be split up into a number of independent communities; whether, even if it remain undivided, diverse types of life and character will spring up within it; whether and how far climatic and industrial conditions will affect those types, carrying them farther from the prototypes of Europe."

It has been the prophecy of most of the Europeans who have superficially examined the institutions of this country that the future, long as the lives of nations go, the United States will be divided into many smaller states. But this is not Mr. Bryce's opinion, and it must add something to the confidence and patriotism of every American to read such views as those that follow, coming from an English scholar who has made a study of this country, and who, as a member of Lord Rosebery's Cabinet, enjoys the distinction of being one of the foremost of the European statesmen of the day. That portion of his essay which deals with the ties that bind the Pacific Coast states to the Union shows how clearly the man sees and how well he reasons.

"That the inhabitants of this territory will remain one nation is the conclusion to which, as already observed, the geography of the continent points. Considerations of an industrial and commercial kind enforce this forecast. The United States, with nearly all the vegetable staples of the temperate zone, and many that may be called subtropical, has within its borders a greater variety of products, mine as well as vegetable, than any other country, and therefore a wider basis for international interchange of commodities. Free trade with other countries, desirable as it may be, is of less consequence where a vast home trade, stretching across a whole continent, has its freedom secured by the constitution. The advantages of such freedom to the United States, to the farmer of the Northwest, to the cotton and rice and sugar planters of the Gulf States, to the orange growers of Florida and the vine growers of California, to the cattlemen of the West and the horse breeders of Kentucky and Idaho, to the lumbermen of Maine and Washington, to the coal and iron men of Pennsylvania and the Alleghenies, to the factors of the New England, both employers and workmen, as well as to the consuming populations of the great cities, are so obvious as to constitute an immense security against separatist tendencies.

"Such advantages tend to hold the Pacific States to the Union, despite the obstacles which nature has imposed. In earlier stages of society these obstacles might well have proved insurmountable. Had communication been as difficult in the middle of the nineteenth century as it was in the sixteenth the inhabitants of the Pacific coast might have formed a distinct nationality and grown into independent states; while in the inner recesses of the wide mountain land other, and probably smaller, communities would have sprung up, less advanced in culture, and each developing a type of its own.

"But the age we live in favors aggregation. The assimilative power of language, institutions and ideas, as well as of economic and industrial forces, is enormous, especially when this influence proceeds from a vast body as that of the American people east of the Rocky Mountains, compared to which the dwellers on the western slope are still but few. The failure of the Mormon attempt to found a state is an instance to show how vain is the effort to escape from these influences; for even without an exertion of the military power of the United States they must soon, by the natural process of colonization, have been absorbed into its mass. There is, accordingly, no such reason to expect detachment now as there might have been had neither railroads nor telegraphs existed, and California been accessible only round Cape Horn or across the Isthmus."

In answer to the question, "What kind of a home has nature given to the nation?" Mr. Bryce replies:

"She has furnished it with resources for production—that is, with potential wealth—amplier and more varied than can be found in any other country—an immense area of fertile soil, sunshine and moisture, fit for all the growths of the temperate, and even a few of the torrid, zone, a store of minerals as large as to seem inexhaustible.

"She has given it a climate in which the foremost races of mankind can thrive and (save in a few districts) labor, an air in most regions not only salu-

brions, but more stimulating than that of their ancient European seats.

"She has made communication easy by huge natural watercourses, and by the general openness and smoothness of so much of the continent as lies east of the Rocky Mountains.

"In laying out a vast central and almost unbroken plain, she has destined the largest and richest region of the country to be the home of one nation, and one only. That the lands which lie east of this region between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic, and those which lie west of it between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, are also occupied by that one nation is due to the fact that before the colonization of the central region had gone far means of communication were invented which made the Alleghenies cease to be a barrier, and that before the Pacific coast had been thickly settled the rest of the country was already so great in population, wealth and power that its attraction was as irresistible as the moon finds the attraction of the earth to be.

"Severing its home by a wide ocean from the old world of Europe on the east, and by a still wider one from the half old, half new world of Asia and Australasia on the west, she has made the nation sovereign of its own fortunes. It need fear no attacks, nor even any pressure, from the military and naval powers of the eastern hemisphere, and it has little temptation to dissipate its strength in contests with them. It has no doubt a strong neighbor on the north, but a friendly one, licked by many ties of interest as well as kindred, and not likely ever to become threatening. It had on the south neighbors who might have been dangerous, but fortune favored it by making one of them hopelessly weak, and obliging the other, strong as she was, to quit possession at a critical moment. Thus is it left to itself as no great State has ever yet been in the world; thus its citizens enjoy an opportunity, never before granted to a nation, of making their country what they will to have it.

"These are unequalled advantages. They contain the elements of immense defensive strength, of immense material prosperity. They disclose an unrivalled field for the development of an industrial civilization. Nevertheless, students of history, knowing how unpredictable is the action of what we call moral causes—that is to say, of emotional and intellectual influences as contrasted with those rooted in physical and economic facts—will not venture to base upon the most careful survey of the physical condition of America any bolder prophecy than this—that not only will the State be powerful, and the wealth of its citizens prodigious, but that the nation will probably remain one in its government and will probably one in speech, in character, and in ideas."

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THE NEW WOMAN REALIZED.

But Miss Matson Doesn't Believe in the New Woman
We All Talk About.

Either the sights at Wonderland are very marvelous, or the kind of people who go there have vivid imaginations, and can dispense with such paltry accessories as scenery, costumes—atmosphere, in short. The hall is large and bare; there are no seats, and the light is such as the skies, clear or cloudy, may send. At one end of the hall, facing the windows, is a high platform, with a chair and a small table upon it. Here Miss Matson—who has been a man for twenty-six years—in a rather loosely fitting dress suit, a tall silk hat, immaculate linen, and spectacles, sits and reads—or pretends to read, for I don't believe she is as indifferent to the curious gaze and comments of the public as she'd like to be. She wears men's clothes easily, with no affectation of coquetry, and her broad, large, florid face is impassive; but her eyes are not steady, and her hands are restless.

"I shall shiver to my nest when she says notoriety is very distasteful to her."

I accepted this position at the museum because it is a very lucrative one. But I see no reason why people should be interested in me, for I am no more extraordinary—"she pronounces it as if it had but five syllables, and she hurries over the end of the word"—no more extraordinary than that chair."

Miss Matson's speech is brusque, short, and decided. She uses no slang, and no contractions. But her voice, though deep, is not a man's voice. Dress Miss Matson in any dark, sober gown, and she'd be the stout, stolid, middle-aged, comfortable Englishwoman we've all seen—and don't admire.

After love-loving—that, I think, is one clue to the puzzle of this queer woman's character. I once knew an Englishwoman who, I think, would form a link between us ordinary women and the Miss Matsons. She, too, had sacrificed vanity to her comfort. Her hair was short and iron-gray, like Miss Matson's. She wouldn't hear of a corset. Her skirt was short, and came just to her ankles, tops. And when these same sleek, thick and broad and ugly as a man's, needed polishing, she studiously mounted a bootblack's stand, and sat calmly, reading the paper, till the work was done. And she, too, walked off feeling that she had done nothing "extraordinary"; and doubtless she had the same sort of scorn for, and impatience of, people's stupid curiosity.

"My life has been a very uneventful one," Miss Matson surprised me by saying. "I do not know why an opinion of mine should be particularly interesting. But if you wish my ideas, as you would ask those of any person of intelligence, very well. I will be no more of a Miss Matson matter. I will not discuss my private affairs nor answer personal questions." She threw one leg over the other and looked very decided.

"Oh, very well," I said. "Tell me, please, do you approve of woman suffrage?"

"Of woman voting? No; not I. The street is no more for a woman, nor are politics her affair. She should stay at home and tend to her household duties."

This was tempting, and I yearned to say: "Why, then"—but I didn't.

"You know," I went on, "one of the arguments in favor of the ballot for women is that their presence and influence at the polls would purify politics."

She laughed at this, tossing her head as though she hadn't much faith in woman's ability to cleanse the political Augean stables.

"The thought of voting," she said, "is utterly foreign to my idea of woman's position. I am very conservative in that respect, and I dislike all this public and talk about women. I disapprove of advanced women. I altogether disapprove of them."

"Have you ever met any of them?" I asked.

"I have not been so unfortunate," she answered, stiffly. "I should certainly not care to know a woman of that kind."

"Well, we women are going to vote." The pertness of my tone was the natural result of her priggishness.

"I shouldn't be surprised at anything American women might do," she said, contemptuously.

"Are English women so much nicer?" I asked, sweetly.

"English women are more reserved, more dignified, more domestic. They do not court notoriety."

"Oh, they don't. Don't they? Then why have you"—It was what I thought only. What I said was:

"Then you'd have a woman possess all the conventional virtues, enough for herself and her husband, too, I suppose. She should stay at home?"

Miss Matson nodded her close-cropped, big gray head.

"She should mind the babies?"

She smiled assent. But Miss Matson's smile is not genial.

"She should go to church?"

"No. I don't believe in humbug." "Well, but all of us," I said, piteously, "can't get married. Some are doomed to be old maids, and not all are fortunate enough to have some one to support them."

"Why don't you make a move to turn out these big things from behind the counters in your shops? Let the women have their places, and set them to shoveling—doing men's work."

"Then you'd have us all shop girls?"

"Or school teachers, or seamstresses, or milliners." She waved a large, fat hand vaguely.

"A doctor, now," I said, hopefully. "Don't you think there ought to be women physicians to treat women?"

"I do not."

"Nor lawyers?"

Miss Matson looked almost shocked, and quite disgusted.

"No."

"And clergymen—or, rather, clergywomen?"

Miss Matson's disdainful shrug was like a man's, lifting not only the shoulders, but the whole chest.

"If you had a daughter?" I began.

"My dear madam," she interrupted, hastily. "I can't imagine such a possibility!"

"Well, your sister, then. You'd wish her to live a perfectly conventional life, to marry, and all the rest of it?"

"I certainly should."

"I wished there was something stronger than an interest in an imaginary sister that I might appeal to."

"Don't you think that women sometimes choose the wrong path in their youth, and then are carried on just by the momentum of their first enthusiasm?"

"That may be." She pursed up her mouth and lifted her light eyebrows. "Sarah Bernhardt said to me about eighteen months ago, 'My life—one bangle!'"

It was funny to see her unconscious attempt at imitation of the Bernhardt—the most female of females. Any man could have done it better.

"Do you think," I asked, "that Bernhardt actually regrets her life?"

"She is a bad woman, you know, a very bad woman."

"And is she finding out the wisdom of the old maxims we used to write in our copybooks, and see nothing in them but the height of the 'f's' and the up-curve and down-slant? 'Virtue is its own reward'; is it?"

"I suppose so."

It was one o'clock and the hall had begun to fill. The band was playing furiously outside. A one-legged man hobbled in, a group of Swedes with their blunt, stolid faces, boys—not nice boys—and a very few women.

The manager appeared, an elegant being in a dress suit himself, and a wide shirt-front in which glittered a large diamond, clear as glass.

Miss Matson settled herself in her official pose—"to work hard all day," as she calls it. I gathered up my muddy skirts with a glance at her polished boots and prepared to leave.

"All the same," I said, affected perhaps by the environment, "things are changing. Women will vote, and if they must earn their living, they'll become doctors, and lawyers, and journalists, and lecturers."

"I hope I shall not be on earth to see such a state of affairs," Miss Matson remarked.

"Let us and gentlemen," began the manager, and I went down the dark, wide staircase and out into the rain.

"Here's a woman," I thought as I raised my umbrella, "who has out-heroded Herol. Compared to her, the most rabid female suffragist is a timid, shrinking, priggish, conventional creature."

And yet Miss Matson couldn't be more illiberal, more bigoted, if she'd been a man all her life instead of only three-quarters of it."

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

THE GRACE CHURCH CHOIR.

I have received the following letter, that ought to be of interest in musical-religious circles:

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb'y 7th, 1895.

To Rev. R. C. Foute, of Grace Church.—Sir: When I called upon you last Sunday morning to make a formal proffer of the services of Mrs. Westwater, you gave expression to a feeling of regret at the publicity which has been given to the trouble in the choir.

At the very outset, and before the publication of anything relating to this affair, you were notified in writing that if, by means of a fairly conducted investigation, there appeared to be any reason or justification for her summary dismissal, Mrs. Westwater would submit to the decision. No answer whatever has been made to this obviously reasonable demand.

Doubtless, it would have been more pleasing to you if my wife had tamely submitted and, showing a proper spirit of deference to the combined power of capital and christianity, have bowed and stepped aside.

Humility and forbearance, those christian virtues of which you are such an able exponent (at the proper and expedient times and places), were, however, in this instance disregarded, and you heard only a wordily and unchristianlike demand for justice, fairness and civility. The vital and material point at issue is the question whether you did or did not make the agreement that Mrs. Westwater was to give, and to receive, six months' notice of any desire on the part of either party to terminate her engagement. I say that you did make such an agreement. Why not come out like a man, and either deny or confirm this statement? Sooner or later you must meet this question with an unequivocal answer, and if you will do it now, and under oath deny the agreement, this should relieve the congregation of Grace Church of all annoyance and transfer the fight to the proper parties. There are some members of Grace Church for whom Mrs. Westwater and I entertain only feelings of respect and kindness, and we feel that it is not just or fair that these should be annoyed, or asked to espouse either your quarrel or ours.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

"I tell you," said Jack, "the trouble with women is that they lack in gray matter—they're not to be blamed, I suppose, for not having brains, if they wouldn't pretend that they had."

"How about Sappho, and de Stael, and de Sevigne, and George Eliot, and Maintenon, and George Sand, and the hundreds of others we read and read about?"

"Freaks—they were what the scientists call freaks," Jack replied. "Occasionally a hen is born with teeth—same thing. It never was intended women should be intellectual giants. This business of writing and studying and investigating is not woman's work. She oughtn't to trouble herself about any bigger problem than how to look most beautiful."

"Then, to be logical, of course—for you men are nothing if not logical, you know—the ones that aren't beautiful or that grow old and lose their beauty should be killed off, eh?"

Jack didn't hesitate, he said to his credit, but boldly took the jump. "In the abstract, yes. But I suppose, practically, we would have to build asylums for them."

"Nobly said," I exclaimed. "You are true to your logic if you have lost your sense. And now tell me who will be the one to pass upon the beauty of our sex? Are the women to be paraded before the Mayor, or the Board of Supervisors, or the Governor, or a special committee of selected experts like yourself?"

"Oh, that is a detail, of course, but off-hand I should say the Commissioners of Lunacy would be the right people." And Jack smiled a smile of self-gratulation.

"Logical again, Jack. If women were all as mindless as you want them to be—as you pretend to be—then to be—the Lunacy Commission would not be troubled with women at all. The mindless don't go crazy."

"Well then, since you insist on it, let us have a Board of Experts."

"Picked from the clubs?"

"Yes, that might be a bad idea."

"And, of course, all club men agree on the subject of beautiful women?"

"Oh, substantially, substantially."

"None ever been known to think a woman beautiful who really was only clever?"

"Perhaps some jackass. But he wouldn't be on the Board."

"No; no, of course not. But who did you say would select the Board?"

"Clubs might elect them, or the Mayor might appoint them. No trouble about that."

"Well, I thought there might be, you know. Bitter feud between the Blonde party and the Brunettes. Horrible fight between the Tail-Stately faction and the small-Pump faction. Struggle for supremacy between the 'Club for the Extirpation of Red-Haired Women' and the 'Society for the Extinction of Bleached Blondes.' That sort of thing would live up politics, I should think. At any rate, it would cause women to take a very decided interest in politics. Don't you think so, Jack?"

"For my part, those issues would be a heap more interesting to me than the deuced tariff question," he replied.

"I don't doubt you, Jack. But it just occurs to me—and I wish you wouldn't wander from the question—suppose that this Board of Beauty were to be divided, each man on the Board having a wife that he thought beautiful, but the others didn't. What would happen then?"

"None but unmarried men eligible," he answered, promptly. But I saw it wrenched his heart to give up his chance of election.

"And what unmarried man would you have confidence in to confirm my judgment in any case—say, in my case?"

"In any, my dear," was the reply. "But you never will learn to argue if you become personal. Bear that in mind in your 'seeking after higher things.'"

"Of course, Jack," I hastened to explain, "I was only using my own case as an illustration. But there's Kitty, the maid—"

"She'd be the first to go."

"You don't think her beautiful?"

"Beautiful? She's freckled."

"I see Jack that your standard is too high. You've been spoiled by intimate association with that ideal." I said it without a smile and he never saw it, talking, no doubt, that I was talking of his mother or sisters. So I went right on: "The mail carrier doesn't agree with you as to Kitty, however. From certain things I have seen I believe he'd keep Kitty in town and send me to the asylum."

"The mail carrier! Now, who cares for his judgment? What does he know about beauty? If he interfered he'd have to go with Kitty."

"Ah, so you'd banish the men who didn't agree with you? That's a new phase of the problem. Well, we'd send the anti-fun with Kitty, and the policeman would have to go with Mary, and the butcher with the girl next door, and the grocer's man with the girl across the street. Why Jack, you'd have half the world—more than half—in the asylums, and they'd be getting on just as merrily as we, and you'd have to keep them. Fancy they wouldn't mind that a bit!"

Jack had seemed indifferent to the course of the argument for some time, and when this point was reached he took a fresh cigar, cut off the end with much deliberation, and after lighting and smoking for a while said: "It does seem too bad that we can't kill off the cranks, doesn't it?"

"And so we have come to the point where you want to kill off half the world because women insist on being something more than pretty playthings?" I persisted, pitilessly.

"Oh, have it your own way, have it your own way. But give me the woman who is pretty, the woman, who is bewitching—she doesn't need brains."

"Jack," I said, "I met your ideal in Goldberg-Bowen's this afternoon. She was small, pretty, and plump—a little beauty. She reached the clerk just a few steps ahead of me, and I waited while she gave her order. Now, this was her conversation without the change of a word—you can ask if it isn't so:

"How much is oatmeal?"

"Five cents a pound," the clerk answered.

"Well, by the sack?" she inquired.

"Fifty cents a sack—ten pound sack."

"And how much is cracked wheat," the little beauty asked.

"The same price," was the clerk's reply.

"I wouldn't save anything by getting a sack? Haven't you any smaller sacks?"

"No," answered the clerk, "but we can sell you any quantity at five cents a pound."

"She hesitated for a minute, and then laying twenty cents down on the counter deliberately, said: 'You can send me two pounds of oatmeal and two pounds of cracked wheat.'"

"Without another word she started for the door. The clerk ran after her, and asked for her address."

"Oh, to be sure," she said, with a little giggle, "Mrs. So-and-So, number so much."

"The clerk turned to wait on me, and your little beauty came back to the counter and said to the clerk in a most important tone: 'They won't be mixed will they? I have to have them separate.'"

She was very beautiful, Jack."

BETTY.

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HE AND SHE.

She—"You don't seem to hold a very high opinion of the latter-day woman."

He—"I don't. She has ceased to be a lady, and has not yet succeeded in becoming a gentleman."—*Life.*

She shrank away coyly at his approach.

"Are we alone," she faltered, in apprehension.

"I don't know," he answered. "You might sing a few selections and make sure."

He rose, and would have led her to the piano but for the cold stare she gave him.—*Detroit Tribune.*

(In Chicago.) She—"I do hope, Edwin, that you will not have to walk the floor with the twins to-night. You are so good-natured about it, too. You never lose your temper."

He—"Why, dear, we must be prepared to make these little sacrifices if we expect to catch up with the Greater New York."—*World.*

She—"You must remember that ours was a summer engagement."

He—"That means if you see any one you like better you'll break it?"

"Yes."

"And if I see any one I like better?"

"I'll sue you for breach of promise."—*New York Weekly.*

"That's the seventh time this morning," said the shoe merchant, as a customer left the store, "that you told me, in a tone of voice that couldn't escape being overheard, that a woman reminded you of Trilby."

"Yes," replied the new clerk, "and that's the seventh woman I've sold a pair of shoes to."—*Washington Star.*

"Say," said Berkeley to his wife, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you? That's a secret."

"A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret," she replied, regretfully.

"Well, did you tell it? I want to know."

"Why, no; I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."—*Newport Journal.*

"My darling," he exclaimed, rapturously, "how brilliant you are. You fairly—er—bristle with ideas."

The Chicago girl drew herself up to her full height, and brushed him haughtily aside as she swept from the room.

"You seem to forget"—she turned on her heel at the door and faced him—"that I cannot borrow any reference to my father's business."—*World.*

Go to, ye men who seek an ordinary woman's "Yes."

And pity me, ye gentle gods! I loved an editress. With fervor I implored her to accept my heart and hand;

Her answer came to me by mail, and thus that answer scanned:

"Not available at present. No lack of merit necessarily implies similar articles already on hand. Often forced to reject what others may use."

I kissed the hand that smote me (or, rather, kissed the mitten),

But demanded back the many fervid letters I had written;

And gently hinted I might be a more deserving man

To know wherein I failed with her, and thus her answer ran:

"Cannot undertake to give personal criticisms. Stamps must be inclosed to insure return of MSS."

—J. Edmund V. Cooke.

FROM THE FRENCH AND GERMAN.

Young Lady (after sitting for her portrait)—"Don't you think I am flattered in the picture?"

Gent (gushingly)—"Fraulein, who would not flatter you?"—*Humoristic Blätter.*

He (at the trying place)—"What a time you have kept me waiting!"

She—"Quite the contrary; it is only 6, and I did not intend to be here before 7!"

He—"Just so; but you have mistaken the day; I have been waiting here since yesterday."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

Mons. X. called the other day at a house where the love of dogs was carried almost to a mania. He was immediately surrounded by half a dozen of these animals, whose caresses, too demonstrative altogether, he repelled vigorously. "Ah, monsieur," said the lady of the mansion in a tone of displeasure, "one can see very well that you don't love dogs."

"Not love dogs, indeed!" he returned indig-

nantly. "Why, I ate more than twenty during the siege of Paris."—*Le Figaro.*

Kitchen Maid (at the crockery shop)—"What! only one florin tip? During the past year I have broken three soup tureens, twenty-six cups, thirty-five saucers, five meat dishes, and fifty-six plates."

Shopman—"Well, here's another florin, but don't forget me, you know."—*Stuttesblad.*

Lady (to her husband)—"I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh 240 pounds."

"Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?"

"On the butcher's scales."

"Oh, then, calm yourself. You weigh exactly half."—*Le Figaro.*

Students of the course of events in the Japanese-Chinese war are advised to commit the following rhyming rules to memory:

All words ending in Ping, Pang, Pung,
Moreover those in Ching, Chang, Chung,
Stand for a town on river or coast—
Which the Celestials already have lost.
All words ending in Tang, Tung, Ting,
As also those in Tschang, Tschung, Tsching,
Are in every case a monster ship
Sunk by the Japs into the deep.
All words ending in Tsang, Tsung, Tseng,
And likewise those in Yang, Yung, Yeng,
Are mostly (note this, if you please)
Generals in flight—of the Chinese.
All words ending in Pang, Ping, Pung,
Moreover those in Chang, Ching, Chung,
Denote some locality or spot
Where the Celestials caught it hot.

—*Lustige Blätter.*

TRILBY.

Trilby, Trilby, give us a rest—oh, do!
Earth soon will be tired to death of you,
You're not the girl for marriage,
Either with or without a carriage,
So, with those feet,
So trim and neat,
Walk off for a year or two.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

TEMPTATION.

Of all the insidious,
Temptations invidious
Contrived by the devil for pulling men down,
There is none more delusive,
Seductive, abusive,
Than the snare to a man with his wife out of town.
He feels such delightfulness,
Stay-out-all-nightfulness,
Sure-to-get-rightfulness,
I own it with pain.
A bachelor rakishness,
What-will-you-take-ishness
None can explain.
His wife may be beautiful,
Tender and dutiful,
'Tis not that her absence would cause him delight:
But the curd's opportunity,
Baleful immunity,
Scatter his scruples as day scatters night.

—*Detroit Tribune.*

NOT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

She was a maiden, coy but forty,
Unusult by a dream of man;
No thought, however slightly naughty,
Had ever crossed her life's short span.
Till one dark night, when all were sleeping,
She found the wretch she long had sought:
For underneath her bed lay peeping
A poor, lone burglar, freshly caught.

She locked the door, and quickly turning
Pulled forth a pistol fully cocked,
And with a voice that told its yearning,
Her prisoner's plight she sternly mocked.

"Now listen to my ultimatum:
You've got to marry me or die;
Though you're the very lowest stratum,
I'll have a husband or know why."

Then rose the burglar, sadly speaking:
"Your proposition does not suit.
Rather than be the man you're seeking,
Why, darn you, madam, darn you, shoot!"
—*Youngstown Vindicator.*

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TOLD OF THE NOTED FEW.

One of Mr. Ruskin's peasant neighbors has been interviewed in regard to the author of "Verona." "Mr. Ruskin? Oh, yes, 'e's very popular; 'e's a professor, ye know. Lots o' people asks about 'im. But 'e's a queer sort of man, too. D'ye know, sir, 'e's that queer 'e won't let 'is man use a movin'-machine on 'is land. 'E says it must be cut by 'and, and because a movin'-machine sin't nat'ral an' makes too much noise!"

Judge Hoar, who recently died, was one of the leaders of the Massachusetts bar and a noted wit. During his last illness an unsettled business affair with a man named Coffin worried him, and one of his sons undertook to relieve his father's anxiety by taking the matter in hand. Having settled it, he went into the sick man's room and said: "Well, father, I've fixed up the Coffin business." The Judge smiled and said: "Aren't you a little previous, my son?"

Benjamin Franklin, when a youth, went to London, and being without money applied for work at a printing office. As he was from America, where printing was little known, the foreman asked: "Can you really set type?" Franklin stepped at once to one of the cases and quickly and accurately set, from the first chapter of the gospel of St. John. "Nathaniel said unto him, 'I have said nothing come out of Nazareth.' Philip said unto him, come and see." This delicate reproach gave him a job.

During the war a Confederate general had been captured, and he was led under guard to General Hancock's tent. With characteristic courtesy General Hancock stepped from his tent, and extended his right hand to the Confederate prisoner. "No, sir," said the Confederate, "under these circumstances I decline to shake hands with you." Hancock, who towered about a foot above his prisoner, looked at him a moment, then quietly said: "Under any other circumstances I should not offer you my hand."

Sir Charles Lyell, writing to Miss Frances Power Cobbe, scouting the idea that evolution involved the survival of the best as well as of the fittest, said: "suppose you had been living in Spain three hundred years ago, and had had a sister who was a perfectly commonplace person, and believed everything she was told. Well, your sister would have been happily married, and had a numerous progeny, and that would have been the survival of the fittest. But you would have been burnt at an auto-da-fé, and there would have been an end of you. You would have been executed to your environment. There! That's evolution! Good-by!"

Senator Foot of Vermont, one of the most dignified of men, was chairman of a joint committee appointed to wait on President Lincoln and inform him that Congress had duly assembled. On being ushered into the presence of the President, Mr. Foot involuntarily struck an attitude and proceeded to say, in his stately manner: "Mr. President, we have been appointed a committee on the part of the two Houses of Congress to apprise you that they have met and organized, and are ready to receive any communication which it may be your pleasure to make to them." As he concluded, Mr. Lincoln stepped up to him, and, taking him familiarly by one button of his coat, said: "Now, look here, Foot, it is a matter of life and death with you, I can send my message in to-day; but if it isn't, I should like to keep it till to-morrow to slip it up a little."

Paul Petrovitz, Czar of Russia, one day when reviewing some troops was so indignant at the bad horsemanship of one of his officers that he commanded him to resign his commission on the spot and to retire to his estate. A staff officer informed him that the gentleman had no estate to which to retire. "Then," cried the Czar, "give him one!" This remark, comments the London "Telegraph," lacks originality for many years before the son of Catherine II. was born the following story was told of Betterton, the actor: One evening Colley Cibber, by missing his cue and giving a message at the wrong moment, spoiled one of Betterton's best scenes. So soon as he passed the wings Betterton, in a rage, said to the prompter: "Forfeit Master Colley!" "Can't he do any better," replied the prompter; "Master Colley has no salary." "Well, then, put him down for ten shillings a week," cried the enraged manager, "and forfeit him five!"

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AMUSEMENTS.

Signaud Beel's violin solo, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," was the feature of the forty-second Popular concert. Mr. Beel's playing was a surprise even to those familiar with his excellence as a violinist. His purity of tone, fine bowing and his sympathetic interpretation of the old composition roused his audience, which was largely feminine, to enthusiasm. And this is no small compliment, from the kind of people who attend the Saturday concerts. There are among them gifted amateurs, whose taste is critical and whose abilities are by no means contemptible, who have learned to expect little short of excellence from the performers at these concerts; and they are as hard to please as they are appreciative when the music is all they know it should be.

Beethoven's "Serenade" for flute and strings was very prettily and delicately played by Messrs. Neubauer, Beel, and Jaulus. In the Quartette by Schumann Mrs. Carr's clean, reliable, skillful playing was particularly noticeable. The Andante Cantabile was beautifully given, and its exquisite finale was an example of perfect ensemble work.

Mrs. Olive Reed Batchelder sang a number of songs in her pleasing contralto, of which Grieg's beautiful "Old Story" was the most enjoyable. The next concert takes place February 23.

The presentation of Francesca da Rimini, by Frederick Warde and his company last Monday was one of the finest, completest performances that San Francisco has seen for years. The setting was fitting, the costuming rich and appropriate, and the company well-trained and suited to the various roles.

Warde's Lanciotto is probably his best work. He was stiff and conventional as Cassius; his Falstaff was merely a good make-up, a mechanical cleverness, but his Lanciotto is rounded, consistent—a thoroughly sympathetic conception most artistically executed. The part is a great one to play. Warde has not robbed us of any of its beauties. The scene when Lanciotto first sees Francesca, his pitiful, self-tormenting doubts before the marriage, his unbelief, his fury and his deadly calm as the Jester tells his cruel story, his broken-hearted word to his brother in the final scene and his own death—all these are admirable, and Warde certainly deserved all the curtain calls and hearty applause the crowded house was pleased to shower upon him.

It is to be hoped, for our sakes as well as for his own, that Guy Lindley's success as Paolo and his failure as Hotspur are not infallible tests of his ability, for it takes an actor and a man to play Hotspur, while mere prettiness and grace and soft speech are but a passable Paolo. Still, the young actor makes love very nicely, looks his part and acts it, too.

John Hickey's Boop Pope was well done. His voice is inflexible and of an unpleasant quality, but he acted the scene in the garden excellently.

Miss Chapman is a graceful and beautiful Francesca, and her voice is low and very sweet. She showed on Monday that she can do more than plead timidly with her dear lord that he should graciously discover to her the cause of his sorrow or perturbation or preoccupation—the role Shakespeare allots to ladies with gentle voices and fair hair. She is very charming in the early part of the play, but, though always pleasing, she lacks the force and passion of the ideal Francesca.

Beerholm Tree, the English actor, who has met with a reception in New York "never before known to himself or any other actor," is described as tall and spare. His features are regular and shapely, his hair is long, soft, and black. He is about fifteen years younger than Irving; is an artist of great versatility, extreme sensibility, excellent taste and a master of "make-up." His wife, who plays with him, is graceful, a very clever actress, whose beauty and manner of acting are very like Bernhardt's.

Francois Coppee, the delightful French poet and novelist, is coming to America to lecture upon French literature and to deliver readings from his own works.

Zanglell will also come over the water to talk to us. If he can talk as well as he can write, there is a treat in store for his listeners.

It took Sardou six years to map out "Gismonda" and three months to write it. Fanny Davenport will travel with the play. But the provincial tour will be very limited, for there are but twenty stages in the country large enough to accommodate the scenery.

The Chicago Press League gave a lunch to Miss Olga Nethercole, the English actress, who is to play in San Francisco in a couple of months. Miss Nethercole, in a very little speech, declared her love for women, especially American women.

On Monday next "The Gaiety Girl," which has been so great an attraction in London and New York, begins a two-weeks engagement at the Baldwin.

"A Night at the Circus" runs for this week only at the California. On February 18, Warde and James will follow with "Runnymede."

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 21.

SAN FRANCISCO, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

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Governor Budd, in last Sunday's San Francisco newspapers, made announcement of his intention to appoint Mr. E. L. Colnon, his Private Secretary, to the San Francisco Harbor Commission. The appointment has since been made, and Governor Budd has risked the ruin of his administration by deliberately breaking faith with the people of California.

In the long explanation and defense of his contemplated action, which Mr. Budd volunteered, he betrayed his full knowledge of the need for a defense by carefully avoiding mention of the only grave ground of objection that can be made to Mr. Colnon, which is that his appointment is as acceptable to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company as that of Mr. William H. Mills himself would be.

Mr. Colnon stood in no need of the compliments paid his abilities by Mr. Budd. Those abilities are recognized and admired by everybody in the State who interests himself in journalism. The *Stockton Mail*, which he founded, and has edited for many years, is one of the very best of California's newspapers. Chiefly to its vigorous work is due the transformation of Stockton from the dull, moss-grown town of the past, to the progressive, public-spirited city of the present. Stockton is not half as grateful to the *Mail* as it ought to be, for it was the *Mail* which first woke the place up, and so made itself long disliked by the "leading" and "conservative" citizens whose inertia and complacency it disturbed incessantly. To the journalism of the San Joaquin Valley it has been as potent an energizer as the *Examiner* has been to the journalism of San Francisco. Original, well informed, level-headed, and bold, the *Mail* has averaged far higher editorially than any of our city newspapers during the fifteen or more years of its existence. Mr. Colnon's talents are respected by the newspaper men of California, and by none more than myself. I learned first to respect them twenty years ago in Nevada, where we were co-workers. For a longer period than that we have been personal friends. Mr. Colnon is aware of how much pain it costs me to say that his appointment to the Harbor Commission is unfit, and fatal to Governor Budd's reputation as an anti-monopolist.

Up to 1884 the *Mail* was free from an influence which has since blighted it. Governor Stoneman had no stronger supporter than Mr.

Colnon, and his paper had an honorable share in what was thought to be the great anti-monopoly victory of 1882. When Carpenter and Humphreys, the Railroad Commissioners, were taken into camp by the Southern Pacific, the *Mail* labored there as they deserved, and when Governor Stoneman denied the popular demand for an extra session of the Legislature to remove them, Mr. Colnon kept standing in his paper's columns the Governor's portrait with the word "Fraud" branded on his forehead. The people grew discouraged at that time, and apparently indifferent to the railroad question. They relinquished a struggle which seemed hopeless. So did the *Mail*. Mr. Colnon became friendly to the monopoly which he had fought so gallantly and so vainly. In this statement there is no veiled insinuation of corruption. It is conceivable that one so discouraged, and finding the public disposed to be bored rather than roused by further appeals, should, as a man of the world, follow the people's example and accept the situation philosophically. Cynicism often comes to those who serve the people, if they expect appreciation and reward. Other papers than the *Stockton Mail* tired of the same fight at the same period, about whose motive for surrender there can be no doubt. They were bribed. Yet even of these there should be charitable judgment. The country editor whose life is a hard struggle to keep his paper alive if he stands out against power, and gets no thanks for his martyrdom, is under strong temptation to exchange his struggle for the comparative ease which awaits him if he will go over to the corporations. Nearly every business man he knows is ready to tell him, as a friend, that he is an ass not to do it. The wonder is not that the Southern Pacific has so many organs among the newspapers of the interior, but that there are so many journalists, poor men, whose honor is stronger than their obvious material interest. If the lawyer's code prevailed in country journalism, the rich client offering a good fee would be turned away from few offices where now the fee is refused because the tenant is an honest man, who prefers the compensation of his own self-respect for continued service to the public—a client that seldom feels obliged to him for his sacrifice. The editor who does yield sinks no lower than anybody else who holds to the maxim that "business is business." He is as good as his average neighbor—on the exact level, indeed, of his pastor who enits his sermons to his pews, and of the merchant and banker of the town who are the great railway company's adherents, for reasons of business. But the editor who descends to this commercial level, whatever be the excuses in extenuation, is patently not the sort of man for a public trust.

Granting that in Mr. Colnon's case his conversion was due to a conviction that warfare upon the Southern Pacific was not conducive to the public interest, his disqualification for the Harbor Commission is perfectly clear. And Governor Budd knows it. He says that the waterfront does not belong to the city but to the State. As a matter of fact it has belonged to neither, but to the Southern Pacific and its allies. One of the things Mr. Budd was elected to do was to rescue the Harbor Commission, and therefore, the waterfront, from the possession of the Southern Pacific and its allies. Governor Budd knows that, too.

Mr. Budd was elected because the people believed him to be an enemy of corporate rule, and his opponent the candidate of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Budd on the night of his election addressed a letter to the public, which the *Examiner* published next day. That letter closed with these words: "I take my election to mean that the people of California have determined to govern themselves instead of continuing to be governed by 'interests controlling large blocks of votes.'" Before and after his election he promised his friends that he would be especially careful to appoint to the Harbor Commission no man upon whom the slightest Southern Pacific taint rested. He said this to me repeatedly. Now he has selected Mr. Colnon, editor of a railroad newspaper! It is far worse than if Mr. Estee, being Governor, had appointed the editor of the *Sacramento Record-Union*.

While the State was applauding Mr. Budd last month for removing Police Commissioner Gunst, the *Letter* said:

Governor Budd has promised much, and much is expected of him. His response to public opinion in relation to the San Francisco Police Commission has been quick, but his acts in this regard have been no test of his courage. * * * The Southern Pacific and the Spreckles own the Harbor Commission and the Pilot Commission. The retention of that ownership means many thousands of dollars annually to them. Both interests are influential in the Legislature, and both possess newspapers. Mr. Budd cannot lay a disturbing finger on either commission without bringing a fight on his hands. There are discordant elements in his party. The railroad and the interests allied with it have Democrats as well as Republicans to serve them. The Governor will have to choose between such men and men who are not under the orders of the corporations. * * * The State is waiting to see of what stuff he is made. His first tussle with the powers commanded by the corporations will prove his quality.

The Governor has declined a tussle. For his appointment of Mr. Colnon he will bring no fight on his hands with the corporations, and their newspapers will praise him. But he will hear other things from other sources.

The Democrats who believed they were fighting against railroad domination when they fought for Budd's election, and who will not be tender in judgment, will say that he is a fraud who has been caved down the

bank, and ewindled the people as they have so often been swindled before. They will assail his character and impute mercenary motives. They will say he has been a traitor to his party, and stabbed it a hired assassin's blow.

Others, more gentle, will say that Mr. Budd's ambition to be the Vice-Presidential candidate of the Democracy has lured him into yielding to influences of great power in securing or preventing nominations; that he has set up as a cunning politician of the kind who believe it wise to betray friends and conciliate enemies; that he is so foolish as to think himself clever enough to play two parts—one in public to gain the crowd's applause, and the other in private to conciliate "interests controlling large blocks of votes" at conventions and the polls; that he is not large enough to comprehend that the Governorship is a public trust and not a piece of personal property to be used as a stepping stone to a higher place.

But what ought to hurt Mr. Budd most is the sorrow of his friends who took it for granted that he would be as Governor the same man whom they supposed they knew in private life, and who gave their pledges to the public that he was honest and brave. They will feel that he has cheated the public and made them unknowing partners in the cheat. I, for one, vouched for him as of the metal to withstand the strain of any Southern Pacific pull, and, having known him from boyhood, I never felt a doubt that he would be true to all his party's pledges and his own. There were others who knew him as long and well who did likewise. Of all the men who sought his nomination and assisted in securing his election simply because they believed in his honor and thought him the right man to do the work of reducing the Southern Pacific and its allies to the subjection of law, I do not know one who is not astonished and grieved by the appointment of Mr. Colnon to the Harbor Commission. No matter what Mr. Budd may gain by it, he has lost the respect of every friend who supported him from patriotic motives and because of confidence that he had a gentleman's sense of duty. He has put these friends to shame, for they do not insult his intelligence by supposing that he does not know perfectly well the significance of his choice. It is a capitulation to the Southern Pacific which can be disguised from nobody who has acquaintance with the politics of California.

It is not impossible, of course, that Mr. Colnon may make a good Harbor Commissioner. So might Mr. Mills. But in either case there would have to be a severing of relations of many years' standing. "All true friends of mine," writes the Governor, "will approve the appointment, to which I have given much thought, until some act of my appointee shows that I was either mistaken or misled, and this, in my judgment, will never occur." But what need was there to take chances? Is there in California no Democrat whose ability qualifies him for the Harbor Commission, and who is free from any suspicion of the Southern Pacific taint? Does Mr. Budd think he could have been elected had he let it be known that he meant to make a Harbor Commissioner of the talented editor of the *Stockton Mail*? And if not, why not?

Mr. Budd's fall does as little credit to his brains as to his character. This is a strange time for an ambitious young man to choose for going over to the Southern Pacific. Stanford and Stow are dead; Huntington is old and failing; the Reilly Bill has been beaten in spite of him; millions have been

raised for a competing railroad in the San Joaquin Valley, and even the wealthiest and most respectable citizens are no longer afraid to speak disrespectfully of the monopoly. Five years from now California will be transformed, and the slavery in which we have lived seem ancient history. No man with Southern Pacific antecedents will be any more eligible then for elective office than Colonel John P. Irish now is. To those who know what is happening and see what is coming, Mr. Budd appears in the guise of a political idiot.

The fate of the Budd administration has been placed in Mr. Colnon's hands. Mr. Budd is fond of popularity, and this appointment may give him so disagreeable an experience of the loss of it as to inspire a desire to step back to honest ground. In that case it will be necessary for Mr. Colnon to assist by breaking away from the Southern Pacific influence and turning reformer. Perhaps Mr. Colnon would render Mr. Budd this service. It is more likely than that Mr. Budd will ask for it.

These are queer times in San Francisco. Ordinary citizens, who in going about their business were wont to take the shortest cut, now go to any trouble in order to avoid the disreputable quarters of the town lest they be mistaken by the police and others for clergymen in disguise. A passion to go slumming has seized upon the brethren. The motive of the clergy for descending to the unaccustomed society of publicans and sinners is not to rescue but to expose. Their expeditions have resulted chiefly in the startling discovery that Mary Magdalen is still alive, and that the policeman on the beat is not hostile in his demeanor toward her.

The avowed purpose of all this clerical activity is to promote the passage by the Legislature of the Lexow Committee bill. And it is likely to tend to that effect, for the average legislator has no objection to anybody investigating and making a sensation of the sort of vice which festers in every city. If that is all the San Francisco Parkhursts want, they will meet with no opposition from the politicians, the corporations and other guardians of, and profitters by, our Christian civilization. Of course, some good results from every such agitation against low vice. Sometimes it brings deserved exposure and punishment to respectable rascals, as will be the case if the Rev. Dr. Dille shall prove his accusation that Police Commissioner Tobin is the proprietor of houses let to abandoned women. It brings cunning police officials to book also, and inspires extra efforts at repression in the interest of decency. And, best of all, the community is stirred to keep the moral ideal from sinking to the level of the brutal facts of life. That is to say, men are brought to make professions and vote for laws which condemn their own conduct. This may lead to hypocrisy, but it also leads to a recognition of the validity of a better standard than the one usually reached. The decay of pugilism is an instance in point. Plenty of men who witness prize-fights with pleasure give their ballots for their suppression. They yield their personal tastes in deference to their better educated consciences.

But harm is done, too, great harm. The original complaint of the clergy was that vice flaunted itself here, and their demand was that it be driven from public view. Yet the most notable consequences of their efforts to bring about this desirable result has been to give a publicity to vice far beyond that which the most impudent and shameless vice could secure for itself if it tried. The

The Fittz Cure, Room 7, Flood Building, S. F.

sermons delivered from many local pulpits of late have been shocking in their want of regard for the innocence of young minds and the delicacy of older ones. The Rev. Mr. Irwin, combining with the *Examiner*, furnished a whole page of purulent matter on Sunday last. This page may have made votes for the Lexow bill, but it also made thousands of lads and girls acquainted with facts knowledge of which can do their souls no good, and knowledge of which might not have come to most of them for a good many years—to some never. It is a singular cure for Morton street's publicity to publish a description and directory of the alley in a newspaper which is read by multitudes of people who had never seen Morton street, and other multitudes who had acquired the San Francisco habit of passing it by with averted eyes or utter unconsciousness. Our sewers are bad, no doubt, and filth collects in them, which is injurious to health, but in order to call attention to these truths is it really necessary to smear the newspapers with the sewers' contents? No parent can regard such publications without indignation. Children learn to read long before they are able to understand what nature and time have taught their elders. But curiosity is a teacher. What would be the moral effects of reading aloud to the boys and girls of the public schools the page of last Sunday's *Examiner*, which contained the Rev. Mr. Irwin's researches into the dens of Morton street, and the account of the adventures of the Rev. Dr. Dille and the Rev. Mr. Filben in other portions of the city, where only the lowest of women and men ever willingly go? The aim of these gentlemen and their co-workers is good, doubtless, and there is not the least objection to their gathering all the evidence they can against the police, but why should the pulpits and pews and newspapers and homes of the city be drenched in the resulting filth? Let that be kept for the Legislature and the Lexow Committee. Zeal undirected by discretion is a dangerous thing. Premature knowledge of the foul side of life is corrupting. And such knowledge is not prized by all of those who have it. It is common for men of the world to refuse with disgust to witness spectacles which our ministers have sought to see. Such worldly men think that all they don't know of vileness is a gain to their mental comfort and moral health, for evil sights fester in the memory as well as evil deeds.

The Dr. Dilles excite impatience, and stronger feelings, in the minds of the judicious. If they were willing to accept the logic of their agitation they could, perhaps, be forgiven the dressing of manure to which they are treating the newspapers, and the odor of which fills the atmosphere. If their object were to keep vice out of sight they would seek laws for its regulation, as is done with the liquor traffic, but they are the first to cry out against a license system as a "compromise with sin." They know, as well as other grown people, that Mary Magdalen is not to be extirpated, and it is because of Christian sentiment that the policy of pretending to ignore her is followed in English-speaking communities. It is understood all round that the laws of prohibition which adorn the statute books are not meant to be taken in earnest—that their real purpose is to give the police the power of regulation. Is it remarkable that a power so given, a power so irresponsible, should be abused?

There are good arguments against the license system, but they are not employed by the clergy when the periods recur for vehement protests against "compromise with sin." I shall not go into those arguments, which can all be found in the history of the working of the license system in

France. The subject is one more congenial to the pulpit than suitable for a deceery regarding journal. Until there is more frankness in dealing legally with the social evil—and the clergy are mainly responsible for the want of frankness—until its ineradicability from our civilization is recognized, there will always be Morton streets in the hearts of cities, out of which preachers can get material for the kind of sermons that ought to drive decent women, and decent men, too, from the polluted sanctuaries. If it were proposed, for instance, to set apart by law some remote and obscure portion of this peninsula for the residence of the sort of people Dr. Dille has been visiting, and to police it thoroughly, and to forbid the hapless women to dwell elsewhere, what would Dr. Dille have to say as to the proposal? The social evil would be removed from the sight of all save those who deliberately sought to see it, but it would be a "compromise with sin"—with a sin which has forced a compromise of some sort with the authorities always. Rome when governed directly by the Pope, who is the vice-gerent of God on earth, and infallible in matters of faith and morals, was quite as wicked and a good deal more indecent than Paris, with whose government the Almighty has nothing to do. It would be useful to all advocates of a Lexow Committee—and I am one—if Dr. Dille and his clerical codjutors would be pleased to make it known where they want to arrive.

There is noticeable in the sermons and interviews, and other outgivings of the investigating clergy, an amusing air of having done something very daring in penetrating the fastnesses of Satan's poor quarter—an acceptance of the notion that it is becoming in a preacher, as in a woman, to be ignorant of the real wickedness of the world. Perhaps if, through the centuries, there had been less of the saintliness which reaches purity by keeping itself apart from the muck of life, the earth would have been a cleaner place to live in than it is. That after two thousand years of the gospel Morton street should be, is a phenomenon which ought, one would think, to strike Dr. Dille as remarkable. The gospel has been given a good long trial, certainly. The conclusion must be drawn that either the gospel is a failure, or that it has not been properly preached and applied. If the clergyman (undisguised) were the most familiar figure instead of the rarest in the places where publicans and sinners live their wretched lives, publicans and sinners might be fewer and real faith in the power of the gospel to solve the problem of sin be more generally held. Christ himself kept the most disreputable company, and this practice of his excited as much astonishment and reprehension among the respectable people of his day as Bishop Nichols or Archbishop Riordan would rouse in the same class now were they to stroll in full canonicals in daytime through Morton street, and hold cheerful, friendly and improving converse with the inhabitants. Of course, no sane person would ask the Bishop and Archbishop so to shock propriety and common sense. Nevertheless, were Christ here he would do it. He cared for deeper things than propriety and common sense, but his example has not been followed largely. The reviled Pharisees have had their revenge these nineteen hundred years, for the world, while adoring their rebuker, has done them the compliment of imitating their course in drawing the hem of respectability's garment away from repulsive sinners. Dr. Dille was wise in disguising himself when he called on Mary Magdalen. Had he appeared as a minister of Christ she would at once have recognized an enemy.

These observations, I need not say, are intended for the benefit of the clergy, not of the laity. The law which governs ordinary people is the law of custom, and for their obedience to it they are not to be blamed. Plain good sense justifies them. But the clergy's case is different. They preach a gospel many of the precepts of which are in flagrant defiance of plain good sense, as ordinary people understand it. It is right that the preachers of these precepts should be held to them, even though the doing of it has the aspect of blasphemous burlesque. Fancy Christ cruising about San Francisco after dark, under the wing of a professional guide, in search of sinners and sin, and when he had found them getting himself interviewed, and shouting to the Legislature to bring the police to punishment for not enforcing the law against his lost sheep.

And how does Dr. Dille square his behavior with his philosophy? He would be tried for heresy were he to deny that the world is governed by a God who marks the sparrow's fall and numbers even the hairs of our heads, and doeth all things well. Dr. Dille will not aver that the Almighty is ignorant of Morton street, or that, since he permits it to exist, it is not for some good purpose. Is it not, therefore, presumptuous in Dr. Dille to attempt to interfere with the manifest designs of Deity by objecting to Morton street, and working for a Lexow Committee intended to disturb things generally? The doctrine that whatever is right, is the doctrine of predestination, and if Dr. Dille disputes that doctrine, I must leave him to the Presbyterians. From all eternity everything that has happened and is to happen must have been known to Omniscience—even that Rev. Mr. Davis, of Oakland, would play Richard III in his pulpit, perform a waltz there afterwards, and uphold in a powerful discourse the moral superiority of draw poker to tiddle-de-winks. Therefore, must we reverently accept Brother Davis as a solemn manifestation of Omnipotent intention, an awe-aspiring marionette, rather than as a notoriety-seeking charlatan with an impudence equal to Oscar Wilde's—who also, questionless, is an emanation from the Great Soul, and as necessary as Morton street and Dr. Dille to the orderly working out of the plans of Infinite Benevolence.

The members of the Legislature, unlike the sensational clergy, not deeming themselves bound, even in theory, by the philosophy of theology, will feel at liberty to act like men who have free wills, and brains wherewith to judge the bad from the good, from a purely secular point of view. They will, therefore, I trust, give us a Lexow Committee. If we shall get one, others than the slumming pastors of bewildered flocks will manage to have something to say about the course of its inquiries.

The Associated Press, I see, has been given a touch of pained surprise by the Rev. Madison C. Peters of the Bloomingdale (New York) Reformed Church, who on Sunday last so offended against custom as to "raise poor, foolish Howell Osborne from his grave and set him up as an awful example to young men." As that is precisely what Howell Osborne was, the Rev. Madison C. Peters made a good and proper use of him. Mr. Peters, and others who think with him that truth has rights even at the side of new-made graves, would like to learn from some authoritative quarter how long a man must be dead before it is seemly to draw the lesson of his life. The defenselessness of the dead, the sensibilities of surviving relatives—these, of course, are always to be considered, and they are the basis of that taste which is

shocked when criticism takes the place of eulogy. That is a kind, a generous, a decent taste. But when the dead are not defenseless, when there are newspapers that print lying praises of them, the reasons for that taste disappear. So do they when a man has led a shameless career of public profligacy like Howell Osborne. It is well when he is gone that an honest preacher should take him for a text. In that way some of the evil that he did when alive may be neutralized. And when a man who has grown rich and powerful by the practice of villainy perishes, the taste which protects the obscure dead must give way to truth. It is a crime against the living sometimes to be silent about the dead. If one who in life was notoriously a scoundrel, and got wealth in consequence, is praised when he departs, or respectful dumbness falls upon the press and pulpit, what are the young taught thereby? Surely, that the road to success and posthumous honor is to be a scoundrel. It is far better for the Rev. Madison C. Peters to shock the delicate taste of the Associated Press than it is to let pass such an opportunity as Howell Osborne's early death offered to point the moral of the folly and wickedness of a life of mindless self-indulgence. Were it the custom to deal freely and justly with the conspicuous dead, giving praise for good deeds and blame for evil ones, an added incentive to right conduct would be supplied the living. Winwood Reade tells in fine phrase how much wiser than we in this matter were the Egyptians of old:

Most powerful of all to preserve the morality of the people, by giving a tangible force to public opinion, and by impeaching those sins against society which no legal code can touch, was that sublime police institution, the *Trial of the Dead*. When the corpse had been brought back from the embalming house, it was encased in a sycamore coffin covered with flowers, placed in a sledge, and drawn by oxen to the sacred lake. The hearse was followed by the relatives of the deceased, the men unshorn, and casting dust upon their heads, the women beating their breasts, and singing mournful hymns. On the banks of the lake sat forty-two judges, in the shape of a crescent; a great crowd was assembled; in the water floated a canoe, and within it stood Charon, the ferryman, awaiting the sentence of the chief judge. On the other side of the lake lay a sandy plain, and beyond it a range of long low hills, in which might be discerned the black mouths of the caverns of the dead.

It was in the power of any man to step forward and accuse the departed before the body could be borne across. If the charge was held to be proved, the body was denied burial in consecrated ground, and the crowd silently dispersed. If a verdict of acquittal was returned, the body was suffered to undergo the penalty of the crime alleged, and the ceremony took its course. The relatives began to sing with praises the biography of the deceased; they sang in what manner he had been brought up from a child till he came to man's estate, how pious he had been toward the gods, how righteous he had been toward men. And if he were true, it indeed the case, as his life had been good, the crowd joined in chorus, clapping their hands, and sang back in return that he would be received into the glory of the just. Then the coffin was laid in the canoe, and the silent ferryman plied his oar, and a priest read the service of the dead; and the body was deposited in the cemetery cave.

Were such a custom ours would it be possible to read in a Californian newspaper that at San Jose a new railroad has been incorporated, "which will tap all the rich fruit land to Saratoga and to Santa Leland"? Stanford having been canonized, and the press finding nothing that does not excite its admiration in the life and works of the late W. W. Stow, it is reasonable to assume that no objection would be made to the proposal to take from the Park's highest point its uncommemorative name of Strawberry Hill, and, for the instruction of the young and the veneration of posterity, re-christen it Mount St. Bill.

How advantageous it is for a journalist not to be a politician is demonstrated by

THE GAME OF POLITICS.

A Farce in One Act and Four Scenes.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Hon. Trowbridge Farthington, Candidate for Governor.
 Mrs. Patrick O'Shaughnessy, Political Friend.
 Peter Hogg, Esq., Political Boss.
 Mrs. Trowbridge Farthington.
 Mrs. Fleming.
 Mrs. Highstreet, Friends of Mrs. Farthington.
 Mrs. Stuyvesant.
 Mr. and Mrs. Judd; Maldis.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. The Farthington library. MRS. FARTHINGTON *sits, writing.*
[Enter MARY with cards.]

Mrs. Farthington. How good of them. Oh, yes, I will see the ladies, Mary. They have heard the news of Trowbridge's nomination for Governor, and have come to congratulate me.

[Enter MRS. FLEMING, MRS. HIGHSTREET, MRS. STUYVESANT.]

Mrs. Fleming. Dear Mrs. Farthington, we are all on the same errand—come to offer our congratulations.

Mrs. Farthington. I'm so glad to see you all.
 Mrs. Highstreet. Oh, yes, Maria; we are perfectly delighted—all the family send love and congratulations.

Mrs. Farthington. Do be seated. It's just time for tea. *[Rings bell. Enter MARY.]* Mary, bring the tea. I expected you some time to-day. I knew you'd be the first to come to congratulate me.
 Mrs. Stuyvesant. John says that Mr. Farthington is almost certain of election. The Democrats always carry this State.

Mrs. Farthington. You all take lemon, I know, and sugar, of course—Oh, yes, indeed, there won't be the least trouble. Trowbridge's character and standing will make him the strongest candidate they could have nominated.

Mrs. Highstreet. Yes, indeed. Edward says he is sure to win; only he must keep his eye on the Boss. That is what counts in the city.

Mrs. Farthington. The Boss! Oh, but Trowbridge won't have anything to do with a Boss. He is quite capable of managing his own affairs, and he is just as calm and cool as if this—Why, you would never dream that Trowbridge was doing anything out of the ordinary; and just think of all those splendid things they said about him when they nominated him.

Mrs. Stuyvesant. John says there is no telling where such a man as Trowbridge will end. It's only a step to—

Mrs. Fleming. Mr. Fleming thinks Mr. Farthington the finest man ever nominated for the place. He says that most of the men are boss-riden, but that Trowbridge Farthington will stand out—

Mrs. Highstreet. Edward says that this just lays out the path for Trowbridge. After being Governor four years, Edward says that he wouldn't be at all surprised if Trowbridge would be the next President.

Chorus. How perfectly lovely!

Mrs. Farthington. Do you really think so? I have often thought that myself, that Trowbridge was just the man to be a President. You should hear him talk sometimes.

Mrs. Highstreet. And, Maria, you could spend your summers in Europe, and have a splendid time all winter.

Mrs. Stuyvesant. And think of the influence and power you will have; and with your experience at entertaining—

Mrs. Farthington. I'll be sure to have you all at my receptions. And I know that Trowbridge would see that your Tommy went to West Point.

Mrs. Fleming. And then, Mrs. Farthington, that poor old cripple, Tom Jones—would he do something for him at the War Department—

[Enter MARY with cards.]

Mrs. Farthington. Peter Hogg! I never heard the name before. Who can it be?—And such a common, horrid card, too. No; I cannot see him.
 Mrs. Highstreet. Peter Hogg—Why, Maria, it seems to me that is the name of the man Edward spoke of as the Boss. Maybe it is something important. In politics, you know, you have to be so careful. You had better see him—we will go. It is quite late, anyway. Good-bye, dear; we will see you soon again.

Mrs. Farthington. I am sorry to have you go; but, as you see, I must be careful. Bring the man in, Mary. Dear me! what can he want?

[Enter PETER HOGG.]

Mr. Hogg. Oh, I beg your pardon! It was Mr. Farthington I wished to see, but you can give him my message. Just give him this little paper, and tell him to step round to my office in the morning. Good morning, ma'am.

Mrs. Farthington. Peter Hogg! What can such a man have in common with my husband?

SCENE 2. One month later. MRS. FARTHINGTON, pale and anxious, seated in library.

Mrs. Farthington. This is dreadful. I have re-

ceived a hundred or more of these circulars. Who sends them? They say Trowbridge is an A. P. A.; that he is un-American; that he is sure to be defeated if he does not come out strong on the tariff question; and this panacea is a dreadful account of some business trouble which Trowbridge has been in. It is not true. Trowbridge is the soul of honor. *[Enter MARY with a basketful of letters and papers.]*

Mary. The afternoon mail, ma'am.

Mrs. Farthington *[in despair]*. More letters, more papers—all addressed to Trowbridge, but I will open them. Since I found that first dreadful letter I have opened everything, and burned everything. Trowbridge would be worried to death with all these accusations. Poor dear! he will never know. *[Opens paper.]* What is this—horrible! *[Reads.]*

TROWBRIDGE FARTHINGTON.—A DOUBLED-DYED VILLAGER.—ROBBED A CLIENT.—ESCAPED DISBARMENT BY CHANCE.—AN IMMORAL PAST.—PRESIDENT OF AN A. P. A. SOCIETY.—A TRAITOR TO TRUE DEMOCRACY.—A FULL SHOWING UP OF THE RASCALITY OF THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

Mrs. Farthington *[beginning to cry]*. Oh! this is too cruel—too cruel. If I could only talk with Trowbridge I know he could explain, but I cannot, he knows. I must be brave and keep these terrible things to myself. I feel that he is innocent, and then he goes about so calm and happy; he has never heard a word of it all; he is so busy. How his countenance would change if he only caught a glimpse of these frightful things.

[Enter MARY, with disdainful air.]

Mary. Mister—O'Shaughnessy, ma'am.
 Mrs. Farthington *[in a subdued voice]*. I'll see him. Oh, dear, I expect Mary will be giving warning next.

[Enter O'SHAUGHNESSY.]

Mr. O'Shaughnessy. Sorry to trouble ye, mein, so soon again, but I must find my husband anywhere and at any time's precious. We want to know 'bout this A. P. A. business; he's got to settle that at once or he'll lose the whole Catholic vote. Now I've faith in Trub Farthin'tin, but there's lots of th' boys who don't, an' ye tell him to make his denouncement of th' A. P. A.'s in the mornin' paper. It looks pretty ticklish 'bout his 'lection, now. Sorry to trouble ye, Mrs. Farthin'tin, but bizness is bizness, ye know. S'tong.

[Exit O'SHAUGHNESSY.]

Mrs. Farthington. This is one of Trowbridge's election friends; comes here every day. I wonder if he ever goes to the office.

[Enter MARY.]

Mary. Mister—O'Shaughnessy, ma'am.
 Mrs. Farthington. Oh, I'll see him.

[Enter PETER HOGG.]

Mrs. Farthington. How do you do, Mr. Hogg.
 Mr. Hogg. Don't mention it, ma'am, but you see that I've been chasing all about for Farthington and thought he might be here, but I'll leave the message for him. Just tell him to go slow the next time the A. P. A.'s. They're a mighty strong body and I believe will elect their man. Tell him to never mind principles, now. I'm right on the field and can see. If he stands by the A. P. A.'s he will be all right, but just let them get an inkling of any weak-kneed business and it will be all with a faint. Hope I haven't disturbed you.
 Mrs. Farthington. But I must be off. Lots of work to be done and time's short, 'd afternoon.

Mrs. Farthington *[in desperation]*. There, what will Trowbridge do. That's a fair sample of my daily programme. I'll do as I did yesterday and all the days before. I'll decide myself. I won't deliver either message. I would worry him to death, but here he comes now.

[Quickly hides mail basket and assumes a wistful smile. Enter MRS. FARTHINGTON.]

Mrs. Farthington. Trowbridge!

Mr. Farthington. Well, Maria, you look as blooming as a rose.

Mrs. Farthington. And Trowbridge, how happy you seem—everything going nicely. You are not at all worried, I see.

Mr. Farthington. Not in the least, my love, never happier in my life. Let's have the baby.

[Mrs. FARTHINGTON kisses husband and runs out.]
 Mr. Farthington *[in great depression]*. Here's my chance to do a little burning. Wouldn't have Maria know anything about this stirring up of old dry bones, nor my trouble with the A. P. A.'s and Catholics. It would kill her, and she's perfectly happy now. She thinks my election sure, poor girl, and fortunately for my foresight hasn't seen the opposition papers, nor the mail nor heard anything about the scandal. Heigh ho, don't know whether I can stand it or not—with O'Shaughnessy and Hogg after me every hour of the day, and a hundred other politicians. Hang it. I wish I was well out of this anyway.

SCENE 3. Second morning after election. Mr. and Mrs. FARTHINGTON at library table; pile of unopened letters and papers.

Mr. Farthington. Well, it's all just as I expected.

I'm elected and probably by a splendid majority. *[Mrs. Farthington kisses him ecstatically.]* I waited until twelve o'clock last night. No return from the counties yet, but the city vote was coming in splendidly—big majorities for me. The country is safe—all the counties for me—promised as soon as my nomination. Let's see the telegrams *[opens telegram]*. Ah, from the Governor of Pennsylvania—splendid! Look at this.

Mrs. Farthington. Here's one from the President and dear Senator Barb.

Mr. Farthington. I feel sorry for the other fellows, don't you, Maria. Feel pretty good to be elected, doesn't it, dear *[kisses her]*. It will take two hours to read all these messages—plenty of work for the secretary to answer them all. I'll have to rush down to headquarters, and see how the boys feel.

[Enter MARY, with telegram.]

Another congratulatory telegram, I suppose. We'll get fairly tired reading them *[opens telegram and glances at it]*. My God! it's from Hogg. Says I'm defeated. All west counties gone Republican. Big majority for Republican candidate by last count. Oh, Maria!

[They fall on each other's necks. Mrs. FARTHINGTON recovers and assumes cheerful expression.]

Mrs. Farthington. Well, Trowbridge, I'm glad of it. It's such a relief to have it over. I hate politics, and the whole dreadful business. I don't care if baby isn't brought up in the White House. These horrid men, Peter Hogg and O'Shaughnessy *[Mrs. FARTHINGTON looks up at him]*—they won't be coming here every day, and having me frightened almost to death for fear some one would meet them, or you would come home, and find out that they were up to. The A. P. A.'s and the Catholics have driven me wild. And all the other scandalous matter—I hate politics, anyway. *[Begins to cry.]*
 Mrs. Farthington. Why, my darling wife, have you been seeing those two men, and reading all the dreadful lies about me? You poor child! It hasn't paid, has it? I'm glad to be out of politics, too. It's a bad business, and no decent man could stay in it. And, now that you are not disappointed, I'm glad the other fellow got it. Let's go and see the baby. *[Exit.]*

SCENE 4. One morning later. Mrs. FARTHINGTON enters library, looking very cheerful.

Mrs. Farthington. Trowbridge said last night that he had given up hope. The Democrats were surely defeated. I only feel sorry for the party, and we are really delighted to be out of politics. Still more papers? Well, here's the *Morning Democrat* for Trowbridge. *[Opens paper and spreads out carelessly; then screams.]*

"ELECTED.—TROWBRIDGE FARTHINGTON.—THE GREAT, HONORABLE, AND—"

How glorious! *[Drops paper, stretches arms across the table, screams.]* Trowbridge! Trowbridge! Trowbridge!

[Mrs. FARTHINGTON rushes in, pulling on coat.]

Mr. Farthington. Maria! Great heavens!—
 Mrs. Farthington. ELECTED! ELECTED! Look—you are elected!

Mr. Farthington. Thank God!

[Faints and falls into chair. Mrs. FARTHINGTON jumps and falls into another convenient chair. Enter NURSE with crying baby, and MARY with HOGG and O'SHAUGHNESSY.]

Hogg and O'Shaughnessy *[gleefully]*. Shake! We've got him in—our Guv'nor!

Curtain.

STELLA WALTHALL.

San Francisco, Jan. 1, 1895.

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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

No sooner does one man do a striking thing than a world of imitators arise. This is true of all things, from bridge-jumping and tight-rope walking to novel-writing and the reforming of city governments. The first drunken fool who dropped from Brooklyn bridge was hardly out of the water before another took the hazardous leap. Blondin startled the world by walking over Niagara, but since his day men have danced on the middle of the wire and cooked their meals above the rapids. Barrie discovered the wealth of literary material in the simple life of a Scotch village, and, as was pointed out in this column last week, he soon found imitators who, perhaps, excelled him in Crockett and MacLaren. Dr. Parkhurst told New York that Tammany gave the city a corrupt government, proved it by private investigation, overturned the most powerful political machine in the land, and now he, too, naturally has created a school of Parkhursts. But if these reformers who have arisen in every city since last November will read Dr. Parkhurst's book, they will appreciate, as they do not now possibly, that it is not every man who can be a Parkhurst. There was a Lutheran courage in the New York preacher's make-up which few men in or out of the pulpit, are possessed of. And there was a high-minded and patriotic purpose in the man of no every-day quality. New York—abject, helpless, hopeless, debauched New York—needed a deliverer, not from vice and corruption, for these must be so long as men are as they are, but from his Tammany machine, which was a curse to the city and this plain and non-sensational preacher, finding no one else to do the work, did it himself. The first thing to be done was to get facts, and these he got in person, doing that which no preacher had ever done, at least not in New York, and thereby causing many less zealous to turn from him as a mere lover of the sensational, with perhaps, a turn of damnable cowardice, to get some one to do it for me!" Dr. Parkhurst then declares that with the same conditions and the same call to duty he would do it again.

But the book is not one to be given piecemeal—it must be read to gather the spirit of the man; there is nothing of the stump-speech style in the writing of the clap-trap kind. Dr. Parkhurst has nothing to be sure, with the enthusiasm of a reformer, but he takes a broad view of things, and shows that his purpose was greater than the closing of a few places of vice. He wanted to make a stroke for clean, non-political management of municipal corporations.

The headings of the chapters give the best possible outline of "Our Fight With Tammany": Society for the Prevention of Crime—Madison Square Pulpit's Analysis of Tammany Hall—Discourse of February 14th Reviewed and Reviled—Rebuked by the Grand Jury—Collecting Evidence—Affidavits in the Pulpit—Presentments by the Grand Jury Against the Police Department—Byrnes and the Great Shake-up—On the Rack—Mass-Meeting at Cooper Union—The Pulpit and Politics—Gardiner's Arrest and Trial—The Social Evil—Byrnes' Effort to Discredit the Crusade—First Attack on Devery—Denunciation and Whitewash—The Broome Street Mob—War on the Captains—The Chamber of Commerce Appeals—The Committee of the Chamber of Commerce—Election Appeal from the Madison Square Pulpit—Victory! Its Perils and Opportunities.—[Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers.]

The Manxman.

Hall Caine has written a powerful novel—one of the strongest of the generation, but also one of the blackest. The world may want to read this story of ruined lives, but why should it? Do we need to be told that women and men are weak, that some are truthful and others treacherous, that the nation of a moment cannot be repaired in years, that the blood of the father will tell in the son? Can't we see enough all about us that is depressing and horrible without having it disguised as fiction? Can Mr. Hall Caine find no sweeter theme upon which to exercise his great talent than such an one as he has handled in "The Manxman"? There is something wrong with a civilization that within two years produces only two great novels—"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "The Manxman"—both of which are morbid, dyspeptic, and altogether unrelieved in their blackness and despair. "The Manxman" has had an enormous sale in England—a sale even greater than that of "Tess"—which is a tribute to the book's power and a revelation of

the pessimistic mood in which the people of England must be. If novelists are bent on giving us such books, we will have to take to Schopenhauer for light reading. One or two selected passages from "The Manxman"—not the darkest in coloring—are subjoined:

"It is an inscrutable and awful fact, that just at that moment when a man's good angel has conquered, but is spent, his evil angel is sure to get the advantage of chance."

"Sin itself is often easier than simplicity to pardon and condone. It takes a soft heart to feel tenderly towards a soft head."

"Peter cried the schoolmaster, 'who brought you out of the land of Egypt and the home of bondage?' 'Deed, master,' said Pete, 'I never was in no such places, for I never had the money nor the clothes for it, and that's how stories are getting about.'"

"When a man, who is not a criminal, is given over to a deep duplicity of life, he will do but at any lie, wearing the mask of truth, which seems to shield him from shame and pain. He may be a wise man in every other relation, a shrewd man, a far-seeing and even a cunning man, but in this relation—that of his own honor, his own fame, his own safety—he is certain to be a blunderer, a bungler, and a fool. Such is the vengeance of Nature. Such is God's own vengeance."

"When a good woman falls from honor, is it merely that she is the victim of momentary intoxication, of stress of passion, of the fever of instinct? No. It is mainly that she is a slave of the sweetest, tend-rest, most spiritual and pathetic of all human fallacies—the fallacy that by giving herself to the man she loves, she attaches him to herself forever. This is the real betrayer of nearly all good women that are betrayed. It lies at the root of tens of thousands of the cases that make up the merciless story of man's sin and woman's weakness. Alas! it is only the woman who clings the closer. The impulse of the man is to draw apart. He must conquer it, or she is lost. Such is the old, cruel difference and inequality of man and woman as nature made them—the old trick, the old tragedy."—[D. Appleton & Co., New York, Publishers.]

A Statesman's Philosophy.

If ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed, the leader of the conservative opposition, were to publish a serious volume on "The Foundation of Belief," which he should review all accepted philosophic theories, how great would be the astonishment of the American people! Fully one-half the voters would probably laugh at a political leader dabbling in philosophy, and his book would lead to a weakening of his political strength; possibly, if he were radical enough, to his retirement from leadership. Yet the leader of the Conservative opposition in England, Mr. Balfour, has just published such a work, and no sensation whatever has been produced, although the Balfourian philosophy antagonizes the accepted creeds of all orthodox churches. Instead of amusing themselves by sneering at "the philosopher in politics," or "the college professor in the House of Commons," as the American press would certainly do, the English papers are giving critical reviews of the book, written by the most eminent students in the universities. But Englishmen—indeed, all foreigners—are much more used to seeing men of serious thought in their legislative houses than are we. While in our Congress we have but one man who has written so much as a small volume of political biography, the British Parliament contains a score of men eminent either as writers on history, political economy, sociology, philosophy, theology, science, or literature.

Mr. George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York Tribune, in writing of Mr. Balfour's book, says: "It might almost be said as a new religion on the ruins of the new philosophy. That would come as near the truth as most epigrams do. But the book cannot be dismissed in an epigram, and of course cannot be reviewed by cable. I do not attempt an account of it. I wish only to remark that it cannot be put aside, either by metaphysicians or theologians. It is a new point of view you look at it, a contribution to the thought of the time on the most important and difficult problems of all time."

"Mr. Balfour has long been a philosophical student. He knows the literature of his subject. Long before he made a name in politics, or led a party, or graduated as a statesman, he was known to his friends and to a few readers of unusual books as an acute and daring thinker, trained in a severe school of dialectics. Historically and ethically he is master of his subject, and as a logician he has not many superiors in this or other fields. Thus equipped, he has plunged into what may still be called the conflict between religion and science, and has attacked rationalism and naturalism, of which he deems an ethical nihilism the inevitable outcome. He rejects the philosophy of the senses. He declares the assumption of the existence of a God more defensible on scientific grounds than the proposition of science that there is an independent material world. Nevertheless, he shrinks throughout from any thing

like a definite statement of belief. He offers only a provisional solution of existing difficulties. Once more he affirms, as all theologians have had to affirm, the necessity of faith, which he curiously qualifies as a faith not in excess of reason, as if reason had anything to do with that matter. The synthesis of which he is in search—a synthesis in which scientific thought and religious thought may find a common denominator—is not to be had without sacrifices on both sides."

"Some of the admissions and assertions Mr. Balfour makes must leave the orthodox agnostic. Most certainly they will not accept his processes, hardly even his conclusions, nor yet his definition of the knowable and unknowable, and still less his adoption of Hume's arguments. Hume, nevertheless, and his own mind, led him to a conclusion remote from Hume's; and though he will not base a conclusion on the old argument from design, which Hume refuted once for all, he reaches in the end the theory that the origin of the world must be sought in the presupposition of a rational being. On that the new religion is to rest, and the new religion on such a basis is not so very far off from the old, except that it will contain a good deal less of dogmatic theology, and much more of spiritual insight, as well as of that unflinching effort toward truth to which the intellect and reason have more to say than mere mailed faith."

By Roosevelt and Stanley.

Theodore Roosevelt, in his third volume of "The Winning of the West" (Putnam's), has brought his history up to the year 1790. He tells, in his interesting style, the story of the rush for the West following the adoption of the Constitution, the organization of the Northwest Territory, the struggle of Kentucky for Statehood, and the establishment of the short lived backwoods State of Franklin.

Henry M. Stanley has written his autobiography, which will appear shortly under the title "My Early Travel and Adventures." All will be new matter, say his publishers, including an account of the two Indian campaigns of 1867, with new information about General Custer. At the next general election in England, Stanley will stand again for Parliament, and it defeated this time, so the English papers say, will betake himself again to Africa, carrying Mrs. Stanley with him.

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A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.

When the physician had left the room, Aunt Annette called the maid and said to her:

"My good Louise, the doctor has just told me that it will be all over with me this evening, or to-night. Hush! hush! don't cry. Monsieur must not hear you. Now, listen. You know that M. le Cure never goes to the cemetery on Sunday. So I think the funeral must be on Monday. Then there'll be time to send word to our cousins, the Tetrés and de Bolbecs, and you'll be able to prepare a supper for them, won't you? It wouldn't be nice to let all our friends go away after the funeral without something to eat. My good Louise, I want to arrange all the details for Monday with you, and all you're to do about the house when I'm not here any longer. You'll have your hands full with so many people at the funeral. And my poor husband will be fit for nothing! Take such good care of him, won't you, Louise? It is so dreadful at his age, to have to change one's way of living!"

This thought troubled her, and for a moment she tossed restlessly upon the pillows.

The maid stood looking at her dumbly. How could life go on without her mistress, whose existence seemed bound to all the necessities of the world; a vital part of the maintenance of all that is? This dissolution, this return to earth astonished the peasant woman much more than Aunt Annette's strange serenity.

There was suffering in Aunt Annette's drawn face, and her eyelids fluttered nervously; but she rallied, or, as it might be said, smiling with an air of mystery like who knows a secret which he will not divulge.

"Come," she said, "under the bolster you'll find the memorandum I have made. Can you find it, my good Louise? Can you read it? Wait. There are my spectacles on the mantel. Thanks. Now, let's read it together."

"Monday"—you see I have written down what you must do each day of the week—Monday: Brush carefully monsieur's Sunday coat and place the trousers underneath a board with the weight on top. Tuesday: Have a clean collar and cuffs ready for monsieur's shirt, and if he goes out in the garden after breakfast to potter about the vegetables, see that he puts on his rubbers over his slippers. On Wednesday, you know, we get fresh eggs from the country. Make him a nice omelet soufflé. If the eggs are well beaten and it's made quickly, it'll be light, you know. Thursday: Lay out complete change of linen."

Aunt Annette interrupted her reading.

"My good Louise," said she earnestly, "you'll be very careful, won't you, not to break off the little buttons on the back of his shirts, when you are ironing them? It's a little thing, but it makes a poor man so unhappy."

"I'll do my best, madame."

Aunt Annette glanced over her spectacles at the servant. A ripple of pity for the maid's heaving breast and tear-swollen eyes passed over her calm face; an impersonal emotion, as if it were not her own approaching death which troubled the faithful servant. After a silence, she began again.

"Friday: You will be careful, my poor Louise, to see that the fish are fresh when you buy them? And you must have rocked very seldom—monsieur is fond of it, I know, but the doctor has forbidden him to eat it on account of his gout, and you know we have often had battles on that question."

She smiled, remembering some little quarrel between them about his dinner. There was not a shade of irony in her thought. It made her happy to recall how often she had ministered to his innocent pleasure in eating. She had loved to watch him eat one of her good dinners.

"Saturday: Let me see. Saturday, mon sieur goes to play cards at his cousin's. You know he comes home late—just in time for dinner. He's in a hurry, of course, and I'm always afraid he'll stumble or miss a step. You will kind of help him, my good Louise? But you mustn't seem to worry about him. You must meet him as if by chance; you'll have a basket in your hand; you'll say you were just coming back from your marketing."

Yes, marketing, or something else. The excuse had to be varied often so that he should not become suspicious. Ah, despite her good intentions, that worthy Louise would never be able to spin a web of tender falsehoods like that in which, so gently, so cheerily, Aunt Annette had enveloped the dear partner of her life. She sighed, thinking of this. The idea that her husband might suffer an irreparable loss in the absence of her loving care was the only thing that troubled the serenity of her death-bed.

Her lids had fallen, and, as she wearily raised them, her eyes were filled with unshed tears.

"Well—you understand it all, my good Louise. He must miss me—the poor fellow!—as little as possible."

This, in a word, was what she wished. Love, at its best, seeks not to heighten its value. It suffers not that the loved one shall weep over its loss. It wishes not to leave ashes behind its fire.

So, when she had arranged the plan of the household duties for each day, Aunt Annette came back to the day of the funeral. There had been many reunions, tappy and sorrowful ones, in her house, but, at least, she had always been there to superintend everything.

"My poor husband will be good for nothing. I must have the wine brought up from the cellar before—it can be kept on ice in the pantry. He's so unbandy, and he'll be so miserable that he's likely to take the red for white, the Bordeaux for Burgundy, and cousin Tétré is such a connoisseur!" she mused.

So she wrote the list of the wines she wished to have at the supper, and on the back of the card she added the menu with which she hoped to cheer their relatives, who would arrive on early trains, and whose appetites would be sharpened by the long drive to the cemetery and back. It would never do to let them go hungry from her house.

"Just one thing more, Louise. Take my keys—there, on the stand. Open the drawer. Do you see monsieur's shirts, the embroidered ones? Bring me the one on top, folded in the pillow-case. And the white ties—have you got them?"

When the linen was on the bed, she touched the neckties.

"Oh! They are too stiff," she exclaimed.

"Louise, you must buy him a new tie. Monsieur detests starch. Tell me, what do you think of this shirt? You will give it to monsieur for the ceremony."

Aunt Annette had slipped one trembling hand inside the bosom of the shirt. She was admiring the delicacy of the embroidery, as if it were a living thing, with all the pride of the good housewife who appreciates fine linen. She sniffed the faint odor of lavender, and there was the shadow of that same mysterious smile upon her lips as she lay quite still for a moment. Then she said softly:

"Do you know, Louise, monsieur has worn this shirt only once—on our wedding-day!"—Translated for the Letter from the French of Hugues le Roux.

BARRIE ON STEVENSON.

[The following lines, which appear in *McClure's Magazine*, are part of "Scotland's Lament," a poem written by J. M. Barrie, author of "A Window in Thrums," on the death of Robert Louis Stevenson.]

"For lang I've watched wi' trem'ling lip,
But Louis ne'er sin aye I've seen,
The greedy island kept it's grip,
The cauldriif oceans rolled atween.

"He'd deid, the ane abune the rest,
Oh, wae, the mither left alane!
He'd deid, the ane I loo'd the best,
Oh, mayna I hae back my main!"

"Her breast is old, it will not rise,
Her tearless sobs in anguish choke.
God put Ilis finger on her eyes,
It was her tears alane that spoke.

"Now ont the lights went stime by stime,
The towns crept closer round the kirk,
Now all the firths were smooored in rime,
Loet winds went wailing thro' the mirk.

"A star that shot across the night
Struck fire on Pala's mourning head,
And left for aye a steadfast light,
By which the mother guards her dead.

"The lad was mine!" Erect she stands,
No more by vain regrets oppress't,
Once more her eyes are clear; her hands
Are proudly crossed upon her breast."

A young widow put up a costly monument to her husband, and inscribed upon it, "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it." A year or so later, however, she married again, and, feeling a little awkwardness about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding one word to it, "alone."

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HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

BY ANN DINAH.

(With apologies to the *Ladies Home Journal*.)

GUS.—To increase the growth of your eyebrows, try rubbing vaseline on them at night.

VALENTINE.—I do not think it is necessary for you to kiss the young lady who escorts you home from prayer meeting in order to express your gratitude for the attention.

VAN BIBBER.—I think it is in very bad taste for men to go in bathing in costumes so immodest as the ones you describe.

MA. P. B. F.—Cover a handful of prunes with half a pint of water and boil them until the water is reduced one-half. Give the baby a teaspoonful of this water three times a day.

CHARLIE.—Certainly, when a young lady asks you to marry her she is giving you the best expression possible of her love.

IGNORAMUS.—It is considered highly improper to wear pajamas, no matter how elegant they may be, in the dining-room of a hotel.

DEBUTANTE.—(1) Do not think it proper for a young man to go to the matinee in company with a girl, unless he is accompanied by an older man friend. (2) There is no method of changing the color of the hair from red except by the use of dyes or bleaches, and I cannot recommend any of these.

I. O. G.—(1) In eating a baked potato, break it in two with your fork and put the inner part directly upon your plate, laying the skin upon the tablecloth close to your plate. (2) I should certainly advise you to do as your mother wishes in the matter of marrying a young lady who has been addicted to strong drink.

SUPERVISOR.—I think the man who writes letters to a married woman in what you call "a tenderly reminiscent style" is doing something wrong, and something which it's possible he may one day bitterly regret.

CHICAGO.—Salted almonds and olives are eaten from the fingers. When cheese is served one cuts a piece with a knife and then eats it. All vegetables are eaten with a spoon. Large fruit—that is, oranges, pears, and apples—are then from the fruit dish with the fingers and slipped into the pockets.

ANXIOUS.—(1) It is not proper when you are out with a party to separate yourself from the rest and remain with one young lady all day long. (2) I cannot say anything in regard to smoking, but that I should be sorry to think there could be any one among my friends who is addicted to such a habit.

PROUD FATHER.—A baby boy sixteen months old may wear a linen sun hat, a soft silk cap, a Tam O'Shanter, or any pretty shape. The little man is too young to wear a tie. Make his dresses with a tucked yoke, pointed front and back, trimmed with a two-inch ruffle edged with narrow lace and extending over the shoulders. Orange flannel is a good material for the summer night-dresses of very young children.

VOTER.—Do not forget that these are trying times for women. And in your management of your wife, be of a cheerful countenance, remembering that tact and smiles will often win where tears and prayers prove unavailing.

BIRD.—I think a boy of eighteen may very properly be engaged to be married, if the lady is several years his senior and his parents approve of the match.

CONSTANT READER.—It is customary in going to church with a lady to provide yourself with change for the collection-box. It is unfair to compel your escort to provide it.

FRANCIS.—There is no harm in taking a lady's arm if she offers it to you when you are walking with her after dark.

Alameda, February.

THE WIFE OF THE FUTURE.

He stood in the dark at the bottom of the stairs. His coat was over his arm, his shoes were in his hand, his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled, and his breath would have put the strength of Hercules to blush. He was musing. What was he to say to her this time? That he had been with a sick friend? Bah! that chestnut dates with Noah when he got back from his first night out of the ark. Lodge? Political caucus? Poo! as soon might he tell her that there are June bugs in January. Why not tell her that he had been dallying over the chips at the club, and then pass over a hundred of his winnings for herself by way of reparation? All right in theory, but where was the hundred? He had lost just a cool hundred and fifty to Col. Keenwun, and, the Lord knows, it would take a month of severest economies to make that up. "Well, I might as well go and face the mu-

sic," he said, despairingly, at last, as he softly mounted the stair like a wraith of bygones.

Once in his room, he robbed with infinite caution, drank a pitcher of water, ate a handful of corn, and nerved himself up to the proper pitch. Throwing open the door of his wife's boudoir, he suddenly stood staring. She was gone! A horrible query seized him. Had she fled to her mother's? Had she eloped with that—that scoundrel of a French marquis who was so excessively polite to her of late? Oh, no! that thought was maddest. Her approach to the bed. No; she had not been there. The sweat was oozing from every pore. He made his way to the bureau and drew forth a revolver. "Blood!" he muttered; "blood!—mine, his, anybody's; but blood!"

There is no telling what he might have done had not at that instant a rattle at the keyhole below startled him. He struggled to the bannister and looked over. There was the wife of his heart taking her shoes off at the bottom of the stairs and trying to hang her hat on several imaginary pegs. Slyly he crept back and leaped into bed, feigning sleep.

She entered. Her face was a little flushed, her eyes somewhat heavy, but she had the very air of her own husband when he has his story down pat. Instantly the outraged sleeper awoke with a start. "Madam, what does this mean?" he demanded, rubbing his eyes. "Here it is nearly daylight and you—*you*, the wife of my heart, the mother of my chi-children—just come in at this disgraceful hour from God only knows where. Give an account of yourself. Where have you been—oh, *wh-where*?"

But the calm wife only faced him cynically. "I will not work off of your own stale old canned goods about 'lodges,' 'sick friends' and 'causes,'" she began, a trifle thickly, "but I'll come right to the point and the truth. I spent the evening at the Dorcas Advanced Woman's League, where we had a little quiet game. *Woe, my dear*," she followed, tossing a roll of bills upon the bed, "take this and buy yourself a sealskin overcoat or diamond ring. Suit yourself. I won \$250 from Mrs. Keenwun, the Colonel's wife!"

Then the foxey old duffer drew a long sigh, grabbed the roll as a shipwrecked sailor clutches a spar, and buried his nose in his pillow. "Forgiven!" he murmured a moment later, when he caught his breath from the sweet shock, and lay awake a whole hour winking at the clean hundred the two of them were ahead of the Keenwuns.—*New York World.*

A POET'S GREAT SCHEME.

"I understand that Tennyson was paid a half dollar a word for his poetry," said the soulful poet to the hard-headed editor. "Now, you don't pay me any such price for my poetry."

"I can hardly afford to pay you half a dollar a word for your verses," said the hard-headed editor, "but I will pay you half a dollar a line for a short poem."

Then the poet departed, and the next day returned with the following poem:

TRUE LOVE'S COURSE.

I.	II.
John	John
Years,	Mad,
John	Jane
Turns.	Sad.
Eyes	Both
Meet;	Fight;
Love—	Sad
Sweet!	Sight!
Jane	Whole
Slope;	Woe
John	Speak.
Pops.	Re-
Both	Course
'Nough	Di-
Said.	Vorce.

The hard-headed editor carefully counted the lines, and conscientiously counted out the poet \$16, remarking to himself, "I believe that fellow has got brains; I thought he was only a poet."—*New York World.*

WICKED, WICKED MAN!

Hills—"Von by a leg, b' Jove!"
Mills—"Who? What?"
Hills—Reggy Van Thinbrain. He's going to marry a ballet-dancer."—*World.*

Last night—but why stir pleasure's ember?
In regretting there's not any use—
I felt like a king, I remember,
But this morning I feel like the deuce.
—*Truth.*

"Does he smoke?" asked one girl.
"Never," replied the other.
"Drink?"
"Certainly not."
"Use profanity?"
"No."
"My dear, I almost hate to see you marry him."
"Why?"
"He seems too good to be true."—*Washington Star.*

Swaggs—"Ah, you will never know how much I regret my youthful follies."
Baggs—"Why?"
Swaggs—"Because, now that I have money enough to indulge them without compunctions of conscience, all the novelty is gone."—*Exchange.*

Ontume—"I remember when I used to get thrashed for going fishing, and then lying about it."

Mrs. Ontume—"It didn't do you much good, apparently."

Ontume—"Why not?"

Mrs. Ontume—"You do it yet."—*World.*

MAM'S AGE BY AMUSEMENTS.

BABY—Bawl.
Boy—Baseball.
Youth—Football.
MAN—French Ball.—*Life.*

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

I have just received from the editor of the *Letter* a proof-copy of an amusing article by "The Wayfaring Man," with instructions to "deal with this gentleman as he deserves." I cannot obey orders because it is not in woman's nature to deal with men as they deserve, more's the pity and more's man's luck. And that some disinclination probably explains woman's inability to fight, of which "The Wayfaring Man" complains. Now, I am not a pugilistic creature, as even Jack will allow, and I don't believe that the way to manage a husband, let alone other men, is to develop a muscle that will awe him into submission, and I don't want to vote myself, but if I were convinced that men are refusing the ballot to women because we don't murder with facility, I should become a rampant suffragist, and prove my right to vote in a manner which "the wayfaring man, though a fool," would understand.

If women don't fight it isn't that they can't, as the Amazons of De Montey prove. These horrible creatures have no fighting qualifications which many other women do not possess. But other women have not been trained for such work. I notice, however, that "The Wayfaring Man" does not declare that woman can't fight, but that she doesn't. Which is to say, that woman, if she wants the ballot, should organize militia, shoot at a mark, and, when riots come, turn tail and run like our own brave troops at Sacramento. Take the first five thousand women who pass the Baldwin on a Saturday afternoon, give them guns and tell them how to carry and load them, and they would make as good soldiers as the same number of male militia I have ever heard of. Doc "The Wayfaring Man" appreciates the fact that more burglars have been caught by women in San Francisco during the past month than by the entire detective and police forces?

As a matter of fact—and I want "The Wayfaring Man" to read this with both eyes—there is more of the old-time martial spirit in the women of to-day than in the men. Men have grown timid; they will stand insult and dishonor before they will fight. They are looking out for their "interests" so much that they have lost character, lost self-respect. They have so much at stake in case of a fight, either between individuals or nations, that they don't lose all sight of principle, and forget that there is such a thing as sentiment in the world. What right have these creatures of offices, counters, and shops, to deny any right to woman because she doesn't fight?

And so it isn't because women are lacking in intelligence, it isn't because they are prejudiced, it isn't because they have enough to do at home, that women should be denied the ballot? Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and all the women of the suffrage movement, have been wasting their time arguing with man. He doesn't care for justice or for right, so says "The Wayfaring Man"—force is the strongest man to-day that will render, and that not of the moral sort, but of the physical. Then, my good sisters in this movement, save your breath and study the manual of arms, distribute guns and swords, go in for the latest article in smokeless powder, and if man doesn't recognize reason, but wants a trial at arms, give it to him. It isn't the strongest man to-day that makes the best soldier; a woman's finger is just as good at pulling a trigger as a man's. Science has done its share toward equalizing the sexes.

What a blood-thirsty, disagreeable tirade I am delivering, and all because of a man whose wife probably rules him ten times more severely than she rules her youngest boy. I think the reason women don't vote is because they don't want to. Men don't care whether we can fight or not, and I think the most of them realize that we would make about as intelligent citizens as they do. But what's the use of adding to the number of "sovereign citizens"? If what Jack tells me about bosses, and rings, and machines, is true, it doesn't make much difference how many vote, or whether they are men or women. But I don't say that all women shouldn't vote, because I don't want to; the only thing I can't understand is why so many of them want to.

BETTY.

CHIC.

This local publication has grown from an experimental monthly into a prosperous and popular semi-monthly, and before long, no doubt, it will be the standard illustrated weekly of the coast. No better illustrations than those of Mr. Nankivell are to be found in any American or English weekly. *Chic* is destined to be the *Life* of the Coast.

MR. CLEVELAND TO MRS. DOMINIS.—(QUEEN LIL.)

My dear Mrs. Dominis: I write you to say That the way you've gone back on me is no sort of way

To treat a good friend who was trying to do The best he knew how to restate you. I have sat up of nights in my efforts to make These free-born American citizens not shake The cause of the Queen; and have kicked like a mule

Against their attempts to knock out your rule. I have fought against numbers, and firm by my side Stands Walter Queen Gresham, my hope and my pride.

We two against millions, and only for this: That you should go back on us. Oh, Dominis, You have slumped like a lily hard hit by the frost, And you and your sceptre and your throne have been lost.

Not lost by our doing. Ah, no! Had you stood As firmly as we have, your cause would be good; Not to-day or to-morrow, but some time you'd be The cheese in the Sandwich, the Queen of the sea. But now, Mrs. Dominis, I just write to say You've treated me badly by this kind of play.

And hereafter, madam, whenever I'm told To "behave of the vidders," the young ones or old, In whatever station, in whosoever care, You bet your sweet life, mum, that I shall beware. This ends it between us. You are nothing to me, And likewise I'm not yours, sincerely, G. C. I.

—New York Sun.

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THE THEATRES.

What things are essential to the success of a drama? An interesting plot, novel situations, or the old ones in a new dress, an unwavering conception clearly carried out, a plausible, restful climax—the natural, artistic end of the story—a good company of actors, a well set stage, and tasteful, intelligent management. Just a few times in the theatrical history of San Francisco we have had all these, and the combined effect was something memory loves to linger upon—a beautiful, living, speaking picture; life not as it is, but as it might be. Such a spectacle is the highest form of enjoyment, because of its skillful mingling of the real and the ideal, because of the necessary excellence of materials, because of its lofty morality, because of its poetic justice. It is a painting, a story, a song—all in one.

A dramatic success is truly enviable, and he who has written a fine play, and sees it worthily performed, has achieved his measure of greatness and happiness. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. William Harrison should write a play; nor, considering the gentleman's social and financial prominence, is it surprising that his play should be accepted and produced.

The first night's audience at the California, which was crowded with the author's friends, pronounced "Runnymede" a great success. What society finds enjoyment is always sure of exciting the reverent curiosity of those who are not within the charmed circle, but would like to be. So the play will run a week at the California, and after that there will probably be a farewell dinner to Ward and James. Then these discreet players will leave San Francisco; and as the pretty costumes and scenery can be used in other plays, "Runnymede" will be dropped from Ward and James' repertoire. For ideas, like all living things, are subject to the law of the survival of the fittest, and "Runnymede" is weak, unfit for the struggle for existence.

This child of Mr. Harrison's brain has had all the advantages. She has been sent to the fashionable school and makes her debut in the proper circle. What little talent she has has been diligently cultivated. If she be content with her surroundings, if she be satisfied with the good-natured applause of Bohemian Club friends, her little, school-girl accomplishments may pass muster. But when she leaves the amateur hot-house and becomes ambitious for professional glory, she is fit subject for criticism.

In all minor details, Mr. Harrison's play is a success. In all important, vital points, it is a failure. If it were a great, or even a good play, it could dispense with the embellishments—which after all are only accessories—and still merit praise. Being a failure, the little prettinesses cannot save it.

The author who takes an historical subject for his play, confesses his own inability to construct a plot. But if he steep the mummy in the wine of his imagination, if he vitalize it with the strength of his intellect, if he make it glow and throb with living passion, he is very near the god-head of originality.

That Robin Hood was brave, that King John was base, that Marian was lovely and loveable, that Friar Tuck was a jovial giant—we knew it all before. What new light has Mr. Harrison thrown upon the old characters? King John's passion for Marian and the granting of the great charter are new to our innovative age, but his made in the simple old tale, which, by the way, is fit for nothing greater than musical comedy. But there is no Virginity to lift the episode of a daughter's peril to the heights of tragedy; and as for the charter, were it even the Declaration of Independence, it would arouse enthusiasm in the gallery only. It is not worth a moment, no doubt, but still it is only parchment. And one requires a flesh-and-blood interest in the drama. The play is lacking action. It does not move, it does not interest. There are no opportunities to challenge the actor's ability, there are no thrilling scenes, there is not the one touch of nature without which a play is all words, nothing but words. And the author of "Runnymede" not only fails to give us words of words. His language is commonplace, his ideas are expressed in stereotyped phrases. When an adjective is once married to a noun, it never occurs to a man of Mr. Harrison's mental calibre to put these two asunder. Still, when he is original, Mr. Harrison is startling. For instance, Robin Hood tells Friar Tuck to weep for his tears will "mount to the sky"—a hydraulic miracle.

The patient seeker for some good—and not even "Runnymede" is wholly bad—may find material to praise in the first scene between Littlejohn and small, saucy Marjorie, the Cardinal's reminiscent talk with Friar Tuck, the Friar's love tale with its talk of the principal part, the Ratcliffe, a Scottish outlaw. The text closely follows the one that is treated by the youthful Henry Heine, written in 1822, and

interest. It is unworthy the pretty costumes, Stewart's beautiful, appropriate music, and the honest efforts of capable actors and actresses.

There isn't a good chorus in the "Gaiety Girl," but every girl in it can kick. There isn't much plot to the play, and what there is isn't very sensible, but there is every opportunity for dancing. Lucy Murray, the Pierrot of the Carnival Dance, finds her head a nuisance, so high and so straight can she kick. One is almost tempted to wish that there were no such obstacle in the way of a dancer's vigorous legs, for then perhaps they might describe a complete circle. Who can tell? One thing, however, is certain, Lucy Murray wouldn't miss that small, round head of hers.

In the "Gaiety Girl" Company, the head has been dethroned; the feet reign supreme. To be sure, Lady Virginia needs a tongue for those satirical, kicking little speeches, and Miss and Harry Monkhouse, Leedham Bentock, and Fred Kaye make good use of theirs, but for the rest of the company the head is a superfluity. It may be that the English dancer's head is only a link; that as time goes on Nature will dispense with this organ—which is of no use, apparently, except to be ignominiously kicked. King the triumphant foot—and a new race will be bred, a race of kickers. In the meantime, let us Americans be satisfied with our simple, provincial pleasures, for we have not been educated up—or down—to the European standard.

A great many pretty girls, all of whom can dance; a number of men with good voices and invaluable as felloes; a baker; half dozen stars, who kick with various degrees of grace, speed, and vigor; an excellent comedian, Monkhouse; and a play that is spangled with clever songs and speeches, whose wit is too broad at times for our uncultivated taste, and lacks besides the good-natured kindness of American humor—such is the latest product of the Prince of Wales Theatre, London.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL NOTES.

Coquelin and Bernhardt are playing together at the Renaissance in Paris. "Amphitryon" is the play.

Adele sur der Ohe is in New York playing the piano as beautifully as ever, under the direction of the Philharmonic Society.

It is said that the receipts from Sardou's new play, "Madame Sans-Gêne," have already amounted to more than half a million dollars.

Marguerite Merington, who wrote "Captain Letorblair," is writing a comedy for Sol Smith Russell, which he will produce next season.

The "Gaiety Girl" is to run a week longer at the Baldwin. Then we shall have Marie Burroughs in "Judah" and "The Profligate."

The first presentation on the American stage of Ben Jonson's "Epicure, or the Silent Woman," was given in New York on the evening of February 7th. The play was performed by the students of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts, under the direction of Franklin H. Sargent.

The forty-third Popular Concert will take place on Saturday afternoon, February 23d, at Golden Gate Hall. There will be a string quartette by Tschakowsky, songs by Frank Coffin, a Mendelssohn Sonata for piano and cello, and a trio played by Mrs. Carr and Messrs. Beel and Heine.

"A Temperance Town"—one of Hoyt's latest and best farces—comes to the California Theatre next week. The town is in Vermont, where Hoyt used to live, and the characters are of the village order—the townsfolk, the leader of the country band, the reform preacher, the whisky-selling druggist who wants saloons abolished.

Miss Phoebe Couzens, L.L.B., the famous lawyer of St. Louis, Mo., will deliver her great lecture, entitled "The Golden Call," at the California Theatre on Sunday evening, February 24th, at 8 o'clock. The lecture will be a review of the financial policy—the evil of bond issues and funding bills. Miss Couzens is the first woman in the United States to whom the doors of the law school of a university were opened. She also enjoys the unique distinction of being the first woman to be a United States Marshal. Reserved seat tickets are now on sale at the box-office, and the price has been placed at 50 cents to any part of the theatre.

Mascagni's new opera, "Ratcliffe," is to be first performed in Berlin at the Royal Opera House, and the premiere will be about the middle of next month, says a writer in the *World*. Sylvia is to be the principal part, the Ratcliffe, a Scottish outlaw. The text closely follows the one that is treated by the youthful Henry Heine, written in 1822, and

is weird and melodramatic, almost like that of "Cavalleria Rusticana," only with the difference that in "Ratcliffe" it is the gray, misty romance of the Scotch highlands instead of that of sun-kissed Sicily. The music, however, is too musical. I am told on good authority, and not by any means catchy. The management is expecting Maeceni himself here to direct his opera on the first night.

The musical critic of the New York *Sun*, writing of the new American grand opera, "The Scarlet Lady," says: "Many parts in the musical writing show a power quite astonishing, and at all times is shown a sense of the dramatic and the intense which is thrilling. In boldness of invention and method Mr. Damrosch out-wagners Wagner himself. Having been brought up from the cradle on this master's music, it is not strange that he has adopted his ideas and his theories. But let us think from the foregoing that Mr. Damrosch has notoriously taken, incorporated, or otherwise made use of any of Wagner's themes. No—"The Scarlet Lady" is original, and only the plan of making certain musical phrases typify certain people, things, and emotions followed. Another of Wagner's theories Damrosch has adopted in his work, by which is meant entire disregard of mere sensuous beauty, a scorn of phrases that might please the ear without describing accurately the poetic thought attached to them."

Irving's production of "King Arthur" was one of the most remarkable dramatic events of the London season. The piece is based on the Arthurian Legend, chiefly according to Sir Thomas Malory's version, but Mr. Comyns Carr, the author of the libretto, which is very poetical in many parts, has not limited himself to that source of inspiration. Mr. Carr compacted not only a poetic but also a workable drama, and the Lyceum Theater has added another great production to its repertoire. By which Mr. Irving has hitherto attempted approaches the spectacular effects here produced. So great an authority as Sir Edward Burne-Jones designed the dresses and assisted in artistic suggestions for the stage management. He, however, shrank from depicting the vision of the Holy Grail. All the audience was permitted to see was an angelic form, glowing in a beam of lime light, carrying the chalice, to the accompaniment of a peal of thunder. The quest of the Grail, Merlin's interview at the Mystic Mere, the assemblages of the knights and priests, White Thorne Wood, where Guinevere and Lancelot met in guilty love, and other scenic accessories, were all of the highest order. The acting, however, did not supply Mr. Irving with one of his strongest parts, for the burden fell on Miss Ellen Terry as Guinevere, and on Mr. Forbes Robertson as Lancelot; and both were as perfect as anything on the English stage.—*New York Post*.

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A well-known bishop tells a story of a clerk at a village church who deliberately took half a crown out of the plate as he brought it up to the communion-table, and slipped it into his pocket.

"I saw him take it," said the Bishop, "and intended to charge him with it at the end of the service, but, carried away by the sublimity of the service, I forgot all about it. Next day I remembered and spoke about it."

"Oh, sir," said the old clerk, "never you worry about that; that half-crown has done good service for many years. I keep it to put down fire; and then the gentry, seeing a poor man like me put 2s. 6d. in the plate, can't for shame give less."—*Tit-Bits*.

A drill-sergeant of a volunteer regiment in drilling a squad whom he was instructing in the funeral exercise, said, "Now, lads, I want to see how well you can do it. I'm going to walk through the ranks, and I wish you to suppose I'm the corpse." He ordered the squad to rest on their arms reversed, and stand at ease. Then he walked through the ranks, and addressed them as follows: "Your arms are all right and your feet are all right, but there is one thing wanting, my lads; you hadn't took time to regret on your face that you ought to have when a corpse walks past."—*London Exchange*.

A man, notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a butcher's and inquired the price of a soup bone. The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question he said, "Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is somewhat hard of hearing, and had missed the other's reply.

"Can't you take something off that?" he asked. The butcher took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it twopenny."

And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having made a good bargain.—*Tit-Bits*.

Lord Aberdeen once left London at midnight in a sleeping-car for the North. In the morning he saw a stranger opposite him. "Excuse me," said the stranger, "may I ask if you are rich?" Somewhat surprised, his lordship replied that he was tolerably well-to-do. "May I ask," continued the stranger, "how rich you are?" "Well, if it will do you any good to know," was the reply, "I suppose I have several hundred thousand pounds." "Indeed!" went on the stranger; "then, if I were as rich as you, and ignored as loud as you, I should take a whole carriage, so as not to interrupt the sleep of others."—*Household Words*.

"A clergyman" writes a correspondent, "set out the other afternoon on a begging expedition. Three rich men were, on this occasion, selected as victims. Said Number One, after listening to an earnest appeal for funds to build a new church, 'I'm sorry I cannot help you, but the facts is, I don't like your views. You are too evangelical.' Number Two would have been glad to contribute to the funds, but unfortunately the poor vicar was not sufficiently evangelical to suit him. Arrived at Number Three, all seemed to promise well, and after a very sympathetic chat, the rich man exclaimed, with a warm hand-shake, 'It is most cheering to meet with one whose views accord so perfectly with my own, but as I am firmly persuaded that the second coming of the Lord will take place before your church is built, it would be useless for me to give you anything.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.

Some good stories of the late Lord Cardigan and his shooting exploits have lately been retold in *Blackwood*. On one occasion, it is said, he was annoyed with his keeper about the scarcity of game, and ordered him to beat through another wood which he had pointed out, promising instant dismissal if satisfactory results were not obtained.

"But, my lord," urged the keeper.

He was interrupted by Lord Cardigan. "Not a word, sir! Obey my orders at once!"

Terrified, the wretched man slunk off, and the wood was duly beaten up to the guns. There was scarcely a head of game in it. Limp and dejected, the unfortunate keeper came up, and, when his lordship had said all he had to say, and was compelled to stop for want of breath, the poor man meekly pleaded:

"But, my lord, it's not your wood at all—only you told me to beat it."

Another story is that Lord Cardigan always shot annually at the same place in Northamptonshire. The woods were difficult ones to beat well, being rambling and hollow, necessitating the use of a large number of "stops." These "stops" were always, as is generally the case, small boys. But

in this particular year the case was different. Lord Cardigan's quick eye noticed that, instead of the small boys, the "stops" were grown-up men. This struck him so much that he asked the keeper why it was so, saying that it must come very expensive. The keeper replied:

"Well, you see, my lord, your lordship shot the boys down rather close last year."

Some time ago a man went to visit a friend who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. After a prolonged chat, in a humorous if not very edifying vein, the visitor thought it about time to go. "Is that clock right, Jock?" he asked of the inmate. Jock gazed at him for a minute or so in speechless amazement, then, laying his hand compassionately on his shoulder, said: "Man, dae ye think it wid be here if it was right?"—*Household Words*.



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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

SECOND SERIES. No. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2, 1895.

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The outlook for the passage of a Lexow bill by the Legislature grows more and more discouraging. The reasons for this are quite apparent. Since the clergy took the lead in the movement the lines of the proposed investigation have been so narrowed that popular interest has abated. It seems to surprise the clergy to find that the laws against the social evil are not strictly enforced in San Francisco, but it surprises nobody else. There is not a city in the United States of equal size where such laws are enforced, or if there is anywhere greater outward severity the actual consequences to morals are not such as to commend themselves to those who are more concerned for real results than they are for appearances. It is known to all persons acquainted with the administration of affairs in this city that the prohibitory laws of the statute books are intended to clothe the Chief of Police with power to regulate the evil. It is also known to such that this power has been constantly exercised. The concentration of the evil in a few quarters, which gives so much offense to the Parkhursts, means simply that Chief Crowley has been careful to prevent the spread of the residences of the Magdalen throughout the city. Possibly more secluded quarters of the town might have been selected for the herding of the abandoned women, but two influences have prevented this. Property owners and residents of other neighborhoods have had a voice in the matter, and usage has been powerful. The localities given over to open vice are the same as those surrendered to it from the earliest days. The Chief of Police is given no credit for that watchfulness which has preserved the city in general from pollution. That policemen prey upon the women is doubtless true. In this the guilty officers are like most other people who have dealings with them, including the most respectable merchants who sell to them, and know their character. But under what system of regulation are they protected from spoliation? One of strongest arguments against the French practice of licensing is that the hapless creatures are placed by it utterly at the mercy of the blackmailing police.

It is not clear how a Lexow Committee, which shall advertise to all the world Morton street and the other social sewers of the town, could lessen their publicity, or abate in any degree this curse. The Magdalen is

not to be suppressed by act of Legislature, or invecive from the pulpit, or the jailing of a bribe-taking policeman or two. As Lecky, in his "History of Morals" says, "She remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

When the movement for a Lexow Committee was understood to mean a desire for an open Grand Jury that would, besides looking into the misconduct of city officials, probe the reputed corruption of successive Boards of Supervisors by the agents of rich corporations, and, unmindful of the statute of limitations, drag out the truth as to past Senatorial elections, and in general lay bare the methods by which the associated villainies have given us a government by money instead of a government by the people, all honest men of sense wanted that committee. But the clergy, by imposing the complexion of their peculiar minds upon the agitation, have given it an almost exclusively "moral" color, men of judgment have become languid, and the Legislature has learned that it may play with the hopes and fears of the preachers without incensing the general public. The laity don't want a Lexow investigation which would have as its principal results a clamor over the social evil, an outcry about all-night saloons, an exposure of the unspeakable life of the dives to the public eye, and a determined effort to secure by law a better observance of the Sabbath. By making the Lexow movement "religious" it has been deprived of its masculinity, its strength. Good citizens of modern mould, whether of the church or not, have an instinctive aversion to clerical leadership in political affairs, and even in moral activity when that activity goes beyond the church and affects the whole community. To attempt to account for that aversion would carry one back into history, and consume much more space than I have at my service. That it is a very real and very strong aversion none are better aware than intelligent and informed clergymen.

To-day I publish with pleasure a letter from the Rev. Mr. Irwin, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church. It was not written for publication, but I am glad he gave me permission to print such portions of it as were not specifically forbidden print. As he accompanied none of his paragraphs with such an inhibition, I publish it just as it was penned. And the complete letter does him honor, it is so sane, so Christ-like, in its whole spirit. Mr. Irwin recognizes that evil is done by spreading abroad the facts of low vice, but thinks the compensating good justifies the spreading. As Morton street is the case in point, I differ from him. What he aims at is that vice shall be compelled to

"put up its shutters." That is a worthy aim, though I don't agree with him that the sort of vice exhibited on Morton street lures many souls from better ways. Let Mr. Irwin study the sort of men who are to be seen in the alley, and say if he thinks they are of the kind who have any innocence or delicacy to lose. Spiritually, they are as little likely to feel the soil of what they see as a hod-carrier's overalls are to be injured by the spatter of mortar. If a Lexow Committee is needed to seclude low vice from view, a gate at either end of Morton street would serve the purpose. And what could a committee do except to recommend more laws, or the enforcement of those we already have? Dr. Dille—who is an unpleasant person, he seeming to me to take a pleasure in rioting in his discoveries—has done the direct thing in charging Police Commissioner Tobin with being the landlord of houses occupied by fallen women. But since he says he has discovered that, why need he call for a legislative committee to rediscover it?

There's the whole practical point against the Lexow movement on the lines it has taken. What is to prevent Dr. Dille from proceeding against Mr. Tobin? And there is law enough in existence to enable Mr. Irwin to secure all he asks from a Lexow Committee. Therein lies the "more excellent way" he asks me to point him. He saw nothing on Morton street that is not against the statutes. He himself quoted the laws which were being violated. Why should the filth he observed have been spread on the pages of a newspaper to offend hundreds of thousands of readers when he had learned the remedy for it, in so far as law affords a remedy? It is a large task for one man to attack the social evil in its intrenchments, but it would be better, braver work to attempt it than to run the risk of befouling innocent minds in order to drum recruits to his assistance. Mr. Irwin, and other good men who, like him, have emerged from their refined seclusion in the public interest to combat gross evil, will, I know, take my word for it when I say I respect their motives while I deprecate their methods. They will also, I trust, believe me, when I tell them that they shock judicious men of the world by what they do, as well as fail to inspire such men with the smallest confidence in the utility of their sacrifice of decency. It is the habit of clergymen assuming that they are set apart from the world which betrays them into mischief. Sensational newspapers use them and make the judicious grieve. There was not one thing recorded by Mr. Irwin in the *Examiner* that, with relatively little publicity, could not have been attacked legally. We have a society for the Suppression of Vice (two of

them, if I am not in error), and if Mr. Irwin shrank from the enterprise of assailing alone what he beheld, he could have appealed to organized help. Every den on Morton street, every inmate of every den, every visitor, is amenable to the law. Mr. Irwin could have caused arrests with an authority and with an effect to which a Lexow Committee could have added nothing. Had he and his clerical coadjutors gone before the Board of Supervisors, and in the interest of such as are tempted by the spectacle of immodest women at open windows, petitioned for an ordinance requiring the gates, or by going to the Chief of Police forced arrests, these attempts would have brought them into co-operative contact with the authorities, and then they would have learned what could be done. That experience would have taught them to abandon their present assumption that that evil flourishes because those who are armed with the law's power to obliterate it want it to flourish.

The Rev. Mr. Irwin, I am certain, is a good man, a sincere man, a Christian man, and a sensible one. I won't say as much for the Rev. Dr. Dille. If the Rev. Mr. Irwin will take a word of counsel from one who has seen the city and its government through many years in a light very different from that in which it presents itself to him, he will go to Chief of Police Crowley and ask for an hour's friendly, confidential talk. He will learn more from that familiar conversation than from much meditation, and many conventions and mass meetings. I know Mr. Crowley to be an honest man, and a good man with a warm heart. I am certain that if he thought it possible to abolish Morton street, and the passions, weaknesses, and interests that Morton street represents, he would not wait for any pulpit to prompt him to do it. But the world offers an aspect to a Chief of Police such as it does not present to the minister of a Presbyterian church. And I venture to predict that the pastor of St. John's, being what his letter to me shows him to be, would come away from the conference with new views—views which would make him less eager for the Lexow Committee, as that committee is now asked for, and a profound respect for an official whom now he is disposed to deem *particeps criminis* with the patrolmen, who are by association, and may be for other reasons, led into the persuasion that Magdalen's head should not be clubbed the instant it is shown outside her wretched window.

One thing Mr. Irwin would learn is that Morton street has not gone on through the years undisturbed by protest. The fact that the ownership of property upon it, let for immoral purposes, has provoked a condemnatory ordinance is irrefragable proof of protest. The Chief of Police can tell Mr. Irwin, as he has told me many times, that an embargo on the infected thoroughfare rouses in expostulation others than the pitiable women who live there. Again and again the street has been blockaded—that is, policemen have been stationed at its entrances to keep men out of it. With what consequences? Powerful, and respectable, interests have been roused against the embargo. Let Morton street be closed—let that happen which Mr. Irwin, Dr. Dille, and the other clergymen are demanding—and there march upon the Chief the owners of the fashionable dry-goods stores, whose trade falls off, and the owners of all stores who are dependent in any degree upon the patronage of the women. That means the owners of most of the stores whose incomes are derived from women customers, good and bad. Then come the landlords and the friends of the landlords, and the Chief is made to feel that in closing Mor-

ton street he has laid a sacrilegious hand upon the foundations of Christian civilization, for those whose business has been injuriously affected have many friends, whose influence is great, and it ramifies in a way that one so little acquainted with the world as a good and decent man like Mr. Irwin does not dream of. Were he cognizant of the truth the social evil would not seem to him so isolated a problem as it now does. This does not mean, of course, that he should abate his assaults upon it, but only that he should put more arrows in his quiver and be inspired to fight it harder than ever.

He had learned much—much that a Lexow Committee would bring into view. He has by his independent researches gained information enough to warrant him in proceeding to action—action in which he would have the ardent support of bodies of men to whom what he has learned is a story as old as it is disgusting. Every tenement on Morton street has an owner, and that owner is not the female inhabitant. For every owner a warrant ought to be procured. In that manner Mr. Irwin would be a whole Lexow Committee in himself, and, I think, do more good toward depriving the social evil of obtrusive boldness than any committee that derived its moral impetus from Sacramento. It would be a less spectacular method of proceeding, and involve hard, quiet work, and he might be denied the co-operation of the Dr. Dilles, but, nevertheless, it would promise much in fruit.

For some weeks past I have despaired of a Lexow Committee that would be prepared to go up against such evils as those which afflict men who know where the rotten spots in our government, city and State, are. To illustrate: I know a Supervisor who went into office poor. Now he wears diamonds. I know another. He was bankrupt in business. There was no reform movement with which he was not in sympathy. He was bitter in denunciation of high water rates. He ceased that. He also ceased to care much for reform. He is out of office now, and is looking round for a new business opening for a man of experience with a respectable amount of capital. A Lexow Committee that would call these two men before it, and their intimates, and Mr. Herrin, and make a stern effort to ascertain where they got their money, would meet the needs of the situation in San Francisco better than the most thoroughgoing inquiry into why the Jezebele of Morton street are on friendly terms with the police. A citizen, who went to Sacramento a few days ago to push a bill, said to me on Monday: "It was in the line of my profession to advance every reason possible for the passage of this measure, and I appeared before the proper committee to do it. I am not a young bird and fancied I was making headway. Before I left the capital a friend of mine who is a member of the Legislature—a square man as I had thought through an acquaintance of many years—came to me and told me frankly I was not going about it in the right way. He offered for a specified amount of money to get the bill passed. And the worst of it was it did not seem to have occurred to him that there was anything wrong in his proposition."

Another man, in possession of the secret of a specific for a wide-spread evil, informed me on Tuesday that two members of this Legislature had visited him to warn him that a bill requiring the ingredients of all patent medicines to be made public was about to be introduced and would be certain of passage unless they were supplied with a sack.

The Fittz Cure for Alcoholism never fails.

These instances are typical. They are dreadfully usual. Ask any insurance man. Ask any banker. Ask the gas company. Ask the water company. Ask the street car companies. Ask anybody, anybody who has reason to fear a cinch bill. It was to meet this sort of thing that a Lexow Committee was wanted. Now, the clergy in their horror of Morton street have drawn away the interest, the energy of the community. A Legislature that has scouts out to drum up business in the old way will hardly give us a committee whose investigations would interfere with "business" which must be stopped before we can get decent government.

It is remarkable, paradoxical, that at a time when everybody with a spark of public spirit, and everybody who wants leave to own his own brain and tongue, is cheered by the belief that California is on the edge of emancipation from the old slavish state of things which has made life in California humiliating to Americans for a quarter of a century, the press of the metropolis of the Pacific coast has suffered a descent in mind and morals. People of taste, people in whose vocabularies the words propriety and refinement have a place, long ago learned to put up with the daily newspaper of San Francisco, which is much like the daily newspaper of any other American city. That is to say, we all understand that the ordinary daily newspaper is published to meet the liking of the most people, and the majority of any community is not composed of gentlemen and ladies. Consequently, the daily newspaper is an offense to the cultivated, even as men and women are who have rude manners and stout stomachs for the sensational and salacious, and do not mourn because our civilization, unlike those of the old Romans and the modern Japanese, do not give the bath a prominent place in daily life. But I do not mean that. Our papers still have all the defects that caused some thirty thousand of our women a year or more ago to petition them to purify themselves, and have acquired more. There were distinctions when that movement—now almost forgotten, and leaving no traces behind, as is the way with movements of the sort, unhappily—excited the enthusiasm of good ladies and engaged public attention. We had good papers and bad papers, morally considered, and some had more brains than others. Now all have subsided to a common level. Some may still refuse to publish the changes of residences of the demi-monde, but all have gone down to a uniform level of conscienceless commercialism.

Ordinarily the newspapers, despite their shortcomings (which are chiefly owing to the conflict between their real character as business enterprises and their assumption of the function of public teachers and leaders—the result being inconsistencies that come unpleasantly near hypocrisy), are considerably better than the generality of their readers. Though business men, the proprietors make sacrifices to maintain the pretensions of the editorial page, and the result is the upholding of an ideal that rebukes and stimulates the general public. San Francisco's press has given over this useful pretense of being rather superior to the shopkeeper. It has fallen at a juncture when bad the editorial influence prevailed it would have risen. General considerations have not been sufficiently powerful to withstand special reasons. The business office, prevailing over the editorial room, has become supreme.

Within my memory, which has a local backward reach of a quarter of a century, the press never was so far down as now, and why? Because the one man who kept the

traditions of better things, the journalistic spirit, alive, has been eliminated. I mean the removal of Mr. George K. Fitch from the direction of the *Bulletin* and *Call*. He was not modern; he was not broad; he was not progressive; but he was influenced by the old-fashioned notion that the newspaper proprietor had some other relation to the public than that of an exploiter—a money maker. The *Bulletin* and *Call* were not brilliant papers, but they took themselves in earnest and worked for the good of the people. There is no such paper left among us. The business manager is on top in all now.

Take the proprietors of the three San Francisco morning papers, carry them up in a balloon a short distance, drop them overboard, and let each land in the other's seat of power, and what difference would it make in the ethical purpose of any of the journals? Every one of them is in the hide and tallow line—each is a merchant of news; only that and nothing more. It is the aim of all to make money—I don't say dishonorably, as mercantile standards go—and whatever interferes with that object is an annoyance to be suppressed.

The *Examiner*, the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, are all owned by millionaires. When these papers are not employed as a merchant employs his store, they are used to further ends, business or political, in which the public's co-operation is necessary, though the public's interest is not perceptible. It is needful to Mr. Hearst's aims that he should speak for the Democratic party, to Mr. de Young's that he should have the Republican party behind him, and this is true also of Mr. Spreckels. The *Bulletin*, since Mr. Fitch's retirement, has abandoned the field of serious opinion altogether. The other papers don't count. The same is true of the weeklies. The latter are either under the control of the dailies, or take their orders and draw their subsidies from the powers that are larger and more powerful than the proprietors of the dailies. The dailies are strictly business-like; the weeklies are squalid.

Consider Governor Budd's appointment of Mr. E. L. Colnon to the Harbor Commission. This *Letter* is the only publication in San Francisco which has spoken of that act as it ought to be spoken of—the surrender of the anti-monopoly Governor to the Southern Pacific and its allies. Why this silence? Mr. Colnon for a dozen years has been the editor of the *Stockton Mail*, a railroad organ, yet not a journal, daily or weekly, in San Francisco, has objected. Among them all there is not one which had honorable reasons so strong for preserving silence as the *Letter*. Mr. Budd and Mr. Colnon were old, very old friends of mine, and it hurt me to condemn the appointment, because in order to do so I was compelled to challenge the enmity of two men I liked and who would scarcely forgive me for my frankness. I was not so young as to expect that my sense of public duty would be understood, or be accepted by them in explanation. Had Mr. Budd been large enough to comprehend my feeling, Mr. Colnon would not have been made Harbor Commissioner; and had Mr. Colnon been capable of appreciating my generosity he would not have been in need of my excuses for him in becoming a railroad editor.

Mr. Budd calculated on saving himself from the criticism of the metropolitan press, and he calculated correctly, after his kind. He also calculated on my silence. He did that because while he understood the other papers he wholly misapprehended the purpose for which this *Letter* is being published. That, also, was natural. He has learned by

unpleasant experience that the *Letter* is outside the radius of journalistic management by politicians. I know why all the newspapers of San Francisco, daily and weekly, have either commended the Colnon appointment, or kept silent about it. And the brief revelation of that knowledge discloses the character at once of the Governor and the metropolitan press. I shall go into details, for the revelation has a reach that goes far beyond the particular matter in hand.

The *Examiner* has not condemned the Colnon appointment because it lacks the courage to take new ground. So long as it cannot see what is to be the outcome of any course upon which it enters, its timidity is invincible. To break with a Democratic administration is a fearful thing in its sight. It would have been easy for the *Examiner* to have prevented Mr. Budd from stultifying his anti-monopoly professions, for the Governor is quite as much afraid of the *Examiner* as the *Examiner* is of him, although the *Examiner* isn't aware of it. The *Chronicle* has been animated by a more creditable motive in accepting the appointment. Mr. Colnon in his paper, the *Stockton Mail*, has long been friendly to Mr. de Young, advocating his election to the Senate, as he had previously advocated the election of Stanford and William H. Mills. Mr. de Young recognized the obligation, for which, considering his view of his relation to the public, he is not to be blamed. The *Call* took kindly to the appointment because Mr. Budd and Mr. John D. Spreckels have become friendly since the election. As for the *Bulletin*, it has gone out of the business of expressing opinions when their expression would offend anybody. The people, however, understand their press and form their judgments independently of it.

If this country cannot be kept upon a gold basis except at the price which the Cleveland administration is paying for it, the sooner we come to a silver basis the better. The payment of a bonus of ten million dollars to a syndicate for floating sixty million dollars in bonds has exasperated the nation, and justly. It is a "hold-up" of the government which all the explanations of the rejoicing bankers cannot conceal from people of common sense. The bonds were sold to the syndicate at 104, and offers for them have reached as high as 120. There was no reason why the government could not have sold its own bonds and saved the wasted millions to the public. Every dollar of the ten millions presented to the speculators represented the earnings of labor. It is not surprising that charges of dishonorable collusion should be made against President Cleveland, though such charges are not needed to explain his behavior. Mr. Cleveland labors under the double constitutional disadvantage of knowing that he is always right and being impervious to advice. It is probable that his bond transactions will result in great good to the country. They have discredited him as a financier, utterly. Some of his warmest friends are leaving him, among them Senator Mills of Texas. The President has prepared the way for free silver. The maintenance of the gold standard has led to the sale of our bonds at a price below those of poor bankrupt Egypt, below those of ordinary municipalities of the second and third classes; it has subjected the country to the ridicule of the world and brought it under the contempt of sane financiers. Had such a price been paid for free silver, and such humiliation been its consequence, is there a banker in the United States that would not be crying for the restoration of gold? Assuredly it would be far

better that our importers should be required to buy gold at a premium in order to meet their foreign purchases than that the government of the United States should be expending the revenue of a kingdom in order to keep a gold balance in its treasury. Free coinage would at least give us an automatic system of finance. And if our silver miners should make a few millions by the enhancement of the value of their metal, that misfortune (in the Eastern view) could be borne with as much patience as the sight of the pile of spoil captured by Morgan and Rothschild.

Mr. Cleveland has given a tremendous impetus to Populism. That is to say, there will be a general going over of Democrats to Populist doctrines so far as free silver and the non-issuance of bonds are concerned. General Coxey himself, in charge of our finances, could not have achieved a more costly piece of idiocy than Mr. Cleveland's latest triumph in financing.

California and the Catholic Church have lost a good man in Bishop Manogue. He handled the miner's pick and shovel, and mingled with the State's rough and ready pioneer life before he entered the priesthood. And as an ecclesiastic he never lost that knowledge of and sympathy with men which he acquired in his laborious and adventurous youth. Many of his best years were spent in Virginia City, where as pastor of the Catholic church there he was known to every Comstocker. And every Comstocker respected and liked Father Manogue. He was imbued with the hearty, masculine spirit of the place, and his sturdy, kindly spirit was too broad for church lines when need appealed to his sympathy. There was no busier man on the lode, and all his activities were helpful. He had for his warmest friends men of all religions and no religion. And yet there was nothing latitudinarian about this good priest. But it was his practice to feed the poor and clothe them before approaching them spiritually. A part, and a very important part, of Virginia City was taken away when Father Manogue became Bishop of Sacramento. The Comstock was pained at his promotion, but never ceased to regret his departure. And I don't think Father Manogue himself felt compensated by his greater dignity, for his separation from his sagebrush parishioners, who included everybody from the Geiger Grade to American Flat. He was essentially a pioneer priest and understood the miners thoroughly. To them and their families he was a permanent relief committee. The convent at Virginia City, which is a school and orphan asylum combined, and St. Mary's Hospital, as well as the fine Catholic Church, are monuments to his zeal. His work among the poor was incessant, and, as John Mackay's purse was open to him in the old days, he carried comfort and brightness into innumerable little homes. There are more polished, more scholarly priests in the Catholic communion on the Pacific coast but none more godly, more manly than was Patrick Manogue.

It is matter for general gratification that the exchange of gross personalities between the *Examiner* and *Chronicle* has ceased. It was thought when, last week, Mr. de Young referred editorially to Mr. Hearst's marble and silver-mounted bath-tub, and the accompaniments thereto, and when Mr. Hearst adverted to the "gambling establishments and lascivious dances" tolerated by the Director General at the Midwinter Fair, that we were to have an outbreak of those revelations of the private lives of public men which are always so shocking to all persons of taste. Although Mr. de Young promised editorially to con-

tinue this species of literature in the event of his being held further responsible for the forging aberrations of Trusdell, Chief of the Bureau of Publicity and Promotion, by his esteemed contemporary, he has happily changed his mind. For Mr. Hearst did not submit tamely to familiarities with his bathtub, since he responded that as long ago as twenty years "all that could be said of public crime and private vice" was said of the Director General, who "has lived ever since at ease in the consciousness of his own unapproachable depravity." Mr. Hearst kindly added that "it is much to have a character which no pitch can affect except by making it somewhat cleaner." That seemed to be taken by the Director General as an apology, for his injurious personalities relative to Mr. Hearst ceased at once. There were those, of course—malignant persons—who hoped for further information about the bathtub and additional proofs of Mr. de Young's moral need of it; but these were in the minority. Journalism is discredited by the quarrels of eminent editors. And abuse of individuals is always unbecoming in family journals. Surely, it is no crime to possess a marble and silver-mounted bathtub, any more than it is to own gold-mounted harness, which, as we know on the *Examiner's* authority, is the pleasing fortune of the Director General. If each has paid for these luxuries with his own money, it is the proper part of the rest of us simply to admire, and, if possible, refrain from envy. California, I think, can look on with little of that base passion while Editor de Young, rich, infamous, and content, drives abroad, his horses sparkling in bullion, and surely all lovers of the beautiful must take pleasure in the sight of one so young and deserving as Mr. Hearst reclining in his bath of marble adorned with its numerous silver knobs. It is right that journalism should have its rewards. High aims are all well enough in their way, but the material things of life are not to be despised. When veteran newspaper proprietors acquire gold-mounted harness and bath-tubs famous for pulchritude, younger men in journalism are inspired to noble emulation. Already Mr. Shortridge of the *Call* has the shiniest plug hat in town and the largest diamond procurable in San Jose. The blessedness of the poor may allure the saintly, but, while goldliness is great gain, something more than goldliness is justly sought for by the patriots who give us our great metropolitan dailies. They serve the people, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. Still a Lexow Committee would do no harm.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE PRESS ON THE "LETTER."

That which was originally but a presentation of the personal opinions and comments of Arthur McEwen upon California and Californians has now become a journal of strength and character, superior to any heretofore published on the Pacific coast. It is strong because it is independent, and it is independent because it has been supported and advocated only that which is right and just. It does not have to bend its supple knees to the hitherto supposedly omnipotent monopolies that have for a generation controlled the press and public of California. As fearless and as able as Labouchere, Arthur McEwen has made his *Letter* the *Truth* of California.—*Oakland Record*.

Arthur McEwen's *Letter* reaches me this week, enlarged to twelve pages, and materially enriched in breadth of intellect as well. To my mind, it has been the *Mecca* which has led the oppressed California masses to rise up in their might, and fling away the veil which has so long darkened the lives and fortunes of the thousands who, far a quarter of a century have been like stricken sheep before that mercenary shepherd, the Southern Pacific Railway.—*Pueblo* (Col.) *Progress*.

Local political conditions appear to have made a place for the *Letter*, and McEwen's knowledge of men and affairs admirably fits him for the task he has assumed.—*Oakland Enquirer*.

Mr. McEwen is making his *Letter* interesting to all who make any pretense of keeping up with events.—*Fresno Examiner*.

THE TWADDLER.

The levity of the times is appalling to one who remembers the reverent spirit of the early part of the century.

"Who's dead now?" roared out Joe Redding when I entered the Bohemian last Thursday in black.

"Perhaps it's only the illness of his tailor," scoffed Ned Hamilton, and at this small witticism he emitted a bass haw-haw that rattled the windows in their casings.

"Gentlemen," I said, severely, "nobody, of course, expects piety in clubmen; but, begad, every gentleman knows that it is good form to show at least outward respect for sacred things."

"He's gone into mourning for Grace Church's debt," enquired Harry Brady.

"I am not aware," was my reply, "that Grace Church has any debt, but were such the case I should certainly not be ashamed at showing my sorrow."

"Well, but hang it, Persiflage," cried young Lathrop, whose curiosity is a consuming vice, "why are you in mourning?"

"I am not in mourning—not at all," I responded. "It is Lent, gentlemen, Lent, and as a sort of—er—mark of esteem for locusts and wild honey, and that sort of thing, I subdue the hues of my raiment. And I trust that my example will not be wholly lost on this—this frivolous gang."

My face was turned toward the window as I spoke, for I was deeply moved. Thus it happened that I caught sight of Bishop Nichols passing along Grant avenue in company with a special policeman. From the double wish to keep my arm-inored friend out of mischief, and to appear arm-in-horned with a bishop while the lenten season is on, I flew down stairs, followed, I regret to record, by the most comical laughter of the godless crew in the smoking room.

Speaking of the Bohemian Club, we had a gay evening there last week. Harry Veuve was somewhat distant in his manner toward me, for he had not relished my badinage respecting his hands, in which he takes so much pride. The subject under discussion was the latest bond issue, and its probable effect in bringing on us the calamity of free silver. Veuve was, of course, speaking eloquently, and, as usual, attracting more attention to his gesticulation than to his thought. Suddenly I arose, and in a loud voice, which quite drowned his, repeated the following verses:

"No sculptor ever carved from stone

A lover's hand thus bled.

"A hand as idle and as white

As lilies on their stems;

Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,

Dazzling with crusted gems."

Veuve turned red and green and violet, and reached for a decanter, but a dozen laughing fellows seized him, and I was the recipient of congratulations on all sides. The boys thought the poetry original, and I did not undervalue them. Veuve said I was rude and insulting, and so, apparently, I was, but when one's conduct is in pursuance of a vow, he can't be particular. I have sworn to make Harry wear gloves.

I see that unfortunate creature Trusdell, the forger, has got three years in the Kansas penitentiary. He has changed my mind about his mental capacity. He behaved like an idiot, of course, but I can see now why his reason was overthrown. Of course, I do not blame my friend De Young, for he was quite within his rights in acting as he did, but the effect on Trusdell could not have been other than maddening. Harry had not been able to account for the man's sudden and seemingly inexplicable descent to crime, but it became as clear as day to me when I read the following in the *Chronicle* of the 22d:

"Mr. Trusdell never set his foot within the doors of the home of Mr. de Young, unless he was called there on some business connected with the Fair, nor until what declarations he may have made to the contrary. Mr. Hearst should know better than to make the mistake of accepting as trustworthy the statements of men who boast of their social relations."

Cruel as this is, it is not uncalled for. The habit of boasting that one is on terms of social intimacy with De Young is growing. I frequently hear such vanta at the clubs and in society. It is natural that people should wish to seem of a higher social grade than they are, but nothing can be more vulgar than giving way to the temptation. I have spoken to my friend about it, and agreed with him that it was high time he gave public warning to all pretending to social equality. "I can't expect that all of them will land in State's prison," Trusdell has done, Persiflage," he said, "but I perfectly certain most of them will come to a bad

end. Anyway, as long as I have a newspaper I can expose them. By the way, can't you come up to my private theatre some night, and give us another talk on Napoleon, or something else historical? Blow me, if it isn't instructive."

Reminding him that it was Lent, I declined, and went my way.

I had gone but a block or two when I encountered my able young friend Hearst, at whom I wagged my head and shook my finger.

"You must stop these attacks on Harry de Young," I said. "You are young, and youth, being fiery, loves combat; but, believe me, my boy, all newspaper fights are unprofitable. They offend, and injuriously affect circulation. Yes, yes; I know. It is hard to refrain when one is crammed with courage, and surrounded by the most determined spirits who egg you on to battle. But you should remember that they don't suffer when the shock of conflict comes. They don't own marble bath-tubs with silver trimmings—and—er—concomitants. What you need is an adviser, William—a mature, cool-headed, judicious man—advice by nature to all stride."

"That's true," answered Harry, "but, he added, with a sigh, "where is such a man to be found, Persiflage?"

I endeavored to look unconscious, and trust I succeeded.

The Portrait Exhibition is charming. Wealth and lowliness, as seen by Art, and filtered through Art's soul to canvas, grace the walls of the Hopkins Institute. It really does so credit, socially as well as artistically. Colonel Andrews and I went together, and I had the pleasure of telling him who were the subjects, for the Colonel's tastes being military and political, he sees little of Society. I doubt if any city this side of Europe could afford a better display of fine looking women. It warmed my heart, egad, and I said as much to Secretary Martin, who looked flattered. "But," he went on, "why should the world be given a view of the ladies of Society only? Is there no beauty among the men that their portraits should be excluded? Why not have an exhibition of the Men of the Four Hundred? It would be worthily charity."

Martin at once fell in with the idea, and asked eagerly if I would contribute my own portrait, which is famed as Keith's *chef-d'œuvre*. I consented, and Andrews volunteered the information that he would willingly lend his likeness, one of Swan's earliest and most successful efforts.

"I have seen," said Martin, doubtfully, "and hardly think it will do. You were taken smoking a cigarette, were you not?"

"Yes," answered the Colonel; "but if there's any objection to that, it can be painted out. The brand is no longer sold, and I guess the contract's expired by limitation, eh?"

"What I thought it probable, and there is every prospect that the movement for the exhibition will proceed."

The illness of Lieutenant-Governor Millard is giving us a great deal of concern, and on Tuesday last I ran up to Sacramento to offer suggestions, should they be needed.

"It goes without saying," I observed to the Governor, "that I am ready to abandon the Labor Commissionership."

But Dr. Livingston took me aside, and privately informed me that this sacrifice would not be required. "We admire your talents, Persiflage," he was good enough to say, "and appreciate your readiness to serve in any capacity, but you, being a society man, have scarcely the caliber that fits you for a strictly political post." And begad, that's true enough, though I could learn.

From another source, I learned that should a vacancy occur, the Lieutenant-Governorship will be offered to Mr. Martin Kelly, a gentleman who enjoys the Governor's confidence, and whose familiarity with politics, I am told, is extensive.

PERSIFLAGE.

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TWO HIGH LIFE MARRIAGES.

Findley Prattles of the Gould Wedding, the Yznaga Separation, and Much Else.

New York, Feb. 20, 1895.

The young woman said: "If the Goulds go to Europe they won't be missed."

The politician said: "Tom Platt wants to be the boss of New York City, New York State, and the United States."

The club man said: "If Shakespeare got a decent royalty on only the plays of his that are running in New York he would have a larger income than Sardon."

The society man said: "Never saw the women look so well in all my life as at the *bal poudre*."

The artist said: "Mabel Wright should have stuck to her art and let society alone."

There's the New York news in a nutshell.

The Gould wedding—how glad everybody will be when the thing is over! The papers are simply laughable; they print the young man's pedigree one day and the next they describe the girl; then come the Count's pedigree again, and then a description of Miss Anna's boudoir; then a two-column history of the Castellane family, followed by a guess at the trousseau; and so it has gone until the town is bored beyond power of expression, and if Dr. Parkhurst or some other exalted and noble reformer were to "rise in his wrath" and from the dome of the Pulitzer building cry aloud, "Darn the Goulds! I wish the Castellane family to hang with them all!" the whole city would answer back, "Amen!" "Amen!"

Samuel J. Tilden, with all his literary bureaux and clever newspaper men under pay, was never able to get so much into the papers regarding himself as this young Parisian dandy. Why, the whole town knows of his boudoir; then a two-column history of his dressing room, and the kind of a bath he enjoys, and what he eats for breakfast at the Waldorf or Delmonico's. The whole thing is shameful, and the Count himself must feel that he is degrading himself by marrying into a nation of bounds.

Everybody is now saying that the Goulds, having paved the way by Miss Anna's marriage, will soon follow Mr. Waldorf Astor to Europe, there to remain permanently, though not to forever allegiance to this country. I can believe that this is Mrs. George's desire, but that Helen Gould or the younger brothers will follow suit is not likely, for, though stupid and *bourgeois*, they do not feel that they yet have reached the civilization of America, which to the actress wife seems so crude contrasted with the older civilizations across the pond.

If, when Mr. Thomas C. Platt dies, he goes to that good region where all is peace and love, he will feel strange, awkward and uncomfortable, for never another man has been so despised and downed, often, and yet found his way up to leadership and mastery again. Just now his struggle is one that certainly must leave him little time to attend to the express business. Governor Morton has rebelled, Mayor Strong has rebelled, Whitelaw Reid and the *Tribune* have rebelled, a faction of the legislators has rebelled, but "McCo," with the city machine and the country machine behind him, is laying plans to bring them all into subjection. Governor Morton must be made to see that his presidential chances are in Platt's hands, and with the Governor and a majority of the Legislature, the Boss has little fear but that the country will be saved. By internal rows, the Boss is making it impossible for the Democrats to carry the State next year—so the Democratic politicians say. Platt has undertaken a bigger job than Croker or Hill; he wants to be Emperor of the Empire State, and is unwilling to divide his authority with any one. If he succeeds, he will be the greatest "boss" the city has known. But his enemies are too many.

One of "Mr. Dana's bright young men," not long since, introduced a sketch of New York life in this happy style: "My chum in my ante-marital days was a brilliant young journalist who made his way into the future state by the broad old road of rum. His first station was the saloon, then the red light houses, the gutter and the hospital. Well, he was always in one of three stages—drunk, getting drunk, or getting over it. New York people remind me of him in one thing. They are either at the theatre, or just going, or they've just been there. There were theatres, and good ones, in New York in the seventies, but the people did something else now and then. Nowadays everybody goes to every play in town. Some go to go, and some go to have gone; but the whole thing seems more than a fad or a fashion—it is a rage." And the rage just at present is Shakespeare. We have had Maurel as Falstaff in Verdi's opera, and Beerholm Tree as Falstaff in "The Merry Wives,"

and to-morrow night we are to see Tree as Hamlet, and Ada Rehan as Julia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Just as we get settled down into a comfortable state of self-satisfaction, and begin to boast of New York as a centre of dramatic art, some one is sure to come along who takes the conceit out of us—a Bernhard, a Copelin, an Irving, a Buse, or a Tree. What are the American actors? What are the plays, for instance, who can play Falstaff the bohemian one night, Gringore the poet the next, Captain Swift the third, Demetrius the spy in "The Red Lamp," the fourth night, and Hamlet the fifth? Yet we have seen Beerholm Tree as the first, and to-morrow night he is to give us his idea of the sulky Dane, and in all the time he is to be the same actor. Beerholm Tree is not a genius, but his talent is of that order which often is more satisfactory, both to actor and audience, than genius itself.

On Thursday evening, also, for the first time in fifty years, and for the seventh or eighth time in all history, so far as we have record, Shakespeare's comedy, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," will be played. Augustin Daly is, of course, the revivalist; the same who has, with his remarkably versatile company, given us so wide a variety of plays as "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Love's Labor Lost," "The Squire," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Railroad of Love," "Twelfth Night," "The Country Girl," "As You Like It," and a dozen more that I can't recall—and all within six or eight weeks. I doubt if there is another theatre where English is spoken in which so many creditable productions have been given by one company as in Daly's little box on Broadway. How long the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" is to continue, it depends, no doubt, on how charming a Julia Ada Rehan makes. As no one since Mrs. Charles Kean has played the part in America, and then only for four nights, in 1846, Miss Rehan will have the opportunity really of creating the part—a test rarely given an actress in Shakespearean roles.

There is another kind of drama which is having great vogue just now—the realistic melodrama. And one of the most successful companies is owned by an ex-Californian, W. A. Brady, and the two leading people are well known on the coast, Phoebe Davies and Joseph Grismer. The play, "Human Nature," is being given, and it is being known as O'Neill's "Monte Cristo," with its real water, "The Stowaway," with its two reformed burglars opening a safe, "The Old Homestead," with its live chickens and cows, "The Span of Life," with its bridge of athletes—what were these compared with Mr. Brady's fox hunt, with forty men on horses, and twice as many hounds, all in full cry on the stage of the Fourteenth street theatre?

If you wish to give a luncheon, a dinner, or a ball, go to a hotel; it is less bother, and more satisfactory. That is the edict, and it is being obeyed. Center Hitchcock and Edward Bulky, two young society men, polo players, and gentlemen of leisure, have given a luncheon, and a dinner, and a ball, in their *bal poudre* at the Waldorf, which was one of the greatest successes of the season. Everything was in the old fashion, except the dances and the gowns. Many of the men were in their hunting coats, giving a bright dash of color. The servants were liveries of black satin and gold. Most of the women were elaborately made up, so much so that many of them were at first unrecognizable. To give this little affair cost its two proprietors something under five thousand dollars, or a little more than a thousand dollars an hour.

While every one is conjecturing as to how long Count Castellane and his American wife will live happily together, word comes from over the water that the Count and his wife have parted. So it appears that marriages other than those between titled foreigners and wealthy Americans are not made in heaven. Fernando Yznaga surprised everybody four years ago by suddenly marrying Mabel Wright, the daughter of a designer of carpets. Mabel Wright was the only person I ever saw who had the awful mysteries of the Fourth Street. Her beauty and her tact gained her the admiration of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane, and through them she gained admission into the social Holy of Holies, where she at once became a belle, rivaling Sallie Hargons. The life that this young woman led was of no ordinary character. She was the daughter of a father who had no money, and she herself sleeping in a hall bedroom. During the forenoon she painted in water colors, but because of her social life she signed her sketches Elise Du Pont. Her afternoons and evenings she gave to Society, where she was on terms of equality and intimacy with the Vanderbilts and all the rest of that exclusive set. Her gowns were always of simple material, and simply made. She never wore jewels, because she had none to wear. In short, she was the beautiful young artist who studied to please, was not a snob, and charmed with her simple, graceful manners, as with her radiant, non-sensuous beauty. The man she married was rich, very rich. He had been married to a sister of

Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt, but she had obtained a divorce from him in California, and so was Mrs. George Tiffany. As Mrs. Yznaga, Mabel Wright became the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Lister-Kaye. But titled sisters-in-law and a hundred thousand a year seem to be insufficient to make a wife happy, even when she has been rescued from a hall bedroom in a New York boarding house. FINSLEY.

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER.

The Reverend Mr. Irwin Explains His Position as to Ministerial Slumming.

DEAR SIR: For a long time I have contemplated writing you a few lines expressive of my warm appreciation of your fearless championship of right against wrong, as I find it in your *Letter*, which I enjoy reading every week; and now I am forced to do it, even though I, myself, come under the crack of your whip in to-day's issue. I presume, in a weekly paper such as the *Letter*, it is impossible for you to give any space to correspondents, and therefore I do not write a letter for publication—though, if you desire, I do not object to your referring to any comments herein made, unless specially requested to do so.

Let me say, in a general way, that with much of what you have written on the "slumming" question I am in hearty accord, but it is only right I should correct you in some impressions you have formed where I am concerned. I am not one of the brethren who have been seized with "a passion to go slumming." I have for a long time stoutly resisted any temptation in that direction, and I should have still done so had I not felt it to be positively in the line of duty. Indeed, when I was first requested by the *Examiner* I did not consent to go, and it was only after a very urgent letter, followed by two or three urgent personal interviews, that I consented to go. I had agreed to go, but I should have had heard many times—had seen in print many times—that the laws in this city were being flagrantly violated. I had no personal knowledge of this (in any critical case), and I was under the impression that our police force—from Commission and Chief to the regulars—were alive to their duty. I did not go "slumming" either to see or to expose it specifically, but rather to see how it was being grappled with by the officers of the law. The result, in brief, was that it was not being grappled with at all, but that rather it was being encouraged and winked at. I am profoundly impressed with the fact that this cannot be done except by the consent of the law.

"But harm is done, too, great harm," you say. Undoubtedly it is so. I deplore that as much as you, I trust. If you would show me "a more excellent way," I should indeed be glad.

You know, as well as do I, how hard it is to arouse public sentiment on any grave question—especially in this city, where, such as this, periodically, is—San Francisco. I wrote that article which appeared in last Sunday's *Examiner* in order that I might show the relationship of the officers to the law, and until I came to write the article I did not know of the special laws therein quoted. "Harm is done," yes, indeed. But is it not a choice of two evils? Is it not less to do no harm to the youth of the city, by securing such execution of the law as will compel vice to close its shutters. The innocence of a few may have to be sacrificed in order to accomplish that much; but if ultimately the many are protected from terrible temptation, has not been worth while. I do not preach from the pulpit, but I do not distance the conceive the pulpit to have another mission; its mission is not to expose the corruption of the rulers of the city in high places or in low, but to tell the Magdalen that it is possible for her to live a better life, and to help her live it. I am heartily with you when you write of what Christ would do if He were here, and I trust that the same Christ would do the same for some of those who denounce sin and sinner alike may have the sanctified audacity to "slum" for rescue purposes only.

I know well that prostitution cannot be legislated out of a city, and that, certainly, is not the object I have in view in urging the passage of a bill to amend the laws of this city. As the same time, we have a law which forbids this and other vices in certain places and at certain times, and I, for one, am puzzled to know why are not these laws enforced.

I have already exhausted your patience, I am sure, and must not trespass further. I thank you for what your *Letter* contains this week in the way of sound sense and sound advice; and while I do not, certainly, agree with some of your positions, I cannot doubt that, in the main, we are laboring for the same end.

With all good wishes, I am, yours very faithfully,
D. HANSON IRWIN.

San Francisco, February 25, 1895.

THE WOMAN OF THE WINDMILL,

A Romantic and Tragic Incident in the War of La Vendée.

It was a pretty little windmill, with its big round tower capped by a weather vane, its long arms or blades which rattled in the west wind like the sails of a boat in stays, and its little round windows looking over the hills of Anjou like the telescopes of an astronomer—such was the windmill of Bernardeau; and when it was working all the windmills around the neighborhood looked like white sea-gulls pursued by a bird of prey. It was situated on the slope of the Guigne at the end of a little crooked pathway hardly wide enough for the mill donkey, and in which one might search in vain for traces of human footprints, because it was so dark under its vault of shrubbery, so muddy and rugged that the woman of the mill always took to the vines when her way to Ancenis on foot.

And a handsome woman, too, was this lady of the mill. She was 25 years old, with a well-rounded form, a little hand, flashing dark eyes, lips as red as wild cherries, and a well-turned leg. She was smart in her attire, and there was little in her appearance to reveal the fact that she was a widow. When she came into the village mounted upon the donkey that carried her bags of flour, all the young fellows came out to admire her fine figure and the beautiful limbs which appeared below her short skirt.

Even the donkey himself seemed proud of his mistress. He trotted along with an easy gait, tossing his head and cocking his ears, as if to say to everybody, "Here she is; you have only to look at her; this is la Mennière de Bernardeau. There isn't another like her in all the country!" And that was the truth. But she was the subject of a great deal of gossip. How the tongues did wag on her account! It was said that the death of her husband, a poor goose of a fellow who had taken her without a cent from a farm and left her all his property, she frequently tossed her cap over the blades of her windmill. Whether this was true or not, the blades certainly never told; but one thing is certain, and that is that she did hang up her cap there publicly on one occasion, and it cost her her life. Here is her story:

The first thing the Vendéens did when they rose in revolt against the republic was to make use of the windmills. Nothing could be better suited for signaling or more troublesome for the enemy. Where the Blues could only see white wings turning around in a melancholy fashion, the Chouans possessed a perfect telegraphic system, which told them of the movements of the republican army.

The windmill of Bernardeau was one of the principal vedettes on the Loire. Three days before the attack upon Nantes, Cathelineau came to the mill of Bernardeau and asked for shelter. It was the 22d June, 1793. Bonaparte was at Ancenis since the 17th, awaiting the main body of the army. The weather was magnificent, and the Vendéens were encamped in the open air. When Cathelineau, at the end of a little road, found himself face to face with the beautiful woman of the mill, he asked her if she was a royalist.

"One might easily become a royalist to serve under so handsome an officer as you," said she. "Good enough! Then let me have shelter here to-night."

The menueire cheerfully welcomed him, and Cathelineau slept that night in the mill. The next morning when he was leaving she sent to him from the threshold of the mill a perfect volley of kisses, after which she went up to the highest little window in the mill and waved her little white handkerchief.

Eight days afterward Cathelineau, mortally wounded, was coming from Ancenis in a carriage, and as he passed by the mill he cast a long and sad look at it. According to the order, its blades were arranged so as to announce the approach of the soldiers of Canclaux.

From the 17th of October to the 17th of December, during the sixty days which separated the two retreats of the Vendean army on the Loire, the mill of Bernardeau continued its signals of intelligence with those of La Vendée. But the 17th of December was its last day.

Harassed by the Mayençais, that crushed them at the battle of Mans, the Vendéens reached Ancenis and endeavored to cross the Loire; but for want of sufficient rafts a considerable number of them were obliged to abandon the effort and to advance through the country, in the hope of escaping the enemy.

At sight of this old mill, which they immediately recognized as an ally, about twenty men took refuge in it just at the moment when Westermann came to the heights of Bel Air.

Suddenly a puff of blue smoke rolled from one of the upper windows of the mill. The menueire herself commenced the fight.

"Good shot!" she said; "there is one less now." Westermann ordered a company of hussars to surround the old mill. He was in too great a hurry to finish with La Rochejaquelein to bother himself with windmills. The hussars had hardly arrived at the mill before his flying artillery began to cannonade the few rafts of the Chouans, who were endeavoring to cross the Loire. The officer who was in command of the company summoned the occupants of the mill to surrender. The menueire opened a little window, fastened her eyes at the point of one of the blades, and shouted out: "Come and get it, you ill-shaped puppy!"

A volley from the hussars was the only answer to these insolent words. The window panes were broken to fragments. The Vendéens inside returned the fire and dropped five of the horsemen. The company then dismounted and rushed against the door of the mill, which they broke with the butts of their guns.

"Surrender, you scoundrels, or in a few moments you'll all be dead!" shouted the officer. "You are the scoundrels!" yelled the woman of the mill. "Let me see if you are able to get my cap!"

The hussars entered the lower story, but the ladder was removed by the Vendéens, who now fired upon them from the story above, and made terrible ravages in their ranks.

The woman of the mill busied herself with the work of loading the guns, a task which she performed with astonishing rapidity. The Chouans, sheltered behind the flour sacks, cared little for the fire of the Blues.

"Take good aim!" cried la menueire; "don't let a single one escape."

The officer, seeing his men fall all around him, ordered them to come out and take the place by storm, scaling the arms of the mill. It was a magnificent assault. Twenty hussars clambered upon the blades. With their carbines thrown across their backs they clambered up like sailors to the story above, and from there fell either killed or wounded under the balls or the bayonet thrusts of the Vendéens. One brigadier managed to get up the roof by making a rampart of the bodies of his comrades, who held on to the arms like drowning men to planks.

"We are all right, my friends," cried he; "guard well the entrance of the mill!" After planting the colors of the company on the weather vane, he bored a hole in the roof to admit the barrel of his gun. Three times he fired and mortally wounded three men. This threw the besieged into panic; resistance was becoming impossible, and the Vendéens were already raising the blades of their guns in the air, when la menueire pushed down the ladder and cut off their retreat.

"Now, die like men!" she shouted.

There then commenced a perfect massacre.

Attacked above and below, the Vendéens fought like imprisoned lions. When the ammunition was exhausted, they threw down the sacks of corn and flour, and, clubbing their muskets, jumped down among the Blues, who received them on the points of their bayonets. It was a horrible spectacle.

"Here she is, citizens," said she, as she let herself slip along the shaft of the mill. "I have given to you no quarter, and I don't want any mercy from fellows like you!"

"All right," said the officer. "We'll settle your account in short order. Place yourself against that wall."

There was something singularly graceful and proud in her bearing, and a glance of withering contempt in her eye, as she advanced toward the wall. Her splendid black hair was now floating in disorder upon her shoulders. She gathered it most lovingly around her breast, so as to hide her torn corsets. Then she stood against the wall.

"Now fire and be damned!" said she. This piece of feminine boldness made the officer hesitate.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-five."

"Your name?"

"I am la menueire du Bernardeau."

"Do you want to live?"

"No; I would rather die than receive mercy from you."

"Come, now; simply shout 'Long live the republic,' and I'll let you go free."

"Long live the king!" she cried in a vibrating voice.

A moment afterward there was the rolling sound of a volley. That was the last of the menueire of Bernardeau.

"She was a plucky piece of flesh, all the same," said the soldiers.

Westermann's hussars lost in that attack twenty-two men killed and eight wounded.

Since then, the mill has remained abandoned as if it were cursed. Open to all the winds of heaven, without a roof, without arms, it stands. Occasionally a tramp passing through the country seeks shelter there and sleeps with the swallows and the bats. Following its well known habit, the

ivy, which seems to be in love with ruins, gradually entwined itself around it, and from a distance the uncrowned tower has the aspect of a ruined fortress.

How many times have I wandered through that section of the country seeking for details of the dramatic scene which I have endeavored to picture; but la menueire of Bernardeau had such a bad reputation in that country that her heroic death was not sufficient to cover over, at least in the minds of the peasantry, the faults which she had, or which were attributed to her.—*Le Figaro*.

OSCULATORIA.

Who breathes a soft, long-drawn-out sigh,
Declares she knows that she'll "just die,"
But all the same, who lets you try.

The Baltimore Girl.

Who holds you in a sweet embrace?
Who never lets you leave the place?
Who has for kissing just the face?

The Philadelphia Girl.

Who grabs you with her might and main,
And nearly breaks your neck in twain?
Who holds small feet in much disdain?

The Chicago Girl.

Who lets you kiss a forehead nice,
But stops you if you'd do it twice?
Who makes you think of Greenland's ice?

The Boston Girl.

But who's the fascinating miss
That fills you with exquisite bliss?
Who is the sweetest girl to kiss?

The New York Girl.

—Truth.

Microbes in the kiss, you say?
Right you are, my boy,
Little germs of purest bliss,
Baileys of joy!—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE WAYFARING MAN.

"Why, mamma, she can bend the crab." That was my little boy's comment on the picture of a Gaiety Girl. In the bright lexicon of boyhood "Sissy's are no good," but hers was a sissy who could do cart wheels and the Lord knows what besides. Perhaps, even "flying nosebreakers" was not beyond the ability of this new variety of sissy. Evidently there was something wrong about it, for he had never met a girl who could "bend the crab." Do you remember the time-honored plan for frightening a bulldog? It is quite simple. Just bend over backwards and look at a dog steadily with your head between your legs. No wonder the dog is terrified, and that is why people go to see the Gaiety Girl. They want to learn how to frighten a bulldog.

Really, the piece has no other merit but the exhilaration of the female contortionists. The men don't know how to dress; with one exception they cannot speak English, and they make corn beef hash of their lines. The jokes are vulgar and stupid, and the whole thing is only fit to throw carrots at. Of course, there is the young pointer—the unaccountable ass, in fact—who points her lovely toes and flourishes her leg like a shillelah.

Why Betty; why so shrewish?
One may suspect your stockings bluish,
And yet one may not care to know it,
I never asked you, dear, to show it.
Not for me.

You swear that my wife rules me;
God sooth, you're right she schools me.
My wife is my Dutch uncle, too
And that's because her heart is true,
You bet you, Betty.

THE WAYFARING MAN.

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An advertisement in

ARTHUR McEWE'S LETTER

Is seen by the intelligent men and women of the Coast,

WOMEN IN TO-DAY'S LITERATURE.

Their Demoralizing Influence Analyzed and Accounted For.

An examination of the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* discloses the fact that, of its one hundred and forty pages, more than half were contributed by women. Of the thirteen signed articles and stories, seven were written by women, and also one of the three poems. Many of the other magazines show the same preponderance of female authorship. In the face of such facts, it is obvious that woman has fully established herself on an equality with man in the sort of literature that is acceptable to magazine readers; and since all the best work in fiction and poetry now comes before the public in the columns of the magazines, it would be interesting to ascertain the cause of woman's present supremacy in the periodicals, and to inquire if her influence is deserved, and if it works for excellence in literature.

One of the arguments used by the advocate for the admission of women to the franchise is, that her influence in politics would be as ennobling and elevating as it is in everything else she has undertaken. Let us see what she has done to ennoble and elevate literature.

The reason of the partiality of magazine editors for work done by women is not far to seek. It is the "common horse sense" that impels an editor to cater for the largest class of his readers, viz., women. I am told by a friend of mine, who is a librarian, that of one man who uses his library there are at least five women; and, further, that the men are interested chiefly in scientific books, and the women almost entirely in fiction. As women are more likely than men to know what sort of writing would please their sisters, it is not surprising that magazine editors should give the preference to their work.

What follows does not concern the women of genius who have made their mark in literature (George Eliot, Currer Bell, Maria Edgeworth, Margaret Fuller, and a host of other brilliant women, who seemed to have left no successor behind them), but relates to the swarms of women who assert themselves so boldly in print at the present time, and do the sort of work they are doing.

With a facility that passes for genius, women have acquired the technique of literary work, and they and their readers appear to be entirely satisfied with the result. A woman with a fair knowledge of composition, and a stock of what the literati call "fine de siècle" expressions, feels herself competent to give mental pabulum to the public, and rushes in where men—who are by no means angels—fear to tread.

The books that modern women are producing may be divided into three classes: "goody-goody," "talky-talky," and "lye-lye," and we shall find samples of all three in the present issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

To begin with the last class, it must be plain to thoughtful readers that the women who have been greatest in literature were cognizant of the fact that the best work is impersonal, and also that they were able to obliterate the characteristics of their sex in their work. Truly the feminine love gossip; but their modern sisters do little else but gossip in their pages, and as many women of things and affairs that the best friends amongst men would be ashamed to discuss, so we find many women gossiping in their writings about the most sacred relations of life, with every possible circumstance of intimacy, now openly, and again with deadly suggestion.

It has been left to the modern literary woman to invent and perfect what an astute newspaper friend of mine called "sexual writing"—a phrase that carries its own meaning with it. English women have been particularly flagrant in the production of such writings, but our own Anne Ryan Chanler presses them hard for supremacy, and nowadays English women write as much for Americans as for their own kin.

To proceed to an examination of the present number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, we find "lye-lye" writing in two of the contributions by women, viz., "Crimé Down," by A. M. Ewell, and "The Dancer," by Ednah Proctor Clarke. In the former the central figure of the story is depicted in the character of a procuress for her own son! So much for A. M. Ewell's efforts to elevate literature!

"The Dancer," by Ednah Proctor Clarke, is a poem that was evidently suggested by an attendance at a performance of the *dance du ventre*, at "The World's Fair Midway Pleasures." The non-italicized portion of the poem is as sensual as it

well could be. The dancer is supposed to be inspired to ecstasies of motion by such strains as these:

"Ah! Maanulita,
Popita mine,
List the calucha!
Dance! dance!"

How are the mighty fallen! Fancy a magazine, that gave Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Chambered Nautilus" to the world, printing such stuff! There are four such stimulating stanzas in the poem, and the rest of it, which is descriptive of the dancer and her exhibition, is not of a better quality. I have already said, but most of it is mere verbiage, a piling up of words in iambic metre—*roz et preterea nihil*. One stanza will be sufficient to show the quality of this portion of the poem:

"Fades the swift flush, save from the rose-soft mouth,
And all the glamour'd memories of Spain
Fling wide her veil; the vintage of the South
Leaps in her heart and laughs through every vein."

On the spur of the moment we reel off the following verse, and challenge comparison with the above:

Soft as blown petals on the beauteous grass,
Filmy as foam that croams in ecstasy,
This way and that her glances flash and pass,
In swirling, rapturous thrills from earth to sky.

I contend that my verse is as correct in metre, and as absolutely senseless and idiotic as Miss Clarke's. They are both samples of technique, and not of poetry.

Of "talky-talky" writing we find a sample in the present number of the *Atlantic Monthly* in Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's story, entitled "A Singular Life." W. D. Howells is greatly responsible for this sort of writing, made up of two pennyworth of incident to an intolerable quantity of talk. I will confess that Mrs. Phelps has actually three pennyworth of incident, where Howells can only show two, but then Howells writes for women.

As to "goody-goody" writing, we find it in the number of the *Atlantic Monthly* under discussion in Sarah Orne Jewett's "Life of Nancy," and "A Village Stradivarius," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Both of these stories positively reek with what Oliver Wendell Holmes called "tubercular piety," the piety of cripples and consumptives, which is not of the most robust order, and is often the result of disease.

Another article, entitled "The Champion of the Middle Ground," is incomprehensible. It has the appearance of being so clever that I read it through twice in one evening, and then found it impossible to say what it was about. Of course, it may be retorted that Edith M. Thomas was not obliged to supply me with understanding. Well, I am able to read and understand Ben Jonson's Essays, and Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," but Miss Thomas is certainly too profound for me.

To make up for all this detraction, and to show that I am not unreasonably prejudiced against female authorship, I would say that the articles by Annie Fields and Mrs. Graham Bell are of a high order of excellence. The contribution by the latter, who is a deaf mute on "The Subly. Art of Speech-reading," is truly remarkable, and shows what women can do when, as authors, they lay aside their sex with its weaknesses.

It ought to be impossible for such stuff as I have been criticizing adversely to appear in any journal, and women are entirely responsible for its production. Men avoid such rubbish instinctively, both as writers and readers. Have women exhausted the pages of Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, Macaulay, George Eliot, George Meredith, and the mighty host of immortals, that they should make it possible for Sarah Orne Jewett and Ednah Proctor Clarke to obtain a bad pre-eminence in the pages of a leading journal?

What has been said of Woman's share in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* applies generally to the modern literary Woman, who has failed to grasp the secret of the success of George Eliot and Margaret Fuller; viz., impersonality, and a suppression of sex and sexuality in authorship.

Not only is Woman writing down to the level of the average woman, but the "pot-holing" Man is doing the same thing, owing to the fact that the immense majority of his readers are women.

It is not difficult to conjecture how much better the world would be if Sarah Orne Jewett and Ednah Proctor Clarke were knitting stockings instead of wedding pens. For instance, one could read Collins's "Ode to the Evening" and Kipling's "Drums of the Fore and Aft," in the same time that the reading of Miss Clarke's poem and Sarah Orne Jewett's story would occupy, and gain immeasurably thereby.

As it is probable, according to George Meredith, that "Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man," and as the public is senseless and too ready

too swallow the alluring baits held out to it in the showy and pretentious productions of mediocrity, there ought to be a rigid censorship of the press, and careful tuition at school, as to what is best in literature, lest all knowledge and love of excellence in writing vanish, and posterity be compelled in sheer desperation, to adopt Schopenhauer's advice and "acquire the art not to read."

C. W. D.

Santa Cruz, Cal., February, 1895.

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MATHEWS ON THE PORTRAITS.

The Camera has not Destroyed the Art of Portrait Painting.

When photographing was found out, or invented, it was predicted that portrait painting would soon cease to exist. One is led to believe that such has not been the case, that the prophecy has hardly been fulfilled, on reviewing the portrait exhibition at the Hopkins Institute of Art. The art appears to still live; but—there is always a but somewhere—photography has given being to a something—a cross between the camera and paint brush which takes on the airs, but has not the breeding of the art.

That any one with average sensibilities can or could cuddle such a deformity in the fond belief that he or she is clasping to the bosom a fair child, seems beyond ordinary comprehension, yet the spectacle is quite common. A solar print thinly clad in a wash of color or crayon sand is bad enough, but when it inanely stares out of a gold frame and through thick coats of paint, from the walls of supposed art exhibits, it is terrible—criminal—and should be labeled like oleomargarine for the benefit of the unwary.

In uttering such sentiments I probably lay myself open to the usual severe strictures—will have "eminent authority" quoted to me without the quoter stopping to take the trouble to apply the "eminent authority's" words to himself and his own shortcomings; but I do not mind.

To whom belongs the brilliant idea of having an exhibition composed entirely of portraits of women rather a dangerous one. I should say—but then I belong to a class of painters who do not believe much in picture shows of any kind. They are eminently unjust. A light snited to one work kills another. Some pictures are so decidedly single in conception that a multitude destroys their beauty, while others are so decidedly of the crowd that they sparkle only with a gang; they take the pace that kills—everything within a mile. I believe that picture exhibitions foster the growth of a brutal school of painting that is not to the best interest of art. They are like weeds in the garden—they choke the flowers. "A strong piece of work that," seems to be a term of felicitation in an art exhibition yet one must admit that brute force of brush work and a chromatic scale of color are hardly artistic merits. Knekin's phrase, "the orchestration of color" affects me like the blare of trumpets out of time.

Twice I have been called upon to assist in hanging pictures in exhibitions that seemed to take everything unto themselves, yet destroyed nothing. All things appeared to live with them, but only under their wings.

The first was George Inness' Monterey Oaks, and the second Carolus Suran's Red Portrait, at the portrait exhibition. To say that the last is strong is merely to tell a photographic truth. It is both strong and subtle. It is brilliant, yet retiring. It puts the caviling of melancholy to naught, for that in its painting which should be trickery actually becomes frankness its very self under the master hand. Hard surfaces and lines become accents that give just that amount of material projection that does not destroy the sentiment and makes a great work of art, as Inness would put it.

Now that I have said it, I feel just as I did after hanging those pictures—there is nothing more to do except to stop, or merely string out the rest as a setting calculated to display the jewel.

I have heard much of late about painting the spirit of things. It suits me, if I limit it to uttering a word on the subject, that the spiritual can only be painted in its effect on the material, and through a definite knowledge of just how much of the material is needed to give spiritual force—to represent it in paint as it were. An artist less frank in accepting the limitations of his art, or less a matter of it, would either have given us a portrait of a red dress, or of a head and bust lying out of its frame, reluctantly followed by a flow of shadowy draperies, from which not only the spiritual, but the material, person had departed.

In ending, may I repeat that the art of portrait painting still exists, in spite of the effort of dry intellect and the camera, assisted by a paint-brush to do it.

Now, let us pray that by to-morrow the camera, though perhaps useful, will have learned its place, will have retired from art exhibits, will no longer pose on Nature's throne, will no more smirk at us from gilt frames, but will retire graciously to where it belongs, between the covers of the old-fashioned album, and that the art shall no longer suffer vulgar comparisons in our art exhibits.

ARTHUR F. MATHEWS.

A SAN JOSE POET.

"Pages from a Young Man's Journal."

This Young Man (of San Jose) was often in love, and very much so. No one surely has the right or would be so heartless as to condemn the young man for his youthful passion, did he not write verses and print them. The course of true love can readily be traced through the volume, as the dates on which the poems were written are obligingly placed above them. For instance, on November 13, 1893, the Young Man sings:

"Unbind your hair, and let it fall in playful mood,
Tinged with that light: my dreams recall—golden,
Gertrude:
"Let my head fall upon your breast in quietude,
For there alone may it find rest from Sin,
Gertrude."

Then, on November 21, 1893, things evidently having rapidly advanced between Gertrude and the Young Man, he exclaims:

"Thee, farewell!—yet not farewell!—thou art with me—
Into the wide world thou goest with me,
Out to the wide, wide world, all alone with me!"
Eight days later, the Young Man is ecstatic:

"So, Bride of my soul, though tempests may roll,
Unclouded is Love's brightest zone;
Over Destiny's sea to the pure and the free,
Shines the star whose soul is my own!"

On December 9th, the thrill is still there, as these lines reveal:

"Let me die in the days ere Passion is over,
And Age sweeps the Spirit of Feeling away;
I would not remain for my heart to discover
The coldness that flows through the blood to decay."

Only three days pass until the Young Man breaks forth in these anticipatory lines, which, as succeeding verses lead us to believe, worked such awful, but not remarkable, wreck with Gertrude:

"When we are married you will see
That I an angel and devil both can be:
And you will swear you cannot tell
Which is the best—your heaven or hell!"

Evidently, for the week following this promise to give his bride heaven and something else, the Young Man and Gertrude were separated, as on December 20th we are told that there is "no grave more deep to human hearts than that of living separation." But on December 22d the Young Man basted home:

"I call'd, and said,
To God I said—
'O God, is she,
My loved one dead?'"

"Alas, no sound,
Or whisper, found
An echo to
The silence round."

A week passes after Gertrude's death—if it is Gertrude who dies—and we find the Young Man entirely recovered, and singing to another such songs as this:

"Thy kiss! Thy kiss! I'll follow on
To breathe thy sigh,
To live and die,
Wild and free to follow thee."

But we can't follow the Young Man any further; he is too rapid. As we have given an outline of the Young Man's life for six weeks, the reader may imagine the time he must have had from August 1, 1893, to August 11, 1894, the period covered by the journal. Mr. Edwin D. Casterline is the author of this book of a hundred and twenty verses, and on his title-page he quotes many "extracts from letters in the possession of the author," these among the number: "Touches of Immortal Hope," Sara B. Cooper; "A high standard," Prof. Jos. Le Conte; "You can touch the human heart," Marie Corelli; "I thank you for these beautiful poems," Adolph Sutro. Mr. Scorchin Maloney, the Shakespearean scholar, also prints on the title-page of his great work, "Men Who Have Treated Me," the following "extracts from letters received by the author": "Beyond there is nothing," Robert Browning; "Noble thoughts," Alfred, Lord Tennyson; "The eloquence of simplicity," Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

BY AUNT DINAH.

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, questions sent by men readers.—AUNT DINAH.]

ETIQUETTE.—It is highly improper for a husband to adopt his wife's title. Not "Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Smythe," but "Dr. and Mr. Smythe" is the correct form.

A. R.—Reassure yourself, my dear friend. God reigns, and the Government at Sacramento still lives. Not a single one of the colonels will be allowed to marry you against your will. But remember that women are by nature illogical and erratic, and do not grieve that some among them prefer strength to "the deference" paid to weakness. There are plenty of the latter kind left. All women are "different," and, of course, the quiet ones are "nicer." Have you tried the deaf and dumb asylum?

STUDENT.—Rudyard Kipling is not dead, but married. For particulars, see "The Story of the Gadabyns."

WILLIE.—The new art of crochet embroidery, known also as canvas crochet, is a fresh proof that the possibilities of startling novelties in crochet work are by no means exhausted.

THEATRE.—It is not good form for you to show undue solicitude regarding the disposition which your escort makes of her hat when she removes it. She may prefer to put the extra chair in order to display the hat and wrap to good advantage. For you to attempt to take the hat from her hands by force might attract attention.

COMMITTEE.—I think it wisest to pay no attention to Dr. Parkhurst's talk about "God's favorite sex." The Dr. has become so accustomed to corruption in high places that he is over-suspicious.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—This is a trying time for both of you; but if the dear girl does have her little ways, remember that she is the only wife you have, and do not allow your angry passions to rise.

CASHIER.—In helping yourself to salt, the little gold spoon must invariably be returned to the dish, if it is marked, no matter how pretty it may be.

INQUISITIVE.—Certainly, if a young lady asks you to attend an entertainment to be given for charity, it would be highly improper for you to decline. You can always commit suicide afterward, you know.

MUSTACHIOS.—It is considered very rude, indeed, to sign the names of your friends to your checks and notes. Still, if, as you say, you are careful to dress correctly, and know how to make yourself useful, much may be forgiven you.

R. L.—If a lady holds open a door for you in a public building, a bow is sufficient thanks. It is not necessary for you to continue the acquaintance.

SUGARMAK.—Remember, my dear lady, that the consent of your parents before falling in love with you. I should advise you to end the acquaintance of any person having so little regard for the conventionalities.

BACHELOR.—Ask your sister to select some books for you. She has your best interests at heart, and will doubtless be able to find some, even among contemporary authors, whose works it would be perfectly proper for you to read.

BASIL.—Wear yellow gloves and a pink tie. Be always gentle and courteous to ladies, but do not associate much with them. As you say, it would be liable to lower your intellectual tone.

BLOOTERS.—(1) If you really dislike skirts, why do you wish your wife to wear one on each leg? (2) It was exceedingly bad taste for you to ask a member of the Portia Club whether her husband would call for her. Gentlemen do not discuss their family affairs in public.

UNDECIDED.—Personally, I should advise you to furnish the kitchen first, and arrange about the croquet later. There is nothing so little accessories, such as flat-irons and rolling-pins, which are most necessary when one is beginning the battle of life.

AJAX.—If a young lady calls upon you, and you are on the piazza sewing, by all means put your work in the basket and devote yourself to your caller.

Alameda, Cal., February 26th.

THE COMING HOME OF HENRY.

Old Farmer Barnes walked up and down the little platform in front of the small shed that did duty as a station at Hay Corners. He was impatiently waiting for the train. It came at last, being, only for this time, there. Henry was waiting to meet his son; and, though he hardly recognized the well dressed, long-haired young fellow that stepped from the train, the latter knew him, and, coming over, slapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Well, old Rocks, here I am! How's the mater?"

"Why, my boy, is it you?" was the reply. "Yer

maw was feelin' so poorly I kem overalone to bring you back." Then the old man assisted his son in putting his baggage, consisting of two trunks, a valise, a bundle of canes, and a bulldog, in the wagon, and they drove off.

"You got yer diploma, my boy, I hope," said the old man. "This has been a bad year for us, and we had hard work gittin the money to keep you at college."

"Yep! I snatched the sheepskin this time. But I came near getting it in the neck. Say, there has been frost crystals for me from the whole shooting-match, from the main guy down."

"Y-as; I suppose those studies was hard. But you got 'em. Education's a grand thing!"

"Nix!" replied the graduate, emphatically; "it don't go, now. But I'd 'a' had a fruit if I could have kept up my football. But I was no good after I strained my back."

The old man looked dazed a moment, and then said: "You'll get that place in the bank, I guess?"

"Well, talk to me! Say, you don't think I'm goin' farming and raising violets on my phyzog, do you?"

The old farmer shook his head, and whacked the off horse across the rotunda.

"I suppose," he said, "you were sorry to leave your college friends?"

"Well, say, I give 'em the glad hand in great style. But the freshies were sore on me. I was strictly in it when we rushed 'em. Oh, I never used to do a thing to them!"

"I hope not," said the old man; "you should hev let 'em alone."

"Oh, a plet is always dead leary of 'em! We never got into 'em much."

"Spose yer sorry your college days is over?" said the old man, after a pause.

"Well, it wasn't a graft. Still, I met some smooth people there. I had a side partner that was a deadly mug, I tell you!"

The old man was silent again, and his hopeful son amused himself with the rest of the way inhaling a cigarette with great gusto. But just as they came in sight of the farmhouse, Farmer Barnes stopped the horses.

"Henry," he said, "my boy, I'm glad to have you back with us, to see you looking so well, and having learned so much. But mother ain't like me, you know; so fer her sake, don't use them big, high-sounding words. Of course, I understand all you say, but mother won't; and she'll think you're proud if you talk big words to her; and while I know she won't say nothing, still you'd please her best, my boy, if you talked just plain, common words, as she understands."—*Puck.*

TRILBYISMS.

A rhymy rhyming in *The Literary World* of Boston, about "Trilby," sings:

"All the pack in fullest roar
Its 'ethical defect' deplores.
Meanwhile in all their bright romance
No 'moral' do the months advance;
Remember, my lady, would our white the plain
That April greens again with rain,
The wanton roses bloom and fade,
The robins riot in the shade,
And reckless nature quite forgets
The ethics of her violets."

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

I.

November 19, 1894.

Prynt & Margin,
Book Publishers,
In account with Peter B. Coney, Dr.
To one volume "Trilby" for Mrs. Coney.....\$1 50

II.

December 18, 1894.

Knutes & Bars,
Music Dealers.
Peter B. Coney, Dr.
To one copy "Ben Bolt" (ordered by Mrs. Coney).....\$0 75

III.

Mrs. Peter B. Coney
Announces her fifty-fourth Trilby party.
To take place
Jan. 25.

R. S. V. P.

IV.

Maudlin Asylum for the Insane.
Record of Patients.
Name of Patient—Peter B. Coney.
When admitted—Feb. 1, 1895.
Cause—Dementia. Dangerous.
Hallucination—Wants to assassinate one George DuMaurier.—*Chicago Record.*

Mr. Dawson as Svengali. "Jan't there any inducement on earth that would induce you take a bath?" asked Mrs. Smallwort.

"I might later, mum," replied Mr. Diemal Dawson, "but just now me social dooties will not permit of it, mum. I got to appear in the part of that

there tough sheeny in a Trilby sworcer nex' week, an' you remember how he stood on the bathie question, mum!"—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

Talk about the extent of the cold wave, it can't be compared with the Trilby wave.—*New York Tribune.*

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Estate of Albert Garbuck, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert Garbuck, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator
319 Pine street.

RICHARD REALF.

"He loved his fellows." These words, taken from his last poem, may some day be written upon a monument erected to the greatest of California's poets—Richard Realf.

Beloved by a few, and a mere memory to many, Realf is still unknown to the great mass of readers; yet his work, were it only given the publicity it deserves, would soon make its author famous and place California upon a footing equal, as far as poetry is concerned, with any of the Eastern States.

Our apathy, for which we are rapidly becoming world-famous, applies not only to our lack of interest in the development of our State, but also to our unappreciation of the few individuals who by solitary effort have sought to add new lustre to the diadem of California.

Of the three poets we call our own, Realf, Sill and Miller, Realf is the only one whose ability remains unrecognized. Sill, owing more to Eastern than local appreciation, has gained a place at the front; and Miller, partly by evincing a certain amount of merit in his later verse, and partly by being in the flesh amongst us, also manages to control the fickle memory of the crowd. And yet, if we compare the work of the three, can we for one moment doubt that Realf is their superior, intuitively in the one case, intellectually in the other?

"His lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage
The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing."

And yet California knows him not—California, his foster-mother, to whom he came with sad heart full to singing, and the hand of an avenging Fate ever pushing him onward towards the unfathomable abyss of Death.

Before me is the quaint little volume published years ago in Brighton, England, containing his boyhood's poems, with its pathetic appeal to the young ladies of the high school for their support. There is nothing in these simple songs foreshadowing the terrible end that awaited him; and yet the Angel of Death had early cast the shadow of her wings about him. There is little even that gives promise of the grander and sadder singing of his soul when he found

"He could not rightly utter to the day
What God taught in the night."

But is not the great love within him, and which a life of sorrow only intensified, shown by the lines:

"I love the heavens!—I love the earth!
And I love the ambient air!
For they whispering say, 'God gave us birth,
And God is everywhere?'"

And, again, how the soul of the man that is to be ringed in the words of the boy, when he utters thoughts that apply for to-day as well as for all time:

"Do not dream of man's advancement—
Up and work! if ye would be
Sharers in the coming greatness
Of the Nation's unity."

These are simple quotations, perhaps; but to me they are the keynote to the man's character, as shown in his mature verse.

It is useless for us to speculate as to what he would have given us had his life been brighter and more fortunate. It is often to the saddest of our singers that we are indebted for the sweetest of messages, and the least we can do in return is to show our appreciation by remembering them.

All of his many poems, floating about like drift-wood upon the great sea of literature, are full of love for suffering mankind, as though his heart, failing in its sought-for quest, had found its lovers on the highways and in the hovels, and so had blessed their poor lives with manly and tender warmth.

And his reward? The realization of it came to him in those last sad minutes of his, when the Death Angel, with face averted, called him—for he wrote:

"Blessings reached him from poor souls in stress,
And benedictions from black pits of shame,
And little children's love, and old men's prayers,
And a great Hand that led him unawares.
So he died rich."

Rich, indeed! And yet I would humbly offer, in the name of those who love him, one more gift—a tribute to his weary dust, and the liberated and purified spirit that once animated it.

AN ELEGY.

Singer, who now art most silent, these gifts of affection I proffer—
Pansies and golden-hued poppies—symbols of thought and of glory;
Gifts from the bosom that hides thee from sight of the cynical scoffer,
Paying no heed to the sobbing which runs through each poet's sad story.

Sing as it pleases the poet, his sorrow is often his wages—
Enters joy's peaceful sunlight full seldom the soul of his being;
Wanders the eye of the many across the most sacred of pages,
Little avails the great message he gains by his own clearer seeing.

Yet there are ears that will hearken, and eyes that are moistened while reading
Hints of a life that is dawning, as shown by the spirit's vain striving;
These are the thanks worth the having; for these to his teachings give heeding,
Gaining therefrom the power to laugh at the world's vain conniving.

Sad was thy life and most sombre, and soft was the tone of thy singing,
Suiting thy turbulent spirit and luring it into forgetting;

Winds unto thee, and sweet flowers, gave promise of future lives, bringing
Chances for love and for glory, and rest from the soul's ceaseless fretting.

Vainly the fires assailed thee; for into thy heart's depths descended
Love for earth's suffering children—the love that unhappiness mellows;
Bound thee to God, the Creator, and most indissolubly blended
Spirit of thine, ever scourged, with spirits long scourged of thy fellows.

Thine now the blessing of silence—Death its compassionate bringer;
We who are weary still love thee, and so thou art paid for thy sorrow.

Safe in the hearts of the watchers abides every sure-nodded singer,
Binding with bonds everlasting the past and the shadowy morrow.

Peace to thy dust in its slumbers throughout the long chain of the hours;
Over these silently wander sunbeams and winds in their seasons.

Sleep by the drowsy old hillsides, bewitched by their dream-weighted flowers,
Sure of God's infinite mercy—for He, for each act, has His reasons.

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AMUSEMENTS.

In Hoyt's "A Temperance Town," in which the author says he "has endeavored to give all sides a fair show," there is not a single prohibition virtue—"Investigate a Prohibitionist," says Judge Belcher in the court scene, "and you'll find either a crank or a man with an ax to grind." The doctor's a hypocrite, the druggist's a sneak, the minister is a fanatic. Only in the person of Launcelot Jones, known as "Mink," the town drunkard, are to be found the beautiful qualities—generosity, charity, courage. Who unostentatiously deposits all his little store of money upon the bar of that other unfortunate hero, the rum seller? Noble "Mink," of course. Who inconsistently chastises another parent for sending his little girl to the saloon? Great-hearted "Mink." And who is the only one in all the village to pity and succor the clergyman's daughter? Why, "Mink." The glorification of the drunkard is as barefaced in this play of Hoyt's as is the apotheosis of the gentle, innocent, well-behaved Gaiety Girl the Baldwin. And one is just as believable as the other.

But Hoyt's play is a success, and deservedly so. The man sketches with coarse, vigorous strokes. His work may be crude and somewhat out of drawing, but it is full of knowledge of life and human nature. Despite its parsimony, its little absurdities, its lack of detail and fine finish, Hoyt has shown again that he knows his business, and produced another popular play full of clear character sketches, easy humor, and natural situations. His would-be pathetic scenes do not touch the heart. The audience occasionally mistakes the author's intention, and at times Hoyt is funnier than he meant to be, but the play, as a whole, is really interesting and amusing, though it is to be feared that clergymen and the Women's Christian Temperance Union will not find it so.

The company at the California averages well. Of course, Stockwell's appearance in San Francisco was the signal for enthusiastic applause, and the comedian's homely little figure bowing before the curtain in "Mink's" gray striped trousers and voluminous home-made shirt, his round face glowing with paint, pleasure, and perspiration, his coat in one hand and a graceful bunch of St. Joseph's lilies in the other, was one of the funniest sights of the play.

Stockwell just misses being an excellent comedian. It is not so much what he says or does, but his appearance is a boon direct from the comedy-fairy. His voice is unctuous, his face expressive, his smile inimitable, and his laugh irresistible. If his speech were clearer, his methods finer, and himself not so good-naturedly, indolently complacent, Stockwell might aspire to a much higher position upon the stage. As it is, he is the suggestive outline of an American Coquelin, but Nature unaided never made a great actor.

Lee Harrison makes of "Bingo" Jones a comedy part second only to Stockwell's idle, graceless, incorrigible "Mink." Marie Uart as Mary Jane Jones, "who was fool enough to marry 'Mink,'" acts with good taste and good sense. Uncle Joe Vial, Judge Doe, Squire Belcher, Ernest Hardman, and Roxana are all well played. As to Ruth and John Worth, it is fit that their two theatrical hearts—they have no souls—should beat as one. They were made for each other, and for nothing else under the sun.

Last Saturday's Popular Concert opened with Tschakowsky's String Quartette, Op. 11, which is full of character, brightness, and melody. The Andante and the Scherzo were particularly delightful. Mr. Bee's little solo, with the throbbing accompaniment of second violin, viola and 'cello, being very well played.

Mrs. Carr took the honors in the Mendelssohn Sonata with Heine. Her execution was beautifully clear and delicate.

Mr. Frank Coffin's voice has a wide range and is of a pleasing quality, though uncertain in the upper register. His second number, "Thine, my Greetings," was sung with spirit and feeling.

The next song, to take place March 10th, includes a piano solo by Mrs. Carr, and songs by Willis Batchelder.

MR. TOMMY ATKINS.

San Francisco Knew Him Well Before the Gaiety Girl Arrived.

The Gaiety Girl and Mr. Thomas Atkins have had their day in San Francisco, and together they go on their trip round the world—she kicking high in the air, and he standing straight and looking solemn in his tight red coat. The Gaiety Girl may gather in the flowers and the diamonds, but she never will be celebrated in song and story as Mr.

Thomas Atkins already is. The Gaiety Girl may be beloved by the first-nighter and the front-rower, but Mr. Thomas Atkins is the pride of the British Empire from England to India, for "Tommy" is the British soldier, the representative of the power and dominion of "the widow's" government.

In "A Gaiety Girl," the most popular of all the songs is this:

PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Oh, we take him from the city or the plough,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow;
And how to walk, and where to put his feet.
It doesn't matter who he is before,
Or what his parents fancied for his name,
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same.
Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're
A good 'un, a heart and a hand;
You're a credit to your calling and to
All your native land.
May your luck be never failing,
May your love be ever true;
God bless you, Tommy Atkins,
Here's your country's love to you.

So, Tommy dear, we'll hack you 'gainst the world,
For fighting or for funning or for work,
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled;
So, do your best and never, never shirk.
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts
For you, my lad, wherever you may lie,
By Union Jack above you! But we're proud of you
and love you,
God keep you, Tommy, still by land and sea.
Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, etc.

In writing this lyric, Mr. Henry Hamilton undoubtedly received his inspiration from Rudyard Kipling, who has made "Tommy" known to all the world in his "Barrack-Room Ballads" and his Indian stories. The first six lines of this song are, in fact, in the metre of Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," the name given the negro soldiers whom Tommy met in the Sudanese war. The last stanza of this ballad gives its spirit and metre:

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' 'inger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb,
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree;
'E's the only thing that doesn't care a damn
For the Regiment of British Infantrie.
So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,
At your 'ome in the Sudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen,
But a first-class fightin' man;
An' 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy,
With your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—
For you bruck a British square.

So long as there are Tommies, and long after Mr. Hamilton's song and the Gaiety Girls have been forgotten, Kipling's name will be d-ar to the British soldier, if for nothing else because of these lines:

TOMMY.

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican 'e up an' sez, 'We serve no red-coats here.'
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled
fit to die,
I outs into the street again, an' to myself sez I:
O, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Tommy go away;"
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"
When the band begins to play,
The band begins to play, my boys,
The band begins to play;
O, it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins,"
When the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none
for me;
They sent me to the gallery, or round the musicals,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove
me in the stalls.
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Tommy wait outside;"
But it's "Special train for Atkins"
When the trooper's on the tide,
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, etc.

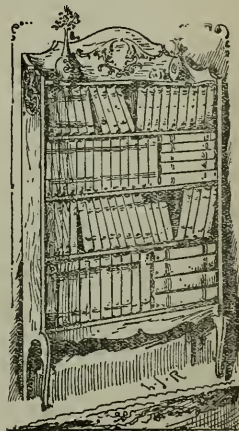
O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starva-
tion cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're goin'
large a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full
kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Tommy 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes"
When the drums begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no
blackguards, too,
But single men in barracks, most remarkable like
you;
An' it's sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy
pains,
Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster
saints,
While it's the Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Tommy fall be'ind;"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir,"
When there's trouble in the wind,
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.
You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all;
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it
to our face
The Widow's uniform is not the soldierman's dia-
grace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country"
When the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,
An' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—
You bet that Tommy sees!

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THOUGHTS ON SUICIDE.

That young Harry Stillwell of the Bank of California killed himself, is to his credit. It showed that he had in him the feelings of a self-respecting man, that he had an ideal of honor so high that he could not bear to live feeling that he had been false to himself and those who believed in him. It is unfortunate that suicide is so uncommon among those who are guilty of breach of trust. It seems the last thing that a man nowadays thinks of. An occasional crazy lover shoots himself, but the banker who robs depositors, the lawyer who steals from clients, the public official who embezzles public funds, these rarely have the manhood to destroy themselves. In Europe a different spirit obtains; men there think life quite as little worth living without honor as without a favorite mistress.

Of course, it is not to be regretted that more men do not kill themselves, but it is unfortunate that so few of those who commit crimes are so lacking in gentlemanly instincts as to believe that life is still a thing to be clung to. If the code of the gentleman obtained in America men would regard their own lives as sacrificed when they had betrayed a trust, and believing so they would be less likely to commit such crimes. Where men feel that their honor is more precious than their lives, surety companies and bell-punches and private detectives, and the many checks and safeguards with which employers here protect themselves, are not necessary. On the other hand, all these schemes of protection develop the spirit of dishonesty by making the employee feel that if he can "do" his employer he is doing nothing worse than proving that he is the cleverer fellow.

Stillwell was young, else, probably, he would not have been so manly. Had he lived to be thirty-five or forty he would have known how common much graver breaches of trust were, and, his conscience being hardened, he would have borrowed money to settle his account and gone elsewhere. Perhaps he did not know that in the United States Senate is one man who robbed a bank, and another who robbed his father-in-law's estate, and at least one Pacific Coast Governor left the East an embezzler. These men found it well to swallow their disgrace and remain in the flesh.

It is not generally known that Napoleon at one time contemplated suicide. The Paris *Eclair* has recently published some manuscripts written by Napoleon between 1786 and 1793, several of which show that Bonaparte, when young, was tired of life.

"Solitary amidst men, I return to my room to think alone, and to abandon myself to my melancholy. Where does it lead me to-day? Towards death. In the springtime of life, I may hope to live long. I have been absent from my country six or seven years. What pleasure shall I have in four months, in seeing once more my companions and my parents? Can I not conclude, from the sweet sensations awakened by the remembrance of my childhood, that my happiness will be complete? What mad fellow urges me to self-destruction? But what can be done in this world? Since I have to die, is it not better to kill myself? If I was over sixty years of age, I would respect the prejudices of my fellow-creatures, and would wait patiently for nature to accomplish its work; but since I commence to experience unhappiness, and since nothing gives me pleasure, why should I endure days in which I succeed in nothing?"

The Napoleon who, in a few years, was to be the hero of Austria, the ruler of Europe, was tired of life because he "succeeded in nothing." The Napoleon who made Europe's rivers to flow with blood, and changed national boundaries to suit a whim, was in his early days so much a patriot that he thought of suicide rather than see the canal of his birth in subjection to the French.

"How far men are from nature! How cowardly, vile, and cringing they are! What is the spectacle I shall witness in my country? Fellow-countrymen loaded with chains, all trembling, kissing the hand that oppresses them. They are no longer brave Corsicans animated by heroic virtues, and the enemies of tyrants, luxury, and base courtesans. Proud and full of the noble consciousness of his own personal importance, a Corsican was formerly happy. If he had occupied his day in transacting public business, the night was spent in the tender arms of a dearly loved wife; his reason and his enthusiasm obliterated all the troubles of the day, and the enemies of nature rendered the night comparatively that of gods. But with liberty these happy days have vanished like a dream, Frenchmen! Not content with having despoiled us of all we loved, you have corrupted our manners. The pres-

ent condition of my country, and my powerlessness to change it, are additional reasons for me to leave a land where I am obliged by duty to praise men whom I ought by virtue to hate. When I arrive in my country, how am I to act, and what am I to do? When the mother country has ceased to exist, a good citizen should die. If I had to destroy but one man in order to deliver my fellow-countrymen, I would start at once. I would plunge the avenging dagger up to the hilt in the breast of the tyrant. My life is a burden, because I live, and must probably always live, with men whose thoughts and manners are so different from mine as the silver moonlight is different from the light of the sun. I cannot, then, follow the only manner of living that could make life bearable for me, whence it follows that I feel aversion for everything."

Yet, when Waterloo was lost, the old and ruined Napoleon lived on a barren island until he died from natural causes. In youth he saw no opportunity of satisfying his ambitions and wished to die. In old age he clung to life when it had nothing whatever to give him but humiliation.

T. N.

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The great national event of the week has been the marriage of Miss Anna Gould of New York to the Count de Castellane of France. The coincident adjournment of Congress, and the contemporaneous news that President Cleveland has gone duck hunting, have been all but overlooked by a press whose high mission it is to print what the people like best to read. Our local dailies gave from a column to a column and a half to the adjournment, and from six to eight columns to the wedding. And for more than a week prior to the marriage their pages were flooded with great quantities of matter relating to its approach. The portrait of everybody connected with it, down to the infant members of the collateral branches of the Gould family, has been published, and the bride's clothes have had justice done them by the artists, as well as by the journalists whose special talent is for description. Without doubt the "up-to-date" newspapers of the whole Union have been equally enterprising with our own. Had the young Frenchman been royal instead of merely noble (and that by courtesy) and the Gould girl a princess, the marriage having mighty political significance for a brace of kingdoms, their mating could not have been celebrated with more publicity, or the ceremony itself have been more gorgeous, more pompous. And to crown all, the newspapers, which in the aggregate have spent millions for dispatches, have kept up on the same editorial fire of deprecation, protesting against the vulgar ostentation of the Goulds, and going profoundly into the deplorable preference of rich American girls for titled foreign husbands over the unadorned native manhood eagerly offering itself. The paragraphers have been scornfully witty, too, but satire faints in the presence of a situation which travesties satire itself.

It doesn't need to be said, of course, that, the bride's wealth and the groom's title aside, there was in this marriage nothing more remarkable than in the marriage of any other commonplace young man and woman. Why, then, have the newspapers drenched their pages with such an intolerable flood of tittle-tattle about it? Simply to please the women of the United States. It was these who created the demand for the ocean of drivel, the bare sight of which has irritated and disgusted intelligent men. Even the little girls of America have been excited. The

fine wedding has realized their fairy stories for them. To some twenty millions of females in these United States the newspapers have been what the confectioner's window, with its unattainable, dazzling sweets, is to the street children, who stand and stare, fascinated, but without hope. To be angry with the newspapers is to quarrel with them for being businesslike. If the *Examiner*, say, had decided not to cater to feminine curiosity and sternly pruned Miss Gould and her young man down to their true proportions in the republican scheme of things, and the *Chronicle* had given all the news—that is to say, all the childish gossip—concerning the wedding, it is to be feared that the *Examiner* would have lost heavily in circulation, and journalistic flesh and blood can't be expected to make such a sacrifice as that, even temporarily. The daily newspaper is a commercial concern, and, like other stores, it aims to keep on hand the goods the public wants to buy. So the women and the newspapers between them have succeeded in making the United States unpleasantly ridiculous once more. The experience is not new. The memory of our extraordinary behavior when Princess Eulalia of Spain deigned to visit us and the World's Fair is yet green. So cially, we are not far from where we were in the fifties when the fashionable women of New York scrambled and tugged for possession of the cherry stones which the Prince of Wales had left on his plate at a public banquet. They fought also, these Daughters of the Revolution, for the privilege of sitting for an instant in the sacred chair which his highness had occupied at the feast. It is our inheritance from the mother country to be a nation of snobs, and the women caricature the men.

Homilies to our young girls on the folly of setting store by titles of nobility are just as appropriate as would be homilies to our young men on the folly of devoting their lives to money getting. It is a commercial time and a commercial country, and, therefore, it is inevitable that the battle of life among us should be for dollars. Wealth means the kind of success which brings the greatest honor in the eyes of one's fellow-countrymen. When an American has become rich he has reached the social summit, if he cares for social distinction and is not unreasonably barbaric otherwise. But that is not so as to the American woman. The titles which are denied the men by the Constitution she can achieve by marriage. Her brethren of the plutocracy can only envy her superior fortune and sigh. The most the hapless plutocratic male can hope for is to shine by reflection from an ennobled female of his family. Of course, he can by displays of piety gain from the Pope the honor of being made a Knight of the Holy Ghost, as

several fortunate San Franciscans have done in their time, or acquire by purchase like ornaments from minor and hard-up European monarchs; but these gauds are not deemed the real thing and are rather scoffed at, even in this plain republic. Mr. Huntington and Mr. Mackay have ample means wherewith thus to ennoble themselves, but they prefer, in the face of the prejudice mentioned, to remain content with the inferior titular glory of being fathers-in-law to genuine princes.

It is hard that anything desirable in this world which other men enjoy should be denied to an American citizen. When one has discovered a mine out West and made his pile; or built a railroad with public money and converted a sovereign commonwealth into his private estate; or killed millions of hogs in Chicago, hamstringing them into millions of dollars; or inherited a great fortune from a predatory sire—when one is in such luck, it is hard that when he reaches the Atlantic shore and joins the Four Hundred, he should be stopped in his onward progress by the water, and in his upward climb by a Constitution which frowns on stars and garters. It is pathetic to see how thwarted and suppressed ambition so frequently is transmitted into a passion of paternal love. What the poor millionaire is debarred from, he fondly buys for his cherished daughter.

Ought this to be? When we have in so many things grown so far away from the feelings, the jealousies of the framers of the Constitution—whose objection to kings and nobles was natural under the circumstances then existing—why not amend the instrument to meet all our modern needs? The Revolutionary worthies were wise men for their time undoubtedly, but their wisdom was not great enough to guide and bind their posterity forever. Theory must give way before facts. Whatever may have been the case with Americans of 1776, Americans, plenty of them, of 1895 do desire titles. If they can't get them at home they buy them abroad, which is a deplorable manifestation of the free trade spirit. The simplest acquaintance with the doctrine of protection renders it obvious that we should buy nothing from other nations that we could produce at home, at whatever cost.

These are plausible arguments for an American nobility. Unless present appearances deceive, this country is destined within two generations to be the most aristocratic, as it is now the most conservative, among the advanced nations of the earth. The European trend is, on the other hand, all toward democracy. The American multi-millionaire is in nearly all but name what a great noble of the olden time was. No duke, indeed, would venture to oppress his

tenants as Mr. Huntington does the peasantry of California, or as Mr. Carnegie grinds the hands in his mills. And the millionaire is altogether free of that sense of responsibility for the welfare of his people that has been handed down by feudal tradition to the nobleman. It is agreed that there is no form of aristocracy so cruel and detestable as one founded on money solely. Yet it is manifestly unfair to condemn the American aristocracy for being a plutocracy. They would be something more if the law permitted. Were the law to be changed and Mr. Huntington to become the Prince of the Pacific, and Mr. Carnegie, Duke of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Astor, the Earl of Manhattan, and Mr. Armour, Lord Bacon, and Mr. Rockefeller, Baron d'Oyley, what real change would be made in their estate? If a passion for ribbons and sashes and jewels, standing for dignities, were created in our plutocracy, might there not be an intellectual and spiritual gain among them? Surely, it is less hurtful for a human being to be proud of a title than of having gouged a dozen or so of millions out of his fellow creatures. Of course, it would be well to stop this side of monarchy, and, heeding the lessons of experience, divorce our nobility from the soil. What is desirable is not to add to the power of the rich but to open a way for the gratification of their social aspirations less ridiculous and humiliating than the Gould-Castellane marriage.

Surface objections to this scheme for supplying a long-felt want suggest themselves. It may be said that the titles, being new, would not be valued. There is ample British proof to the contrary. Over there they create men lords for making beer, and even ennoble an author occasionally, and painters who have been knighted are almost as common as Colonels among us. It does not take long to grow a hereditary aristocrat. Observe what, without the adventitious aid of titles, has been done by the Astors, whose grandfather was a peddler, and the Vanderbilts, whose founder was a boatman and was alive only yesterday. The outlook is that within a hundred years there will be no nobles left in Europe, and an American marquis or count who could point to a line of ancestors reaching back to a civil-war contract would be as hoary in honor almost as a British noble now is whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror and did their stealing sword in hand, rudely. Amend the Constitution in the interest of our best society, and in 1995 the vulgar rich of the British Republic, the vulgar rich of the Franco-German co-operative commonwealth, and the vulgar rich of the Russian commune, would be sending their daughters and dollars over to our hard-up nobles. Thus the balance of trade would be turned in our favor, and a gold basis for the currency maintained.

That the constitutional amendment would be received with any serious popular disfavor is to be questioned. Woman suffrage is not far off. And the sentiment of awe for wealth and rank is by no means restricted to the female breast. It may be feeble in the male bosom, but it is still there, in this 119th year of the republic. We inherit it with our blood, and our literature nourishes it in us. Affecting opportunity for its expression was found in New York on Monday. Great crowds surrounded the Gould mansion. As many police were required to clear Fifth avenue for one block as were needed in San Francisco one night some years ago to drive back the tremendous mob that rushed to the county jail to hang Goldenson, the murderer. And the independent, self-respecting citizens of the American metropolis gave the

police some trouble elsewhere than on Fifth avenue. As witness:

Until half an hour before the time fixed for the ceremony Sixty-seventh street had been open to the public, and here a laugy-looking crowd hung around the kitchen windows, vainly trying to get a peep at the good things within, or casting longing glances at the empty wine cases with which the back yard was littered. Captain Strauss now marshaled an extra squad, and this street also was cleared beyond the boundaries of the Gould mansion.

No fewer than five thousand people, "representing all classes," were packed outside the lines established by the police, and surely it is absurd to suppose that any voter in that impressive throng would cast a ballot against providing the Gould girls, and other girls possessing much money, with American noblemen for husbands. That the rights and privileges of the sturdy masses would in any degree be curtailed were titles native to the soil is not to be assumed. Manhood will, under all conditions, assert itself. The *Eraminer's* New York dispatches tell us that "a practical demonstration of the freedom of the people was given at 11:45." This demonstration was achieved by "a son of labor attired in rusty and ragged blue jeans."

He boldly marched through the prohibited lines with no less than four cans full to the brim of foaming beer, and he crossed the carpet spread for society's feet with a jaunty, independent step, spilling his plebeian beverage at every stride.

The thrill of pride felt by the reporter at that proof of republican equality and dignity communicates itself to multitudes of his readers. That the five thousand less hardy on-lookers did not burst into a cheer at the sight is astonishing. "The Castellanes," we learn, "seemed to be vastly surprised that the wedding should have attracted so many people to the streets thereabout; they said they could not understand why a crowd should gather." And when it came the young Frenchman's turn to step out from the wings and take his part in the tasteful theatrical ceremonies within the mansion, "his pink and white complexion was scarlet." We do these things better than in France. Our new rich naturally wonder why any one should ask them not to display their wealth, and the honest republican sons of toil like to see them do it, too. The scarlet Count de Castellane was perhaps thinking of what his Parisian friends would think if they could see him.

It is all over now. The count has got his three millions to start with, and the bride has twelve millions left. Fifteen millions gone at one coup! There's a consideration that ought to go straight to the American heart. All that money could have been kept at home had we the practical business sense to raise our own nobles. The rich are ready for the innovation, the press is controlled by the rich, the women are on the right side, and the males who don't have their thinking done for them by the press, or are not afraid to disagree with their wives, are in the minority.

It has been incomprehensible to many why this particular marriage between a rich American girl and a foreigner of title should have made so mighty a stir in the newspapers. Matches of the kind long ago ceased to be unusual. The explanation is that the bride lived in New York, and New York is the great news center of the country. Any American journal of pretensions has its telegraphic correspondent there, and these correspondents catch the New York spirit, which is metropolitan—that is to say, parochial. The New Yorker's city is so big that to him it seems the world. He is a cockney, a boulevardier. The metropolitan

The Fittz Cure for Alcoholism never fails.

gauge of the importance of things is strictly village-like. If the Justice of the Peace at Milpitas should fall and twist his ankle the event would be larger to the Milpitas apprehension than if the entire State Supreme Court were to tumble from the bench and break the eminent collective leg thereof. Let two lads of the fashionable dissipated set slap each other's face in Delmonico's overnight, and the press of New York will give more space to the happening than to a triple murder ten miles out of town. Since that is New York's taste and habit, it is to be indulged if not respected; but what shall we think of the sense of the men who conduct the great daily newspapers throughout the United States in permitting New York to impose the Manhattan standard on their news columns? Had the Count de Castellane landed a Chicago, Keokuk, or San Francisco heiress, New York would have been indifferent, and the remainder of the republic been spared nine-tenths of the awful trash that has been upset upon it. In journalism it is New York that presses the button, and the newspapers of the outlying regions, as far west as California, obediently do the rest. Were the daily newspaper taken to be a true mirror of the country's mind, the conclusion would be irresistible that we had become a nation of village gossips. It is largely because New York is so self-engrossed, and so petty in that engrossment, that the daily newspaper everywhere is so often insufferable to men and women of sense.

Though Mr. Huntington did not do very well in Washington at the session of Congress just ended—the Reilly bill having failed and his grab at that \$1,800,000, due for services rendered by roads that are in arrears to the government, having missed again—there is much to cheer him in California. He has the Legislature, which is passing bills to suit him as a body of clerks in his office might take down letters at his dictation. He seems to be confident that the Governor will sign these bills, else why should the railroad lobby be so earnest in keeping the Legislature (disposed to nod out of sheer weariness occasionally) up to its work? But that confidence may not be well placed. Since the heroic days when he bored holes in the foundations of the new ferry house, and removed Mose Gunst, Mr. Budd has learned that the public is able to distinguish between the drama and reality. There is observable a rather general disposition to judge him on a plane so low that it would sting and mortify a sensitive man, or even a man of capacious understanding. His fondness for small politics—as exemplified in his insistences on appointing, under the rose, the subordinates of those to whom he gives office—and his selection for the Harbor Commission of a man entirely satisfactory to the Southern Pacific, have diminished him in the public esteem, and placed him under just suspicion of being anxious for the friendship of the corporations for whose subjection to law the people believed they were voting when they elected him Governor. But Mr. Budd is exceedingly ambitious, and he will hardly permit himself to be used to his own damage, when he can perceive the impending damage. Being avid of popularity, it is not likely that Mr. Budd will challenge execration by signing bills which are obviously in Mr. Huntington's interest. The newspapers could govern Governor Budd, and it is a public misfortune that those of his own party have allowed Republican journals to take the initiative in the good work. There is a monstrous irony in the fact—and it is a fact—that Mr. de Young, another revengeful Coriolanus at the gates of the corporate

Rome, is doing more with his *Chronicle* to interfere with Southern Pacific villainy than all the Democratic newspapers of California put together. He is turning the light on the corporation's schemes at Sacramento and in this city. The hue of the hand that does this matters little.

Mr. Huntington has a great deal to rejoice over. He has got the Railroad Commission so securely, to all appearances, that it has vanished from view as completely as if he had it stowed away in his back office in New York. The Supervisors, also, must give him pleasure. There are indications of an almost solid combination against Mayor Sutro. The board is engaged in framing a water order, and all that the press of San Francisco does toward securing lower rates for the people is to publish in their news columns the Mayor's arguments in that behalf, and to encourage the Supervisors to insult him by letting their artists loose to caricature him. Every organ of the railroad, big and little, daily and weekly, from end to end of the State, has evidently received orders to assist in this business of vilifying and ridiculing Mayor Sutro. From the same publications, I observe Governor Budd receives compliments for having added Mr. Colton to the Harbor Commission. As Mr. Sutro was elected without newspaper assistance, I dare say he can take these new proofs of Mr. Huntington's displeasure at his existence with equanimity. His reply is to go straight ahead with the construction of his own competing railroad, which has given the people a five-cent fare to the ocean, and to stand forth in his own aggressive and persistent way for public rights as against corporate privileges. And when the Reilly bill crops up in the new Congress, Mr. Sutro will be on deck again, as usual, to fight it. If we had half a dozen men of the Mayor's courage and tenacity in the whole State, California would soon cease to be Mr. Huntington's plantation.

Mr. Sutro takes the responsibility of his office with characteristic earnestness. At his private expense he has experts employed to investigate in all quarters. His latest service is to show by the report of his chemist that the water of Lake Merced is unfit to drink, and he has got the Board of Health to order an official analysis of it. This is a unique way to attack Spring Valley, which is asking the Supervisors, in conformity with custom, to allow it to charge what it pleases for water. If this board shall serve Spring Valley like its predecessors, in the face of the fact that the company is supplying filthy water, it will do it at the expense of advertising its character as being no better than that of its forerunners. Spring Valley has had its way by means of bribery heretofore. By bribery it has been licensed to rob the people of San Francisco of millions. Should it succeed in securing a renewal of the license this year, there is a Mayor in office who will not permit the parties to the transaction to rest in comfort—and the newspapers of the associated villainies will revile him.

When Congress adjourned on Monday it was an adjournment of the Democratic party. In two years a great deal of harm has been done the country, but the party itself has been more sorely wounded. Mr. Cleveland remains in the White House while his party has retired, a disgraced failure. And to Mr. Cleveland, who remains, this failure is largely due. The chief representative of tariff reform, and elected on that issue, he faltered when it came to reforming the tariff. Had he manfully set about doing the work he was chosen for, his party in Congress, fresh

from a great victory, would have followed his lead and given the declared Democratic policy a fair trial. He was cowardly, and no leader who is that can have a brave and compact following. So Congress was divided, special interests were given time to bring their influence to bear, and the people were cheated. The special session that should have been summoned to repeal the McKinley law was called to give silver another kick—a kick which Mr. Cleveland was sure would revive the moribund industries of the nation. The prosperity that he prophesied did not make itself manifest, any more than the disasters which he predicted as the consequence of silver legislation, about which he wrote to Congress before he had been inaugurated, followed that legislation. Mr. Cleveland is fatter in 1895 than he was in 1885, but his fame as a prophet has not waxed. The simple truth is that Mr. Cleveland is a New Yorker, to whom Buffalo is "West." All his sympathies, prejudices, and influential advisers are Eastern. He doesn't know his country. It is only by cutting loose from him altogether that the Democracy can hope to become popular again. He has made himself beloved of bankers, and the most respectable millionaires speak highly of him as a safe man; but that glittering approval is too contracted a basis for the Democratic party to stand on, even as gold is too small a basis for the currency. The men of brains and human instinct among the Democratic leaders have had more than enough of Mr. Cleveland, who is essentially a Republican, and will probably get on better with the next Congress than he has with this. The address, signed by Congressmen representing sixteen States and two Territories, issued the other day, urging all Democrats to make the money question the paramount issue, is a sign of the party's temper. The address favors free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the co-operation of any other nation. All the signers are from the West and South, and among them are Representatives Maguire and Caminetti, of California. That is to be the coming issue, with the West and South against the East, as they ought to be. The sectional line needs to be drawn and the disadvantages of sectional narrowness borne in heavily upon the East for the enlargement of its mind and heart. In politics, as in religion, there is no better way to make the beauty of reciprocal toleration clear than to give selfish zeal a taste of its own persecuting whip. The advocates of free silver have been presented with an enormous advantage by the bond operations of the administration. A system of finance that gives a commission of \$10,000,000 in order to raise \$60,000,000 cannot successfully defend itself by prognosticating evil of another. Whether free silver would be a success or not, it is demonstrated that the gold basis is not. The waylarding man has had that proved to him by Messrs. Cleveland and Carlisle. The best that the gold men can do now is to pray the people rather to bear the ills they have than fly to others that they know not of. But that is a prayer always in the mouths of the discredited, and the people of the United States ever in the end refuse to listen to it. There are encouraging indications that not only this country but Europe will presently return to bimetalism.

Everybody is tired of the tariff and willing to let it stand as it is. Only Republican attempts to restore McKinleyism would waken the issue into life again. The silver question is to be the vital one, and if the

The Fittz Cure, Room 7, Flood Building, S. F.

Democrats can rally in silver's favor, and so join hands with the Populists, they may recover what has been lost during the two years in which Mr. Cleveland has had the leadership. The gold men are in the plight of doctors who give learned reasons why the patient died. The laity are thereby profoundly impressed by the circumstance that all this learning did not serve to save the patient. Popular instinct has been brought to the side of silver by President Cleveland's financiering, and it is popular instinct that carries elections. One does not grow cheerful at the prospect of the debate in press and on stump that is ahead. It is a melancholy proof of the narrow limits of the human understanding that we natives of this floating island, the earth, are unable to tell in advance, even with the assistance of our ablest specialists, in and out of Congress, what would be the effect of the introduction of white cowrie shells among the yellow ones we have been in the habit of using for currency. But it is so. Men equal in brains and sincerity, who think they know all about it, differ as radically as do the most ignorant. I have my own opinion, but feel almost as little respect for it as I do for that of the Eastern editors to whom a believer in free silver is an abandoned scoundrel plotting the ruin of his country, and supplying the strongest argument in support of a comforting faith in a punishing hereafter. Only experiment will decide whether free coinage of silver by the United States is practicable in the present state of the world. If other nations join in the experiment its success will be assured. But the experiment will be made in any case. That is as certain as that McKinleyism was doomed when the Democracy summoned the courage to declare for free trade.

We are to have no Lexow Committee, and it is just as well, considering the kind we should have been likely to get from this Legislature, and the kind of work the local Parkhursts would have insisted on its doing. A committee not composed of men honest and brave enough to attack the confederated scoundrelism of California—the wealth which includes crime among its ordinary means of accomplishing its purposes—would stir up a deal of dirt, doubtless, but its results would be of no permanent value. To the clergymen who deem the social evil the one in most immediate need of treatment, I suggest that they may divert themselves from their disappointment by leaving Morton street to its fate, and giving thought to the causes which supply Morton street with its inhabitants. A gentleman said to me a day or two ago: "There is something fearful about this newspaper clatter over that Gould marriage. It will do more harm than millions of sermons can remedy. It inflames in girls the natural love of dress and luxury, fires their imagination, and fits them to pay any price when the time of temptation comes. I don't understand how a man of conscience can put such stuff in his newspaper. It is like offering liquor to boys to make them drunkards. It may be commercial, this journalism, and all right according to business principles, but it is wicked unpeakeably." It may surprise the clergy to learn that this gentleman was an actor, now playing at the Baldwin Theatre.

The clerical efforts to get a Lexow Committee have induced much writing upon the subject of fallen women, and it is astonishing the quantity of nonsense that has been mingled with it. The assumption is usually made by the writers that poverty is the cause of the great majority of the falls. That is true, unquestionably, in the cities of the crowded old world and those of our own Eastern

States, but it is distinctly not true of California. Any woman in San Francisco willing to do housework can make an honest living. Housework, of course, is not an employment held in social honor, but the woman who rejects it for a career of bestiality deserves no tears. The business of the San Francisco clergy is with young girls in danger from their vanity, their passions, and their ignorance of consequences. On all such the pages and the pictures about the Gould wedding have made impressions that with the watering of circumstances may prove devil's seed. And for girls of a better sort intellectually the reading has been depraving because vulgarizing. There is a noble text in this distressing wedding for a preacher large enough to see it in all its social and moral relations. The ordinary inveighing against mercenary marriage won't fit the occasion. What is wanted is the preaching of the gospel of simplicity to women and men alike—the virtue and dignity of being above mean envy of material wealth, and the mean desire to imitate it on inadequate incomes. To hear from the pulpit that one may be happy in this world, and be safe as to the next, without being genteel, would brace and comfort many a timid soul. Energetic preaching of that homely truth might help to restore the tradition of honorable poverty, which is dying out from among us. To be the best one can, and not be ashamed of what one is; that is a rule of life which would give us sane and sweet women and manly men—the grace infusion of republicanism in our social life.

ARTHUR McEWEEN.

THE TWADDLER.

The last thing that one gentleman will accuse another gentleman of is cheating at cards, and I do not say now that Stubbs held out his discard. But, egad, that certainly was my impression the other afternoon at the Pacific Union, as all the club knows. So strong was the impression, indeed, that I flung down my hand, started out of my chair with a muttered imprecation, and strode haughtily out of the room. I strode swearing down stairs, and strode out of the building swearing, right into the arms of my eminent friend, the Rev. Dr. Stebbins.

"Good heavens, Persiflage," he cried, with a look of horror in his gentle face, "why this fearful language?"

Then I blurted out about Stubbs, and averred my belief that I should have won the pot had he played the hand dealt him.

"Gambling?" said the doctor, frowning severely. "I was not aware, sir, that you were a gamster." "I'm not," I exclaimed, indignantly. "As a rule I never touch cards, and don't sit down to a game half a dozen times a year. But the deuce take it, everybody goes in for a little draw-poker at this season, doctor."

"This season, sir?" "Why, yes; I mean, you understand. How the deuce is a man who abstains from social pleasures to amuse himself else?"

That, of course, satisfied the doctor, and linking his arm in mine he led me away, and calmed my agitated mind by pious discourse which soon left no room for thought of Stubbs. Before parting, however, I laid down my card before the reverend clergyman, and though he remained non-committal, I am pretty sure that he shared my suspicion as to the discard. But as suspicion is quite different from certainty, I shall not break with Stubbs socially. Nevertheless, he has played his last game of poker with me.

Last Wednesday evening a number of us called on the Governor at the California to pay our respects, and the conversation soon became general, though I did my best, and failed, to get his Excellency into a corner for a little private talk, for I must say that the delay about the Labor Commission had become annoying. But the rest were old school-fellows and had no respect for official forms.

"Jim," bawled one of them, Captain Yankton, "do you remember the baseball game between the classes of '73 and '74?"

"Indeed, I do," replied our Chief Magistrate, heartily.

"He's the same old Jim," cried the Captain. "He paralyzed the public by appearing on the field in red flannel drawers."

"Hang his drawers, sir!" I put in, irritated at this gross familiarity. "So long as there was an honest pair of legs inside them, what did the drawers matter?"

"That's just it," guffawed the Captain. "He made his point. That is, he attracted public attention to the drawers and distracted it from the fact that he couldn't play ball."

There was more laughter at this, and renewed cries of "the same old Jim." I detected college men among myself, and would have retired but that a determination to secure a confidential talk on public affairs withheld me.

Presently there remained only myself, George A. Knight, and Martin Kelly. I resolved to sit these out, too, as the saying is, but the Governor finally arose, "I asked you," he would be content for me to run up to Sacramento for a conference. He desired, he said, to go over some matters with Mr. Knight and Mr. Kelly that would probably not interest me, as they related to a will case and a portwardship or two.

Naturally, I took my leave, and in high spirits. That unbidden invitation from the Executive to visit him at Sacramento, satisfies me as to the Labor Commissionship.

There is no use trying to disguise the truth about that Burlingame business. No man is readier than myself to make excuses for wealthy youth, but, begad, propriety is propriety. Caserly and Macdonough did it with their eyes open, and must take the consequences. They came to me, and asked me to be of the party, but I instantly refused. "Young gentlemen," I said, "your anxiety to have me give my countenance to this affair betrays your knowledge that you need social support. You shall not get it from me."

"But, confound it, Persiflage," urged Caserly, "good-looking men are all well, and one of the girls has a letter of introduction from a lord."

"Actors are actors and Gaiety Girls are Gaiety Girls, lord or no lord. Do this thing at your peril. Society will never forgive you, and Society will be quite right."

"Oh, fudge," ejaculated Macdonough, in his headstrong way, and that ended it. Macdonough is making matters worse now by defying Society. But audacity will not serve. Our Society is too new, too conscious of the need of strengthening its position, to allow those liberties to be taken with it to which an older aristocracy could afford to be indifferent. I have been quite ill content with the fearful truth as got into the papers. Indeed I have been confined to bed. Harold Wheeler has called frequently, and shown his sympathy in the most delicate way.

It was not wholly the polo game at Burlingame that has so unnerved me. My prostration is due to the general tone of the newspapers of the past ten days, their pages on pages of type and pictures concerning the Gould-Castellane wedding. I sent for my former friend Quay, who came at once to my bedside, like the good fellow he is at bottom. "I want to say to you, Joe," I whispered, for weakness has reduced me to that, "that I wish to withdraw all my remarks in denunciation of the news and to agree with your strictures upon it. What we need is a censorship that will keep brides' lingerie out of the newspapers, and drawings of the cuspidors of the wealthy who are about to marry."

"Yes, by Jove!" concurred Quay; "why on earth should anybody out of an idiotic old hum want to read such drivel or see such pictures?"

"It isn't that, dear boy," I said. "It's the effect on the proletariat. It enables them to become too intimate with us, and the very existence of Society depends upon its exclusiveness."

As Quay was departing, a lady reporter and an artist from the *Examiner* called. The news of my position had got abroad. The lady said her paper wanted my views on the cut of Miss Gould's demi-petticoat, and I would have obliged my friend Henri, but that just as I began to speak I detected the artist making a sketch of my wig on its block on the dressing table, and at once I rang for my man and had both shown out.

Dear old Uncle George Bromley came to my sick-room, of course, and soothed me greatly with his peculiar humor. George affects a familiarity with his Heavenly Father which diverts those who know him (Bromley) and appals others. The Rev. Dr. Dille and Dr. Hemphill were both in the room when Uncle George arose to go, and they were shocked to see an amateur in the act of smoking.

"Good-bye, Persiflage," Bromley said, shaking my feeble hand. "God bless you, old boy, God bless you—as soon as convenient."

"That's old, George," I murmured.

Like a flash he retorted from the door:

"Oh, you got to blazes!"

Though blazes was not the word he employed, the clergyman, to whom Bohemian Club repartee is new, burst into merriment in spite of themselves. Dear old George. What a beam of sunshine he is.

PERSIFLAGE.

THE FAIR CONTEST DECIDED.

(From the *Examiner* of Jan. 5, 1900.)

The Supreme Court has at last decided the great Fair will contest case. Not only does the contestant, Mr. Charles L. Fair, forfeit his share of the estate, but the Court holds that his twosters, having entered, through their attorneys, into a conspiracy to break the will, have also lost their right to claim any portion of the estate under the will.

It having been noised abroad that this noted case, of many years' standing, in which so many attorneys had met with disbarment, and which had led to so much scandal, and the unearthing of so many ugly family skeletons, was to be decided in the afternoon, the spacious rooms of the Supreme Court in the new State building, at the junction of Market and McAllister streets, were filled long before noon with an anxious and excited crowd. During the long wait there was much betting on the result. Ex-Governor Budd, who, it will be remembered, secured a recent decision from the Supreme Court of the United States holding that a Governor could not be jailed for contempt committed while acting as attorney before a State court, laid several bets of \$1,000 to \$1,500 that the decision would be in favor of the contestant.

When the Justices filed into the room and took their seats, there was a rumor that the will had been overthrown, and that the contest cost the three children of the Senator their life interest in the estate, which is now worth, approximately, one million dollars yearly to each one.

As the crowd dispersed, Alexander Badlam went gaily through the throng on his crutch, putting to all who would listen this conundrum: "When is a will not a will?" His answer to those who gave it up was: "When it is won't!" Badlam is to be sent back to the Home.

Examiner reporters went throughout the city last evening obtaining expressions of opinion upon the decision, and among those secured were the following:

SCONCHIN MALONEY: As the Bard of Avon said, "Where there's a will there's a way."

MISS KITTY: A cruel wrong.

MISS FANNY: Haint they got no decency left in 'em?

L.

LONE MOUNTAIN.

Thou cross-crowned bill! to which I often turn,
Although no dead of mine lie slumbering there;
I see the western skies behind thee burn,
And my pale lips are parted with a prayer,
And resignation drives away despair;
With misty eyes I gaze and can discern
The silent resting place for which I yearn,
And unto which with weary feet I fare.
When I shall rest beneath thee evermore,
And cold gray fogs drift o'er me from the deep,
Perchance, who knows, the voices of the sea
Rolling in deep-toned music from the shore,
May not be all unheard in that last sleep,
Murmuring a long low slumber song to me.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

A Dress for the Ball.

Daddy's done sold his cotton—

Didn't get nuthin' at all;

I'll lee 'ee 'yur Laura a half;

But that's the price the needs for the ball—

The ball—

That's all she needs for the ball.

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE PRESS ON THE "LETTER."

Arthur McEween's *Letter* is the most entertaining and instructive paper published in the State. It should be read by everybody who wants to keep posted on the dolags of the "associated villainies" and "predatory rich."—*Visalia Times*.

Arthur McEween released his *Letter* just before the November campaign, and it is now one of the established weeklies of San Francisco. His editorials are well written, clear, concise, with a definite object in view. McEween is a master of idiomatic English. He is not afraid to say what he means, and he means what he says, two very desirable qualifications for either editor or writer.—*New York Journalist*.

Arthur McEween's *Letter* comes to us this week enlarged to a twelve-page paper, three times the size of the first number, about a year ago, and the publisher expects soon to issue the *Letter* in a sixteen-page form. New features have been added, and others are to follow. Mr. McEween is one of the most polished and forcible writers on the coast, and, furthermore, he is thoroughly independent and fearless. Success to his journal.—*Napa Journal*.

DE KOVEN, ALVARY, AND A DOG.

Important Features in New York Stage Life Just at Present.

New York, Feb. 27, 1905.

To be the only Chicagoan ever lionized by New York's Four Hundred is perhaps enough of a distinction for one man to ask for in this brief life, but if this social lion is also wealthy and an artist of unusual merit and more than national reputation, he certainly has proved his right to a paragraph or two. Enter Reginald De Koven.

As I understand the intricate and important problem, all Chicago is divided much as Cesar divided Gallia. To live on the west side is unforlunately in fact, no one knows any one who lives on the west side. To reside on the south side allows one to be spoken to when met face to face. But to make one's habitant on the north side puts one's social position beyond question, and thence come Reginald De Koven and wife. Not until after he had proved himself entitled to social and artistic honors by the production of "Robin Hood" did Mr. De Koven make New York his home; he came not as a musical composer, but as a rich social man, an *las such*, could not be denied admission to society no matter how great his talent. After "Robin Hood" came "The Fencing Master," which was a disappointment, being much below the "Robin Hood" standard. Six months ago "Rob Roy" saw the footlights, an to-night will be given the 150th performance of this fascinating light opera. It does not argue that a play or an opera is great that it runs 150 consecutive nights in this city; quite the contrary, in fact. Booth played to empty seats when Dixey was giving his 150th performance. Hoyt farce draws packed houses more months in the town than Lohengrin does months, but as a musical play, it is hardly an interesting that can crowd a New York theatre from October to March. Being the only artist in the Four Hundred, the only wealthy musical composer in the land, and the only successful American writer of light opera, Mr. De Koven is a remarkable man.

But all opera is not light, and there was a greater one, Mr. De Koven, to be seen at the Winter. On Monday night we saw Alvary as Tristan once again—Alvary the picturesque, Alvary the sweet voiced and the tawny-haired. Every one had expected that on his reappearance the German tenor would have been greeted as never singer was before, in a manner indeed commensurate with the grief all showed when he left six years ago. But there was no such demonstration. There was applause, there were a few modest cheers, but there was no breaking forth into a whirlwind of delirious shouts and importunate recalls before the curtain. Alvary must have been surprised. The more so, too, because he has returned a greater artist, a better actor, a more perfect singer.

The Wagnerians are greatly disappointed over the coldness of the reception given the performance, and blame it all on poor young Damrosch, who has been so bold as to undertake to lead a Wagner orchestra without asking Seidl's leave. As without Damrosch there would have been no Wagner service whatever, these criticisms seem altogether unjust, especially as there was but little fault to be found with the orchestra work. Walter Damrosch is not a Seidl, but he promises to be a greater some day.

Of course, Mr. William Winter thinks the Daly presentation of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" one of the greatest events of dramatic history. But nobody else does. The truth is that, having excelled everything in the theatre since the time when Ada Rehan would look well, Mr. Daly was forced to present this calow product of Shakespeare's youth. With all that the best of stage carpenters, scenic artists, musical directors, and actors could do, the audience yawned. It was pretty, yes, and the illusion was made as perfect as possible, and quaint faces were thrown in to lighten the play a bit. But Ada Rehan looked well, and read her lines beautifully, and Mr. Lewis as Lance was as funny as the lions possibly would allow him to be; but the star of the piece, and the only natural thing in the play, was a Scotch terrier, which sat on its haunches while its master delivered his lines. Miss Rehan herself did not receive such applause as the dog.

No doubt, the staging of the piece, if the play, and the dog will carry "Two Gentlemen" along for several weeks; but if the play were the work of a Harlem school teacher, it would never have been produced. This is, of course, not saying that Miss Martha Morton, who wrote "His Wife's Father" for William H. Crane, is superior as a playwright to the manager of the Theatre; but if the play had been as unnatural and loosely constructed as the one Mr. Daly has produced, it never would have seen the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday evening. Not since "The Senator" has Crane had a character to represent which he seemed to enjoy as heartily as he does this meddlesome father, who

makes his daughter's life miserable without knowing it, and is tempted almost to suicide on discovering what an ass he has made of himself. The play is exceedingly simple in construction, but the actor is of a high class, and the situations remarkable for their naturalness.

The Lenten sports are to be roller skating, bicycle riding, and posing. Trilby has set the fashion and artists are being driven to drink by society women who want to pose—not as Trilby especially, but as anything from newly born Venus to tooth-brushing Liberty. In little chop-house near Harrigan's on Sunday night I first learned of this craze for posing. An artist—a Scotchman, and one of the Hudson river school, will sufficiently identify him to artists acquainted here—astonished me by the statement that only the day before he had been called upon by a lady of society who frankly offered herself as a model. "When I asked her what character or figure she cared to sit for I was horrified to hear her answer that she wished me to pose her as I would any other model, 'for anything I might be doing.' I suggested, as delicately as I could, the danger of such a broad promission, and was given a knock-out by being reminded that Pauline Bonaparte had been a favorite model. Another lady, I said to myself, of the combined Napoleon and Trilby crazes. I have since heard from several other artists, of whom I inquired as to this passion for posing, that the thing had become a fad. The artists should encourage it. A man is almost certain to select his canvas as a top notch figure to the model he is to paint. He carefully selects the pose and makes a portrait. If you don't wheel, you roller skate, and often you do both these days—that is, if you don't go South for Lent. And comparatively few are preparing to go Florida or the Bermudas this year. Perhaps this is due to the severity of the winter in the South, or, perhaps, the Florida bankers have broken the rate the other way, so that here will skate on rollers and ride on wheels for the next six weeks or so. Bicycle riding is already more universal than any other sport has ever been in America, and the coming season promises to see it become even more popular. Almost the first man of prominence in the city to adopt the wheel as a mode of pleasure was the late Mayor, and now Henry George. That was seven years ago. And now George's example has been followed by fully one-half the clergymen, lawyers, literary men, men of leisure and of business in the city. From John Rockefeller, Dr. Rainsford, Brander Matthews, and Seth Low down, the whole city rides.

Of social events the most conspicuous of the week was the Shrove Tuesday dance at Sherry's last night, which was a most brilliant affair. Several New York friends of Mrs. Hearst went to Washington yesterday to enjoy the colonial ball which she gave in the evening, and which the papers of to-day speak of as one of the most splendid functions of the season in Washington. Everything social now is colonial dress, china, jewelry, pictures—everything but manners. FINDLEY.

HOME.

"We're going home!" I heard two lovers say. They kissed their friends and bade them bright good-byes;

I hid the deadly hunger in my eyes, And, lest I might have killed them, turned away. Ah! love, we too once gambolled home as they—Home from the town with such fair merchandise—

Wine and great grapes—the happy lovers say, A little cozy feast to crown the day.

Yes! we had once a heaven we called a home, Its empty rooms still haunt me like thine eyes When the last sunset softly faded there; Each day I tread each empty haunted room, And I see and I hear the baby cries, Or laughs a lovely laughter worse than bears.

—RICHARD L. GALLIENNE in *The Yellow Book*.

AN UNFORTUNATE REMARK.

In an amateur theatrical society there came a crisis. There was to be a performance on Monday; and on Saturday, after what had been intended for the last rehearsal, it was plainly and painfully and fully evident that another rehearsal was needed. The Sunday rehearsal faction had as its advocate a woman who presented her arguments with vigor and eloquence, but she could not shake the rock on which stood the leaders of the opposition, two venerable maidens, who with numerous Biblical quotations fortified their position regarding the observance of Sunday. "But," said the woman, "did not our Lord say that the Sabbath was made for men, not men for the Sabbath?" Then there was a pause. The maidens gazed at each other. Each felt that this was the time when the day must be saved. "That is true," said she who replied, "but that was a very unfortunate remark of His,"—*New York Tribune*.

HAVE AMERICANS NO HONOR?

I was pleased to see in the *Letter* of last week an article commending young Stillwell, the California Bank clerk, for killing himself. It is a fact that until the spirit of honor is so developed in our people that life is no longer worth the living when honor is gone, all that bonds and sureties and bookkeeping systems can do will be unavailing to protect the banks against theft. There is no system of checks and counter-checks so perfect that it cannot be got round by a clever scoundrel. In talking with the manager of a large foreign bank, a day or two ago, he said that so far as the number of bank robberies by employees was concerned, he thought there would be no more, and possibly less, if the men were put entirely upon their honor and paid good salaries. The reason, to his mind and to mine, for the number of such cases, is not the desire for high living so much as the desire to become suddenly rich. The young clerk does not begin stealing that he may have better clothes or keep a fast horse. He sees an opportunity to make a "stroke of business" with the bank's money, with little danger of being discovered and absolute certainty, to his mind, of being able to quickly return the money which he has only "horrowed." His speculation failing, he borrows more, and soon becomes reckless. Then comes the time when he thinks of style in living, and his motto becomes, "Go it while you can."

Our young men—and old, for that matter—are made dishonest by envy. That is the curse of the day. The Tenth Commandment is the one most universally broken to-day. Society is run on a competitive plan, and the honors, social and political, go to the rich. The man who lives in a cottage envies his neighbor in the two-story house. He who has a horse and phaeton wants a carriage and pair like those of his friend on the hill. Those who have the luxuries seem often least worthy of them and least capable of enjoying them, and this leads to bitterness of feeling which brings on recklessness that prompts crime, in banks and out of them. We are probably the most discontented of all peoples on the face of the globe, though we have most to make us contented. The bank clerk or cashier is not willing to wait; he must have as good as his fellows and be their peer in the world of affairs, hence his fall in nine cases out of ten. He is simply the representative of the universal American spirit.

To what a low depth of dishonor the people of this country have fallen in money matters is proved most clearly by a table recently published by one of the surety companies. The figures therein given of embezzlements and defalcations during the past year are nothing less than appalling; they make one ashamed of the American people for only one does such a state of things exist. During the year 1894 over twenty-five million dollars was stolen from American financial institutions—over two million dollars a month. And the wild Western States were not the worst.

Here is the record by States and Territories:

Alabama		\$ 12,300	Minnesota		738,000
Arkansas		79,000	Mississippi		112,000
California		622,782	Missouri		953,818
Colorado		49,485	Montana		57,000
Connecticut		46,584	Nebraska		182,337
Delaware		104,000	Nevada		90,000
Florida		4,500	New Hampshire		78,000
New Hampshire		78,000	Rhode Island		103,365
New York		9,147,329	South Carolina		1,347,000
North Dakota		3,000	Tennessee		57,373
Ohio		121,778	Texas		131,647
Oregon		10,000	Vermont		12,521
Pennsylvania		797,736	Virginia		202,000
Georgia		171,561	West Virginia		36,900
Idaho		43,000	Wisconsin		179,000
Illinois		1,818,004	Washington		132,000
Indiana		376,173	Wyoming		10,000
Iowa		100,000			
Kansas		70,770	Dist. of Columbia		132,000
Kentucky		7,000	Utah		75,000
Louisiana		75,300	New Mexico		34,000
Maine		35,000	Indian Territory		75,000
Massachusetts		9,975	Marshall Islands		9,975
Michigan		517,750	Alaska		5,000

This was the champion year up to date, the nearest one to it being 1881—that in which the Great Ward fall came—but that was nine millions less. Examination into the various cases showed that where a small sum was stolen, it generally went into dissipation of some sort, after a small speculation had been tried and failed; while all the cases above \$50,000 were cases of speculation, either in stocks or mines or land, or enterprise of one sort or another.

This thing cannot be stopped with high surety bonds. Our salvation depends on an entire change in the attitude of our people toward crimes of this nature.

BUSINESS MAN.

San Francisco, March 6.

A FILLMORE-STREET SHOP.

It was originally part of the corner grocery, but business began to fall off, and Harrigan realized that he must sacrifice dignity to profit. So he gave up a portion of his space, had a rather unsubstantial partition put up, and a "To Let" sign in the window told that the little, bare, rather low shop was ready for a tenant.

Jake Goldman, the big butcher across the street, laughed when he saw the sign.

"He'll not rent a hole like that," he said to Gracey, his young assistant.

But there was an unusual look of contemplation on Bob Gracey's bold, handsome face. He did not answer, and when Goldman had re-entered the shop to wait in person upon Mrs. Cosen, who always bought the choicest flet of beef, Bob remained outside.

Standing with his slim, straight body outlined by the immaculate full white shirt, with its large sailor collar and tightly fastened long apron, a boutonniere to the left, his brown hair sleek and shining, and his gait so very proud and belated, the Fillmore-street dandy was an attractive figure to the pert, slangy girls in stylishly made, cheap clothes, who passed and repassed, and yet again ostentatiously forgot an important duty, which necessitated their passing once more.

But Bob, ordinarily so ready to meet an adventure more than half way, to whom every shop-girl, nurse, or maid of any description was a target for a laughably humorous remark or flirtations glance, took not the slightest notice of the silly, fluffy white heads with the sailor hats perched on one side. His brown-gray eyes were fascinated by the "To Let" in Harrigan's window. Flirtations, reckless, dashing Bob was caught—caught by the demurest, shyest little maid who had come from Germany by the river train. Cosen herself.

Brown-eyed Freda heard not the slightest of waists, nor was her hair a tumbled yellow mop. She didn't wear high-heeled tan "ties," nor flashy, cheap jewelry, but the change her love had wrought in careless Bob was sufficient evidence of charm in her. Her lover was still very proud of the particular, as to his personal appearance, and showed his sound, white teeth in a merry smile for all good customers. But there was a quantity of duplicity behind that good-natured face. Bob was making friends—friends who should be useful to him when—. And then he went out and looked at Harrigan's "To Let" again.

On Sunday, when Bob doffed his white livery and Freda her gingham badge of cheery, willing servitude, the two went driving in the order wagon. No tearing madly around corners; no dashing out of the cart before it had stopped, and in again before one could gather up the reins; no whistling of the horn; no vulgar display, which on any day he kept time to the horse's feet. No, this was a staid affair, this Sunday ride; for coming home in the evening, Bob drove past Harrigan's corner, and it was all decided.

The two were married and lived in a cottage around the corner, with a flower garden in front. As Harrigan's "To Let" sign took on the window and Gracey's butcher shop prospered, for Bob hadn't been the most popular butcher boy on Fillmore street for nothing. Indeed, his manners were still engaging, though respectful and a little distant, for many a maid regulates the placing of her mistress's orders.

But the two were so clean and appetizing the place looked. Bob's one marble-topped block was always graced with flowers; the new screen doors were beautifully green; the sawdust floor was finely raked; the scales were polished till they shone. The meat was most artistically arranged, and Bob was proud of an extra fine porterhouse roast correctly trimmed, or a lot of spring lamb garnished with mint and strips of pork fat, as any other artist would be of his own chef-d'œuvre. By the end of the year, Bob was out of debt, and he owned besides a small red cart and a wiry pony, which Bob's small assistant drove with all the old-time lurch but himself had not displayed.

"In a couple of years," Bob said to his wife one evening as she wiped the dishes, while he tilted his chair back and smoked his pipe in the kitchen for company, "we'll have a house of our own. Won't you be proud, eh, Freda?"

Freda smiled back at her man. She believed every word he said; she lingered over the polishing of the knives as she stood dreamily listening. She could almost see their future in the light of Bob's resolute, shining face. What happiness to own one's own home, where children should grow up around one. How she would work for it! What pride she would take in it!

But the next day, Freda's little Bob was born a week after, and before another week the mother and the baby both were dead and buried.

Fillmore street is so much like the one business street of a little village, that everybody knows

everybody else's affairs, and takes a human interest in them, too. But not even Ryan, the gossiping old proprietor of the newstand, knew what became of Bob. He simply disappeared, leaving behind all that he had hoped and worked for.

The shop was converted into a fish market for Joe Boldini, and Joe went around to all his customers, telling them, with many a gleam from dark eyes and shining teeth, of the fine new store he was going to have.

It was the first time that Joe's customers had been called to the side door to meet the Italian, who half shyly, half proudly, presented the lady of the house with an elaborate card stating his business, with the old number crossed out and a new one marked over. For Joe was a spendthrift and a gambler. He was always hiring shops on Fillmore street, which is strewn with the wrecks of gorgeous fish markets. He is always calling upon his old customers, not whining or promising reform in so many words; and yet there is a world of penitence and good resolutions in Joe, poorly but cleanly dressed, renovated, business-like, and smiling. And there is not a housekeeper within a dozen blocks of Fillmore street that can resist him.

For a time Joe attended to business, and gradually all his old customers returned. His irresistible good nature melted even Harrigan, who put in a small show-window for him; and Joe beautified the shop by the erection of a miniature fountain, which played upon the banks of adjacent crabs and oysters, and sent occasional splashes into a globe of gold fish.

As Joe prospered, he became arrogant—a smiling, saucy kind of arrogance. He was no longer content with the rows of fresh, cleaned fish which lay in all their silver, pink-lined beauty, bedded in parsley and lettuce leaves upon the zinc-covered counter. He hired an assistant with eloquent black eyes, and good English—a word of English, but who cleaned fish with passion. And Joe himself sought to rival the vegetable stands, which were always encroaching upon his business with their absurd, improvised fish counters. As if everybody knew enough to sell fish! So Joe began to sell fruit, and half the show-window was given up to choice berries and best-side-up peaches, luscious-looking cherries, and above all a bunch of lemon-yellow bananas.

The new enterprise succeeded, as did everything Joe undertook—everything except his gambling ventures, in which not all his good-nature, his knowledge of the fish market, his taste, nor his good looks could prevent his being an unmitigated failure.

No sooner were his gains in excess of his needs—after he had provided himself with the gaudiest of summer suits and rolled-gold watch chain, and adorned his little shop with all the conventional embellishments—than Joe's passion took hold of him again.

There came a time when Joe was never in, and Joe's best customers made of his unhappy Dago clerk a raving maniac almost—so exacting were they, and so eager to please and so incapable was he.

One by one each wrathful matron ceased to patronize the fish market, inwardly vowing—as she always did—never to forgive the graceless scoundrel. When the tragic-eyed assistant found himself with nothing to do, he, too, deserted the place.

Harrigan waited till the smell of stale fish became so overpowering that the "toughs" no longer collected around the lamp-post on the corner. Then he had the place cleaned out, and put up the "To Let" sign again.

In Dazet's big laundry further up the street there are as many as twelve ironing boards, over which the French girls bend as they polish the shirt bosoms or flute the edge of a lace collar. Every day, at least, a young, snugly fitting calico, which showed the graceful curves of the body, and which had taken possession of the first board, because the light was better here; one could rest occasionally from the ironing to answer a customer's questions; and also, one could see and be seen. Felice knew just what a pretty, tempting sight was a young girl, coming up to the open door. She had noticed men walking past who would stop suddenly, their uninterested eyes lighting up with admiration as the soft-throated French girl glanced innocently, abstractedly—a little wearily—out into the street. She loved to pose in the window, hanging up the ironed pieces to air and to show, delaying a long while, turning up the collar and smiling, when she knew that a man's eyes were upon her. And then, their uninterested eyes lighting up with admiration as the soft-throated French girl glanced innocently, abstractedly—a little wearily—out into the street.

All the other girls—perhaps because they envied her her clear complexion and baby-like blue-gray eyes, or perhaps in revenge for her selfish monopoly of the best board in the shop—warned Theodore that she was a flirt, a coquette. Theodore, of course, repudiated it all to Felice, and she taunted the girls, declaring that they were themselves in love with the curtain-stretcher's dark eyes and pretty mutache. As for her—Felice—she shrugged her shoulders and pouted disdainfully—they might have him.

Yet, Felice left the first ironing-board at Dazet's. She and Theodore were married, and Harrigan hoped the "hoodoo" had been taken off his unfortunate little shop, when the thrifty French couple moved in.

How they worked, and on how little they lived, and how they sang in the summer evenings, as bending over the two boards they ironed late into the night!

The little show-window that had exhibited fish, and flowers, and fruit, was now filled with dainty trifles of lawn and lace waiting for orders. But there were delicate curtains and polished shirts that Theodore contributed. For he did everything, that indefatigable Theodore! In the morning, when Felice awoke, her coffee was ready, which her husband served to her upon his knees beside the low bed. And by the time she was ready to go to work, Theodore was off with the wagon. And yet he never tired; he was never out of patience, even when on some days a strange, perverse humor seemed to seize upon Felice and everything was misery.

She is, perhaps, not well, *la chere petite*.

And he wished to stay at home with her and put off delivering and calling for orders. But she pushed him out of the shop with a half-laugh of irritation and ridicule.

When he returned in the evening, and they had dined off one of the ironing-boards, she perched herself upon the other and would not let him work.

"Why work forever? Art not prospering?" He drew a stool up and sat down, putting his arms about her.

"Mais oui, but one must always work. But why not get some one to help; there is room yet for another board."

He shook his head at this, doubting the wisdom of increasing their expenses, and she said no more that night.

But he found himself thinking it over, for the idea appealed to his pride. Three ironing boards. Why, it is an establishment! When Felice spoke of it again, he allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Then let it be Lucien Dubois," she suggested. Lucien? The very man, Dazet's best fellow.

A great idea. Dazet would be so angry, but would he? Could they afford to pay what he would ask?

She thought it might all be arranged. She would speak to Lucien; tell him to call to-morrow.

The proposition seemed to suit Dubois marvelously well, and there was no difficulty at all in arranging terms. A third board was put in, and the evening there was another voice—a fine harp-tune—to sing about Madame Angot and "France, Ever Glorious!" He was a splendid workman, too, Lucien, with a woman's taste but all a man's strength in his little body. Nothing so fine or delicate that he would not undertake; and he lifted the heavy tubs of water for Felice, carrying them with an empty, with a good-humored smile that showed his perfect teeth.

Things went well, and in a few months Theodore was on the lookout for a larger shop.

"There's a place up on Devisadero," he said one morning—"just the place. A little out of repair, but one cannot have everything. I'll see the agent to-day. *Adieu, ma belle*."

It was very warm outside, and the heat from the ironing made the little place most unbearable. Lucien's eyes were upon the filmy Swiss skirt he was patiently ruffling. Felice pushed back the short red curls, damp with perspiration, from her white forehead with one plump hand, while with the other she blew a kiss to her husband lingering for a moment in the doorway.

When Theodore returned home late in the afternoon, no one was there. There was no preparation for the evening meal. The fires were out; the ironing cold. Both had gone. And suddenly Theodore understood.

Harrigan remarked that it was just his luck. But the Frenchman didn't say much. He had to find a time to keep up the place, but it was impossible for one to do the work, and Theodore's hate for men and women was such that at last he gave up his business rather than have any one near him.

Felice and Lucien appeared after a time, and Dazet willingly employed them again, for business is business.

Theodore worked for some months at Nepier's, a block further up the street; but when old Nepier gave up his business and went back to end his days in his beloved Normandie, Theodore listened to Dazet's arguments.

"Why not come back to the old place?" said the old Frenchman, who was so afraid that Theodore would reopen his shop, and who very much preferred an extra workman, honest and faithful, to a possible rival in business. "To be sure, there are sad souvenirs. *Eh bien*, life is full of such memories. What can one do? One must live. As for Felice, as for Lucien—" he shrugged his shoulders, turning out his palms in a mixture of deprecation and philosophy.

Now, the three are at work in the same laundry again, and Felice is still at the first ironing board,

AMUSEMENTS.

Whatever Pinero's profligate may have been before his introduction to the audience, he is rather a lovable fellow during the play. He is an exemplary husband; he is appreciative of his wife's virtues, and acutely conscious of his own unworth. But for the author this is not enough. Pinero insists not only upon repentance, but upon punishment. And the punishment that Renshaw has merited is that his wife—a girl in years and knowledge of the world—shall know him as he was before he married her. This knowledge separates them, and Renshaw's great love for his wife almost drives him to suicide. In the original version of the story, Renshaw does kill himself, but Miss Burroughs has chosen a happier and more natural end for the play. Authors are often pitiless and unforgiving, but women are not. So the curtain falls upon the remission of husband and wife.

The play is not a masterpiece, but if one overlook a marvelous coincidence or two, it is well constructed. It is full of clever lines, the characters are well drawn, and the company which presents it is a fairly good one. Miss Burroughs, as Leslie Bundenell, has not a great deal to do, except to look pretty, dress well, and speak her lines in that soft, serious voice of hers. The scene at the end of the third act between Leslie and her husband is the only one of the actor's doing, as he arises to the occasion. She stands pale, silent, stunned by the revelation that her idol is of the same material of which other men are made, and as she faints and falls to the floor, one realizes that she appreciates the artistic necessities of her role. Mr. Koller is a capable actor. He is excellent in his early part of the play, and, as a rule, acts intelligently and with full of talent. But there is no necessity for such subtle groveling. Men have knelt to their wives, but it is doubtful if even Pinero would require the guilty husband to fall prone at Leslie's feet. Louis Massen is to be pitied for the role he plays, or Pinero is to be sympathized with on account of the actor's choice to fill that role. It is difficult to say which. Massen is a clever actor and holds a warm place in the esteem of San Franciscans, but he does not succeed in making Hugh Murray alive. It is a difficult role; an actor must be endowed with an unusual degree of tact and skill to carry the load of virtue and sermonizing Pinero has imposed upon the young lawyer. It is an ungrateful part to play, on the stage or off it, that of the man who is better than other men; whom circumstances place in a position to preach to his weaker, sinful brothers. The actor who can do this successfully, tastefully, and carry his audience with him, is a greater actor than Massen will ever be.

The ladies of the Pianists' Club gave their second concert on Thursday, February 25th. Their program was an interesting one, and the manner of its rendition showed marked improvement. The ladies played with more confidence and smoothness than at their first concert. The "Phaeton Poeme Symphonique" was very prettily played by Misses W. and C. Cohen. Beethoven's beautiful Fifth Symphony, played by Mrs. Ehrman and Misses Frager, Cohen, and Shuecking, was the best of the eight-hand selections. Mrs. Beatty's execution is brilliant, and her playing of the "Marcia Fantastica" was decidedly better than her second number. Mrs. Dean and Miss Bien gave Saint-Saens' "Menuet et Gavotte" charmingly, and little Miss Elsa von Merschedon gave the difficult "Waltz of the Schubert." "Impromptu" in a style remarkable for one of her years. The last concert of the series will take place in the latter part of April.

On Tuesday last, Miss Phoebe Couzens talked to a large audience at Golden Gate Hall on the "Modesty of Fortia." Her lecture was delivered peacefully and easily; it was full of sharp sayings for the good of man, and earnest faith in woman's ability to make things better, if he will only give her an opportunity.

Miss Couzens presented an imposing list of women, ancient and modern, who are entitled to a place on the Roll of Honor. A gathering of men, she said, is unrefined, cruel and brutal. An assemblage of women only is petty, weak, and frivolous. The ideal government can be realized only by the granting of equal rights to men and women. The talented lecturer was frequently and heartily applauded.

Through the enterprise of Mr. Coggin, Mr. Ruef, Mr. Roncovi, and others, San Francisco is at present enjoying the longest and finest series of popular concerts ever given west of New York. Illustrated music is a feature never before introduced here, and the appreciation shown by those who attend the concerts at the Mechanic Pavilion is sufficient attestation that, in appealing both to

the eye and ear, these concerts have become a new and permanent source of amusement. There is not another American city in which so large and excellent a band is playing as that under the leadership of the young Californian master, Alfred Roncovi.

Maria Burroughs will appear as Vashiti in "Judah" on Monday next, the play in which she divided the honors with Willard when they played here together. Dr. Koven's "Fencing Master" follows at the Baldwin on March 18th.

Mr. L. A. Morgenstern, the popular treasurer of the Baldwin, is to have a benefit at that house on Sunday evening, March 17th. The bill for that evening being Marie Burrough and her company in "Judah."

Hoyt's "A Temperance Town" will run for another week at the California. The play is interesting and amusing, and Stockwell is funny as always in the town drunkard's role.

The forty-fourth Carr-Beel concert takes place on Saturday afternoon, March 9th. There will be a Dvorak trio, piano solos by Mrs. Carr and songs by Willis Bacheller.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, on closing his New York engagement, made the following speech: Ladies and Gentlemen: It is difficult for me to choose my best appearance of the kindness which I have received at your hands during these opening weeks of this my first visit to America. As I laid to-night at the end of the third act, "We have had a good time here."

I hope on my return here in April to present to you a new play, called "Robert Macaire, the Philosopher," by W. E. Henley, and the late Robert Louis Stevenson; and in addition, Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People." It is a special pride to me that our dear "Hamlet" should have been our greatest success, and in that character I shall hope to reappear before you in April. A great Englishman who was present at our performance to-day, Dean Hole of Rochester, said to me after witnessing the performance of "Hamlet": "It did my heart good to see that great play listened to by that great audience. Talk about decline of the drama," he said, "with such an audience and such a play!"—and I am bound with the modesty of candor to add, "and with such actors."

Ladies and gentlemen, should like to say more, but time and trains wait for no man, and I can only once more say from my heart I thank you.

The following list of plays now running in New York shows how far out of the world San Francisco is, only two of these ever having been seen in this city:

Academy of Music—"Rory of the Hill."
Madison—"A Country Sport."
Bijou—"Madeleine."
Broadway—"Madame Sans-Gene."
Columbus—"On the Mississippi."
Daly's—"Two Gentlemen of Verona."
Empire—"The Masqueraders."
Fifth Avenue—"His Wife's Father."
Fourteenth Street—"Humanity."
Garden—"Little Christopher."
Grand Opera House—"Marie Wainwright."
Harrison's Theatre—"The Major."
Herald Square—"Reb Roy."
Hoyt's Theatre—"Lethe, the Foundling."
Irving Place Theatre—"Der Herr Senator."
Lyceum—"The Case of Rebellious Susan."
Niblo's—"Land of the Midnight Sun."
Palmer—"The Fatal Card."
People's—"Rush City."
Standard—"Too Much Johnson."
Star—"The Old Homestead."

A queer incident happened at a Vienna theatre, which plunged the company and the manager in a war that lasted for weeks. Mine Leuthold refused to be kissed by Herr Ranzenberg, her stage lover. The first night of the play, when kissing time arrived, she covered her face with her hands. The gallant Ranzenberg promptly took them down, and kissed the lady by sheer force. Another actress was put in Mine Leuthold's place, and she left the theatre.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the ex-Gaiety girl, writes thus modestly of her own dance, in the New York World: "I rush into it," she says, "as a shingle into Niagara's torrent, and let it sweep me along. I whirl and kick and do-si-do and spangle it with myself. I pepper it and salt and spice it with myself. I give it the sparkle and bend of myself, and when I get through it, it is the Cissy Fitzgerald dance and nobody's else."

Yvette Guilbert, the French Cissy Loftus, is back in Paris after an exciting continental tour. She was hissed in Naples, and there were cries of

"Abasso la Franceca!" because she refused to sing in Italian, but offered to compromise on English. In Berlin she suddenly took it into her head not to sing at all, because she objected "to making people laugh who, perhaps, had caused French tears to flow!"

The famous violin virtuoso, Herr Edouard Remenij, and a company of distinguished artists will shortly give a farewell concert here. The great violinist returns to Buda Pesth, Hungary, from San Francisco, where he will remain, at the head of the Conservatory of Music.

The new musical comedy success, "Our Flat," will be presented at the California Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, March 18th. The comedy is by Musgrave, and has enjoyed much favor in London, where it has a record of 780 continuous performances.

At the Press Club Jinks given last Saturday night to the members of the Bohemian Club—a most pleasant affair all round—Mr. Frederick Warde made an exceedingly bright talk on the pretext of the bohemian against the commercialism of the time.

Patti is to sing in Wagner's music in London. Her concerts last winter in New York were complete failures, but the diva is evidently never discouraged.

Both the great Rejane and Katherine Kidder are playing "Madame Sans Gene" in New York; the first in French and the latter in English.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

"California is the great place now for young women who want to go on the stage," said the manager of a well known New York dramatic school to a New York Sun reporter. "There is a breadth, an originality, about the pupil from the Pacific slope that is susceptible of the highest cultivation, and most adaptable to the requirements of the stage."

"The California girl is crude," he went on. "It takes about a month to civilize her, or, rather, conventionalize her; she chews gum, swaggers around with her hair down her back, and most probably wears the short dress donned for her dancing practice all about the corridors and in the lobby; but she has good material in her, and in nine cases out of ten will well repay any extra pains her instructor may take on her behalf. She is thoughtful, emotional, possesses unusual fluency of expression, and, last but not least, has not a particle of self-consciousness. Indeed, it would seem that some of the measureless breadth and height and nobility of her plains and mountains had entered into her being."

I want to use these words on California girls as a text for a very brief sermon upon the character of woman our life is developing. My readers, I am aware, are not accustomed to the very serious word in this column; but it is in me, and is necessary and timely, I believe. We take no greater pride in the richness of our valleys, the beauty of our Yosemite, the wealth of our mines—not so much, indeed, in any or all of these—than in the beauty, the grace, and the cleverness of our Californian women. They have made a distinctive place for themselves in all social circles, and in all arts. In Eastern Society a Californian woman is as naturally expected to be beautiful as her husband is expected to be a millionaire. I have heard a Frenchman—a man of travel, and of honorable position at home—say that he had seen more beautiful women in the Baldwin than in the Grand Opera in Paris, and heard more clever things from women's lips in a San Francisco parlor than in any Parisian salon. It would be no difficult task to name at least a score of Californian girls who have so excelled in one art or another that their reputations are more than local—some of them are more than national.

She is beautiful, she is clever, she is winsome, she is full of joyous life, magnetic, tactful, artful, and these make her sought after and admired. But she is, alas! too often reckless, bold, rebellious, and these bring her to a life far from that out of which good mothers come. Some of the very qualities which this actor whom I have quoted credits the Californian girl with possessing, to an exceptional degree, are such as explain why so many reports of so horrible a nature come back from the East concerning those who have gone abroad. As I read the daily papers, I am horrified at the boastful spirit in which the doings of these mislead girls is heralded. Do we take pride in the wrong-doings of every adventurous woman coming to this State? The wife of the President receives no such amount of attention from our newspapers—not a hundredth part as much—as these girls of reckless life, who cause the honest women of the State to blush by boldly announcing themselves to be Californians.

If newspapers reveal, as they claim they do, the tone and spirit of a community, then this community, judged by the manner in which disgraceful life is treated, must be in a sorry state. If, on the other hand, newspapers have their effect upon a community, then Californians need to look sharply to their daughters, for they are being debauched in the most insidious way. I have no doubt that there are hundreds of girls in this city who have read the stories of Californian adventuresses with which the papers have been reeking of late, and have felt an inward prompting to be equally bold and had themselves, such a glamour of romance, adventure, and luxury was thrown about these wayward women.

There is something far more beautiful, far sweeter, and far more natural for a woman than to be even a fine actress, and the qualities that make gentle, happy wives and proud, tender, sympathetic mothers are not developed where the unvirtuous are treated as subjects of State pride.

Really, I am getting very weary of the New Woman. And that reminds me of the Portia Club at which man was called so very many bad names. I did not have the pleasure of hearing these learned ladies discourse upon woman's greatness and man's littleness, but if the newspaper reports were true these modern Portias must be very unlike the original. Shakespeare's Portia would never have been a member of the Portia Club; of this I am satisfied. She had a happy knack in argument, to be sure, but she was prompted by a

feeling which the modern Portias laugh at. "A maiden bath no tongue but thought," is not the motto of the Portia Club, though it was Portia said it. "A maiden bath no thought but tongue" is a transposition that suggests itself when thinking of the aggressive New Woman.

Fancy a modern Portia declaring to "Wicked Man":

"Though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better, yet for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
more rich;
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account; but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesso'd girl, unschoold, unpractic'd.
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king."

The only work of the Portia Club so far has been to prove how small in spirit and mean in method the New Woman is. I had rather wear an Egyptian yashmak and kiss the hand of my master than be a New Woman with an unusual supply of the Old Adam in me. To be gentle, and courteous, and sweet-voiced seems to me, with my old-fashioned notions, to be of far more consequence than to know by the decisions of the Supreme Court. I confess that I have felt a strong leaning toward the New Woman, but her presence and activity have cured me.

BETTY.

Her Expressive Orbs.

When on the shoulder of your coat
Your wife a blond hair sees,
While her own tresses auburn are,
Her eyes are full of these:
? ! ? ! ? ! ? ! ?

And when you in confusion say
Perhaps it is the cook's
Or housemaid's—there by accident—
These are the things she looks:

—Kansas City Journal.



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REAL PEOPLE IN NOVELS.

If James McNeill Whistler thinks he is establishing a precedent by objecting to the caricature of himself in *De Maurier's* novel, "Trilby," he is very much mistaken. The whole range of literature is replete with instances of living people figuring prominently in fiction, some of whom, he it said, are even more prominent in the world's regard than Mr. Whistler.

Most people will remember the publication of "Cape Cod Folks," which brought on a lawsuit because of the too accurate drawing of the characteristics of living people. To go further back, Thackeray was noted for the way in which he used his friends and enemies. Some of his lay figures were offended; others the reverse.

He made fun of Bulwer in the "Yellowplush Papers," under the name of Bulwig. He drew upon himself the indignation of his Irish friends by calling one of his characters—a murderess—Madame Hayes, and another, a social reformer, a braggart, hence the objection. His *Poker* was drawn from Andrew Archdeane who never pardoned the impersonation. His *Portman* was the celebrated Dr. Cornish, and even Edmund Yates figured as young grubstreet, in the "Virginians." Thackeray himself said that Coutin, in "The Roundabout Papers," was manufactured from several live persons.

The supposition that Charles Dickens's father was the original of Mr. Micawber is well known, as is also the one that Mrs. Nickleby was drawn from the mother of the novelist. Walter Savage Landor and Dickens had a decided misunderstanding, because the former recognized himself as Boy-thorn, in "Bleak House." Leigh Hunt also resented the fact that Harold Skimpole was drawn from himself. Even Dickens's biographer, Forster, has figured as a lay figure.

Nathaniel Hawthorne had no end of trouble to convince a constantly increasing race of Pyncheonists that the Judge of that name in "The House of the Seven Gables" was not drawn from a living person. Charlotte Bronte drew living pictures in "Shirley" to such an extent that people recognized and called each other by their new or "novel" names. George Lewes was assumed to be the original of George Eliot's Mr. Casanbon in "Middlemarch."

Dante wrote his enemies in Hell and Michael Angelo painted them in. Dryden was noted for his satires on living persons. Pope actually erased the name of one of his characters and put Colley Cibber's in its place. Byron heavily scored his critics and Bulwer did a like office for Tennyson. George was rather accomplished in this respect. He satirized the *Athenaeum* magazine in "Paul Clifford." Even George IV. of England was depicted as the keeper of a low den in the same novel.

Tennyson repaid Bulwer his onslaughts both in "A Character" and in "The New Timon and the Poets." Capt. Mayal, who wrote such humorous naval stories, notably "Peter Simple," once sent a challenge to Prof. Maurice because the latter used his name for a character in "Eustace Conway." Browning scored Wordsworth in "The Lost Leader." He also, at various times in his career, caricatured Cardinal Wiseman, Napoleon III., and John Home, the spiritualist. The latter figure in "The Sign of the Cross." Even our Whittier made Daniel Webster figure in one of his compositions.

Mme. de Staël drew Talleyrand's characteristics so pointedly that the portrait was recognized by the French statesman, who resented it in one of his famous poems. Alfred de Musset, who wrote "The Sand" and returned from his escapade into Italy, they proceeded to score each other in novels they soon after printed. Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, and Lady Morgan used the personal element repeatedly, while to come upon the real intention of Dierx's novels requires a key bringing in the names of many prominent people in England.

The authors who can be recognized in their own work are legion. Goldsmith painted himself in "The Good-Natured Man." Fielding was the original of Tom Jones, Capt. Farquhar was Sir Harry Wildair, Jean Jacques Rousseau depicted himself in "Héloise." Goethe was Werther. Hawthorne can be seen in Miles Coverdale, while Byron was Claude Harold beyond shadow of doubt.

What was called the "gloomy grand" of literature had great vogue in Byron's time, and he had many imitators of his method of depicting himself. Alfred de Musset has done something of the same thing. Mme. de Staël depicted herself in "Corinne" and "Delphine," and a perfectly recognizable portrait of Thackeray is found in "Pendennis." Dr. Holland was imagined to be the original of the villain in his novel "Bitter Sweet," and it was strongly insisted upon for a while that Amelie Rives Chanler drew herself in the hysterical heroine of "The Quick or the Dead." Charles

Reade drew Rolfe from his own character and acknowledged it. Charlotte Bronte was Jane Eyre, and George Eliot was a composite of Romola, Maggie Tulliver, and possibly Dorothea.

Of all authors, Sir Walter Scott was the most honest. He tells us in his prefaces just where he obtained his characters, even going so far as to mention the names of the originals. The very latest phase of this element in fiction, barring "Trilby," is "Sherlock Holmes." How Conan Doyle founded the famous detective on a Scotch professor has been told again and again, but it adds further evidence to that already submitted, that most great characters of fiction are taken from real, living characters.—*New York World*.

BOOK NOTES.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written a novel—a romance which he calls "A Monk of Fife."

Mr. W. D. Howells has written a novelette to which he has given the suggestive title of "A Circle in the Water," from the line in Shakespeare's "Henry VI," "Glory is like a circle in the water." The story is to appear in "Scribner's Magazine."

The Hon. John Bigelow's "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" will soon be published by the Harpers. No one could be better fitted for the task than is Mr. Bigelow. He and Mr. Tilden were friends, and close friends at that, from the days when as young men they studied law together till the death of the famous leader.

Professor Max Nordau's book, "Degeneracy," is coming from the Appleton press. The author describes the mental unrest and thirst for novelty observed at this end of the century to the overstimulated nerves of two generations. These strained nerves, he believes, have produced a phase of allegorism which has found expression in Maeterlinck's hectic gasping, in the French decadent "literature," and in the weariness of Ibsen.

Hall Caine's new story, "A Son of Hagar," is not destined to create a sensation. The world is not as interested as Mr. Caine seems to think in penetrating the soul of a bad man. The sale of the "Manxman" up to date has been phenomenal. A correspondent of the *London News* gives the actual sales as follows:

In England and Colonies.....	45,000
In the United States.....	25,000
On the Continent (about).....	5,000

Total sales in about six months..... 75,000
These figures are probably without parallel in the history of book publishing in any country except France, where the popular novel (say of Daudet or Zola) is published at half the English price.

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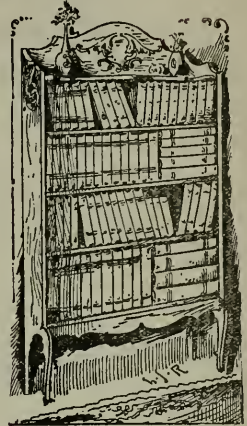
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Estate of Albert Garback, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert Garback, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 23, 1905.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 23, 1905.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator
319 Pine street.

THE NEW WOMAN.

She talked with great intensity of each man's base propensity, and spoke with volubility of woman's higher plane;

She dwelt on domesticity with mental elasticity, and said that such felicity was really quite in vain.

With gestures oratorical and phrases metaphorical, she voiced the powers numerical that woman had untold,

And spoke with zeal dramatical of voting systematical, and ballot boxes spherical, and votes not bought with gold.

She said in each vicinity the doctors of divinity would come from femininity; in bloomers they would be;

And matrons with rapidity would lose all their timidity, and no more assinnity in Congress would we see.

And while with such audacity she showed her great capacity, and talked with great didacticity, her husband learned to sleep;

And while with such agility she dwelt on her utility with such intense pugnacity, he put the twins to sleep.

—TOM MASSON, in *New York Sun*.

Miss Anne Street—"I haven't seen much of your wife lately."

Fulton Street—"Neither have I. She spends most of her time at her club, where they are preparing to give a 'gentleman's day.'"—Puck.

She—"Have you ever been kissed by a girl before?"

He (blushing)—"What a question! Of course I haven't."—Judge.

The emancipated young woman was calling upon her gentleman love, and she heeded but little the rapid flight of the hours. The young man's vigilant mamma noted the time in her room up stairs, and presently she called down:

"George, dear!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Has that woman gone yet?"

"No, mamma," replied George, dutifully.

"Tell her I do not allow your lady callers to remain after 11 o'clock. You must not lose your beauty sleep."—P.P.

"I suppose you heard about the mistake of one of the women voters out West?" remarked the voice at the foot of the breakfast table.

"No, I did not. What was it?"

"When they gave her the different ballots she tucked them away and walked out."

"Where in the world did she think she was?"

"Out shopping. She thought the ballots were samples."—World.

A Warren man, who has been three years married, told his wife the other day that he thought he'd get a night-key. "Night-key!" exclaimed she, in amazement. "What earthly use can you have for a night-key?" Sunday evening I always attend church. The Daughters of Rebekah meet Monday evening, and there's no one else can fill my position, and so I'm obliged to be present. Then there's the Ladies' Relief Corps, which meets Tuesday evenings. I am sure I must do my part in the noble work of helping the needy veterans and their families. The twenty prayer meetings occur Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and I feel it my duty to be present and do my part. The Eastern Star has its meeting Friday evening, and I certainly must fill my position there. Saturday evening is the skating-rink; and, shut up in the house as I am all the week, I absolutely need the little helpful exercise I get there, and I must insist on having Saturday evening for recreation. Night-key, indeed! You must stay at home and take care of the baby."—Rockland (Me.) *Courier-Gazette*.

Rock a bye, baby, my little sweet man,
Go to sleep, darling, as fast as you can;
For mother must hasten to do a new gown,
And put in her vote for the good of the town.

Your mother's a voter; now, man-child, be still,
And hush up your screaming, so piercing and shrill;
For be it known, man-child, the time has come when
Your mother can vote with the mannest of men.

Now lie where I put you, all safe in my bed,
And don't you dare wriggle a hand or a head,
While I go with my new silk and stylish capote—
O, man-child, the rapture!—to cast my first vote.

Mamma is a voter,

A voter proud is she,

And she will cast her ballot

With the foremost of the free,

And a brave and honest voter

Forever she will be!

—M. Phelps Dawson.

THE OLD WOMAN.

"My dear," said Mr. Darley to his wife, "we shall have to economize."

"Very well, love," replied Mrs. Darley, cheerfully. "Suppose you resign from your club, give up smoking, and shave yourself."

"That's a pretty programme, I must say. And what will you do as your share of our economy?"

"I will cut your hair."—*Harper's Bazar*.

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In California hatred of the Southern Pacific monopoly is so intense, and the desire for railroad competition so universal and eager, that criticism of any of the acts of the projectors of the new San Joaquin Valley line is easily made to bear the hue of treason to the people. The State which has suffered so long from the thievery and bullying of Huntington & Co. is willing to close its eyes, open its mouth, and swallow as good whatever Spreckels & Co. may pop into it. Possibly Dr. Claus Spreckels has only benevolent designs in taking advantage of this mental condition of the patient, but it is nevertheless thinkable that it would do California no harm to keep her eyes as well as her mouth open. At this writing the fate of the bill granting the Harbor Commission power to lease to any new railroad company fifty acres of the waterfront has not been decided. The bill is declared by Mr. Spreckels to be solely in the interest of the competing line, and any suggestions that it might be taken advantage of by the Southern Pacific (which can manufacture new corporations in the future, as in the past) are met not with satisfactory explanations and assurances, but with vehement outcries more becoming to the stump than the offices of a railroad company which is expected to unhorse Collis P. Huntington.

The *Examiner* is the only San Francisco newspaper which has had the courage to risk some temporary unpopularity by talking a little plain sense about this bill, introduction of which was delayed to the tail-end of the session and then rushed with a whoop that was obviously calculated to scare off all opposition, honest or other. Mr. Hearst has taken the proper, the prudent ground that in doing what is necessary to encourage the San Joaquin competing line the door should not be opened to land-grabbers. "The public," he says, "is not prepared to parcel out the waterfront of San Francisco among any corporations that may come along and ask for it, regardless of their paternity." On Sunday last Mr. Spreckels said to the public, via the reporters:

"No Senator will vote against this bill and dare to face his constituents again. It is not a private enterprise. It is a public movement which must benefit the workman first. The Senator who votes against the amendment votes to take the bread out of the mouth of the workman's child. He votes to keep the unemployed out of work, and he votes for his own damnation."

But his vote is not needed to show how

very clumsily Mr. Claus Spreckels plays the demagogue when he essays the role. It is impossible to believe that these hysterics are real and not simulated. They are a millionaire's imitation of the popular oratory and newspaper writing for which ordinarily he and his class have an equally profound and just contempt. It is to be regretted that Mr. Spreckels should think he needs such fustian in his business as a competitive railroad builder. One instinctively experiences a doubt of the genuineness of an enterprise that resorts to claptrap so dearly familiar and so very, very cheap. It belongs to the sand-lot.

Mr. Spreckels needs to be reminded of his true place in California. He wished it to be understood when he headed the new railroad movement that he did so as a business man strictly. His reason for putting his money into the venture, he gave us to understand, was that it would pay him better to do so than to continue to submit to the reign of the Southern Pacific, which was ruining the commerce and beating down the real estate values of San Francisco. That position was comprehensible. The people in general were delighted to find that at last the private interests of so rich a man had been brought into harmony with the public interests. In their enthusiasm they generously applauded Mr. Spreckels as if his motive had been high-minded and patriotic, as in many instances was the motive of subscribers to the new road. It is human to refrain from looking a gift horse in the mouth. Unfortunately, Mr. Spreckels has permitted himself to be carried off his base by the gale of applause, or, at all events, to allow himself to think that it is safe for him to assume a place and a purpose which are not his. As a business man attacking a railroad monopoly for business reasons, Mr. Spreckels is to be respected and encouraged; but when he turns orator and borrows the port and language of the inflamed patriot, the judicious are to be pardoned for putting on their spectacles and examining him. There is nothing in our experience of Mr. Spreckels to warrant the belief that he is other than a severely commercial character. When it was to his financial advantage to fight the sugar trust he fought it, and talked to the reporters as he has recently been talking to them about the Southern Pacific and the competing company of which he is the head.

When it became his interest to cease fighting the sugar trust he did so and joined it. What has occurred to induce the belief that he would not repeat this performance in the realm of railroads? I don't say that such is his intention, but under the circumstances it would be more comforting were he to give guarantees to the contrary, instead of attempting to hector everybody as a public en-

emy who does not assist him to get such a slice of the waterfront as he desires, under conditions that certainly ought to meet with the hearty concurrence of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Spreckels has no right to ask California to take him on trust. In the light of the past, his assertions do not constitute insurance against selfish intention. There are men connected with the San Joaquin Valley enterprise, such as Mr. Doyle, Mr. McDermott, and a few others, who through the years have in many ways proved their detestation of Southern Pacific rule, whom the people would willingly trust and follow in doubtful regions, but they are not on the board of directors. Moreover, we are not unfamiliar with the name of Spreckels in connection with the San Francisco waterfront. The firm, by the kindness of the Harbor Commission and the Pilot Commission, enjoy privileges there on a footing denied other firms. And further, John D. Spreckels is a politician, late partner of Colonel Dan Burns, and both were co-workers with the Southern Pacific. Another Spreckels is on the Board of Supervisors. He has not been there long enough to let it be seen whether he also is energized by a pure anti-monopoly flame.

If the Valley road is to be under the management of the Spreckelses, and is to begin as, and remain, a competing road, plain talk is necessary now. Mr. Claus Spreckels is a very intelligent old gentleman, who has a business man's estimate of the relative value of popular applause and money. He will not accuse me of judging him wrongly when I say that at any time he would be willing to exchange one for the other. California has a right to demand that he shall deal with her as a business man and nothing else. Let him stick to his original ground that he is doing the work of an anti-monopolist because it pays him to do it, and, if that is clearly demonstrated, everybody will believe him. But when he takes to stump-speaking and newspaper drum-beating there are more than myself who will be inclined to fear that he is not in earnest—that it is not his eloquence alone on which he relies when he goes to a Legislature belonging to Mr. Huntington to ask privileges for a road that is declaredly hostile in interest to Mr. Huntington, and offers a bill which needlessly exposes the waterfront to corporate rapacity.

Behind the Valley road is the strength of a warm and united public sentiment, but it by no means follows that everybody who has subscribed for the stock is an honest man and a public-spirited citizen. When we see men who have for twenty-five years been subservient to the Southern Pacific advancing into the open and challenging its hostility by giving their money to arm a rebellion

against it, we can easily believe they have come to a point where they think that rebellion will prove more profitable than submission. But when there are so many ex-monopolists in the regiment, veteran rebels are to be excused for wishing that the loyalty of these new recruits to an old cause shall be tried before they are placed on guard at critical points of the line. Deserters are to be desired, of course, but the trust to be reposed in them is usually limited until by their deeds they have removed doubt as to their devotion to their new uniform. Mr. Lloyd Tevis has subscribed \$50,000 to the new road. Are we therefore to cheer Mr. Tevis as an anti-monopolist, and reproach ourselves if we lag a little in faith when he asks for it? It is true that Mr. Tevis owns much land in the San Joaquin Valley, the value of which would be increased by a competing road. In that light the \$50,000 is reasonable. But Mr. Tevis owns many other things elsewhere. Suppose Mr. Huntington could show Mr. Tevis that it would cost him a good deal more than \$50,000 to remain true to the Valley road, how many grown men are there in California who would expect Mr. Tevis to continue to be an anti-monopolist? Everybody is glad that Mr. Tevis subscribed \$50,000, and everybody hopes that the balance of business considerations which induced him to do it will remain undisturbed by Mr. Huntington. And Mr. Tevis is typical. He is in the same boat with Mr. Spreckels and most of the wealthy men joined with them in this business venture. If they want the confidence of the public in their intention to build the road, and, when it is built, to keep it out of the hands of the Southern Pacific, they will forego stump-speeches and newspaper drum-beating, and devote themselves to showing that it will pay them to redeem the promises that have gladdened California. The best service that an anti-monopolist can now render the State is to keep a keen eye on gentlemen who seek to take advantage of popular sentiments for which they have never hitherto shown either sympathy or respect. What we want is a competing road, not a road that can be used now or hereafter as a cat's-paw wherewith to draw chestnuts out of the fire for Mr. Clans Spreckels, or anybody else.

Long before Mr. Spreckels did the public service of bringing the real estate owners and the business men of San Francisco to a realization of their power to help themselves, I predicted that there would soon be another railroad through the San Joaquin Valley. I did not have the Traffic Association in view, for the Southern Pacific understood how to manage, through fear or favor, too many of the members of that organization. Eastern capital, I knew, was looking this way, and it is looking this way yet. There is every reason to believe that the Spreckels line will be built; but whether it shall be or not, Eastern railroad builders will invade the San Joaquin. Huntington's power is breaking, and none know it better than Eastern railroad men. A field so rich as the valley, and a city so rich as San Francisco will not be overlooked. It is in the nature of railroad companies, as with other aggregations of business men, to seek for trade, and California has been neglected—or rather avoided—through terror of Huntington, or by reason of his ability to pay rivals to keep away. That state of things is coming to an end. Other roads want to tap this city, and tap it they will. The Spreckels line will not be old before it has other than the Huntington properties to compete with. Salt Lake is reaching out for communication with us, and the Atchison and Topeka will not always be content to use the Southern

Pacific's rails. There is no danger that the business will be overdone. It was Stanford who said, and Huntington concurred with him, that parallel lines ten miles apart in the broad San Joaquin would pay. As for San Francisco, the city is but a beginning of what it will be when railroad competition vivifies it and the State. Railroads will breed railroads. If Mr. Spreckels is fully alive, to the situation he will recognize that the new California is a fact, play fair, leave heroics to politicians, and set about building his road. It will pay him better in the end to do this, I should say, than to give his thought to side grabs on his own account or private deals with the common enemy. Senator Stanford when telling the Pacific Railroads Investigating Commission how poverty-stricken the Central Pacific was—the Central Pacific that had made him and his partners inordinately and infamously rich—was asked how the road came to be so poor and himself so wealthy. His answer was that he had made his money "from values created by the road." But California was virgin in those early days. She ought to have learned some things in the interval. One of them should be to give her confidence to railroad builders, no matter what their professions of patriotic purpose, not an inch further than they prove their desert. For the sake of the Valley road, and for the sake of the State, it is to be deplored that so old and experienced and wise a business man as Mr. Clans Spreckels should, by his reliance on popular faith, popular enthusiasm, and popular gullibility, have brought down on the enterprise a weight of suspicion that it will take some hard work to remove. In the sixties Mr. Huntington was himself a patriot railroad man, and he has since then occasionally made his appearance in the same character, sometimes in person, sometimes by deputy.

The Oakland election throws into high relief the fact that there has been no change in popular feeling as to the Southern Pacific since November last, when the people of the State chose Governor Budd and the people of San Francisco Mayor Sutro. Oakland has elected Mr. Davie Mayor, and backed him with a City Council inimical to corporate pillage. Mr. Davie, like Mr. Sutro, has won his office without newspaper support. This *Letter* was the only journal in San Francisco which advocated Mr. Sutro's election, and it would have enjoyed the same distinction in the case of Mr. Davie but for the fact that my experience with Mr. Budd has made me rather timid in vouching for gentlemen who ask office as anti-monopolists. Mr. Davie is a stranger to me. All I know about him is that he ran the Davie ferry, which scared the Southern Pacific into reducing its freight and passenger charges. One might in a business way accomplish that good work and still not be unseemly to railroad influence in office. So, in the absence of knowledge of the man, I followed the example of my esteemed contemporaries of all complexions on this side of San Francisco bay, and gave the candidate no help. On the other side of the bay he had all the well-known newspapers against him. But it turns out that Mr. Davie did not need the help of the *Letter*, or any other journal. It was the Davie ferry that ran for Mayor of Oakland, and the Davie ferry got a sufficient majority, with plenty to spare. Let us hope that Mayor Davie will be in the realm of politics as injurious to the Southern Pacific monopoly as he was in the realm of business. He has a fine opportunity to distinguish himself as that rare phenomenon—a successful candidate who keeps his

pledges. I don't know whether he will do this or not, but one thing is made patent to everybody by his election. It is that the people of California have had their fill of the Southern Pacific, in and out of politics, and that whenever they are given a chance at the polls to deliver a blow they will strike.

The Oakland election will have a wide and reassuring influence. For one thing it will teach Governor Budd, or ought to teach him, that it was not altogether the fascination of his personality that induced the people to vote for him in a Republican year. Had the Governor understood this—had he believed that he was elected Governor as a protest against Southern Pacific dominance, and not because of his general superiority to all other citizens in the State—his first important appointment would not have been one that has given perfect satisfaction to the railroad. He knew that the Harbor Commission had for many years been under the control of the monopoly, and that he could deal it a stroke by replacing its servants with men beyond its influence. Instead of doing that, he appointed Mr. Colnon, editor of the *Stockton Mail*, a railroad organ.

There is still some ground for hope that Governor Budd will shake himself awake and recover in part the respect of his friends and the confidence of the people. The Oakland election would have enough significance to any man of sense in his position to induce serious reflection. The Southern Pacific is not what it was, and ambitious politicians who surrender to it are in the way of being wrecked. All that Mr. Budd needed to have done in order to get from California any office in her gift was to perform his duty, simply and straightforwardly. He has chosen instead to clasp hands in private with the Southern Pacific and the Spreckelses, and about every other influence that fought him and the cause which he and his party represented. For the sake of a fee in the Fair case, he has reconciled himself with George A. Knight, an old school-fellow and the only Republican orator who fell so far as to make use of the Oregon filth. Mr. Budd has alienated nearly all the men who represent the brains and character of Democratic leadership. For his intimates he has chosen such statesmen as Mr. Martin Kelly and Big Smith, his love of low and petty politics inducing. It has come to pass that Mr. de Young is justified in taking the *Chronicle* pulpit and talking down to Governor Budd on the subject of his duty to the public. This is the earned reward of his pitiful jobbing. The Democratic press, which is naturally averse to breaking with a Democratic administration, has borne much, and will bear more, but not everything. Should Mr. Budd make some of the appointments which he has in contemplation he will awake to the fact that even so profound a politician as himself, assisted by the advice of Martin Kelly, ex-Republican boss, and Reddy, Campbell & Metson, railroad attorneys, cannot fool the public or his party's press—that the plan of walking out to the footlights and singing the Star Spangled Banner for the delectation of the crowd, and then retiring to the wings to do business with "interests controlling large blocks of votes," is not a workable policy. Let him carry out his design of making the jobbing Senator Seymour Warden of San Quentin and his reasons for doing it will be exposed; let him give office to Dr. Livingston, the ex-Coroner, and my knowledge of newspaper signs enables me to assure him that even the long-suffering *Examiner* will find the courage to attack him, and to say what it should have said long ago about the appoint-

ment of a Southern Pacific journalist to the Harbor Commission.

Governor Budd has been but two months in office, and when he was elected the people of California thought him as good an anti-monopolist as the people of Oakland now think Mr. Davis. Yet Governor Budd has sunk to a plane where his associates and advisers are paid attorneys of the Southern Pacific, Mr. John D. Spreckels, who wanted him counted out, and owns the *Call* (which it is prudent to conciliate), and such gutter-politicians as Martin Kelly. I reject the theory that Mr. Budd is corrupt. The theory is not needed to explain his extraordinary descent from the level that he occupied in the estimation of his friends and the public previous to his election. His descent is due to his intellectual limitations and peculiarities. He is the victim of his small cunning—of his belief that he is a master in political intrigue. The elevation of the Governorship has made him dizzy, and his success in reaching it has convinced him that he possesses the capacity to use and deceive whomsoever he wills. Mr. Budd is a small man. For myself, I remembered the bright, energetic, and warm-hearted school-boy, and assumed that twenty-two years had matured and broadened him like other men. But a rural environment is not favorable to breadth of development. The man, instead of fulfilling the promise of the boy, has flowered into a Stockton Talleyrand. He likes the sense of power that is given by the bestowal of office on others, and the secret dictation of the choice of subordinates by those whom he thus favors. He believes it statesmanship to sink enmities and clasp hands not only with the Southern Pacific and John D. Spreckels, but also with those who inflicted insults and injuries upon him, as George A. Knight, his personal traducer, did. If Colonel Dan Burns had not gone to Mexico, the chances are that he would have been quite as influential with the Budd administration as is Mr. Martin Kelly himself.

But Mr. Budd is not too old to learn. I know that this *Letter* has had a salutary effect upon him, by preventing him from doing some discreditable things. I know that the *Chronicle's* revelation of his plans has caused him to change them. Let the *Examiner* turn critic, as it is obviously aching to do, and other influential Democratic journals join with it, and Mr. Budd may yet make a reasonably creditable Governor, for there is one thing that it is in his nature to value more highly than the friendship of interests controlling large blocks of votes, and that is popularity. Criticism enough, open and veiled, has already fallen to him to give him pause, and I expect him to disappoint the Southern Pacific by vetoing the Anti-Scalper bill, and some other measures with whose Southern Pacific paternity the Sacramento correspondents have made the public acquainted. But not until he has been heartily hammered by men and newspapers that supported him in the belief that he was an honest and brave man and a gentleman, will he be cured of the delusion which has undone his administration so far—the delusion that he can pretend to be one thing and be another. If he will cease to deceive himself with the notion that he can carry water on both shoulders, that he is clever enough to hoodwink everybody about him, and befool the people of the whole State, Mr. Budd can get back some of the esteem which he has sacrificed for nothing. If one wishes to be Vice President of the United States he will serve himself far better by deserving the backing of the spirit which elected Mr. Davis Mayor of Oakland, Mr. Sutro Mayor of San Francisco, and Mr. Budd Governor of Cali-

fornia, than he can by making private arrangements with Southern Pacific attorneys and jobbing legislators, or listening to the profound craft of even a statesman of Mr. Martin Kelly's calibre and experience. Unless the Governor is altogether a fool he will about ship and sail a straight course. He has the chart of his party's anti-monopoly platform and own speeches, and his private promises made to his life-long friends, myself among them, to steer by.

That was a rough shock that Senator Biggy of San Francisco gave the associated villainies on Tuesday. Nothing so startling as the production of proof of the truth of what everybody already believes. There are some Judges on the bench in this town whom nobody credits with honesty, yet were a responsible lawyer to rise in open Court and charge one of these Judges to his face with corruption, the town would be torn up, and the newspapers be excited into double-leads—the same newspapers that year in and year out have hinted at the corruption. Senator Biggy was the brave attorney. He told the Senate that a combine existed in it, bought to serve the Southern Pacific. He said in part:

"At the last session of the Legislature I had not been here more than a week when I was offered \$7,000 to 'stand in' with a combination for everything there was. This session I was again offered on the floor of the Senate the same proposition, but the sum was \$3,000, which I rejected, and I can prove my accusations. I believe I was to take part in every cinch bill that was introduced at this session. Last night there were two of them knocked out. There were other bills, among them the water, gas, and telephone bills, and others I could mention if I desired. It was understood that the railroad was to settle with me when I went to San Francisco."

The associated villainies, you see. The head-centre is the Southern Pacific. Whenever any corporation or any individual wants a franchise to steal, or to prevent the taking away of a franchise to steal, alliance with the Southern Pacific is sought. It attracts rogues to co-operation as a magnet draws bits of iron. While Senator Biggy was talking out manfully, Senator Seymour, who sat behind him, said in a low voice, but not so low as to be unheard by the reporters, "You'll get yourself into trouble; sit down." Senator Seymour, I am informed, has Governor Budd's promise of the Wardenship of San Quentin. That, however, does not mean that he will get it, now. Mr. Budd is fonder of himself than he is of Mr. Seymour. To the correspondents Senator Biggy gave the information that Senator Dunn, also of San Francisco, had been the bribing emissary of the associated villainies. The Senate has appointed a committee of investigation, of course—even Dunn would be under compulsion of custom to vote for that—and the Sacramento Grand Jury has interested itself. As Railroad Commissioner La Rue is foreman of the latter body, there is a prospect of an honest inquiry. But here is an opportunity for the Citizens' Defense Association, the Committee of Eleven, the Civic Federation, and other reform bodies to act. They should have delegations at Sacramento to give support to Senator Biggy, who will need it, for the atmosphere of a legislature is not such as to brace an honest man's courage. He will be maligned and harassed by every influence which has an object in maintaining the reign of corruption. He will be attacked on every side; even his private business will be threatened. Serving the public in such fashion as he has set out to do, is neither a pleasant nor profitable avocation, and it is due to him that the decent citizenship of the State, through every organized agency, should rally to his aid. Even Dr. Dille might find time to go to the Capital. Morton

street, in its relations to the police, is a small matter in comparison with exposing and crushing the associated villainies, which habitually and systematically corrupt public servants for gain.

The information is given, in connection with the Biggy disclosure, that

Since the death of W. W. Stow, many strange stories have been floating about the Capital. One is that the dead Park Commissioner had from \$75,000 to \$125,000 locked up in an iron chest, the pool money of various corporations desiring protection (the associated villainies, to wit) to be divided in the Senate when that body adjourned. Now it is said the heirs of Stow will not recognize the claims of the Legislators, and that not a dollar of the pool money will go to the gentlemen who have been so sturdily earning their reward.

This may or may not be true, but the paper from which I extract it was of the editorial opinion the day after Stow's death that the improvements in the Park made by him would continue for generations a "more fitting monument than any of marble or of bronze." If the story be true, and the heirs have any scruples as to retaining possession of such dirty money, I suggest that they cause it to be purified by fire, and moulded into a portrait bust, to be placed at some conspicuous point in the vicinage of Huntington Falls.

On cynical young persons, who are enamored of *fin de siècle* epigram, and fancy that faith, hope, charity, honor, and all the virtues are going out with the century, the end of Oscar Wilde, wit, poseur, charlatan, and fat man, will have first a painful and then a healthful effect. The last lustre of the century has done for him, at all events. Of course, the Marquis of Queensberry may be an insane old gentleman, and he may be all wrong in believing that Wilde has corrupted his sons. On the other hand, he may be right. Men generally will think so. That Wilde has invoked the law tells for something on his side, but when France is so near a libel suit is hardly the proper answer to such an accusation as that made by the marquis. A man who has a particle of sound masculine feeling in him would a good deal rather take his chances with pistols on the beach than rest under a charge so unspokeable. It is remarkable that Oscar Wilde, innocent or guilty, did not appeal to the code. He has the intellect to comprehend all the consequences to himself of the course he has taken. The conviction of Queensberry, or his incarceration in a madhouse, will not clear the master of *fin de siècle* literature. However illogical the duel may be, it needs a man's courage to go out and fight, and what is required of Wilde now is to give proof that he is a man. Better infinitely the stain of blood, or the loss of it, than the brand which the marquis has placed upon the author of "The Picture of Dorian Grey," which made men rather than women blush as they were pulled down into its abysses of invirile suggestion. To most of those who are aware of the existence of levels of putrid life far below ordinary wickedness, that inexpressibly vile book is an interlunatic justification in advance of Queensberry's measure of Oscar Wilde. The Ten Commandments have survived the expiration of many centuries; they will survive this. And the fate of Oscar Wilde, professor of flippant philosophy, questioner of commonplace morals, and shining exemplar of that *fin de siècle* cleverness which has nastiness for its motive, is another demonstration of the validity of the Commandments—another demonstration that man may not be all body without becoming lower than the beasts. Even wit cannot dignify the act of going back to the simian state, however fascinating and

amusing that deliberate reversion may seem to the *fin de siècle* mind, which is not large, and is lured from decent thought and conduct by that foppery of dirt which has brought Wilde, a man of talent, to a degradation beside which death would be a thousand times preferable to any one who retains the instincts of manhood.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

On Monday last I was able to rise and crawl out into the sunshine—which is devilish invigorating, and a great blessing, begged, as we ought to acknowledge—leaning on the arm of my man. We had hardly got a dozen yards from my door when dear old Harry de Young encountered us. He was on his way to call, there being much anxiety in our set as to my health. But he had a bit of business on his mind, too. The *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*, as I suppose people who find time to read newspapers have noticed, are in fierce rivalry over literature. Each has set up a department called "Bookland," and is eager for novelties, mere criticism being too slow for *fin de siècle* journalism.

"Peraffage," said Harry, taking my other arm to help my man support me, "will you do me a favor?"

"Certainly," I answered, instantly; "what is it you wish?"

"I want you," said he, "to write me a good long article on Tribly."

"Good ged!" I exclaimed. "Good ged, my dear fellow, I really can't. In the first place, the book's a—er—chestnut; and in the next, it's demmed low, so you know—artists, musicians, models, and that sort of thing."

"Exactly," persisted Harry—and he can persist like nobody else—"that's just it. I want Tribly reviewed from the Society standpoint. Before the article's printed, you can throw it off to us as a lecture in my private theatre. I'll drum up the nob, and have 'em all there, or know the reason why. If the nobs don't come, the nobs don't get into the Society columns of the *Chronicle*, that's all."

"The who, Harry?"

"The nobs."

"Don't say nobs."

"Why, is it?"

"Yes; it's vulgar. Say swagger people."

"That's the racket, is it?" said Harry, wringing my hand, gratefully. "Well, swagger people goes, Peraffage. You can have your own price for the article, and the usual thing for the lecture. Hang it, to have a high-toned old nob like you to steer one is worth a lot to a man who's after points."

And the dear boy left me. He is worth instructing, for I never saw a more appreciative man in my life. I've taught him what to do with his knife, and how to dispose of his napkin, and other of those trifles about which so many of our busy men of large means remain deplorably ignorant. He had hardly gone when my eccentric young friend, Hearst, appeared, with his hands in his trousers' pockets. I call him eccentric, to confound me if I can understand why a man with half a dozen millions should bother himself about conducting a newspaper.

"Peraffage," said he, "I want you to do me a favor. I want you to write me a review of Tribly—hangty, supererious, and as aristocratic as the devil." "Ose De Mlaurier from the Society point of view."

I explained that I had just engaged to do that for the *Chronicle*.

"I'll give you twice as much as De Young," he said.

"My dear fellow," I reminded him, "an engagement is an engagement."

"Three times as much," he answered.

"I'm in honor bound to De Young," I objected.

"Four times."

"It would be disgraceful."

"Five times."

"Sir!" I exclaimed, "it is evidently necessary that I should remind you that I am a gentleman."

"Oh, be hang," he laughed. "Journalism is journalism."

But he understood the rebuke, nevertheless. After a moment's thought, he burst out with: "Peraffage, you can help me to a scoop, and you can send in a bill for what you like. You know all the who's and who's, and I'll get me photographs of their feet, and I'll run a Tribly page of 'em."

I said it would be most indelicate, and, in spite of magnificent pecuniary inducements, obstinately refused.

"Well," he went on, biting his moustache and tugging at his hair impatiently. "What'll you take for a photograph of yourself? Won't sell it? Give you ten dollars to let one of my artists draw your foot. By gad, I'm set on that foot idea."

I suggested that photographs of Harry Veuve's hands would please the ladies better, and the thought seemed to strike Hearst favorably, for he scribbled me an order for twelve dozen Creta Bedamca, and, calling a cab, ordered the man double back to whip his horses at the *Examiner* office. Egad, I'm glad I am a specialist, and not an ordinary newspaper man. I need repose, and the hurry and rush of these great modern metropolitan dailies would kill me.

Since Monday, Society will be pleased to learn, I have improved rapidly, and am now able to go abroad again without the company of my man.

I regret that I did not think at the time to give my young friend Hearst a little advice about another matter, but I have written fully to him on the subject, which is perhaps just as well, though I think it is even more important and courteous to speak than with the pen, practiced writer as I am. The topic on which I addressed him was the inordinate amount of attention which he gives in his paper to females, once Californians, who have succeeded in becoming more notorious abroad than they were here. On moral grounds I objected to this since it was in my friend's Billie's case, a me-a deleterious effect upon girls deprived of proper instruction in what is and is not desirable to achieve. But I wrote him more particularly concerning Miss Neustretter, Mr. Vanderbilt's infatuation for whom has disrupted one of our best American families. Divorces having freed the gentleman, he may be free any day to get rid of the news that he has proved the purity of his affection for Miss Neustretter by offering her his hand. In that case, as I have urged upon Mr. Hearst, his publications will embarrass Society, which, of course, cannot well refuse to accept the bride of a man of Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth. Until Miss Neustretter and our friend Billie are divorced, he is married, it really is not well that they should too frequently figure in the Society columns of a family newspaper. Of course it is difficult to draw the line, and that is the reason I have given my judgment to my friend Hearst, who in these matters has not, I must say, as severe a taste as my old friend De Young. Possibly the latter's superior devotion to a Society career has quickened his sensibilities and given him a higher standard of propriety than his rival. Sink me, if my cares in correcting the errors of my newspaper friends are not among my heaviest burdens.

My strength was sufficient on Wednesday to allow me to visit Sacramento, where I was relieved of all doubt as to a matter in which the public has an equal interest with myself.

"Peraffage," said Governor Budd, when he had signed to Dr. Livingston, Mr. Metson, and Martin Kelly to withdraw from the Executive Chamber. "Peraffage, I am now free to say to you that you shall have the appointment of Labor Commissioner."

I bowed and murmured my thanks.

"As you know," continued his Excellency, "there are many applicants for this responsible position, all of them backed by enormous influence. In fact, sir, more than one has the endorsement of interest controlling large blocks of votes. Nevertheless, I have chosen you."

Again I bowed.

"Others are as worthy, others are as well—perhaps better—fitted for the onerous duties of the office," continued our Chief Magistrate, "but none of them, my dear Peraffage, have your social standing. That, I frankly say, is my reason for selecting you. You are the most respectable man I know, and what this Administration now stands most in need of is respectability. Give me your hand, Labor Commissioner Peraffage."

So that's settled, thank heaven. Of course, I do not expect my commission to be signed and sealed and formally delivered until after the adjournment of the Legislature. I have enemies in all branches of that body, and the Governor, as all men of political understanding will comprehend, cannot afford to offend the Legislature while he has plans the carrying out of which may depend on its co-operation.

I treated dear old Uncle George Bromley to a bottle at the Bohemian on my return, a mark of friendliness which brought tears to his eyes, as well as surprise to his honest countenance. All the clubmen are offering their congratulations, and I am thinking of giving up my lodgings and moving to the Occidental.

Since I penned the above, instructions have reached me that the subordinates in my office will be named by the Governor, and that in due time Martin Kelly and P. Reddy will disclose their identity to me.

While I was still confined to my bed last week, I was called on to sit as a Court of Honor, respecting the very matter which had been chiefly instrumental in making me ill. Although the newspapers, fortunately, have ceased to chatter in their ignorant way of the Burlingame affair, Society continued troubled. By unanimous consent the case was laid before me for settlement. The facts agreed upon were as follows:

1. Mr. Casserly invited the Gaiety Girls to Burlingame, and invited Mr. Macdonough to join with him as a host, to which Mr. Macdonough consented.

2. Mr. Casserly learned that news of the proposed excursion having got abroad, Society was making shocked objection.

3. Mr. Casserly thereupon informed Mr. Macdonough of Society's state of mind, and proposed to abandon the enterprise, whereupon Mr. Macdonough said, "Oh, Society be hanged!"

4. On the day appointed, Mr. Casserly left Mr. Macdonough to play the host alone, himself speeding ahead to Burlingame, where he mingled with the fashionable throng; and when the Gaiety Girls arrived in closed carriages, and when Mr. Casserly had thus erected an alibi, a complete defense against the accusation of being *particeps criminis*.

After listening to argument, I handed down the following findings:

1. It was wrong in Mr. Casserly to invite the Gaiety Girls to Burlingame.

2. Mr. Macdonough, by inviting Mr. Casserly that Mr. Macdonough became involved in the affair, it was prudent and justifiable in Mr. Casserly to refuse to persist in a wrong when he found that Society disapproved of his course.

3. The charge that Mr. Casserly put his friend Macdonough "in a hole," is sustained; but the alternative was that he should have gone and informed the stage ladies that he couldn't take them, because his friends in Society wouldn't stand it, it is not clear that he is blameworthy. Every gentleman understands that it is preferable to put a friend in a hole than to insult ladies, even those of the stage.

4. That Mr. Casserly is wholly exonerated because of the Court's recommendation for his Society's feelings throughout, whereas it is the judgment of the Court that Mr. Macdonough, by standing true to his reprehensible engagement, and employing contemptuous language regarding Society and its feelings, has convicted himself of being unworthy to mingle therewith, at least for a time. And the Court recommends Mr. Macdonough to seek polish in foreign travel.

My findings have, I am pleased to say, met with general approval. Mr. Casserly has personally thanked me, and as for young Macdonough, it doesn't matter to me, or anybody in our set, what he thinks, for it has become notorious that he scoffed at me and my findings, describing me as a "shell-worn ass," begged, and my conclusions as "rot." The Gaiety Girls are gone, together with the men of the company—who should never have been asked to Burlingame to play polo—and I don't mind saying, unofficially, that Mr. Macdonough's behavior, *in toto*, was disgraceful, very confounding, and disgraceful. I wash my hands of him, and if he does not travel, he shall find whether or not Peraffage can regulate the temperature of Society's shoulder, the insolent young apig. I am not as young as he, but I defy him, and I wish that defiance to be construed as unlimited, by gad!

"John," I said yesterday to my opulent and statuesque friend, J. D. Spreckels, "John, I wonder how you could find it in your heart to do it?"

"To do what, Peraffage?" he inquired, returning a smile for my mournful look.

"Why," said I, "here you've gone and turned anti-monopolist, and are using the most injurious and inflammatory language against the Southern Pacific. I'm glad Burns is in Mexico. It would break the Colonel's heart if he were here."

"Oh, hang Burns," cried Spreckels; "it's all over between us, you know."

"Yes," I said, "I understand about that, but it was not so long ago that you were working hand in glove with the attorney-general with the S. P. But, letting Burns go, how can you look Herrin in the face? You toiled with him to elect a Legislature and Board of Supervisors that would be free from communistic influence, yet you have deliberately got the Legislature to give you fifty acres of the waterfront, where, as you and I know, the S. P. wants it all. It must be a blow to Herrin's faith in human nature."

"Oh, that's all right, old man," replied John, cheerily. "There are some things that even you don't catch on to at all once. When you see Herrin you'll find him happy enough."

I hope so, I hope so, but I fear. These sudden changes in his attitude toward our great men bewilder me, I confess. In spite of Spreckels's assurances, I am willing to stake my reputation for acumen that my friend Herrin does not approve of this division of the waterfront.

PERAFFAGE.

MARK TWAIN'S OTHER DUEL.

A Fierce Challenge to an Enemy in Old Washoe Days.

It is with confidence and gentle pride that the American press warns Max O'Rell not to press Mark Twain on the duelling business, for Mark once lived in Nevada and California, and is credited by his countrymen with having in those heroic days worn pistols in his boots and been quick on the draw. It is true that Mr. Clemens knows all about dueling, up to the point of fighting a duel. He nearly had one in Washoe, and underwent all the preliminary agonies. If Max O'Rell thinks he can induce the old Comstocker to live through them again, he dreams.

Mark was down at Carson as the legislative correspondent of the Virginia City Enterprise, Joseph T. Goodman proprietor, and was roasting everybody in his genial way. At that period of his life Mr. Clemens was hunsyethetic toward fashion, such being then, as now, the Sagebrush sentiment. At Carson was an extremely fashionable young ladies' seminary, kept by a Mrs. Cutler. Mr. Cutler shone in a reflected light only. That is about all he did, and nobody had much respect for him. A man who doesn't support his wife, who lets his wings reverse themselves, cannot look for popular esteem even in masculine Nevada. In one of his letters, in an incidental, poisonous way, Mark permitted himself to sneer at the fashionable seminary. Mr. Cutler, though a satellite, surprised everybody by suddenly evincing a fierce and warlike spirit. He published a card denouncing the Enterprise correspondent (who signed his letters as a falsifier, a coward, and a scoundrel. Mr. Clemens shared the general surprise. But while other people laughed, he didn't. Dueling had not gone out. The proprietor of his paper had been on the field with the Hon. Tom Fitch, and claimed that eloquent gentleman for life.

Nobody who knows Mark Twain would call him a coward. But he has always been an extremely nervous man, with a vivid imagination. A person of that kind with one duel in prospect fights a thousand duels.

Mr. Clemens consulted his friends. Their judgment was unanimous. He must cut the aggressive and intrepid Cutler out. Mr. Steve Gillis, a mate of Mr. Clemens, and one of the best shots, as well as one of the swiftest printers, in the world, was particularly insistent on this. Mark agreed. He would challenge Cutler, and have his blood—that, of course. But he must have a little time for preparation. He owned to Mr. Gillis that he was unused to firearms, and asked if it wouldn't be idiocy to go forth and be killed, instead of learning first to shoot, and then killing Cutler instead. Mr. Gillis assented to this view, and morning and evening escorted Mr. Clemens to the outskirts of the town. As the pistols cracked, and the echoes whipped into Virginia from the Geiger grade, the gentlemen and the nervous man would nod and smile gravely, and say one to the other: "That's Sam. You bet he'll do for that Carson chap."

That Carson chap came up to Virginia frequently, and was treated with a new deference. The Comstock couldn't reconcile the facts, but it had to admit, nevertheless, that the man who let his wife do the money-making appeared to have sand.

Somehow Mr. Cutler and Mr. Clemens never met during these visits. Mr. Clemens was either out of town or so busy in the Enterprise office that he hadn't time to go forth and hunt the enemy.

"I don't suppose," said Mr. Clemens to Mr. Gillis, "that there's any way out of this thing, is there, Steve? Not of course not. I've got to kill that fellow, and I do wish he was dead, damn him. I ain't afraid, you understand, Steve. I have no dread at all about remorse, and that sort of twaddle, for I'm perfectly willing to murder him, confound him; but I'm that nervous I don't know what to do. I could help worrying about the preliminaries. I could kill him calmly and with an easy conscience, but all the bother about going out, measuring the distance, tossing for position, and the like, puts me in a twitter and a sweat. If any man says I'm afraid, I'm a liar, but when a body has nerves he lacks decision, somehow. Now, I've half a mind to walk right up to him on the street and assassinate him, and have it over with."

"Well, your friend Cutler has skipped again, Sam," said Colonel Abe Edgington, coming in. "I saw him just now going out on the Carson stage." Mark sat down and thought with wrinkled brow. Then he swore a big military oath, and penned the following note:

"Cyrrus Cutler, Esq.—

"Sir: Your infamous card of two weeks ago has just been called to my attention, and I learn that you are in Virginia City to-day. I denounce you as a poltroon and a liar.

"This letter will be handed to you by my friend, Mr. Stephen Gillis, who is empowered by me to

make such arrangements as the code of honor requires. I shall accept no apology from you, and beg that you give me satisfaction within twenty-four hours. Time is too precious to waste on a cur of your stripe.

"Your obed't sr'v't."

"SAMUEL L. CLEMENS."

"But he's gone to Carson, and I can't see him within twenty-four hours," objected Mr. Gillis. "It doesn't matter," said Mr. Clemens.

"Oh, that's all right," observed Mr. Edgington. "You can bring him in. Sam will wait for him."

"No-o," said Mr. Clemens, "if he doesn't accept that challenge—and the Lord knows it's straight and sharp enough, ain't it?—he'll have to wait on my convenience, the cowardly scrub. A body can't be hanging round here forever just to fight a thing like Cutler. That's my ultimatum. Steve, you know I can hit a tomato can at twenty paces now, and that I mean business. Shake that note under his nose, and see what the white-livered whorl will do."

"Perhaps I'd better mail it," suggested Mr. Gillis.

"That'd do first rate—if you think it'd be in accordance with the code."

"And he'd get it to-morrow evening," said Mr. Gillis.

"Which would bring him here next morning," said Mr. Edgington.

"If he has the sand," remarked Mark, scornfully.

The deadly missive was mailed, and the same night Mr. Clemens, suddenly promoted to be San Francisco correspondent of the Enterprise, left on the stage for Sacramento.

When Mr. Clemens returned to the Comstock, some years later, it was as a lecturer, and famous. And Mr. Cutler was dead.

QUARTZ JACKSON.

Mariposa, March 12th.

MANHOOD.

Not till life's heat has cooled,

The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,

And every purblind passion that had ruled

Our noisier years at last

Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,

We care no more who loses or who wins—

Ah! not till all the best of life seems past

The best of life begins.

To toll for only fame,

Hand-clapping and the fickle gusts of praise,

For place or power or gold to gild a name

Above the grave whereto

All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,

We on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled,

In blowing bubbles, even as children do,

Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when

Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies

Broken among our childhood's toys, for then

We win to self-control

And mold ourselves in manhood, and there rise

Upon us from the vast and windless height

Those clearer thoughts that are to the soul.

What stars are to the night.

—The Spectator.

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

BY AUNT DINAH.

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, all questions sent to me.—AUNT DINAH.]

WAGER.—Bets are not decided in this column. Neither Mark Twain nor Max O'Rell can be regarded as absolutely infallible, and only the orthodox clergymen really know which is the wickedest city in the world.

LOS ANGELES.—There is still hope that a murder has been committed; do not hastily adopt the horrible suspicion that a woman's leg has been deposited in your garbage barrel by persons who are not hoping thereby to preserve their own necks.

ANXIOUS.—Wax the ends of your mustache and offer yourself on the installment plan. Styles in husbands change remember, and although counts are very much in vogue this season, the craze is not more general than that for coachmen, and the latter was short lived. If your inamorata will listen to reason you might gain upon her that counts do not wear well, and that they are as difficult to dispose of as an out-of-date hoop skirt.

BLACKSTONE.—I do not know why the newspapers permitted five expelled members of the Portia Law Club to "depose" the Dean in their columns.

Possibly they were moved by holy charity, or possibly they were bewitched by the charms of the naughty "Board of Regents" whose pictures they publish.

GEORGE.—All bleaches and dyes are injurious to the hair. Any unscented cream tends to soften and whiten the skin. A young man should be very distant and dignified to any lady who is inclined to be rude in her manner to him.

EXCLUSIVE.—It is not bad form to allow your portrait to be looked at for the benefit of the Children's Home and the Children's Hospital. On the contrary, it is a very easy and pleasant way to do good, and you only exhibit your own crabbed nature when you close your eyes upon the portraits and forget the beautiful purpose for which they are shown.

PHIZ.—I fear that the Good Fathers at Sacramento were turned from their evident intention to bestow upon their "queens" the right of suffrage by recent instances of a disposition on the part of some ladies to take part in the general "loot."

SUNBUR.—Your criticism of the papers is very cruel and unjust. All newspapers employ censors, whose duty it is to expurge all suggestive matter and prevent anything being printed which could bring a blush to any cheek. This is deemed advisable because the papers are often used for reading lessons in the schools; and such instructive articles as those relating to the Fair estate and the trial of Oscar Wilde stimulate the mental activity of the young without being the least bit sensational.

EMANCIPATED.—When making potato salad, use freshly boiled potatoes.

KANSAS.—It is never in good taste to walk or ride with a young lady after dark. A pretty man, of course, always attracts, but it is the interesting man who retains friends.

FRANCE.—It is evidence of very great youth and inexperience when a lady announces that all men are faithless and changeable, and the next time the young woman says this to you I should advise your telling her that she is talking in a very silly manner and that you do not wish to listen to her.

FRANCE.—As the young lady has deceived you by coming to you under an assumed name, and as you have discovered that she is already married to another, I should advise your breaking the engagement, provided you can do so without hurting the young lady's feelings.

SENTIMENT.—A band of crape upon the hat and a scarlet carnation in the buttonhole are by no means in bad taste. The combination conveys the impression in the most delicate manner that, though you mourn, it is not as one without hope.

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An advertisement in

ARTHUR McEWEN'S LETTER

Is seen by the intelligent men and women of the Coast.

A MAJOR MAX STORY.

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

"Is there not something or other going on over in Brooklyn, or somewhere?" asked Mrs. Max, with a slight frown puzzling her usually very placid brow.

Major opened his mouth to speak so many times before he finally uttered a sound that the setter dog, who was observing him with cocked head, gave a little bark of impatience and tramped nervously with his fore feet.

Mrs. Max did not take notice of the Major's silence, or the set of his ears, but was busy regarding on some very hot toast some very fine caviar. That must be done with great expedition or the toast becomes cold.

By the way, do not commit the barbarism of spreading the caviar thickly on the toast, for that is likely to result in mus-thick, and, any way, it aids and abets the natural tendency of the toast to become cold before the sandwich is ready to be eaten, and the lemon juice must be superadded after the spreading, and that is another chilling delay.

At last the Major said, with forced composure: "No, my dear. Nothing is going on in Brooklyn. On the contrary, everything is going on as usual, and going to Brooklyn. That statement is confusing, too; involving as it does, the violent assumption that anything ever started there. But why did you ask?"

"Ask what?" Mrs. Max responded, her placidity restored, because the sandwiches were completed and not cold.

"Did you not ask me if something was not going on in Brooklyn?"

"Oh, to be sure?"

Mrs. Max put triangular sandwiches on her own and the Major's plates, motioned to the whisky decanter and the water carafe as a reminder for the Major to do his duty, and as he, like a soldier, obeyed, she added:

"Why, Mrs. Jack Paring told me that she knew a man in the Twenty-second—I do not know whether he was in his twenty-second year or from the Twenty-second ward—who had been in Brooklyn, where everybody was killing somebody, though what for I am sure not."

Mrs. Max sipped her whisky and water between bites of her sandwich and resumed:

"I pretended to know all about it, because Mrs. Jack is always so delighted when she finds out that she knows anything that nobody knows, don't you know. I thought I'd wait and ask you. But then I never can be sure about anything in Brooklyn, although Mrs. Jack says they have some very smart shops there. Is the sandwich good?"

"My dear madam, it is a poem. That reminds me that the only time I ever tried to write verse besides those I wrote to you, a caviar and toast sandwich was the inspiration of my muse:

"Demulcent, fragile, and divine,
Paradoxous attributes are thine!
Thy real acidity is mine—
Induced by thee—to be allayed by wine!"

"I showed it to the men in our mess, and they said it was good, because when we ran out of caviar they read that verse to induce thirst; they said it was so dry. By the way, you never happened to try to write a verse in a one-company frontier post where there was no thesaurus?"

"Mrs. Jack said," remarked Mrs. Max, who had not been listening to the Major—indeed he had not infrequently makes remarks which he does not expect to be seriously regarded—"Mrs. Jack said that that Twenty-second man was in Brooklyn two whole weeks and led a German when he returned, just as if he had not been out of the country. I suppose she is right in that about people shooting people because of Bob Billings; though how she can notice a twenty-two year old man when Bob has rejoined his regiment, I'm sure!"

"Although, when I repeated my apostrophe to a caviar sandwich, your eyes were without speculation, I am tempted to tell you of the only time I saw Bob Billings in the mood in which people as you remark, engage in shooting other people, for when we have fought Indians he was never fighting mad," said the Major.

Mrs. Max was suddenly alert with interest. It is a fact which the Major has studied with inconclusive energy, that it is the most sensitive kind of love story takes, next to her interest in the relations of men and women of her set, the deepest interest in stories wherein the sanguinary passion controls.

"But first," the Major said, with a mean purpose to hold an excited imagination with an irrelevant subject, and so that the most sensitive of the stories will sometimes do, "first I wish to explain that I was only taking advantage of poetic license when in my verse I suggested that the thirst born of caviar should be allayed in wine. Caviar—that good should come out of Russia—should be eaten only an hour before dinner, when it would be hangably offensive to drink

wine. It is an excitant to an appetite for solids as well as for liquids. Then it is but reasonable to ask, what liquids should be taken therewith? Whisky and water. Whisky should never be taken without water, hence 'and water' follows logically. But why whisky? There, my dear, is a scientific—"

"Did Bob kill any one?" interrupted Mrs. Max.

The Major mixed another glass of thin beverage, pulled the setter's ears until that patient animal scowled with silent pain, and answered:

"In the path obstructed by feminine curiosity, science, baffled and supine, knows only penance, not progress. This is the story: We were in Arizona, before the railroad was through. A few miles from us—a few miles as distance was considered—lived a Yankee farmer, moved by an insupportable Providence and the barrenness of his Massachusetts farm, had settled on a quarter section of land, whereon was a spring. In his old home springs were not rare, and he did not at first care the value of one in Arizona. How could he? He did not know that with the water of that spring distributed over that land in that climate he could grow anything from a pineapple to a potato; he did not know that that spring was worth enormous money to a particularly offensive renegade cattle rancher and thief, who had considered it his own for years, but had never paid Uncle Sam the compliment of obeying the simple laws whereby he might have obtained actual ownership of the fruit and vegetables, and was rewarding his industry with wealth. The cattleman was using every vicious device in his power to drive the Yankee from his honest holdings—threats, raids, insults, blackmail. But the Yankee was spunky—with Christian equanimity. That was the rancher who had worked to refrain him from killing his persecutor a score of times, when, in that country at that time, he would have been adjudged to have sufficient justification.

"He used his prosperity quaintly, that Yankee. From Albuquerque, which was as far as the railroad extended then, he had brought by wagon a little cabin organ for his wife; he paid the expenses for bringing from the same town a pious parson once a month to preach to the soldiers in the post in the morning, and to pray in his own transplanted Yankee home the same Sunday evening. In these foreign ways he provided to the cattleman how unfit he was to maintain an honest holding against a dishonest bull."

"The Yankee's wife, they were a young couple, was a source of simple joy and delight to Bob and me. She was pretty, slender, devout, healthy—everything all other women we ever saw there were not—and she could make music on that little organ the like of which it seemed to us then we had never heard.

"One Sunday after the parson had preached to our soldiers Bob and I agreed to ride with him to the Yankee's, where, as usual, he was to remain all night. That evening we had a sacred concert. You know what an impossible voice Bob has, and how conceited he is about it? Well, even he could not spoil that concert. He and the parson, the Yankee and I, and, of course, dear little Mrs. Yankee, sang hymns with that organ for accompaniment, with a vim only the situation could induce—or explain.

"After the concert Mrs. Yankee set about preparing supper. There was a store house, bigger than the living house, a few rods off, and she went there for some fruit. It was a bright, moonlight night, with the utter stillness which only the desert knows, and we were all startled as by a visible, horrid calamity when we heard the shrill shriek of a woman. Bob was the first of us, first before the husband even to rush from the door, catching up his pistol as he ran. By the door of the storehouse we saw the little woman senseless on the ground. A noise on the other side drew us on, with a rush, around there—drew Bob, the parson, and me—the husband remained with the wife.

"That cattleman was just mounting a horse when Bob swung at him and knocked him off with the butt of his pistol. For a second Bob stood over the rascal with his pistol aimed at his head. He wanted to kill him. I saw the struggle which kept him from pulling the trigger; the struggle of civilization, of heredity, of West Point.

"The parson, not sure about the outcome of the struggle, and seeing Bob's arm and whispered, 'Wait. Let me see how she is.'

"He returned in a minute and told us the woman was not hurt; had only been thrown down.

"Bob asked the parson to go back to the house. Then he said to the whining rascal: 'It may not be according to army rules and regulations for me to say this, but I tell you now that if any soldier at the post sees you in this county again he'll shoot you on sight. Now, mount your horse and ride at a walk with your hands up.'

"I supposed that the order 'Hands up' was merely a precaution against the fellow drawing his pistol, but he had gone only about ten paces when Bob fired. The horseman shrieked and dashed

ahead. Bob walked out in the moonlight, returned with an index finger, showed it to me, tossed it away and remarked: 'The rather proud of that shot, Max; I fired to cut that finger. I had to do that much.'

"When we returned to the cottage we found Mrs. Yankee only suffering from nervousness. She had discovered the rascal, of course planning some unknown mischief at the storehouse door, and in his escape he had thrown her down."

"You have a rifle and know how to use it," said Bob to the Yankee. "The next time you see that man anywhere near your ranch shoot him on general principles."

"What did the parson say to that?" asked Mrs. Max eagerly.

"The parson," replied the Major, replenishing his glass, "the parson said 'Amen!'"

—New York Sun.

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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

If we are to judge England by the literature she is producing—and what fairer test could be applied?—we must conclude that England is rotten, morally and socially rotten. In the last two years we have had in the way of clean English literature a few short poems by William Watson, a novel by Mrs. Ward, and another by George Meredith, many romances, and a number of wholesome Scotch stories. But, with these exceptions, the poetry, the fiction, and the plays of English authorship have been more disgusting than any of their kind in French, because more brutally direct, more British. The mind of the English people seems turned upon the one subject of illicit passion. Sensuality runs through all they write. It cannot be that this is not expressive of English life or English thought, for the books and plays that reveal this life are the popular ones. Oscar Wilde expressed it when he epitomized the situation thus: "In these days bachelors live like married men and married men like bachelors." England's successful literary men of the day take this epigram as their key-note. Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Case of Rebecca Susan," which has won a great hit in London, had to be carefully expurgated before being produced in New York, which was at once a compliment to the comparative decency of the play-going people of our metropolis and a proof of the strong stomach of the English audience. The play itself is a monstrously frank and coarse exposure of a provincial and a man with her husband for his escapade with another woman. The son of the Archbishop of Canterbury thought, perhaps, to shock London into denouncing "Dodo" as a libel, but instead found himself hailed as a remarkable realist. Mrs. Caffyn of Australia looked upon London life with blackness and unequally. Grant Allen, a man of scientific mind and research, has turned his talent to the producing of erotic novels, his latest, "The Woman Who Did," being so far beyond the pale of decency that several provincial libraries in England have denied it their shelves, as well as Caine's "Manxman." All the younger English poets, with one exception, and several of the older, of whom there are but few left, address themselves to Venus and Bacchus to the exclusion of the remainder of the Olympian host. Even British art, of which, to be sure, there never was very much worth speaking of, is distorted, and represents the set of malformed people we could expect to be produced by mind distorted. Indeed, one would think that the spirit of Guy De Maupassant in his later days had reincarnated itself in the poets, novelists, and artists of England, so great has become the volume of puerile literature. The glimpses of English life which we occasionally obtain through the newspaper reports of court proceedings confirm the belief that English realistic fiction is graphic.

The indecency of the literature of the Restoration had at least this virtue—it was natural. There was something virile in it. But this end of the century literature is not strong, not full-blooded, not repulsive because of inelegant force; on the contrary, it is the expression and proof of loss of energy; its atmosphere is the effluvia given off by a decaying civilization.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

Sixteen Thousand Dollars as Prizes.

The New York Herald announces that it will award a prize of \$10,000 for the best serial story of between 50,000 and 75,000 words by an American writer, whether professional or amateur. The conditions of this contest are as follows:

The manuscripts must be submitted anonymously, and must bear only the initials of their authors or private identification marks. All manuscripts for this competition must be submitted before July 1, 1895.

The Herald also offers three other prizes—the first, of \$5,000, for the best novelette of between 15,000 and 25,000 words; the second, a prize of \$2,000, for the best short story of between 5,000 and 10,000 words; and the third, a prize of \$1,000, for the best epic poem based on some event of American history that has occurred since the beginning of the War of the Revolution. All manuscripts for these latter competitions must be submitted to the Herald before September 1, 1895.

New Kind of Money Proposed.

Mr. Arthur Kitson of Philadelphia has written a book which presents the most ingenious, if not the

most ingenious, solution of the money question yet proposed. The book is well written, is full of citations from standard writers, and contains much sensible comment on the short comings of our present money system. But the solution proposed is worthy of a Don Quixote. Mr. Kitson's plan is to take from the government and the banks the right to issue money and give it to the people. He would have all material things reduced to a common denominator, a unit, and the individual would issue his promises to pay in these units, which for convenience sake might be like dollars, but which would, in fact, represent so much wheat, wine, flour, cloth, ceramics, or gundrops. Instead of "bartering our goods or labor for one particular commodity we do not want (gold or silver) in order to acquire the means by which we can ultimately acquire the commodity we do desire," Mr. Kitson would have us "reduce all commodities to interchangeable equality, find the numbers representing their exchange proportions," and pay our debts by issuing notes in these units of purchasing power. Mr. Kitson has such faith in mankind that he believes this would be a safe plan. "It will be objected," he says, "that by giving to the people full control of the currency we shall be unable to issue money, the chances for dishonesty will be enormously increased. What will prevent banking institutions from issuing money far in excess of their ability to redeem? In reply, it may be asked, what is it that to-day prevents individuals and corporations from overissuing promissory notes and incurring liabilities beyond the money they can properly discharge? First, their honesty. Second, the fear of the shame and the disgrace that dishonesty incurs upon individuals in all civilized communities. Third, difficulty in incurring liabilities beyond a certain limit, which is gauged by their credit. Under free conditions, whilst there would be no physical force to restrain them from attempting to make excessive issues, at the same time there would be no power compelling people to accept them. This would lead to as much discrimination and care in financial transactions as is now shown in the purchase of commodities. It would lead to a better public sentiment, and stimulate a greater demand for honesty than now prevails. To make right conduct the *raison d'être* of commercial success, is the surest means of establishing the practice of right conduct."

It must be allowed that nothing simpler than this has ever been proposed. Mr. Kitson's plan will be the only one in vogue during the millennium. When Tolstoy's religion of non-resistance is accepted, Mr. Kitson's solution of the money question will be. In fact, the two are dependent on each other. But under present conditions Mr. Kitson's money would not travel far.—*Arena Publishing Company.* For sale at Popular Book Store.

Chicago's Literary Boom.

New York is becoming jealous of Chicago's literary ambitions—that is the Chicago side of the case. New York would say that she was poking fun at Chicago's literary pretensions. The following from the New York Tribune is in evidence as New York's brief:

"Chicago now has a Caxton Club, in emulation of the Grollier, of New York, and it is preparing an edition of poets, likewise after the example of the Eastern city. Moreover, it is getting up a school of literature over night, partly through the elemental throes of Mr. Hamlin Garland and the patronizing efforts of Mr. Henry Fuller. There is something funny in the way in which the author of 'The Chevalier of Pensieri Vani' is taken by his fellow-townsmen. That graceful production was enough to give a man of creditable repute, and it put Mr. Fuller on an unduly lofty pinnacle for his public at home, and he has been regarded with awe ever since.

"This amiable enthusiasm, of which we see signs in the various deliverances of Western writers and authors, suggests Boston in its most hectic days. But the people in Chicago ought to remember the great difference between the two cities. Boston with her past, with the men of letters who long ago made New England famous, can afford to grow silly over Ibsen and sillier over his American followers. Chicago is beginning at the wrong end, and is trying to establish a 'literary school' out of crudity and the froth and fury of the new thing. It is not clear that they may be. There is culture in the West, of course; no intelligent observer ever denied that; but the increasing authority of ideas that are not ideas, of poets and prose writers and artists who would make no stir at all were they seen in their proper perspective, provokes the reflection that Chicago needs a stiffening of her intellectual backbone. Her natural resources of common sense and humor ought to save her from the little crazes of the period."

Pierre Loti's "Le Desert."

The youngest member of the French Academy has followed the route of the Israelites out of Egypt through the Arabian desert to Jerusalem, and written a book on the trip which is a poem on the desert. In one place he says:

"And nothing alive anywhere; not a beast, not a bird, not an insect; the flies even, which belong to all the countries of the world, are lacking here. While the deserts of the sea contain in profusion vital riches, here all is fragility and death. One is as if intoxicated with silence and absence of life, while an air flows that is wholesome, unbreathed, virgin as before the creation."

Apparently he found manna in the same desert where it fell for the children of Israel: "It resembles manna, the substance which the wind and the rain of to-night have brought and piled up before our tents. I pick up these things, 'small and round' white grains, very hard, having somewhat the flavor of wheat—the dried-up fruit of small, thorny plants, which in certain regions cover the mountains.

"In gathering this manna, I have touched the aromatic essences of the soil, and my hands keep for a long time an exquisite scent."

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert Garbacht, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 312 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator
312 Pine Street.

NARCISSUS AND HESPER ON WHEELS.

[With acknowledgments to Richard Le Gallienne, author of "The Book-Bills of Narcissus."]

When Narcissus asked Hesper to go a-wheeling, there had been a great thaw in midwinter that cleared the streets of snow, and then a keen frost that made them all crisp and hard and smooth as any poet and his maid could wish. The sun was shining very bright and the sky was waving its blue over them; the eyes of Hesper were very bright and blue also with the joy of living on such a day. But Narcissus thought it was the light of love in her eyes. Now, as everybody knows, Narcissus is a vain man.

The talk began at the foot of a long hill that overlooks a broad river reaching to the sea. They had chattered before about tires, and high gears, and up-curve handle-bars; but when they reached the foot of the hill and caught the first glimpse of the river that was to broaden and sweep into greatness as they ascended the hill, they knew that they must talk. For Narcissus thought he was a poet, and Hesper half believed him.

"It is a very long hill," said Hesper, with her wistful eyes on the summit, "and I am glad that I am not to take it alone."

"Life is a longer hill," said Narcissus, with a smile, "and we are taking it alone."

"We don't have to," chirped Hesper, with a dangerous twinkle in her eyes.

"Some of us do," still sighed Narcissus. "We are philosophers."

"The wisest men have always wed," called Hesper, in the light trilling catches as she panted over a horse back in the distance.

Then they reached a short level place about half way up, and Narcissus said they would stop a while, and he would tell her why! So they leaned across their saddles looking in each other's eyes.

"I've thought it all out," said Narcissus, in his most oracular manner, "and I have Wisdom to prove it. It is not a delusion, but a very real thing while it lasts. But every man who has lived thirty years knows that the joy of life is an affair of youth. It is mind, and heart, and body all awake to new sensations. Very well," he continued as though Hesper were agreeing with him, "we know then that for the forty or fifty years that are left us of living we must see and feel the glory fade from the spectacle of the world. Instead of being a spontaneous joy, life is gradually to become a cool, gray monotony of living. At its very best it is that—even without the stings of misfortune that may be added to it."

"Well, what of it?" asked Hesper. "What has that to do with the marriage question?"

"Everything!" If a man must not only endure this forty years of growing old for himself, but see the woman he loves and worships going down the same gray walk to death—is he not in a ten-fold more tragical plight?—he the more he loves her, if he is a man of sensitive feeling, the more he must suffer. For the very crisis of a day, an accident, he is fated to be met and conquered—that is easy; but it is all there is of life—immittably all!"

"And to escape that increased anguish, you would voluntarily choose to let the woman you love go her 'gray walk to death' alone?" asked Hesper.

"Surely—that is wisdom for both."

"Oh, you couldn't, my dear man," she hurled at him with snapping eyes. "You call love 'the finest expression of the joy of life,' and yet you would miss it for a year-and-a-day, simply that for a score or more of years you may in tranquil loneliness watch the color and sunlight fade from the landscape, with no woman to bother you about the fading view of the landscape. You are the final product of luxurious sophistry. You don't deserve this one hour of sunshine and glorious exercise, let alone the view of the river yonder. You can't always have these things either, and yet you love and enjoy them when you may! Why not leave alone? Give me a year, a perfect companionship with the man I love, and then I may be as gray as it pleases fate to send it. For me it will always glow with the memory of that year!"

Hesper was on fire with anger, and she left him and wheeled furiously up the hill.

Now, Narcissus was a strong man, as well as vain and selfish, and within a few yards he overtook her and, leaning and struggling on a steep place, he reached one land to her saddle, and so gently pushed her over the steep place and up to the summit, that, when they stood in an embrasure of the wall at the top and looked out at the glorious river, she had already half forgiven him.

"It was good of you to do that after I had said angry words to you," she said.

"Oh, I have a great deal of strength to spare," said Narcissus vainly.

"Don't you think you might have enough

strength to spare for the woman you really loved to last you for the rest of your life?" laughed Hesper in his very face. Then she whirled away down the steep hill like a swallow dipping to the level of the river.

And whether Narcissus ever overtook her to answer the question, I know not.—*Droch, in Life.*

TWO PATHETIC STORIES.

The Pathos of the Chicago Story Is, of Course, Bigger Than That of the Other.

It is by no means a new tale, but maybe you have not heard it before. At a dinner party given in New York city by a lady of wealth, there were present numerous representatives of the refinement and fashion of the community. In the course of the evening it was remarked that one of the ladies wore a diamond ring of exceptional beauty, and with amiable condescension the fair owner took the treasure from her finger and passed it around for the scrutiny and admiration of the other guests. An hour or two later this lady said: "I enjoy a joke as heartily as any of the rest of you, but it appears to me that this jest has gone too far. Will the gentleman or lady who has my ring please return it to me at once?"

These words fell like a thunderbolt upon the company. All protested that they had passed the ring along, while at the same time the owner declared that it had not come back to her. It was clear that a theft had been committed, and it was determined to institute a search of each guest, in order that suspicion might not lie against any innocent person.

There was one in all the company who declined to submit to be searched; he was a young artist who, by reason of his talents and the charm of his personality, had been accepted as a welcome guest at the social functions of the rich. In fact, he had been much courted, but now his refusal to submit to the test of his honesty convinced his former friends that he was indeed a thief, and he was immediately dismissed from the presence of the company, and thereafter was taboed by his former patrons.

But, lo and behold! several months after this distressing scene the ring was found, caught, and hid away in one of the numerous ruffles with which its owner's dinner dress was decorated. A mutual acquaintance of the company, the young artist, told him of the recovery of the lost ring, and offered all reparation that an honorable man could seek.

"But tell me," asked the mutual friend, "why, innocent as you were, you declined to submit to the search which would have proved your innocence?"

"I had intended keeping my secret," replied the artist, "but under the circumstances I felt warranted in telling you the story of my life here in New York, an experience involving privation, humiliation, deception, and sorrow." He proceeded to say that he was married, and that his wife was an invalid. Such was their poverty that they were without food. Yet his wife insisted that he should avail himself of the invitations extended to him by the rich, feeling that ultimately these social advantages would redound to his financial profit. The artist, remembering always the lonely lot of his invalid wife, and knowing that oftentimes he had to beg for food, he made it a practice to pilfer viands from the tables of his fashionable hosts and convey them home to his sick and suffering dear one.

"When the search was suggested that particular evening," said the young artist, "I refused to submit to it, because I had only a moment before secreted in my coat the means of my wife's food, which I intended for my invalid wife. I chose to be wrongfully adjudged a thief rather than expose the poverty and wretchedness of my domestic life."

This pathetic incident was repeated quite recently in Chicago, and the repetition was just as touching as the first. Among the guests at a fashionable dinner party in Prairie avenue was a young Board of Trade dealer, courted for his manly beauty, his wit, and his engaging manners. While the feast was in progress one of the queens of lake-side culture exhibited a diamond ring which she said had cost her \$20,000. It was handed around for inspection. The owner did not get again, she kicked; the police were telephoned for and a search was instituted. Of all the guests the young Board of Trade man alone objected to be searched.

"I protest that I have not the ring," said he, "but there are the best and at the same time the most humiliating reasons why I do not want my pockets turned inside out!"

The ergeant of police was obdurate; he laid hold on the young Board of Trade man and plunged into his coat, vest, and trousers pockets. No jew-

elry was recovered, but a mighty store of chicken wings, pate-de-foie-gras, and other dainty edibles was explicated—enough to feed a regiment of hungry men. Curiously enough, at this very moment the lost ring was discovered; it had dropped into the owner's lap and was suspended from a bit of lace—rare old Spanish lace that had cost \$60 a yard.

Then the young Board of Trade dealer told the story of his life. He had bought wildly; hard times had wrought ill with him; he was poor. Yet he had hoped to catch on again by training with the nobles of Prairie avenue. At the banquet, indeed, partaking of dainty viands and costly wines, his thoughts reverted to the dear ones at home who suffered for the want of victuals! That was why he was wont secretly to fill his pockets with bits of fowl and pastry—they were for the suffering family!

The other guests marveled mightily and their hearts were touched.

"But," said they, "the New York artist took only a chicken wing; behold, you have made away with a cart load."

"Do not further humiliate me, I beg of you," pleaded the Board of Trade dealer, "by comparing me with that New York artist! At the banquet, indeed, I provided for, and as she was an invalid her appetite was delicate. I have a wife on every side of town and four others living in the suburbs—all healthy and all hungry. New York isn't in it with Chicago; so bring on your pie and let the dinner proceed!"—*Eugene Field in Chicago Record.*

MY COLD AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

The Confessions of a Man Who Began His Cure Hind End Foremost.

About five minutes after I emerged from the slush into which I had been projected on the fly by an unkid, scowling late, I began to wheeze like a second-hand concertina with chafed bronchial tubes, until my respirations in sound were not unlike those of muslin being frantically torn by a dry goods clerk at the close of a busy day. The cold was not painful, except when people looked at me in the cars, as if they thought from the noise that the wheels in my head were sorely in need of oiling.

I began on whisky and quinine. I don't know how much I consumed, but I do know that for over a week I felt like a multi-millionaire and imagined that I owned all the sky-scraping edifices which loomed up in my rosy vision. I never before knew how much solid happiness lay within the easy reach of all. Still my cold grew worse, but I was so happy that I didn't notice it. I simply bought another bottle and took it hot and cold, but it would not cure anything but blues. I was advised by one man to use mustard, but these I declined, because the element of pleasure was lacking. To be consumed by a mustard plaster, and not cured, was something too horrible to contemplate. Mustard is all right for the stomach when taken on a sandwich, but pasting it on the stomach like a circus poster does not make one feel like a lotus-eater floating on a golden cloud. Another man advised a Turkish bath—a remedy which I tried at once. Lying down on the marble slab, I imagined I was being borne through groves of olive and citron on the back of a lazy camel, while languid accents and dreamy melodies filled the air like a gentle benison. The lush surry of my East made me dreamy and I fell into a forgetfulness of outstanding accounts until I walked in the glamor of an Arabian night. I was massaged with turpentine and alcohol till I felt as supple as a greyhound, and I dreamed on softest lounge till life was paradise. But still the cold held on with the iron grip of a corporation. And so I shifted from the bath to the bath, from the bath to the bottle, and frequently I combined the two, but it was all in vain. The transports of wealth and happiness which were mine were devouring the contents of my pocketbook, even as a hot-air furnace devours coal, and I felt that I must, perforce, haul in my financial horripilation.

At last I've met the cold in my own trap, and in the bud, but prefer to let it go away itself, like a dissatisfied servant girl, or else pluck it when in full flower. Mine had reached the latter state when I plucked it and pinned it in the buttonhole of the past last week. What did I do? Why, I did what I ought to have done at first, and saved a lot of money, even if I lost a lot of joy. I went to a doctor, and was thoroughly cured in two days by a prescription that cost twenty-five cents.—*Puck.*

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*Jealous of New York's Success, the Western Hustlers
are After Titles.*

New York having captured a French Count, Chicago must needs keep up with her rival by buying the eldest son of an English Baron. Hence the announced engagement of Miss Leiter of Chicago to the eldest son of an English nobleman. The only rivals the New York girls have had in their quest for crests, have been the Pacific Coast heiresses, but now Chicago enters, and fierce will be the fray. Some one once was credited with saying that if Chicago wanted culture you bet she would get it. Well, she has got it, and some active willing to end the ultimate arrival of the Chicago heiress, Miss Leiter has the credit of opening the ball, for, I believe, she is the first of Chicago's new-rich to marry into the English aristocracy. So far the Farwells, the Pullmans, the Searles, the Fields, and the others with daughters to marry, have been content to let the Chicago heiress Corzon affair will advertise the Chicago market abroad and the European bankrupt will find a new hunting ground. In true Chicago style Miss Leiter did not wait for her lord to come to her, but went hunting for him. Five years ago she married a man who was a common school teacher, her mother, who has been the laughing stock of every city in which she has ever lived; even Chicago considers her low bred and ignorant. The Leiters came to New York, but could get no satisfactory footing; then they spent a season or two in London, and then they came back to Chicago with a large man's money; Monte Carlo, Rome, Vienna, Cairo, all these cities and others were astonished at the Leiter diamonds worn at breakfast. But still no lord was landed. At last, tired out with the long search, Mrs. Leiter determined, instead of whipping up any more money, to settle her own spot and rely on the seductive charms of the bait to attract the fish, and she made her home in Washington. There she has relieved the dreariness of all things by a display of wealth, ignorance, and boorishness without parallel. Her entertainments have been gorgeous, her gowns imported, and her grammar atrocious. She has been the laughing stock of the meaning of which she has no idea whatever, and her conversations are as amusing as those of the southern negro of pretensions to learning. Universally she is known as Mrs. Malaprop. The Washingtonian who has given me much of what I have written also informs me that the American press may expect to be surfeited with advance notices of the wedding, as the Leiters have established a literary bureau for the dispensing of information regarding themselves. Whenever they give a ball or reception it is their custom to have the press invited, and the invitations are sent out and applied in advance to all papers and the press associations. The announcement of the engagement was not a mere formal notice, but a long article telling of Miss Leiter's beauty and the history of Mr. Corzon's prospective title. The fact, however, has been carefully concealed that the match included M.P., and that it was to be regarded as a scholarly and a noble diplomat, is more than twice Miss Leiter's age.

Edgar Saltus is to marry a French countess. This is the word that was spread in the clubs last evening. It may merely be notice that Mr. Saltus has a new book in press, or it may be literally true, for one can easily see the countess falling in love with the *blanc* and sentimental *gris*. The matrimonial record in New York is not such as to discourage a French countess, though it might give pause to a lady less up-to-date. If she carefully reads the evidence in the Saltus divorce case, which interested New Yorkers a couple of years ago, she will find that the countess was not without the beauty of her maid, for instance, is a thing she must carefully look to. Saltus was the first American writer to catch the coming tone in literature. Before Amelie Rives and Gertrude Atherton he started with that realistic nastiness which has since become conventional. He was the first to pour in a manner that eight years ago brought down such bitter condemnations from pulpit and press upon his head that his books had a large sale. To-day, however, so fast have we studied Americans grown in our taste for the morbid and the sensual, that Edgar Saltus as we would fail to notice. The Saltus scandal could not have occurred here is not the living one, but the dead brother, whose poetry had in it a charm and beauty not unequalled in that of any other American poet. He was refined but little, and his reputation has been confined, I believe, to the literary circles in this city, and to the French. The whole city is in a bad state of funk over the reports that come from Europe of the straits

Behind that dinner and theatre party given recently by John W. Mackay, Jr., to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, there is a pretty bit of a story which hinges on the row in the Vanderbilt household, which has been going on since the duke and duchess caught young Mackay for her daughter. Everybody also knows that Mr. Willie wanted to marry his daughter to the young Duke of Manchester. Had things gone smoothly with the Vanderbilts, *per se*, Miss Consuelo might have been a duchess, but now her mother is pushing the Mackay match, and the duke is being pushed into the Manchester net. For Mrs. Willie, much as she would like her daughter to be a duchess, regards the Manchesters as enemies. Our aristocracy is becoming so badly mixed up with that of England, that to explain the cause of Mrs. Willie's fears one must go into the family history of the English nobility. The duke's mother, the duchess, is the wife of Fernando Yznaga, the same who married Mabel Wright four years ago, and recently separated from her. The Duchess of Manchester, mother of the young duke, was a Miss Yznaga, a sister of Fernando. When Fernando and his wife were divorced, the Duchess of Manchester sided with her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Yznaga. This led to trouble between the two families, which has never been healed over. And now that Mrs. Willie and her husband are divorced, Miss Consuelo's mother is afraid that if her daughter becomes the Duchess of Manchester it will lead to further trouble. The duke is willing, so the gossip goes, to marry Miss Consuelo, but Mrs. Willie is not willing, but Mrs. Willie wants to keep her daughter near her and away from the Yznaga crowd.

It is not without some satisfaction that one regards the list of plays at present being presented here, for fourteen of them are by American playwrights. The list includes Bronson Howard's "Granddad," Booth Tarkenton's "The Sign of the Cross," Denman Thompson's "The Old Homestead," Palmer Cox's "Brownies," Roach's "Rory of the Hill," Harrigan's "The Major,"—a number of Harrigan's very best productions, De Koven's "Rob Roy," and the "Life of the Virgin," which has shown most success, Edwards and Strange's "Madeleine," Camille D'Arville's hit, "Little Christopher,"—Bessie Bonehill's entertainment, "Old Hoss' Hoey's," "The Flams," Donnelly and Girard's "The Rain-makers," Steve Brodie's "On the Power," and "The Life of the Virgin," which has been the most successful of the season.

Some of these plays are farces, others very poor light operas, one or two fustian melodramas, and not one really great, but the promise is good. The leading theatres with one exception play foreign plays, though next week Lily Langtry is to give the first of a new series of comedies by the late Fitch, whom Richard Mansfield thought so easily to destroy when he announced that the whole conception of "Beau Brummel" was his own, is now recognized as in the front rank as an American playwright. The other theatres are led by Booth Howard, but on the same step of the ladder with Miss Morton and Miss Merrington. FENDLY.

The result of this fad will be the production of a large number of would-be newspaper women, and that I greatly lament. The stage is had enough for a woman, but I believe a newspaper office to be a woman's world. I have mothers who when I feel assured a newspaper report is true, say, "I feel assured it is true." With this little introduction, I will proceed to tell my story, and I have it from one to whom it was told by the lady herself. Then Lady Randolph Churchill was here for a month, and she was so much interested in the use to swear at the waiters in the Palace until the guests indignantly left the room—well, when Lady Churchill was here, she had a visit from a San Francisco reporter, a woman. This is the substance of her statement of the case: "I was in my dressing room, very slightly annoyed when the door opened, and I saw a girl standing before me whom I had never seen. I had left my maid in the other room, and I wondered how this woman got in. 'Good heavens!' I cried, 'who are you?' 'Do you not know me?' she asked, and I was the answer. 'Oh, is that all?' was my reply. 'I thought you were a thief,' said she."

A DUET.

Now we're engaged, if you have any brothers,
By that I mean the men whom you've refused.
They must be on a footing with the others;
I won't have any mild endearments used,
Now we're engaged.

If you had any sister and I knew it,
I mean a girl who said she'd be your sister,
She should be taught how not to do it,
And comprehend that you can quite resist her,
Now we're engaged.

As if I wished to look at other beauties,
Now you are mine!

Compared to you! I hope I know my duties;
Of course we used to flirt, but that was then;
Now we're engaged.

Who was the man with topcoat lined with sable?
SOPRANO—

BARITONE—pink?

SOPRANO—
I'd tell his name, but really I can't think,
Now we're engaged.

Now no more lingering in conservatories,
Under dim colored lights and tropic bowers.

To girls and giving them bonbons and flowers,
Now we're engaged.

I shall not tolerate the least flirtation,
I warn you fairly.

But might we sometimes take a brief vacation,
Now we're engaged?

—*Yankee Blade.*

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The women of San Francisco set the fashion, started the fad, or whatever you may call it, and the whole country has followed. I am writing of women's editions of course, special issues of daily papers written by women. I have seen several of these, but the best of them all, probably because it is the latest, came to me only this week—the *Milwaukee Journal* of February 22d. I wish I had kept all these special numbers that I might trace the interesting evolution of the woman's edition. The *Milwaukee Journal* is the only one of the lot that were in the local original, but each had several new departments. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* had, for instance, a special Man's Column filled with sort of trash with which women's columns in the papers are filled. One of the best features of that page was an article on man compounded of extracts from the great writers of the world, arranged, that, by his own statement, man was a "respective humbug." Another good thing which I remember reading in a Nashville paper, I think, was a column explaining the rise of the New Woman as necessary to the proper conduct of things owing to man's physical, mental, and moral degeneracy. The women's press is everywhere, and these women's editions turned the tables of the men's. The little lectures and moralizings which they have been in the habit of delivering to defenseless women

The *Milwaukee Journal*, of which I wrote above, contains a series of articles on what woman has

AMUSEMENTS.

No doubt there is something inspiring in a good play which encourages a company to do its best. Each actor seems to have a better comprehension of the plot and its purpose, and selfish singleness of interest yields to a united effort to make the story of the play the one strong impression left upon the listener's mind.

When one has seen "Judah," he comes away from the theatre thinking not so much of Marie Burroughs' beautiful face, nor the delicacy of her art, nor her grace and fitness for Vashti's role, but of the simple, powerful story in Henry Arthur Jones's play; of the skill the author has shown in combining the unworldliness of such characters as Vashti and Judah with the commonplace of Lord Agarby and his invalid daughter, with the correct, polished precision of Juxon Prall and his icy lady-love, Sophie Jopp, and with the smiling rascality of a fakir like Mr. Dethic.

It goes without saying that this play of one of the foremost of modern English dramatists, is well constructed, moves easily and naturally; that every sentence in it means something and adds to the strength of the subject, and that the play finishes with an interesting, satisfying climax. But this is nearly all mechanical literary skill. The beauty of the work lies in the art which makes of each role a living character, dependent and consequent upon the other, in the idealism which so elevates the story of a weak, fanciful girl, whose charlatan of a father takes advantage of her faith in her own powers as a miracle worker to better his own condition.

It is so necessary to complete the artistic truth of the play—that Judah's character should be just what it is, that one accepts quite naturally his belief in spirits and in Vashti's supernatural powers, and later his lying oath to shield the fasting girl, and finally the impossibility of life for him under false conditions. That he should in the end persuade Vashti to confess and himself admit his own lie is so natural that one hardly feels like praising him for so simple a thing. And such must have been the author's intention, for the scene and the words of the confession are lacking wholly in artifice. They are unstrained, simple, and wonderfully effective.

So the applause which follows Judah's false oath jars one from his preoccupation with the story, and makes him hope that the audience is not applauding the minister's dishonorable chivalry, but the actors themselves, who, being human, probably prefer the conventional expression of approval to appreciative but silent admiration.

Miss Burroughs and her entire company are well cast in "Judah." They have a delightful kind of way to go, whose difficulties are part of the pleasure, and they have demonstrated their right and fitness to present just such plays. The performance is a highly creditable one.

The forty-fourth popular concert on Saturday closed the present series, and no more of these concerts will be given till September next.

The programme was an excellent one, and every number of it was given with a degree of artistic care that made this last concert more enjoyable than any of its predecessors. The Dvorak trio was beautifully played. The music fresh and original, full of characteristic melodies that suggest pictures of Russian life. The cello has a particularly pretty part in the andante, and Heine's playing was delightfully sympathetic. Mrs. Carr's solos—two Grieg numbers and Paderewski's "Cacovienne Fantastique"—were all enthusiastically received, but the best was her performance. Mr. Beel played Willis Bacheller's piano accompaniment to Massenet's "Elegie," and Heine played a cello obligato. Both Mr. Bacheller's selections were very prettily sung. The concert closed with a String Quartette by Grieg, which was rendered with taste and precision. Mr. Beel's playing in the Intermezzo and the Finale being particularly delicate and brilliant.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL NOTES.

"A Temperance Town" closes at the California with this week. On Monday Emily Banker appears in the new and successful comedy "Our Flat."

On Sunday, March 17th, a benefit will be given to Mr. Louis Morgenstern, treasurer of the Baldwin Theatre. There will be a special performance of "Judah."

There will be comic opera at the Baldwin next Monday night. De Koven and Smith's "Fencing Master" will be presented, with Dorothy Morton as Francesca and David Torrence as Fortunio. The company is a large one, the music is pretty, the

costumes are tasteful, and Signor Tomasi will lead the orchestra, augmented for the occasion.

"La Montagne Noire," a grand opera composed, book and music, by an Irishwoman naturalized in France, Miss Augusta Holmes, is about to be brought out at the Paris Grand Opera. Miss Holmes is known as the composer of a cantata, "Les Argonautes," performed at the Paderlou concert in 1889, and of two symphonic poems, "Ireland" and "Foland."

According to Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of the New York Times, Oscar Wilde has at last, and by a single stroke, put his enemies under his feet. Their name is legion, but the most inveterate of them may be defied to go to St. James' Theatre and keep a straight face through the performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest." It is a pure farce, of Gilbertian parentage, but loaded with drolleries, epigrams, impertinences, and bubbling comicities that only an Irishman could have ingrained on that respectable Saxon stock. "Since 'Charley's aunt' was first brought from the provinces to London, I have not heard such unrestrained, incessant laughter from all parts of the theatre, and those laughed the loudest whose approved mission it is to read Oscar long lectures in the press on his dramatic and ethical shortcomings. The thing is as slight in structure and as devoid of purpose as a paper balloon, but it is extraordinarily funny, and the universal assumption is that it will remain on the boards here for an indefinitely extended period."

Richard Mansfield has a new play, "Napoleon Bonaparte," by Lorimer Stoddard. To give additional realism to the piece, Mansfield wears a sword and a Legion of Honor decoration which Napoleon himself wore. Mrs. Mansfield (Miss Beatrice Cameron) appears as Louise of Prussia, a minor part. Among the handsome stage settings are a moonlight scene at Elba, the throne room at Fontainebleau, and a reproduction of Glazebrook's painting, "The Sleeping Sentinel." The play was tried on Milwaukee, and was a success.

Mr. Mansfield has taken to abusing his audiences for appreciating him. During his recent appearance in Philadelphia, in response to a prolonged applause for his performance as Baron Chevalier in "The Parisian Romance," he appeared before the curtain and made a long, unconnected, and uncalled for attack on the persons in his audience who do not give way to the criticism of his acting created by calling him before the curtain. Since then he has repeated a similar harangue in other cities. In St. Louis, a week later, he was loudly encored when the curtain fell on a death scene. He failed to respond, and the audience became boisterous. The actor then walked before the curtain, and, with anger, said: "If you insist on raising the dead, I will not grumble at the remarks of the corpse. The size of this audience, which is not up to that of a one night Texas stand, argues that I am not appreciated in St. Louis. I am not a hypocrite, and will say bluntly that I return the want of appreciation, with interest." Mr. Mansfield in thus lowering himself off the stage in order to escape the storm of indignation which followed when the audience recovered from its astonishment.

William Winter, poet, dramatic critic, and Shakespearean scholar, never tires of singing the praises of Daly's leading lady. Writing of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," he says: "It is thus I praise her. The success of Miss Rehan in Julia, furthermore, may prompt reflection upon her brilliant achievement in other heroines of Shakespeare, and thus the observer may be usefully reminded that the American public has no need to look abroad for its Shakespearean actresses. Miss Rehan has acted Katharine in 'The Taming of the Shrew.' It is her own triumph that she has with such fire and brilliancy, such indomitable power and such enchanting grace of womanhood, that the part is now exclusively her own—so that in theatrical history her name will be as closely identified with Katharine as that of Adelaide Neilson is with Juliet, or that of Ellen Terry with Beatrice. Prior to her time, 'The Taming of the Shrew' when played at all, was played as a noisy farce, for the sake of Petruchio. Miss Rehan restored it to the stage as a comedy. Nor did she pause there. Her impersonation of Rosalind in 'As You Like It'—a striking contrast to Katharine—interpreted that character as essentially and deliciously human, and separated it once and finally, so far as the present generation of playgoers is concerned, from all the old scholastic theories of a vague and cloudy abstraction. As Viola, in 'The Twelfth Night'—a character as essentially delicate and elusive as Rosalind—is strong and brilliant—she revealed yet another side of her nature, weaving with spontaneous grace the gentle spell of wistful melancholy, ingenious glee, and soft allurements. Seldom in stage experience has it been reserved for one and the same actress to be victorious in presenting characters so essentially unlike as those three of the women of Shakespeare."



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A STURDY SCOTCH PROFESSOR.

The Most Picturesque Figure in Edinburgh—A
Scholar who was Lovable.

Professor Blackie, who died recently in Edinburgh, was at once one of the greatest of scholars and most charming of men. He was known to every one in Edinburgh. A man of middle stature, lithely built, of finely chiseled features, clean shaven; a wealth of silken silver locks trembling on his slender shoulders; a dark frock coat; a Shakespeare collar; a cavalier hat; a gray Scottish plaid intricately wrapped round the chest; humming a German student's song, or a chorus from *Æschylus*. He was a picturesque figure in his study, too; clothed in a voluminous blue dressing-gown coming to his heels and confined at the waist by yards upon yards of red silk sash. On his head he wore a huge straw hat, despite the fact that he had a mop of silky white hair which ought to have been sufficient protection at his writing-desk. But not content with wearing this big Panama in his study, he wore it in the dining-room at luncheon. He was what is called a "conversationalist." "He does not converse; he explodes. His talk is volcanic. There comes an eruption of short sentences blazing with the philosophy of life. There is a kindly glow in it all, and the eruption subsides quickly with a gentle troll of song." He knew Greek as well as Latin, and had a great number of papers, and had the best Greek library in Great Britain. Said a writer in *The Cornhill Magazine*, in summing up his work and character: "For years Professor Blackie has in Scotland been undoubtedly the most picturesque of all Scotchmen, one who in his singularly brilliant career has acted many parts, and upon the whole, and the whole; who is equally at home with Homer, Plato, Goethe, Dante, and Duncan Ban of the narrow songs of the glens; who has in sight and shrewdness as much as any of his canny countrymen, and who, if before the public brilliant and ephemeral, is at heart solid and earnest. When the various corners of his immensely versatile and eminently human nature are looked round and round, and when the source of his spasmodic inspiration is understood, he will take his place in Scottish history, not as connected with ephemeral interests and popular problems, but as a speculative and hard-headed Scot, with profound glimpses into the past, though wrapped in the pressing claims of the present and the future; a man of unmitigated powers, and of wide as well as solid acquirements. Outwardly he is the most picturesque of his race, inwardly the most youthful and brilliant of his kind."

He was the hero of one incident which has become classic, and has been attributed to various other professors. It was at Edinburgh. His regular classroom was undergoing repairs. So he took temporarily another room, and on the door wrote with a bit of chalk: "Professor Blackie will meet his classes here to-day." Along came the boys; and one erased the initial "c" of "classes" in the inscription; and all stood about to see what the old man would say to the audacious impeachment. He came; glanced at the inscription; did not smile nor frown; but without a second's hesitation erased the initial "c" and walked to his desk. The boys never tried to play such a joke on him again.

Here again is an account of a scene in his classroom—the sort of scene that occurred there very often: "The Professor—And now I will read to you a song I have just written. (Immense applause.) First, I will read it in Greek, and then, since probably none of you will know enough Greek to understand it—(Oh! Oh!)—I will read it in the barbarous tongue which you can comprehend. (Laughter.) A Celt on one of the back benches—Sing it, Blackie! (Cheers, cat-calls, laughter, roars of 'Sing it!') The Professor vainly endeavoring to get a hearing. In a lull of the storm he ejaculates: 'You're a pack of'—; the epithet is drowned in howls.) The Professor (gathering up his papers)—I won't read the song at all. (Profound silence.) The Professor (smiling benignly)—Very well, my dear fellows, since you really seem able to behave yourselves, I will read the song. (And Blackie, whom all the rough lads adore, begins to recite his song in Greek and then in the barbarous tongue)—and a capital song it is.)

Every Saturday morning of the winter session he invited all his students to breakfast at his home—of butches, for there were in all about 300 of them. This is the description of such a breakfast, given in the *London World* by one who had been present: "The Professor welcomes all with a few kind words, and after grace in Greek recommends his guests, as a rule of their lives, to read, as he does, a chapter of the Septuagint every morning on rising. It is a leading maxim of his, too, that Greek being a living and not a dead language, his people should learn to speak it; and at these repasts, consequently, the rule is that every one present shall express his ideas and wants, as far as possible, in the speech of Xenophon. All the guests are some-

what sheepish and shy, but the Professor, aided by the tact of Mrs. Blackie, will occasionally elicit a shrewd remark. Rarely, indeed, does Lord McLeod, from the Isle of Skye, who lives all the week on herring, oatmeal, and potatoes, being importuned, will treat the company to a Gaelic song. Then some remark will make the Professor revert to his past career, and he will inflame the peripatetic ambition of his audience by referring to his wanderings all over Europe—happy Scotch professors, who have six months' annual holiday!—in search of truth and beauty; or he will recount how, being challenged thereto by Ernest Jones, of Manchester, he met that doughty champion of Chartism on the platform of the music hall to hold public appeal to reason on the merits of Democracy, and, being the Red Republican, 'beaten, hobbled and thumped,' reeled home, and never recovered his defeat, like a second Salmacis, done to death by the disputative darts of a 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.' Then, to vary the entertainment, the Professor will sing one of his own songs, perhaps 'Ye Tragical City of Jenny Geddes and Her Stool,' a ballad calculated to send his young friends out into the world with burning hate against Episcopacy; or he will make their eyes sparkle with patriotic fire by chanting 'The Lay of the Brave Cameron,' and how his kilted clansmen fought and died at Quatre Bras. Then all, rising, will join in pealing forth 'Gaudemus Igitur,' and the 'alphabetical hosts,' now no longer hungry, will file out into the street, and, forming into knots of twos and threes, will resolve to dedicate the day to idleness. Some will climb the crags of Arthur's Seat, to scan the distant shores of Fife; others will take the ferryboat and cross the Forth, to saunter among the bosky braves of Ebury Island and Aberdour; others will stroll across the Dean Bridge, westward through Balnary Wood to Barnbog Castle by the sea—none of them, it may be safely said, forgetful of what they saw and heard that morning."

Two Converts.

"For marriage choose your opposite."

At first I thought that rash;
But I shall choose my opposite—
I want a girl with cash.

—Judge.

Just \$14 was the gown,
She started to decline,
But bought it when it was marked down
To \$13.99. —New York World.

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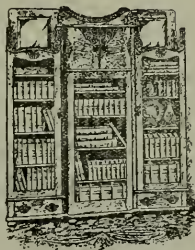
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AN ARTIST IN ADVERTISING.

Thaddeus O'Ham, a tragedian, has a play on the road in connection with which he prints the most extravagant press notices. One of them, which purports to be quoted from the *New York Herald*, reads:

"Caused a wave of excitement to pass over the house, and the audience rose to its feet as one man."

This notice has given to Mr. O'Ham a great deal of prestige in small towns. A friend of his, who knew very well that O'Ham's play could never have caused any such scene as he represented, took him to task, declaring that the quotation from the *Herald* must be forged.

Mr. O'Ham became indignant, and, denouncing the insinuation as base calumny, produced the original copy of the *Herald* containing the notice. It read:

"During the second act a boy named Billy Flaherty, who was trying to make his escape from the theatre and from the painful presence of Mr. O'Ham, fell from the gallery into the orchestra. This caused a wave of excitement to pass over the house, and the audience rose to its feet as one man."

"You see," explained Mr. O'Ham, "with advertising rates so high and bill board fences at their present enormous tariff, it is not always feasible to reproduce lengthy criticisms in full. I just take the meat out of them."

All Ready.

He bought a large umbrella
With satisfaction grim,
Likewise a life-preserver big
In case he'd have to swim.

He bought a diamond star that held
A hundred stones or so;
A pair of snow shoes for his feet
In case that it should snow.

A book of modern slang he got,
And learned it page by page,
And then he was equipped to go
Upon the modern stage.

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SECOND SERIES. No. 25.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 23, 1895.

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Recall the uproar that was caused two months ago by the appointment of Mr. Mose Gunst to the Police Commission—the mass meetings, the double-headed editorials in the newspapers, the denunciations of Governor Markham, and the applause given Governor Budd for removing his predecessor's appointee. Recall that virtuous gale and contrast it with the serene calm which has followed the extraordinary disclosures made by Senator Biggy, at Sacramento. It is bad, certainly, that a man whose business interests and personal associations are with the sporting class should be given a voice in the control of the police department of the city, but of what consequence is that in comparison with the corruption in the State's Legislature revealed by Mr. Biggy? In open Senate he charged that there existed a combine, bribed by the Southern Pacific and its corporate allies to give their votes for or against bills, as directed. He accused Senator Dunn of inviting him to join this gang of criminals, the inducement being \$8,000—which was a repetition, at an advanced rate, of an offer made at the previous session. The Senate appointed a committee to investigate; Mr. Biggy swore to his charges, and another witness testified that Dunn had said to him that if certain interests represented by the witness wanted bills passed or beaten they must pay. When Dunn had taken oath that his accusers were liars, the committee insisted on closing the investigation, reported progress to the Senate, and the Legislature, after prudently and shamelessly refusing to provide for continuing the inquiry beyond the close of the session, hastily adjourned.

Who believes in Dunn's innocence? Who disbelieves the statements of Senator Biggy and Mr. Kahn? Is there a man in the whole of California who is incredulous as to the existence of the combine? Does anybody doubt that the Southern Pacific and the corporations confederated with it furnished the combine with its reason for existence?

It has been charged by Senator Biggy, and no one except Dunn has as yet publicly questioned his veracity, that the State of California has had its laws made by a bribed Legislature, yet there is no popular excitement over the revelation. Nobody is surprised. The press of the city takes only a languid interest in the business, considering the Fair will contest of immeasur-

ably greater importance. The newspapers of the interior have a better appreciation of the enormity of the situation, but they are roused to no clamorous demand for the detection and punishment of the villains who have attacked republican government at its root—these worst of traitors, who deserve the rope if any enemies of civilized society do.

Seeing this apathy, and remembering the Gunst hubbub, it seems as if the moral mercury of the community has sunk from the boiling point to zero within two months. But that is a surface view. The explanation of the apparent change is that the people of California, like other people, are human. No one can be forever in a rage at rascality and never take a rest from shouting at mass meetings for reform. Any nerve kept on tension too long, slackens. California has had a surfeit of clamor. The average man is tired of what seems to him fruitless effort. Like a prize-fighter, he goes to his corner between rounds. Senator Biggy did not tell the average man anything that he was not morally certain of before. He cannot see the use of trying to bring the omnipotent Southern Pacific and its lobbyists and bought legislators to book. He is without confidence in the courts and has unlimited faith in the ability of wealth to buy its way out of any scrape. The average man has his living to make, and his time for patriotic interest in public affairs is during political campaigns, and for the brief period after election while he remains warm from the exertions of the conflict.

But there are others in this community besides the average man, fortunately. A good many of these exceptional citizens are organized. And these citizens, whether of the Defense Association, the Committee of Eleven, the Civic Federation, or not connected with such bodies, may be supposed to have something more substantial than emotion to go upon as reformers. They know that Senator Biggy has thrown wide a door that is not often opened. General belief that our Legislatures are bribed is one thing; direct proof of the fact is quite another. If properly taken advantage of, the evidence of Senator Biggy, and those who are ready to give corroborative testimony, can be made to do more good for California than all the mass meetings ever held here. A breach has been made in the protecting walls of the associated villainies, and it is practicable to march through it straight to the offices of the Southern Pacific. The main dependence, of course, is upon the Grand Jury of Sacramento. Its foreman is H. M. La Rue, an honest man, and most of his associates are said to be in earnest in their desire to explore this infamy, no matter where its ramifications may lead. If we had a press suffi-

ciently intelligent to see its duty, and conscientious enough to perform it, its correspondents would now be gathered at the capitol and the public's attention would be drawn thither instead of to a court-room, where a squalid private struggle for the possession of a dead millionaire's money is going on.

The assistance of the press is not needed, however, to impress upon men of intelligence and public spirit that there should be some concert of action to brace the Sacramento Grand Jury to its work. At every step it will have to face tremendous adverse influence. It will require more courage to indict one bribed legislator than to indict a hundred railroad strikers, guilty of the crimes of being members of the A. R. U. and obstructing the United States mails and interfering with inter-State commerce. There is plenty of evidence if the Grand Jury has the bravery to ask for it in such a way as to give assurance that it will be used for the punishment of criminals by the law, instead of by the Southern Pacific for the punishment of the witnesses. Neglected by the press, and harassed by the threats and entreaties of the associated villainies, the jury must not be left alone—made to feel that there is no force of public opinion to sustain it. Therefore, the reform associations of the State should have representation at Sacramento, and the newspapers of the State that are owned by their proprietors ought to take a hand in this fight. The most efficient aid that can be rendered the criminals of the Legislature, and the greater criminals who bribed them, is simple inaction. They care nothing for scandal; what they dread is the production of legal proof of the fact that bribery in Sacramento is as common as sales of cattle in Butchertown.

It is to be presumed that every lawyer who went to the capital to argue before committees in behalf of his clients' interests knows something of this corruption—this established branch of the Southern Pacific's business. I am acquainted with two that were approached by legislators who asked to be bought. These two are ready to testify, and they know of others who will do likewise. Any trial jury will believe Senator Biggy and Julius Kahn in preference to the creature Dunn. If the Sacramento Grand Jury dares to defy the Southern Pacific, and a trial jury not ready to sell itself can be secured, Dunn at least can be sent to the penitentiary. Persons of his sort are not willing to suffer in silence for the sins of others. All the scoundrels in the combine can be got at, and their purchasers, too, if the Sacramento Grand Jury will do its duty. All might not be convicted—that would be too much to hope for in a battle between Californian justice and the Southern Pacific Railroad Company—but the truth could be

made known in court, under oath, which would be something. If a tenth part of the mental and moral energy that was put forth to get a Lexow Committee to prove connection between the police and protected vice in San Francisco shall be exerted to sustain the Sacramento Grand Jury, there will be such an exposure of scoundrelism as the State has never witnessed before.

It is fitting to say here that no citizen of California deserves to be held in higher respect than Senator Biggy. He is honest and brave. And one such is worth more to the commonwealth than whole regiments of perfectly respectable citizens who desire good government, but who have no pluck when the enemy to be fought is criminal wealth. Mr. Biggy has delivered what Dr. Dille calls the Saxon fist—and, by the way, where is Dr. Dille at this juncture?—straight in the face of the Southern Pacific. The corporation will seek its revenge. Mr. Biggy is in the laundry business, and the Southern Pacific will see to it that he gets as little washing to do as may be. Mr. H. E. Huntington and Mr. Herrin are quite capable of interesting themselves in soiled shirts and towels. Only those who have fought the Southern Pacific are aware of how small are the men who hide behind the name of that large corporation. Mr. Biggy has a brother employed in the Mint, whose position was threatened as a means of influencing the Senator. Mr. Biggy's answer was that he would prefer to earn his bread side by side with his brother in the city's sewers rather than give the use of his vote to the lobby. There spoke a man. And when San Francisco can grow such men as Mr. Biggy there is health in the town and hope for its cleansing.

Julian Ralph, a newspaper correspondent of good repute, has contributed two articles to *Harper's Weekly* on the material and political condition of California. The first recited the history of our railroad monopoly, its policy of discrimination and extortion; the second told the story of the last political campaign, the election of Sutro and Budd as anti-monopolists, and the coming of liberation from monopoly's despotism by means of the new San Joaquin railroad. To a Californian there was nothing new in Mr. Ralph's rather commonplace articles, but, because of their publication in a weekly of high standing and national circulation, they have caused disturbance in the offices of the Southern Pacific. Such talent there as could be spared from the direction of Senator Dunn and his co-workers in the Legislature has been employed in furnishing the railroad organs with denials of the correctness of Mr. Ralph's assertions. These contradictions are not expected to be believed in California; they are for effect in the East. To see them in the San Francisco weeklies which subsist by Southern Pacific subsidies caused no surprise, but it certainly is remarkable that the *Call* should help in this work of misrepresentation. Mr. Ralph wrote very nicely indeed of Mr. Claus Spreckels, and gave his portrait as one of the reformers who are redeeming California. Nevertheless, on Saturday last the *Call* editorially marveled at "the amazing audacity of Julian Ralph in attempting to discuss so profound and various a subject as transportation in California," and it praised a local publication, which has the equivalent of a boot-blackening privilege at the railroad offices, for "ably exposing" the correspondent's entirely truthful statements. That is queer conduct for a newspaper which Mr. John D. Spreckels controls. I should say that it is not likely to increase public confidence in the lasting anti-monopoly fervor of the Spreckelses, or aid in bringing in new contributions to the

competing road. Of course, I do not suppose that Mr. John D. Spreckels saw the article before its appearance, but he made a mistake in not causing the *Call* to apologize for it in the next issue. That was due to truth, and it was due to the interests of the Valley road.

That enterprise, for whose success California longs as a slave longs for the means of escape from bondage, is in some danger from the bad judgment of the very men who have done most to give it solid form. I mean the Spreckelses. That they are first-rate business men everybody recognizes, and it was knowledge of that fact, and of their great wealth, which caused the whole State to rise up and rejoice when they lifted the languishing project out of the limp and unsupported hands of the Traffic Association. "Here," said the elated people, "are hard-headed millionaires who have taken hold of this scheme as a business proposition, and in serving their own interests they will free the rest of us from the intolerable Southern Pacific robbery. This is better than all the politics, all the anti-monopoly agitations, we have had in twenty-five years." The confidence which the public has in the Spreckelses as business men, however, does not go with them when they turn journalists, patriots, and politicians. That was my belief when I told them so a week ago, and I know now that I expressed the rational feeling of the community—more especially of the business portion of it. The *Call* is naturally taken to be the voice of its owners, and such signs of susceptibility to Southern Pacific influence as the article from which I have quoted inevitably inspire distrust; Mr. John D. Spreckels has long been active in small politics locally, and is credited with the ambition to be Senator; Mr. Claus Spreckels was caved down the bank by the Sugar trust, and has no standing whatever as a philanthropist. What wonder, therefore, that suspicion should be aroused when these men change their tone, and instead of urging the competing railroad as a good investment assert themselves as public-spirited citizens who should be given whatever they ask from the State without question, and without guaranty that the State's gifts to them shall not be misused?

Confidence in the competing character of the Valley road was unsettled by the passage of the bill giving it fifty acres of San Francisco's waterfront—and all the rest of the waterfront to anybody else who might be able to get control of a majority of the Harbor Commission. It is no secret that the Commission has hitherto been under the thumb of the Southern Pacific. It was a bold stroke, and the efforts to make opposition seem to be inspired by the "octopus" were eminently successful. The *Examiner* uttered a sane protest or two, and then its voice died in its scared throat. The other San Francisco dailies rode what looked like the popular wave. But there are plenty of sensible men in California, I can assure Mr. Claus Spreckels, who are able to draw the distinction between legitimate concessions to a new railroad and a wholesale surrender of public property to the custody of an official board which experience has taught them is at the service of the very monopoly which the Spreckels road is designed to destroy, if the promises of its promoters are trustworthy. There are also plenty of men in California who remember the generosity of the State and counties to the Central Pacific, and have seen the harvest.

Two of the Harbor Commissioners have declared that by the bill they are not required to do more than give the Valley road the acreage asked for for terminal facilities,

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and to afford slips and docks, under State ownership, on the actual front. If that stand is taken at the order of the Southern Pacific, then the Southern Pacific has rendered two valuable services—one to the Spreckelses and the other to the public. The first service is to give renewed assurance that the competing road is what it pretends to be, since it excites fear and jealousy in the Southern Pacific; the second service is that it will set a precedent which may bar the giving away of the waterfront to anybody in the future. If the Valley road shall get equal privileges with the Huntington roads and ferries on the front, its directors should certainly be satisfied, for the monopoly has had only to ask of the Harbor Commission to receive.

Governor Budd has been cruising around China Basin to see the mud flats, in order, it is understood, that he may enlighten himself on the merits of the bill. What useful knowledge he can gain by the inspection of the ground does not occur to the ordinary intelligence. The question is not one of locality or acreage, but one of law and prudence. Anybody would be willing to take any part of the actual waterfront on a long lease on nominal terms and improve it. The whole point is whether an inch of it should be allowed to go out of the possession and control of the State. Governor Budd has been on show merely. As I write, the bill has not been signed, but he will sign it. He would sign any bill backed by an influence so powerful as that of the Spreckelses, and not opposed by the press. Were he a serious-minded, upright man with the capacity to foresee consequences and the courage to face the most transient unpopularity, he would have vetoed the bill at once, pointing out the safeguards that were wanting. He would have called the Legislature in extra session, if necessary, had it sought, as a trick of politics, to make him seemingly responsible for refusing terminal facilities for a competing railroad.

If Commissioners Cole and Chadbourne stand by their announced determination to retain control for the State of the actual front, the results of the bill during the life of the present Board will not be calamitous. Public opinion is asserting itself, and that will govern Governor Budd as *ex-officio* Harbor Commissioner. As for Mayor Sutro's action in the same capacity, nobody doubts what his position will be in any conflict between corporate grabs and public rights. The Governor, I am informed, expects Commissioner Colton to take orders from him throughout his term. But while this law exists, the waterfront will be at the disposal of the majority of any Harbor Commission that may choose to lease it to applying corporations. And as an inventor of corporations Mr. C. P. Huntington has no equal. The constitutionality of the act, as it was originally interpreted by its authors, is questioned by good lawyers. That is a comforting reflection in view of the possibilities which suggest themselves.

If criticism of the Spreckelses' acts as journalists, politicians, and law-givers is a detriment to the Valley project, the responsibility is upon the Spreckelses for giving occasion for criticism. Nobody who has the good of the State at heart will knowingly put any stumbling-block in the path of the enterprise. The wish of the people is to see the competing line put through as speedily as possible. The people are enthusiastic, but reasonable men are not carried away with the preposterous notion that there is any necessity whatever to risk a sacrifice of the waterfront of the metropolis to the Southern Pacific in order to secure a terminus for the

Valley road. The era of railway building in California is but beginning. That should be kept in mind, and the waterfront should be kept safe, too, against the day of new needs. That is plain sense, and Mr. Claus Spreckels and Mr. John D. Spreckels, being long-headed business men, who have entered the railroad field for profit, understand it thoroughly. Heroics do not become them, and don't help the Valley road—as a competing proposition. The less humbug there is in connection with it, the more disposed men of judgment will be to take stock in it, financially as well as sentimentally.

Should Mr. Moody, or some equally efficient revivalist, now visit San Francisco, the conditions, one would think, should be favorable for many conversions among the lawyers, especially that large section of the bar engaged to prove that the first will of the late Senator Fair should not be permitted to stand. These able gentlemen can escape the conviction that the affairs of men are ruled by Divine Providence only by obdurately closing their worldly eyes to its mercies in their behalf. Either Heaven foresaw that the first will would be unsatisfactory, and provided in detail for the situation that would exist after its disappearance by theft, or Senator Fair was endowed with superhuman prevision and took the task off Heaven's hand. The new will seems designed to soothe the feelings of everybody of importance who was dissatisfied with the provisions of the first, and in addition thoughtfully supplies Mr. Charles Fair with an extra half million, presumably for legal expenses. It will be contended, of course, by the defenders of the original, and lost, instrument that the new one is forged, and was written in pencil to make that fact more difficult of demonstration. But with Providence on their side, the attorneys of the natural heirs can afford to smile at this irreverent incredulity. Attorneys so resourceful, and so well supplied with money, are entitled to feel a just confidence that other miracles will, if necessary, be performed in their interest. At a pinch, a materializing expert can be employed to summon the shade of the Senator to the witness stand, to testify as required. Governor Budd has already announced his belief in the genuineness of the penciled will. That being the matured judgment of his Excellency, who is clothed with the pardoning power, it is to be assumed that, as a conscientious man, he would not permit the innocent to suffer should they, by merely human means, be found worthy the statutory penalties for forgery or perjury. The Governor's opinion of the second will is entitled to special respect, for he is, with Mr. George A. Knight, of counsel for Mr. Charles Fair, and has, therefore, had every opportunity to know all about the document which has so opportunely appeared.

Great interest is felt throughout the State in this will contest, though why is not obvious. It really does not concern the public greatly to whom the Fair fortune shall go. But curiosity is as strong in human beings as in antelopes, and in a republic the interest in the personal affairs of millionaires is as keen, and of the same kind, as that felt in monarchies about royal personages and nobles. There is prevalent a hope that the original will may be broken, as the creation of trusts, which practically give the dead the management of the property they leave behind them, is felt to be un-American, and in contravention of the Constitutional inhibition of entail. It is expected that this feeling will have influence with the jury, and it would have much more if the heirs were different. There is apprehension that the con-

test will result in a great scandal. When so much money is at stake lawyers are under strong temptation to judge methods according to their utility rather than their character. The prospect of a scandal does not affright the bar of San Francisco, however. The hotter the fight, and the dirtier, the more attorneys will be called in to help. The case will be useful, since it will subject the machinery of justice to a test that must let everybody see whether or not it is capable of working as well when millions are in the balance as when a footpaw is on trial. This is no bad thing. Whatever tends to deprive courts of that irrational awe in which they are held—a legacy from the unrepentant past—is of advantage. When courts are given no more respect than the honesty and ability of their judges entitle them to, we shall have fewer rogues and blockheads on the bench, and more common sense in the administration of the law. The reputation of Judge Slack, before whom the Fair case will be tried, is such as to justify the expectation that he will not be unduly impressed by millions, or even the presence of the Governor of the State among the contending attorneys—august spectacle as that may be. The most moderate acquaintance with the history of California litigation suggests that the paramount duty of the authorities during the progress of this struggle for piles of money, will be to guard the jury.

Fashionable society in San Francisco cannot but feel gratified at the interest taken in it by the surrounding, and excluded, hordes. Miss Geraldine Bonner has written a story for an Eastern magazine which has its theatre in this city. I have not seen the story, but since Miss Bonner wrote it, it is doubtless clever, and reasonably truthful, too, since she is a lady whose eye sees and judges. The newspapers say that our people of fashion are incensed at the story, because Miss Bonner has for her characters a wealthy girl who is loud in manner, much given to cosmetics, and has for a father a vital old miner whose coarseness has not been much modified by an environment crowded with objects of *bijouterie* and *vertu*. Since everybody knows such girls and such fathers in San Francisco, skepticism is permissible as to the state of mind attributed to the Four Hundred by the newspapers. There are plenty of fashionable people, particularly women, who have the ordinary human allotment of good sense. They understand the motive of the newspapers for affecting a solicitous interest in behalf of the Four Hundred. Minna street, feminine Minna street, loves to read of the inhabitants of so distant and glorified a region as Pacific Avenue, and the newspapers are published for Minna street chiefly. And the glorified inhabitants, while they laugh, do not find unpleasant the added sense of importance which they experience when they are publicly discussed as persons different from their fellow creatures.

San Francisco, socially considered, is like every other place on earth: she has precisely the kind of society that the law allows—the law of conditions. A city forty-six years old can't reasonably be expected to have a polished hereditary aristocracy. Neither can it be expected that men whose energies have been absorbed in the work of making their own fortunes should be Brummels, or scholars, or anything but what they are. But they have given their sons and daughters education, and their womankind have read and traveled. It is only a journey of a few days to New York, and one of two weeks to London and Paris. Californians, as a mass, are an isolated people, but the rich

possess wings, which they have used. I dare say that had the late Ward McAllister visited San Francisco in his later years, he would have been gratified, and perhaps a little astonished, to discover that our aristocracy is at least as well-mannered, and not so frivolous, as his own Four Hundred. The new rich of California, I think, are less ostentatious of their wealth than most of their kind elsewhere. Early California took the nonsense out of men pretty thoroughly. They were taught their individual value by a competition marked by lots of hard knocks, and they also learned that good luck does not always attend the deserving. The irreverent humor of that period has not wholly vanished. There is, indeed, a good deal of the spirit of '49 surviving in this community, and rich people who want the full worth of their money in the way of adulation go East and to Europe to get it. The younger generation, which has been born to wealth, is not so conscious of the true relations of things, the realities of life, as the old folks, and though they are much better educated and better dressed than their elders used to be, it is to be doubted if they are so well bred. But, old or young, the rich people of California, as a class, are not given to obtruding themselves upon public attention. If it were not for the newspapers the general public would know next to nothing about them or their expensive pleasures. It is only in recent years, since our press modeled itself on that of New York, that our aristocracy—which consists largely of the sons and daughters of men who are still up to their eyes in business—has become conspicuous. Following metropolitan example, our newspapers give snap-shot portraits of girls in their bathing costumes at the seaside, publish descriptions of their charms, physical and mental, employ artists to reproduce their wardrobes, including underclothes, in the Sunday editions, and inform the world of the size of the dowries awaiting the bridegrooms. Twenty years ago, when California was considerably more Californian than it is now, this sort of thing, if attempted, would have resulted in rawhides and pistols, and chastened or dead newspaper proprietors. The local press and the plutocracy have alike been corrupted by Eastern influence. Possibly this license has within itself the cure. Modesty and good taste are always desirable in women, wealthy or not, and if to be of the fashionable class necessarily entails a publicity that is painfully vulgar, women of modesty and taste will choose to keep out of it, and prefer that better society which exists here as elsewhere—the society that does not advertise, or permit itself to be advertised.

Negotiations for peace between China and Japan are in progress. Li Hung Chang has arrived in the victorious enemy's country, clothed with full powers to cede territory, arrange for a money indemnity, and to grant whatever Japan may require. It is taken for granted that Li Hung Chang is the man for the occasion. Faith in that Chinaman seems indestructible. As with an equally famous American, John L. Sullivan, his reputation outlasts the discovery that it was undeserved. The dispatches reverently speak of Li Hung Chang as "the great statesman of the Orient," and "the venerable diplomat," though what he has ever done to deserve either title is not known to mankind. He impressed General Grant as being one of the great men of the world, and on this capacity to seem wise his renown rests. Yet, when "tried out" in actual combat by Japan's soldiers, as Mr. Sullivan was by Mr. Corbett, he has proved to be a delusion. Not one of his countrymen was more mistaken

as to the fighting capacity of the Japanese. To the American Commissioner, who visited him in behalf of the World's Fair two years ago, he laughed scornfully at the civilization of the Japs, deriding them as imitative monkeys merely, who could make no real use of the Western warlike appliances which they had adopted. It becomes us all to be diffident in judging anything Chinese, since this war has shown the civilized world—and especially the military writers thereof—that they knew nothing whatever of China's spirit, the soldierly qualities of her people, or the abilities of her rulers and generals. But Li Hung Chang is unquestionably a hold-over mistake. It is more than probable that Japan will make an end of his pretensions to skill in diplomacy, as it has to his standing as a fighter. This is the first time that China's greatest man, who is past seventy, has ever been out of his native country, which is eminently characteristic. He will see things in Japan that he and his race must learn to understand and respect before there can be any hope for China. She is a floundering whale stranded on the beach of her own ignorance and conceit. China will be chiefly interesting to mankind for the next generation as a pupil of the little empire that has drubbed her so well, and brought the tremendous Li Hung Chang to the monkeys on as humiliating an errand as fate can impose on a human creature.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

The most alarming reports come from New York regarding the intentions of that implacable scoundrel, Chambliss. Not only is he uttering the most painful statements to the reporters of the metropolitan press concerning our best society, but he actually persists in his determination to publish that dreadful book of his, which we prevented him from doing here, thank heaven. Though, on reflection, I don't see why we should congratulate ourselves on the success of our exertions, since the printing of it in New York will doubtless give it a much wider circulation than if we had let the fellow alone. Egad, I don't mind owning that I'm cursedly uneasy. I know that Chambliss will take liberties with me in his pages. Of course, Society will stand by me, but it is nevertheless most unpleasant to be described as a hanger-on, when one is really a leader; and if there is one thing that a man of my standing and qualities detests above other things, it is to be ridiculed. I did what I could to conciliate him, even going so far as to praise his literary style, which is, of course, wretched; and I wished to place him under obligations, I gave him some points. But I am certain that he is an ungrateful dog. I have learned, too, that he is aware at last that it was I who brought on him the social ruin that has filled him with a crazy desire for revenge. Though I still disavow it, it has to be confessed that I no longer enjoy the fatiguing exercise; and I believe saw that Chambliss's youth and nimbleness were more than a match for my powers of conversation, since I was frequently deserted by the most charming women at his solicitation. I had a little conference with Greenway, who, if I am rather old, is not fat—and we decided that too much dancing was not conducive to Society's best welfare; and I then began to find himself left off invitation lists, and tumbled. He came to me for sympathy, which, as I am a gentleman, I gave him freely. I do not say that I was instrumental in the delivering of him into his present predicament, but I seriously unbecomingly make revelations of the kind in my letters, and he was not asked to attend a *soiree* at which Irving M. Scott was to read a paper on "Patriotism and Shipbuilding," he flung aside all prudence, cursed everybody worth knowing, and, like a madman, set about the composition of his infamous volume. But after all, there is something to comfort one even while the sword of What's-his-name is being over your head. I may, and doubtless will, be scandalously libeled, but, begad, I look forward with some pleasure to reading what theascal has to say about Greenway. On some themes, Chambliss, who does not want cleverness, can write very well and divertingly. Fortunately, by the time the book appears, I shall have my commission as Labor Commissioner, and official dignity will forbid my noticing slander from such a source. As for Ned—well, he must look out for himself; and, by Jove, I

don't envy him the toasting he is in for, because, between ourselves, Chambliss, to do him justice, knew where to seek for information. As for Society in general, I have advised it to follow my own example, and preserve a proud and contemptuous silence.

Lent is the deuce, that must be admitted. Of course, Society is justly expected by the church to co-operate with her, but there can be too much of a good thing. To take forty whole days out of life, to decree that in all that desert of time Society shall suspend its functions, strikes me as—yes, I will say it—strikes me as presumptuous. "Hang me if I am not getting to feel very earnest about this, as I have the strongest personal reasons for doing so."

"My dear sir," I said to my friend, the Rev. Dr. Foute, of Grace, the other day, "the church should modernize herself. The world lives faster now than ever before, as you know very well, and the church should acknowledge the fact by reducing Lent to twenty days at the utmost."

He looked shocked, which nettled me, and being warm, egad, I spoke with entire frankness.

"I am willing," I said, "to do the proper thing, Dr. Foute—any gentleman is—but I don't see why I should be required to lose my health in order to show respect for religion."

"Good heavens, Persiflage!" exclaimed the Doctor, "at your age it is not expected that fasting shall be more than formal. Take your meals as usual."

"Age? Fasting? Meals?" I cried. "Damme, Dr. Foute, I'd have you know that I'm as vigorous and strong as yourself, and can fast like any other churchman when necessary. Age, indeed! Gad, I like that!"

"Then," said the Doctor, plainly puzzled, which mollified me, "if you are not hurting your health by fasting, why do you complain of Lent?"

"Simply," I answered, "because the absence of rational pleasures, such as evening functions, the theatre and the like, one is compelled to live altogether in the club, where, as a consequence, a man takes to cards and drinks too much. Ordinarily I am abstemious and care nothing for cards, but already Lent has ruined my stomach and shattered my nerves, and my loss of sleep is a fearful alarm when I think of them. The rigors of the season should be modified, Doctor, I assure you, in the interest of gentlemen whose life is in the gay world."

"Don't be a devotee, Persiflage," advised Dr. Foute, who is a kindly man. "Take your ordinary pleasures in moderation, and leave wine and cards alone."

Which was nice, and all very well, but how can a man of my social position afford to depart from the customs of his set and be seen in unsuitable places during Lent?

The plain fact is that the clergy, being spiritual, do not get the proper value on good form. They don't understand the laity, as my conversation with the good Doctor shows. What Society needs is a decided shortening of the penitential season, and in this age of progress the church will have to yield. Of course there was a special reason for the acerbity of my remarks to my friend Foute. That morning he had been kicked. The previous night I had been so foolish as to induce a section of gooseberry instead of sticking to Cresta Bedamca, and my sufferings served me right, perhaps.

When one is behind the scenes, the world seems a farical play, confound me if it doesn't. The noise that has been raised by the discovery of a second will of my late friend Senator Fair is most annoying. I have been told that I have to see an engineer who, seeing great masses of machinery revolving and exciting the interest and wonder of the ignorant multitude, knows that he has but to pull a lever to bring all the ponderous wheels to a standstill. Dr. Livingston knows who was at the bedside of the expiring statesman, who was nearest him in his last hours, and who has the secret of the greatest confidence. The time has not yet come for me to speak. I shall take legal advice about that, from the lawyers on both sides, who I presume, know where to find me. When the public has been sufficiently amused by Mrs. Craven's little effort, somebody—somebody, I say—may upstart a great many plans and starve the season out besides. At present I deem it advisable to state merely that my address is the Pacific Union Club, and that my hour for receiving the cards of visitors is between 4 and 5 o'clock P. M.

While I do not, as a principle, approve of the press invading the closets of Society and dragging out our apparel for public exhibition, I must say I was pleased to see in the newspapers the drawings of the Worth dresses possessed by some of our ladies of the *haut monde*. It proves, what should need no proof, that in real refinement we are equal to the very wealthiest people of Chicago, and, indeed, of New York itself. But while that demonstration is gratifying, I am compelled to say, in my capacity as a public man, that I am in entire sym-

pathy with my honored chief at Sacramento, who declares for protection to home industry. For years Poole, the London tailor, has solicited my custom, and has brought great influence to bear on me, yet I have always given my patronage to Lyon. As a consequence, I may not present that fetching effect of bagginess which makes the worth-living to my friend Joe Redding, but, after all, a sense of duty done is more satisfactory to a man of intellect and patriotism than the most ill-fitting coat.

Really it is amazing what a short residence in the metropolis, under proper tutelage, will do for a man who is in earnest about learning. It is not two months since young Shortridge came up from San Jose, with all a countryman's fondness for diamonds, unbuttoned waistcoats and slouch hats. Now, begad, there's not a better dressed fellow in San Francisco, with the exception of Colonel Andrews, myself, and one or two others. He stopped me on Market street yesterday, his curled mustache gone, his fine figure enveloped in a long, neat overcoat, his head crowned with a splendid silk hat, and wearing a tie of subdued dark blue. He was gloved and carried a cane, and looked almost the gentleman. At the first words, also, showed that he had learned to talk about such matters as the *Call*. Of course his manner is still ebullient; time alone—and the right associations—can be expected to tame that.

"Well, Persie, old chap," he cried, with a voice that caused a general turning of heads on the promenade, "how do you like my style? Am I the city dude himself, according to your plans and specifications?"

"You'll do very well—for the present," I said, surveying him kindly, but critically. "Your only fault, my dear boy, is that you look a trifle too new."

"That's all right," he vociferated. "Clothes have got to be lived in before the tailor's account can get out of 'em. I'm the same C. M., and don't you forget it, dude or no dude. I'm wearing the same hat that I left San Jose with."

"Surely," I began, gazing, as well as the glint would permit, at his magnificent title, "that hat did not come from me."

"No, but the head did, and it's the same size, and that's the fact I want you to grab onto with both hands and don't let go of. Come and have a cigar. I'm buying cigars to-day. *Call's* circulation fifteen thousand ahead of what it was, and still booming. Bring town and country together and let me boss the job, and cigars result. Come on, you old mummy, and smoke, and give me some points on ruffled shirts."

There's no resisting Charley's spirits. Egad, I wish I had them. And I wish, too, he would be guided by me and pay more attention to Society in the *Call*. Of course I still refuse to edit the department, but nevertheless it should not be neglected. My time, however, is passing rapidly on the paper, and in due time, I have no doubt, I shall be able to impress my personality on the *Call* throughout. Shortridge's progress personally gratifies me in the highest degree. Begad, I don't despair within a year or two of transforming him into one of the *bonne école*. PERSIFLAGE.

THE PRESS ON THE LETTER.

Arthur McEwen, James H. Budd, and E. L. Colton have been the closest and most intimate of personal and political friends for fifteen or twenty years. But such is Mr. McEwen's custom, that he spares no friends from the no-nonsense when they do things that he does not approve of. *Freemason*.

Arthur McEwen's Letter has been doubled in size and new departments added. Its growing circulation is evidence that a field exists in San Francisco for a journal that handles men and measures without mittens. *Morning Gazette*.

That San Francisco's oldest and largest and best known—in fact, its representative—weekly journals (and generally speaking, they are first-class productions) should belong body and soul to a lead pirate like Mr. C. P. Huntington, is really a deplorable thing to think of when divested of its superficially absurd details. Viewing such a state of affairs, one is in the more ready to honor a paper like the *McEwen Letter*, which I believe to be the best weekly paper, from a mainly point of view, published in the United States, from Oakland Saturday Press.

Arthur McEwen appears determined to live on "short commons," since he expects any increased income in enlarging and bettering his *Letter*, which to-day is a thing of beauty, editorially and otherwise. We feel sure Mr. McEwen will find his bread "cast on the waters" return to him many fold in the shape of public approval and support. *Voice of Labor*.

Arthur McEwen's *Letter*, published in San Francisco, has developed into a twelve-page journal of literary excellence. No writer on the coast is equal to McEwen in handling the important questions of the day. He is a fearless and versatile writer, and he writes about as much about men and measures without fear or favor. The *Letter* rightly deserves its well earned success. *Tulare Valley Citizen*.

MRS. LANGTRY AND MRS. POTTER.

Their Careers Contrasted—Mansfield's New Theatre—Meltzer and Bennett—The Play "Trilby."

NEW YORK, March 13, 1895.

As I sat in Palmer's Theatre on Tuesday evening, and looked upon Lily Langtry, I could not but contrast the Lily of to-day with the Lily of eight or ten years ago. Not that Mrs. Langtry has been treated cruelly by time; on the contrary, she shows but slight marks of the life she has led, and the years that have passed since the Prince of Wales's kiss made her a social queen. The woman must know the secret art of retaining youth, so slight has been the change in face or form. Nor is her position as an actress changed, for to-day she acts as poorly as she ever did, and all my readers will surely allow that a statement more superlative could not be made. But Lily Langtry to-day is only a beauty of the stage, nothing more. And she is not even a popular beauty. Where were the rows upon rows of clubmen—brokers, lawyers, doctors, men of fashion, and men of sport—who once filled the boxes and the front rows? Where were the flowers, some but simple testimonials to her beauty, while in others were notes and jewels? Langtry herself, as she looked out over the audience, must have thought of the se things. How different, how very different, from the old days, the days when her life as an adventuress was less notorious!

But the play in which she appeared added to the gloom of her reception. "Gossip" is the name given by Clyde Fitch to this dramatization of a French novel, and a failure it is in every sense. The young playwright has disappointed all his friends with this production, which is dreary in its dialogue, filled with false emotions, inartistic in its conception, and altogether bad. Poor Lily Langtry will realize before her American tour is over that her day has passed. She will not be able to draw through curiosity to see her beauty, or desire to see her acting. A back number is the once worshiped Langtry.

One cannot but contrast her career with that of Mrs. James Brown, Potter, whom my friend Meltzer, the critic, has been booming with such heartiness. The English woman gained social recognition through her beauty and took to the stage to exploit it. Being but a bit of fine flesh she has not become an actress, while she has lost all social position. The American woman, on the other hand, has made her social position to go upon the stage, being convinced that she would become a great artist. Both women have lost all their old friends and have become socially unmentionable.

Mrs. Brown has proved herself a woman of brains and perseverance, and to-day has gained recognition as an actress, while Mrs. Langtry has lost all this name and position.

I have referred to Meltzer, the dramatic critic of the *World*, and as he has just had a ballet of his making produced in Paris, it may be time to say a word or two about the most respected and feared dramatic critic in this city to-day. C. H. Meltzer is a well-known, a very well-known figure, in the theatre lobbies. Dozens of times I have had men ask me, "Who is that long-haired peevy fellow you were talking to?" What, Meltzer! Well, he's a queer looking genius." He surely has a fine disregard for the conventionalities, this dramatic author and critic, with his hair coming down to his shoulders and his slouch hat, but he knows a good play and a great artist. There is no doubt that he is a great story about his long hair which capriciously reveals the make-up of another as well as Meltzer. He was sent to this country by the younger Bennett, who had used him as foreign correspondent for both his New York and Paris papers. Up to the time of his coming New York had known but two dramatic critics, Mr. William Winter, of the *Times*, and Mr. A. C. Wheeler (Nym Chinkie) of the *World*. Both were prejudiced and narrow.

Mr. Winter is so deeply interested in Shakespeare that the works of others of more recent date fail to arouse him. Mr. Wheeler was regarded only of his friends, and though brilliant in his literary style was much hampered by lack of knowledge of the dramatic world over. The occasion was ripe for a man of broad European experience, and Bennett at once gave dignity and power to his columns by Meltzer's work. On one of Bennett's rare visits to this side, Mr. Meltzer told the proprietor of the *Herald* that an increase in salary would be welcome. Bennett thought of it and answered: "I'll make your salary \$125 a week, Mr. Meltzer, if you will have your hair cut." Although he was getting less than half that amount Meltzer turned on his heel and walked out, saying that no man should dictate to him how he should wear his

hair. It wasn't long after this that Meltzer found a chair in the *World* office.

And so at last Mr. Richard Mansfield is to have a theatre of his own. "Ned" Harrigan has leased him the pretty little place on Thirty-fifth street for five years at \$18,000 a year. It was the best thing for Harrigan to do, though it cost him many a heartache to do it. For Harrigan has had hard luck lately. His son, a boy he was very fond and proud of, died only a few months ago, and shortly after he himself came near dying. The place had been mortgaged to keep the theatre running, for the Harrigan plays, capital as they have been, have not been popular for the last two years. It is to be doubted if the talented writer of a score of good American farces will ever again own and manage Harrigan's Theatre. Mansfield has the right to change the name, and has determined, I believe, to call it the Garrick Theatre, a pretentious name, certainly, but one which the young actor will no doubt attempt to live up to. We may expect to see startling things in Mansfield's house. Mahomet never believed more seriously that he had been appointed to save the world to the true God than does Richard Mansfield believe that with him runs the true drama of the stage. He is estimated that Mansfield has nearly a quarter of a million—all of which he has made on the stage—to work on, and his experience with Richard III. shows that he is not unwilling to expend a fortune to prove a theory. There is considerable diversity of opinion as to how Mansfield will fare as a producer. An actor who has a pretentious name, however, that there are those outside of the profession who have been willing to back Mansfield to the tune of half a million if he could get a theatre to suit him. He is not without reasons for believing in himself and in his theories as he does, for he is the only star who ever got any amount of money out of Harrigan's Theatre, and he had one of the largest runs on record at the Madison Square.

A. M. Palmer has returned from Boston delighted over the success of Paul Potter's dramatization of "Trilby." If "Trilby" had to be put upon the stage and be a success it will please a good many to think that the play is really the property of the left who are not Jews. Paul Potter is the brilliant young blonde who started *Town Topics*, and later found Europe more congenial than America. All the papers say that he has made a capital play out of the book by confining the scene to Paris, and bringing out the book more strongly than Du Maurier does. Svengali's hypnotic power. To the faithful to the book the play is, I give an outline of the plot as it appears in the papers.

The first act takes place in the studio, and introduces Trilby (Miss Virginia Harned) in a gendarme's coat, with bare feet and ankles. The episode of Trilby's posing as a gendarme is made the basis for a quarrel between the model and her Billee. The familiar scenes with Svengali (Wilton Lackey) at the piano follow, and the act closes with preparations for the marriage of Trilby and the painter.

The second act is also in the studio, where the revelry of Christmas Eve is depicted. In the midst of the merriment of the party, Hagart and his friends plead for his son's future. Trilby wishes to give him up, but Taffy interieres and an elopement is planned. Svengali puts Trilby in a hypnotic trance, and carries her away after making her write a farewell letter to her lover.

The third act takes place in the anteroom to the concert hall, where the president of the Society dies from a heart attack after a quarrel with Taffy, and Trilby is led to her carriage while the crowd hide the corpse from her view.

The finale of the play is at variance with the story. After Svengali's tragic death at the concert Trilby recovers her memory and recognizes "Les Ties Anglaises," the man who has been kind to her, whom, while under Svengali's influence, she had completely forgotten. Little Billee's mother relents and his engagement with Trilby is renewed, and she is left alone on the stage, while he hurries off to make arrangements for an immediate marriage. She runs across Svengali's photograph, falls under its shocking and deadly spell, and dies, uttering his name. The concierge comes in, thinks Trilby is sleeping, discovers that she is dead, cries out, and the curtain falls.

The latest manifestation of the Trilby craze in this city is the presentation before an audience of a live model. This thing is done at the Casino, and is a success. The model is a girl, and is, of course, a woman, and the upper portion of her body is entirely naked but for a thick coating of bronze. "Living bronze statuary" is a new pretext for indecency on the stage.

FINDLEY.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

From To-morrow's Chronicle.

Brick McPherson came forward yesterday with the new Fair will, which the *Chronicle* has persistently declared was in existence. The new will is, without doubt, genuine, as Reuben Lloyd, C. S. Wheeler, George A. Knight, Chas. Hegerty, and C. L. Stillwell have compared it with many specimens of the late Senator's handwriting which they possess. This will was made four days before his death by the Senator, and was given to Mr. McPherson in place of a dollar which the Senator, in an unguarded moment, had promised him. The reason the document was not produced before is that Mr. McPherson was out of the State. He brought the will back with him.

From Monday's Examiner.

As the *Examiner* exclusively announced on Saturday, Senator Fair made a will on the third day before his death. This will was written on one of Scenbin Maloney's cuffs. There is no question as to the handwriting being genuine, as Mr. Reuben Lloyd, Mr. C. S. Wheeler, Mr. Geo. A. Knight, Mr. Chas. Hegerty, and Mr. C. J. Stillwell have compared the writing with many documents in Fair's script. It is not surprising, Mr. Maloney says, that he should have saved this cuff from the wash since last December. He can show November cuffs to prove that this is his habit. The new feature in this will is that \$1,000,000 is set aside for Messrs. Knight, Hegerty, Wheeler, Lloyd, and Stillwell for any services they may render the estate. There is no question but this is the last will of the deceased.

From Tuesday's Call.

Old Jim Fair was a shorter on wills. That's what we say, and what we say goes. That's straight. The old man made a will two days before his death. He wrote it on the wall of his room with a piece of burnt wood from the grate. The plaster has been taken down and framed in glass. This is a genuine photographic will, as Reuben Lloyd, C. S. Wheeler, George A. Knight, Chas. Hegerty, and Detective Stillwell have carefully compared it with specimens of the old man's writing. He was a Jim Dandy was Jim Fair. This will takes everything away from his brothers and sisters, and gives all that was left to them by previous will to Dr. Livingston, his faithful physician. Messrs. Lloyd, Wheeler, Knight, Hegerty, Budd, and Stillwell are to have \$2,000,000 for their services according to this latest will, which is certainly his last.

From Wednesday's Bulletin.

Another sensation was sprung in Judge Slack's court this morning. Governor Budd arose and presented the last will and testament of James G. Fair, and asked that it be admitted to probate. The will was made the day of the Senator's death, and is painted on the coverlet of the bed with the medicine which he was taking. The brush used was made out of hairs from his long whiskers. Aside from its importance as being the last will of the multi-millionaire, the document itself is most remarkable. There seems to be no question as to the genuineness of the will, as Mr. Reuben Lloyd, Mr. George Knight, Mr. Chas. Hegerty, Mr. C. S. Wheeler, Mr. C. J. Stillwell, as well as the Governor himself, have compared the characters with those found in Fair's letters and cheques. In this will Messrs. Goodfellow, Angus, Breese, and Crothers are declared to have been the witnesses, which they are made executors. Incidentally, the testator bequeathes Messrs. Lloyd, Knight, Hegerty, Wheeler, Budd, and Stillwell \$3,000,000. The reason this will was not produced before is that it has been out of the State, its owner, Miss Jennie Flaberty, a chambermaid in the hotel where the Senator died, having sent it out of the State lest she should become mixed up with the case.

From Thursday's Report.

The day of miracles has not passed. This morning Mr. Lloyd announced to Judge Slack that a will, certainly the last will, of Senator Fair had just come to light. Then Mr. Lloyd startled the great crowd in the court-room by declaring that the new-found will had been made the day after the Senator's death. At this, Judge Slack told Mr. Lloyd very sharply that the court was not to be imposed upon, and a court-room was no place for levity.

"What I have said is true, your Honor," said Mr. Lloyd. "After the late Senator had been laid out, and was supposed to be dead, one of the waiters, whom we will produce before your Honor, your Honor, was startled almost out of his wits by seeing the body rise up. In a hoarse voice the Senator asked for pencil and paper, which were given him, and he wrote the will which we now

produce, and before closing his eyes he saw it witnessed by the spectators. Then, with the smile of one having done his duty, he sank back, and moved no more. There can be no question of the genuineness of the will, your Honor," added Mr. Lloyd, "as Mr. Knight, Mr. Heggerty, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Budd, Detective Stilwell, and myself have compared the writing carefully with other specimens in our possession."

"What are the provisions of this will?" asked the Judge.

"The Senator generously gives \$500,000 apiece to each of his children, and the rest he authorizes to be divided between Mr. Knight, Mr. Heggerty, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Budd, Mr. Stilwell, and myself, your Honor."

"Why was not this will produced before?" inquired the skeptical Judge.

"We had heard, your Honor, of another will, made a day later, in which the \$500,000 given each of the heirs was omitted," was the reply.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

TWO CYCLONES.

The British Tourist as Seen by French Eyes.

"CYCLONK: Tempest which sweeps forward with a rotary motion; a column which marches on, ravaging all before it."

So speaks Littré, and there is not in all his dictionary a more exact definition. I am a good judge in this matter, for twice I have been assailed by cyclones: once at the Versailles Museum and once at the Louvre.

At Versailles I wanted to see Delacroix's "Taking of Constantinople by the Crusaders" again. I arrived at the museum. There is an obligatory route, and to get at the battle pictures I had to traverse the entire length of the palace. It's a ten-minute walk—or rather skate—over a floor waxed to such perfection that the voyage is both fatiguing and perilous. It requires the experienced hand and legs of the gymnast, of the equilibrist artist. Finally, at the end of this painful excursion I reached the picture. I should have liked to sit down to enjoy Delacroix's masterpiece at my leisure, but there were only two small benches in the middle of the vast gallery. People stood in line waving their hats.

While I stood there vexed by all these trifling miseries, Heaven deigned to send me consolation. I heard a sort of rumbling and grumbling like the sound of a regiment of artillery or the tumult of distant thunder, and then I beheld a troop, an avalanche, a mob of English tourists under the direction of that fanatical concern which organizes parties to travel wholesale all over the world. There were about a hundred of them, men and women, and they precipitated themselves like a tempest upon the place, uprooting and scattering everything before them. We were only about twenty poor Parisians. All we could do against such a whirlwind was to hurriedly range ourselves against the railings to avoid being pounded and pulverized to atoms by this pitiless English onslaught. In the midst of the confusion we heard cries of distress from a poor little French baby that had been caught up and swept along in the vortex. She was rescued with difficulty.

What Bousquet says of geniuses applies also to these English tornadoes: "Nothing can stop their course." But no, I'm mistaken. Bousquet's saying is not applicable, for something stopped this torrent. A short, quick exclamation from their leader—a queer cry of "Aoh! aoh! aoh!" dry, sharp, impressive, and immediately they groined themselves silently and respectfully around the guide. Then I was regaled with an astonishing lesson at full speed in French history. Before each picture the guide halted for half a minute, and explained the subject of the composition in two or three sentences; then, at the advance of ten steps, the next picture, and another little discourse. All the while, with striking precision, rapidity, and volubility. It was an absurd, furious, frantic review of our military glory. I saw pass before me at breakneck pace, Clovis, Charlemagne, Jeanne d'Arc, Henri IV., Claude, Bonaparte—all in a heap, pell-mell, carried off in this fashion. I was bewildered. I followed the caravan at some distance and while listening to these brief harangues, I looked with veritable stupor at the women's shoes. They were boots, sledges, boots, anything except lady's dainty foot. I couldn't see any difference between the men's feet and those of the women. If these English could have been placed behind a curtain, which should disclose only their feet, and some one who asked me, "Which are the women's?" I never could have answered.

But what stability, what solidity, in these immense supports! With what confidence they marched over the slippery, waxed floor! One must admit that they are a race destined to cross turbulent seas, leap over spreading valleys, scale mount-

ains; to spread over and conquer the world, while we poor French, we're so, metaphorically, to loiter and dilly-dally on the boulevards between the Madeleine and the gate of St. Denis.

This was my first English cyclone.

I was at the Louvre one day in the gallery of the Egyptian antiquities when I heard again the same astounding tumult. But this time I understood, and stood like a rock. I had made up my mind all of a sudden to become one of this invading column and to accompany it in its triumphant, devastating march of sight-seeing.

The guide, great lanky fellow with gray moustache, massed his little brigade at the end of the hall and wished to have them all under his hand. "Group yourselves around," said he, "and all obeyed, standing rigid, silent. What a people! What respect they have for authority, for discipline! They know that their guide must, between 10 in the morning and 6 in the evening, see that they visit the Madeleine, the Pantheon, Hotel des Invalides, the great markets, etc., etc., and to do this they must proceed in a regular manner. They appreciate the fact that it is this man's specialty to go over the same ground saying the same things day after day with the same speed and regularity. It is his to command; they will obey. They will follow unquestioningly where he leads. They are accustomed to follow their commanders; so different from the French who love to march on ahead!"

Meanwhile the guide has marshaled them with a look; they are all present, and now forward! forward! The column moves and I with it, for I have treacherously sneaked along with it; I, a Greek who belongs to the Trojans. We march at a quickstep which gets quicker and quicker, and I shudder before Isis and Osiris, before the gods with bestial masks and before the bulls with human faces.

Sudden stoppage. The guide stands before two enormous, monstrous, gigantic feet. He explains in a sentence—evidently always the same—that the feet belonged to one of the kings of the twelfth or thirteenth dynasty. Then again forward, forward! We rushed past the cuneiforms, past the cuneiform inscriptions, past the Persian gods. But all at once, the guide gives a complaining cry. Already there are laggards, three English women who have fallen behind and who stand in ecstasy before a fragment of the obelisk of Luxor.

"March on!" cries the guide. And the three women rejoin us with their enormous, monstrous feet as tremendous, as monumental, as those of the king of the twelfth or thirteenth dynasty. We mount the grand staircase by fours.

"The colonnade," says the guide, "by Perrault, architect of *Levis the Fourteenth*." He really said it!

A rapid flight all the length of the gallery, then puffing and blowing we get to the apartments of the Louvre. We halt just a moment before Courbet's picture and listen to the short discourse by the guide. Then "Aoh! Aoh! Aoh!" the signal for departure. I commence to recognize this cry, and as I begin to cry, I plunge forward resolutely, head lowered and feet set. This time we fly on furiously. We look at nothing, absolutely nothing. We have no time. We speed through the grand halls, the galleries, the museums, as if a great danger menaced us; as though we were pursued and must fly or fall into the enemy's hands. I begin to feel a certain exhilaration; a crazy ambition seizes me. I long to take the same gigantic stride as the blonde, thin English girl with immense waist, who stalks 'way ahead. When I succeed, after great and continued effort, I lack but one thing to make me perfectly happy—a trumpet to toot as I proudly strut at the head of the column.

Another short rest. The guide knows there's a limit to human, even to British, endurance. He's fond of Endymion too, and delivers his little speech while we hang breathless upon his words. Then the signal. En route! En route! The guide looks at his watch; he hurries on. We are late. "Aoh! Aoh! Aoh!" We storm onward and arrive like a thunderbolt in the great hall where our brusque invasion causes a shocking catastrophe. A pretty little blonde is perched upon a high stool copying the portrait of Pius VII. My sturdy English damsel with the wonderful feet bangs up against the easel. The little blonde bends over to save her picture, and easel, picture, color box, girl, and all, come clattering to the floor.

The English seem greatly interested by this dramatic incident. One young girl, who is taking notes, will probably write in her diary, "*French girl copying portrait of Pius VII. thrown from her stool!*"

But this delay almost brings the guide to despair; gathering his decile, obedient army about him, he weeps forward. We are already far off by the time the blonde is picked up, and her mother's shrill, shrewish scolding does not reach us.

A short harangue about the Ratt of the Medusa, which terminates thus: "This picture cost only 6,000 francs."

"Only 6,000 francs! Such a big picture!" cries one of the English. And rapidly, with the dexterity of the clerk who measures calico, he marks off the

picture with his umbrella. Then to his wife and two slab-sided daughters, who have followed the operation with interest, he says: "Rather more than nine."

The Ratt of the Medusa, which cost only 6,000 francs, was about nine umbrellas long—666 francs 60 centimes a slice!

And again forward. We don't walk; we fly. We are trying to make up for lost time. We make but one mouthful of the Apello gallery; devour it without one of us getting a glimpse of Delacroix's exquisite ceiling. And sharply, in serried columns, we debouch into the square salon by means of a quick turn to the right, very well executed. We begin to attain the precision of military manœuvres. The mere sight of us is enough to throw the fifteen, or twenty art students into violent disorder. They jump to the floor, and, with their palettes for shields, prepare to defend the equilibrium of their easels against this British avalanche.

On! On! To follow till we are crowded around the guide in the narrow little hall at the door. Without granting us a second's breathing time, he turns 'bout face, lowers his head, and, vigorously working his elbows, he opens a passage for himself. "We go back! We go back!" We understand. Mechanically we pivot upon our heels—those broad, strong heels—and throw ourselves madly forward. We see nothing; no Rembrandts, no Murillos, no Raphaels. Our guide, steaming along, seems resolved never again to stop. But suddenly the whole mob stands still, and they cry with one voice: "Charles the First! Charles the First!"

The guide hoped, evidently, that they would not notice their king, but now behold them, all motionless, their eyes and noses heavenly upturned before Van Dyck's picture. Carried forward by the velocity of his flight, the guide stands at least a dozen yards ahead; but he turns, sees himself abandoned, and comes back to make the best, and the quickest, of it. He knows that they will not budge without some little speech, so, in an exasperated tone, but still with extraordinary volubility, he delivers his harangue.

And then sharper, more imperious the signal. We shoot like a catapult through the immense gallery which joins the Louvre and what was once the Tuileries. Now for it! A kind of stupid emulation seizes us. We are excited, crazily animated. If we had behind the fist and elbow, we could march for ever. The sound of our mighty footsteps re-echoes through the vaulted galleries. Faster! Faster! Faster! From time to time the guide turns his head to right or left, shouts, hurries to us the names of painters. Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Van der Meulen. He runs, he flies, and we follow. We arrive at the end of the grand salon. We turn to the left. More halls, more pictures. Still more names of other painters shouted by the guide. Now the staircase. He runs down; we pelt after. At last air, light, and sunshine. Four great omnibuses are in waiting. The dauntless, untired English precipitate themselves upon them. They crowd in. I watch them mount—I watch them drive off to more sight-seeing! They're gone. It's about time I'm done for.—Translated from *Halevy for the Letter*.

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If there ever was a field for the writer of novels, a field created by the fiction fairy for the special satisfaction of the novel writer, California is that place. The early history of the discovery and conquest of this territory, the coming in of the zealous monks, the life on the Spanish ranches, the discovery of gold and the pouring in of the adventurers from all parts of the globe, the mining camp life, the feuds between the halfbreeds and the tenderloin, the bold adventures of the desperadoes of the hills and plains, the recklessness and picturesque of early San Francisco, the mixing of races, the growth of a new and peculiar civilization, the changed fortunes of thousands, the striving of the fortunate few to build up an aristocracy, the independence and radiance of the masses—in these there is subject for novels innumerable.

And there is not a taste that could not be satisfied. Crockett could find at hand a dozen volumes of raider stories. Doyle could busy his great detective with historical cases that of themselves make more thrilling reading than "The Study in Scarlet." Howells could find social studies of a far more interesting character than those he has been giving us. Hardy would not have to look far for problems in heredity and in the crossing of races, which would give his great genius ample scope. And so we might go on enumerating all the different classes of novels and their representatives who could find here fresh material for every kind of novel that is written to-day.

But where are our novelists? A few stories of merit by Bret Harte and Gertrude Atherton, an interesting chapter or two by Stevenson, one or two other short tales by people more obscure, and the list is at an end.

It is but natural, therefore, that when San Francisco finds itself in a lull, it should become most wildly excited. Kokook or Pecora would do the same. Miss Geraldine Bonner—she has not yet become so famous as to warrant us in dropping the Miss—has evidently discovered that the surest means of securing an audience and attention in this city is to speak disrespectfully of us. She has tired of writing artist tales which made no stir.

Following in the footprints of other eminent artists, such as Mr. James Corbett and Mr. Hawes, she gives a blow which lifts her out of obscurity. The next story which she writes for *Harper's* will be read at least in California. The discussion as to whether the Californians whom she draws are true to life or not is a well devised piece of advertising. There are such girls, and such fathers in California, as everywhere else. Miss Bonner may have found her originals on California street or on Pacific avenue, or she may have found them in "The Texas Steer."

It is to be hoped that Miss Bonner will be given an order by the *Hermes* to further portray Californians for the amusement of the Easterners who think this State the land of poor wine and rich boydens. After all, it is probably just as well that New York should substitute Miss Bonner's Californian for Bret Harte's.

Another Californian, Margaret Collier Graham, has written a volume of stories supposed to present California life, which are at present causing some comment. "Stories of the Foot-hills" might quite as well have been located in Indiana as in California; indeed they would have been more naturally placed in the Hoosier State, because the characters talk a dialect which is not in the least Californian and is very much Hoosier. Margaret Graham has good eyes, but her hearing is at fault; it must be so unless Southern California is peopled with natives of Posey county. Some one can't get over the impression after reading this volume (published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), that her people have been lifted bodily out of some eastern settlement and placed "on the meza" or "up the canyon" for Miss (or Mrs.) Graham's special benefit, perhaps to save her the trouble of discovering Californians to fit her theme. There is nothing characteristic of California about these interesting character sketches, except an occasional bit of description, which is very well done. There is no reason why Margaret Collier Graham should not do much better work, for she has a good literary style and can draw a full length character portrait in a few words.

"Prince Zuleski."

This noble gentleman is introduced to us by Mr. M. P. Shell and we are glad to meet him, for he is a remarkable man—scholar, philosopher, poet, herbert, art connoisseur and detective. Mr. Shell has gone Stevenson and Conan Doyle one better by representing to the world a detective who is a combina-

tion of Prince Florizel and Sherlock Holmes. The book will never be popular, but it will have a place on the shelf of the bibliophile as a remarkable evidence of the sort of detective story a scholar writes. [Roberts Bros., Boston.]

By Daudet, Meredith, and Raymond.

Alphonse Daudet's new book, "La Petite Paroisse," which has just made its appearance, is described as a delicate analysis of the poignant cruelties which jealousy inflicts upon the loving heart. There are few people in this life whose nature are so steeled and hardened that they have never experienced the pangs of this particular form of pain, which afflicts not only human beings, but even the brute creation. In "La Petite Paroisse" may be said to be a mirror held up to show how acute are these sufferings, and how infinitely more profoundly they are felt by woman than by man.

A volume of short stories—that is, short, comparatively speaking—by George Meredith, has just been published. These stories, three in number, were published originally in the *New Quarterly Review*, which has since departed this life, and they have not been republished since now. They are very much in Mr. Meredith's present manner, though written long ago.

"Tryphena in Love" is the quaint title of a new story by Mr. Walter Raymond, whose "Love and Quiet Life" is now the sensation of the day in England. It forms the first volume of the dainty little covered Iris Series of illustrated modern novels, published by Macmillan & Co., among the future volumes of which are promised works by Jane Barlow and John Davidson.

The Hero and the Wanderer.

Hamilton W. Mabie, one of the most popular lecturers on literary subjects in New York, and the foremost American literary critic, has an article in the current *Forum* on "The Two Eternal Types in Fiction," from which the following sentences are extracted:

"The hero and the wanderer are still and always will be the great human types; and they are, therefore, the types which will continue to dominate fiction; disappearing at times from the stage which they may have occupied too exclusively, but always reappearing in due season; the hero in the novel of romance, the wanderer in the novel of adventure. These figures are as constant in fiction as they were in mythology; from the days of the earliest Greek and Oriental stories to these days of Stevenson, Barrie, and Crawford, they have never lost their hold on the imagination of the race."

* * * Achievement and adventure, action and experience, are not only as great a part of human life as ever, but they cast as deep a spell on the imagination as they ever did and enduring in life because they are real and enduring in life. We shall always have the fact with us, and the more clearly we see and comprehend it the sounder will be our life and our art. But we shall always have in ourselves the need of what Matthew Arnold calls "the revolt against the tyranny of the fact."

From Ed. Townsend's Book.

"Say, did you ever drink dat stuff, champagne? Hely gee, it's rank! It's like beer wid sugar an' vinegar into it. Sure. Dot's right. I only took one glass, and dot's all de champagne Chimmie Fadden imaged. I've heard den jam 'bout Bow'ry whiskey, but it's milk 'longside dot stuff. Say, it's no good."

—Chimmie Fadden.

"Well, his Whiskers says something 'bout it's bein' better for him 't bring de slums 't Miss Fannie's rader den Miss Fannie goin' 't de slums. Den he tells her 't go in de house, an' says he'll tend 't me. Say, mebbey yer tink he didn't. Well, he is in de burress-room, an' he just everlastin'ly lam-basted de hide off 'n me. Sure, say, his Whiskers is a reg'lar scrapper. See? He says, says he, 'Miss Fannie 'll look after yer soul, an' I'll look after yer hide,' he says."—Chimmie Fadden.

"Say, womin is queer folks, anyhow, and ye never know what 'ell dey'll do 'til dey do it. Sure."—Chimmie Fadden.

"Say, I'm tinkin' womin allers does a ting 'cause dey don't want; or mebbey dey don't want 'cause dey can. Den curves is too much fer a farmer like me."—Chimmie Fadden.

"Say, I taut I'd heat out dot valley hands down, so I stopped runnin'; but de tought what tinkin' was a safe winner when womin is de stake, dat mug is a farmer. Sure!"—Chimmie Fadden.

"Dat's de worse ting 'bout womin. When you tells dem something what squares everyting, den dey goes and has a fit, and yuse has 't give up de last plunk 't cure dem."—Chimmie Fadden.

"I do not think your friend, the writer, could have been in earnest, for he must have known that really nice people never are witty. Perhaps he was only joking; so many of those Western people

seem to be joking, though whatever they do that for, I'm not sure."—Mrs. Major Max.

"But would not Bob Billings prove himself acceptable, if he proved that he could get a wife?"

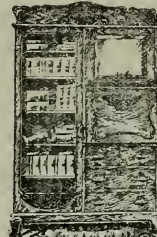
"I'm sure I don't see how. Bachelors of his age can never be popular with more than one woman at a time. Nobody wants always to be meeting a man who is likely to be very much in love with some other woman."—Mr. and Mrs. Major Max.

"I have noticed that you quote poetry only on the nights you beg off from dressing for dinner. Now, I suppose Mrs. Jack would think of something clever to say about that. She always says clever things about things when they happen, which I don't think is very good form."—Mrs. Major Max.

"I am, my dear, as you know, a temperate man. Yet, notwithstanding that commendable attribute, I held there are certain festive occasions the full quality of whose spirit cannot be justly appreciated without that moderate increase in the fanciful phases of our faculties which vibrate in pleasing measure, in I may say, a more redundant play, when the mind has been cleared of the cobwebs of care through the means of those enlivening titillations by which the brain responds to the action of alcohol."—Major Max.

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LITERARY STATESMEN.

They Discuss the Virtues of Bribery in Politics.

[From Jerome K. Jerome's Idler.]

Spencer Jerome, of California.—It seems to me that you Englishmen have not yet for a long enough time tried practically universal suffrage to understand its necessary concomitants, as well as do Americans. This is shown, in one respect, by your insisting upon purity of elections and freedom from bribery of electors and of public officials, and the earnestness with which you enforce and punish violations of the law. No institution is more good in itself, and to accomplish the maintenance of civilized society in which brains may secure its rewards, is the true end, the *summum bonum* of government. Now, the Americans, from their long experience in meeting the problems of universal suffrage, have ascertained that the most dangerous persons to put in authority are honest fanatics. Dishonest men may line their own pockets, but are not likely to lean towards extreme measures of radical legislation; there is more money in it for them to sell out. Then, too, there is nothing which disorganizes the system in the start like the known fact that they have to deal with a violent and corrupt gang who, under no circumstances, will have any real interest in any public measure. A country can prosper and grow great under a corrupt government; witness England of the thirteenth to eighteenth centuries. It cannot prosper under doctrine; witness France of the Revolution. Unde, an honest application of universal suffrage, the men who are most likely to come to the front are the bigots, the zealots, revolutionists, the enthusiasts, the fanatics, because it is these men who can honestly promise the most to the ignorant electorate. Unless these people have succeeded under the present regime and who want to preserve the status quo can contrast these vain promises with solid considerations (*i. e.*, bribes) there is great danger that the present scheme of things will be wrecked and a Gallic "reign of reason" introduced.

Again, I say, a corrupt government is not very dangerous, for when it gets too rank, like Tammany, it can be broken. Nor is it often that the public will be very severely led, for the politicians are usually careful not to go to the point of provoking a reaction; and its great merit is, as was the case of Tammany, that it resolutely sets its face against radical legislation which might stir off the supply of golden eggs. Americans will rarely admit this necessity to foreigners. It is a blemish on what they consider one of their own institutions, yet Professor Royce, of Harvard, says, in his able work on early California: "When the American lets the corrupt party managers rule him, he does so with an immoral but still often clever submission; because party managers are not only themselves amusing, but also are an excellent prevention of any elaborately dangerous and revolutionary legislation. * * * This tendency of men to tolerate political corruption, rather than political officiousness, is certainly far more prudent than the reverse would be. While we condemn the immorality of such toleration of corrupt men, let us then not forget the relatively good effects of this tolerance in many new lands, and in California in particular. A people with less political skill than our own would have suffered far more from earnest but visionary schemes than we in California suffered from the whole crew of selfish politicians. While we submit to these latter, we actually used the most unpartisan phrases and their personal ambitions as the instruments for impeding the course of dangerous legislation, and so we saved ourselves, sometimes not indeed from the just penalties of our political sins, but from the consequences of sins that we were happily able to avoid committing."

I fear we may regard the granting of universal suffrage as an untraceable step, and this, being so, the experience of America leads to the conclusion that a union of purity with it is incompatible with the very existence of the state. Americans do not tolerate corrupt politicians because they are proud of them, but because they cannot out them, but because they are apparently necessary means of stemming the tide of radical legislation which threatens, by destroying the main incentive to individual effort, to destroy at the same time the existing civilization. Englishmen would do well to take a lesson from the experience of those who are so prone to reverence to the working of popular institutions, their older brothers. Should England ever go down, it will be as a result of putting supreme power into the hands of incorruptible doctrinaires.

Jernal Zangwill, of England.—Your American's view of democracy is as clever as it is cynical. It amounts to this: that universal suffrage is such a peril to the commonwealth, having been so long prematurely, that it is ridiculously nullified in practice, even at the cost of universal corruption; and, short, if the old society is to be preserved, universal franchise must be transformed into univer-

sal corruption. What an ironic commentary on the constitution that was founded by George Washington, who couldn't tell a lie! The honor of America, it appears, "rooted in dishonor" stands, and "faith unfaithful" makes its politicians falsely true. When one remembers some of the other gigantic evils of the society thus conserved by corruption, when one thinks of the great immoral capitalists, playing their game regardless of whom they ruin or whom they enrich, when one thinks of the squalid slums of the great cities, one wonders whether the society which these things shadow were not better damned. It were clearer at any rate to abolish universal franchise than to flout this force in the eyes of Europe. If universal suffrage was a mistake, if indeed the gift of the franchise does not develop a man's conscience and education—and certainly bribery is not the way to give him a chance of such development—then why not honestly admit that America has made and then mistake, that the ideals of the Puritan Fathers were inferior to Tammany Hall's, and that even the negro is lot a man and a brother?

Does your American reply that it is impossible now to take back the franchise? But on his own showing the electors merely regard it as an opportunity for extracting "boodle." All that would be impossible, then, is to take away the franchise without compensation. The electors must be bought out at the full market-value of their votes, with a few cents and corpse-revivers thrown in for their loss of amusement. At every election dollars and drinks for the ex-electors would be circulated freely under the direction of the money. And, *ex hypothesi*, the bulk of the money of electors sufficient to annul the danger to society will be the liquidation, and thus the dishonest will be honestly wedded out of the electorate. But if the cynics were wrong, and there remained among the poorer electorate men sufficiently honest to retain their votes, and sufficiently numerous to swamp the old society—why, then, the devil take the old society! The object of government is only the good of the majority, and these men, being the majority, have every right to select their own form of good. If they were mistaken, nature would soon convince them of their mistake, and the next generation would profit by the object lesson. So would go on, a sadder and wiser man, and the solution of the question is that the people must not only govern, it must be fit to govern. To corrupt it with dollars, to drowse it with drink, is only to put off the inevitable day. It were far wiser to help it to educate itself for its functions. For, if the revolutionary economic ideas that are in the air are false, they will destroy themselves. And if they are true, they will have to be realized, and will get themselves realized. No amount of corruption will save society in the long run. Meantime, either let universal suffrage operate honestly, or let it be suspended or abolished. Let even those States, which have enfranchised the black man, and which now, in accordance with the chivalric principle, brazenly revealed by your American, dishonorously render his vote nugatory by a reliable inaccuracy in the counting, withdraw their spurious Christianity. A double standard of morals subtly infects the whole core of the nation. Corruption cannot be localized; it creeps and spreads through all departments of thought and action. To give it the right to stand, and take away the left in exchange for a few dollars, is a maneuver unworthy of a great nation. The transaction is fair; let it be above board, let it be lifted into the plane of ethics. To found society upon a farce is to lower those ideals by which, as much as by bread, a nation lives.

Frank Smith, of the London City Council.—It is the duty of governments, we are informed, "to stem the tide of Radical legislation, which threatens, by destroying the main incentive to individual effort, to destroy at the same time the existing civilization." I am prepared to admit that existing conditions which only provide for what is termed "the survival of the fittest," that give rewards only to the strong, the artful, the idle, and that do not make a clean and happy life possible for all, are the real danger to prosperity and greatness, for all, the real danger to all the backs, changed. The true incentive to individual effort will only be possible when the people have insisted on the destruction of that trinity of evil, Monopoly, Class Prejudice, and Party Politics; and rely upon the government of the people by the people and for the people, so that a fair share of the responsibilities and pleasures of life will be offered to every citizen, and no one will be permitted to live upon the industry of another, as, for example, do the noble army of rent-ers we call landlords. If I were asked to give a reason for the sentiments I have criticized, I should say they indicate that the monopoly monstrosities, beginning to see the red light, and that this is an appeal to party politicians that unless they succeed in demoralizing and corrupting the masses, Socialism is inevitable; and I am bound to say that, in my judgment, a more shameful invitation to degrading practices was never penned.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Albert Gernback, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California.

A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of Albert Gernback, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 22, 1895.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, state of California.

A. C. FREESE,

Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 22, 1895.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

An advertisement in

ARTHUR McEWEN'S LETTER

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AMUSEMENTS.

Comic opera is the most popular form of the theatrical entertainment. The majority of people have a love for pretty simple melodies and everybody likes comedy. It is this that has made the success of Lillian Russell, Camille D'Arville, and the Bostonians. The music need not infringe on the domain of grand opera, nor must the comedy degenerate into farce. There is a broad, lucrative field between musical burlesque and Wagner, and by recognizing this the authors of "Rob Roy," "The Magic Kiss," "Robin Hood," and "The Mountebank," have achieved some measure of fame and fortune.

"The Fencing Master," De Koven's opera which the Whitney Company is singing at the Baldwin, is light and pretty. There are many melodies in it which deserve street popularity and parlor favoritism. The old idea of the heroine who has been brought up as a boy is always of use in costuming, and also as a means of bringing about unusual situations, but there is no excuse, or pretense of a plot to "The Fencing Master," and even the simplest rules of probability are disregarded in more than comic opera style.

Miss Dorothy Morton is fitted to play such roles as Francesca. She is a great Christmas doll, but she is more beautiful than any doll Santa Claus dreamed of. She wears the Fencing Master's pretty costumes gracefully, and she looks like the youthful prince in a fairy tale. She has a voice, too, strong and sometimes sweet; but she so misuses it and affects so florid a style in her singing that it is more of a penance than a pleasure to listen to her. Lovely Dorothy Morton has something to learn from Cissy Lofton, for whose services nearly all the New York theatrical managers are quarreling. The English mimic has all the dash, the chic that Miss Morton aims at, but she has also simplicity and good taste. The prima donna of a comic opera company ought not seek inspiration and example from the burlesque and musical actresses, but she has nothing but their comeliness or a special kind of kick to recommend them to public favor. Judie, Aimee, Emily Melville, Louise Paulin, Rose Beaudet, found opportunity for acting in comic opera, and were not above singing a song with all the sentiment there was in it and in them. To be at the head of a good comic opera company is a enviable position, as theatrical successes go. The work is not difficult, and one is sure of an audience eager to find and applaud merit. Dorothy Morton might be princess of comic opera—only Lillian Russell can be queen—by grace of nature, but she is only a pretty, foolish, little prima donna, who occasionally sing a solo almost as it should be sung.

"The Whitney Company is not a first-class organization, although the chorus and orchestra are very good. Holbrook's place is not in anything so romantic as comic opera. He is not qualified by physique and temperament for ideal roles. He does not act and his voice is not so exceptional as to induce his audience to overlook his defects. Bertha Bayless, the contralto, is offensively modern for a Venetian of the first quarter of the 15th century, and she is as stiff and stagey as an amateur concert singer. Torrence and Girard make the Duke and his Astrologer as funny as possible. The Zuzum song, the Duke's Serenade with the chorus and Francesca's Entrance Song are the best numbers of "The Fencing Master," as it is sung at the Baldwin.

There is just one poor little idea in "Our Flat," and a few character sketches, but the seizure of the Sylvestres' installment-bought goods and Mrs. Sylvestre's housewifely cleverness in enriching and saving enough to entice a customer for a whole evening, so every visitor to the flat must sit upon a chair constructed of bandboxes, or hammer upon a table composed of a barrel with a large wavering tray on top, or fall into the draped bath tub, which is doing duty as a divan, and then roll over and let his agitated feet explain his emotions.

The most meretricious plot is skirted out with dances and songs and puns. The dances are not new nor particularly well done. Miss Banker has no voice and her songs are spoken rather than sung, and there is not one hearty, manly joke in all the torrent of witless punning.

Miss Banker's company is not unusually bad. The dances act as if there were more and something to do that was worth doing, they would rise to the opportunity. If there had been a reasonable excuse for Tom Ricketts' exaggerated expression of fear, his facial expression would have been intelligible. But in "Our Flat" the audience laughs at the incident itself. Miss Jarvis's Bella, the servant, is a creditable little study. Except in the scene where she tries on her mistress's long-train tea-gown, when she goes through all the old exaggerated antics of falling over it—and even the great Reliance is accused of overacting in a similar situation—Miss Jarvis is natural and even origi-

nal. Philip Ryley is sometimes funny, and there are possibilities in Miss Van Courtland. George Pauncefoot's main idea of acting is in being unintelligible. His lines are hardly worth listening to, but the pleasure of the audience and not the whim of the actor should decide this point. Miss Banker is pretty at times, occasionally she is mildly interesting, but she is personally and hopelessly commonplace.

In the gracious realm of romantic and poetic comedy there is no more charming and winsome personality than that of Mrs. Julia Marlowe-Taber, says the Philadelphia Press. She has a place in dramatic art quite alone, a sphere in which she has neither rivals nor competitors, the delicacy, daintiness, and exquisite tone of her work ornamenting her youth and beauty, and reflecting the clear, sympathetic intelligence of her mind, giving her an almost ideal distinction. The field of positive tragedy is one in which she cannot hope to achieve any conspicuous success, while in the lighter vein of poetic tragedy, that which is tragedy only because life is rudely taken, she has every qualification for success. She is not a great actress, but she is beautifully ideal, the sweet, dainty, yet intense and persuasive evangelist of dramatic poetry. There is a pervading charm in all her work, an entrancing loveliness. There are several of Shakespeare's heroines which the present generation has not seen more delightfully interpreted than by Mrs. Taber, and she stands equally as acceptable in her performance of some of the old English comedy roles.

Louis F. Post, the ablest and best known disciple of Henry George, in the United States, will lecture on the single tax at Metropolitan Temple, on Monday evening next. Congressman Maguire will make an introductory address. There is no charge for admission.

A new four-act opera by F. H. Cowen, entitled "Harold, the Last of the Saxons," will be produced at Drury Lane this season. The libretto is written by Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador to Berlin.

Longfellow's "Ballad of Carmillan," set to music by a young Scotch composer, Mr. Archibald D. Arnott, was recently sung for the first time by the London Choral Union.

On her return from her southern tour, Marie Burroughs will make her debut in a Shakespearean role, that of Juliet; after which the Baldwin will close for four weeks.

Jean de Reszke is to sing at Bayreuth in 1896 the part of Siegfried in "Siegfried," and in the "Goettedaemmerung" Edouard de Reszke will be the "Wotan."

Emily Banker's engagement at the California will last till April 1st. "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is the next attraction.

"The Fencing Master" will be at the Baldwin for another week.

A NEW YORK MYSTERY.

How comes it that there is no British Club in New York? Every other nationality of note possesses its clubs, while the Club Nation *par excellence* is clueless. Is it that the powers that be are too anxious to allow Britons within their gates in order to keep coals of fire on their heads, since the British club is so proverbially inhospitable to strangers? A joyous globe trotter said to me: "It seems funny that you find British clubs all round the world, but they seem to stop at Yokohama. That talk of London clubs shutting their doors especially against you Americans is rubbish. The admittance rules were made against the French, and in the days when we were dragging an invasion, and have been religiously adhered to. London club life," he added, "is so different what it is elsewhere—over here particularly. You dare not in a London club ask a man to take a drink unless it be to split a soda, and he pays for his half soda like a little man. Then, we have a beastly way of paying before we leave the clubhouse—paying in hard cash. If we have no coin, we can get a cheque cashed for not less than five pounds, but pay we must. We are a cold lot, too. A man has been away in India—Africa—the moon—and comes back in a couple of years. He is met by his intimates with 'How do,' just as if he had been dropping in every day in the week. Some leading British ought to talk to Sir Julian Pauncefoot, or to Sir Horlick Crampton, or to Lord Hurst, and start the British Club. There ought to be a thousand men eligible for membership in this country, and then think of all the fellows who come over here to spend coin—and to whom their own club would be a godsend, where they could see their beloved Times and get a real Scotch and B."—Vanity.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

"Ha! Ha! I'm glad he's done it!" cried Jack.
 "Done what? Who's done anything?" I asked.
 "Oh, a Frenchman has given women a good coating—the very thing they deserved."
 "Some fellow whose wife has gone on a vacation, I suppose, has availed himself of his chance."
 "Not a bit of it," Jack answered, with exultation.

"This man is a scientist. He simply got tired of hearing all this rot about woman's equality and woman's this and woman's that, and he thought he would indulge himself in a brief statement of calm fact. He doesn't fall into line with delicate comparisons of Sappho and Shelly, and all that rubbish, but just gets down to the scientific truth."

"Who is this wonderful person, this single bold man in all the world?" I inquired.

"Oh, he's a Frenchman named Strindberg, who has written an article for a French review. Would you like to hear a bit of it? Yes? Well, here's a slice." And he read:

"To begin with, her blood is not to be compared with man's, for it resembles that of the child and of the embryo; her spine, too, approaches theirs in formation, being longer and affording more evidence of that caudal appendage which is supposed to have been a distinguishing feature of the hairy ancestor of the human race. Woman's skull is closely akin to that of the child and the negro, and the gray matter of the brain is not so dense in the female as in the male. On the other hand, her nerves are much stronger, whence the capacity for supporting physical pain with comparative stoicism—a capacity which she shares with the savage, whose nervous system is somewhat similar."

"You see, my dear," said Jack, "you have the blood of a baby, the backbone of a monkey, and the nerve of a savage."

"And what does that prove?" I asked. "Who or what has purer blood than a baby, a better backbone than a monkey, and stronger nerves than a savage?"

"So you want to hear some more. Well, is this to your taste?"

"There are many points of resemblance between the female character and that of the negro. Sensuousness, a tendency to servile imitation, lack of initiative, fear of solitude, and, lastly, an immoderate love of dance and movement—all these are characteristics of women, as they are of savages, and, with the exception of the first, of children."

"If I were writing about men," I said "and wished to paraphrase this man's sentence, I might say something of this kind: 'Sensuality, a tendency to servile imitation, fear of solitude, as shown by the numerous clubs, and, lastly, an immoderate love of eating and drinking—all these are characteristics of men, as they are of savages.' Your Frenchman is very, very cheap."

Jack went on reading: "The so-called higher qualities of woman do not bear a very searching analysis. Her impressionability, of which we hear much, is merely that of the child; her hysterical and passionate outbursts when thwarted are the true equivalents of a child's screams and kicks when it is refused something it wants. Rarely does a woman possess the power of keeping her attention fixed on one subject for any considerable time; hence, it is seldom that she entirely masters anything."

"Woman sometimes masters man," I quickly interrupted. But I was sorry before the words were out of my mouth—such talk is as cheap as the Frenchman's twaddle. Jack saw an apologetic look on my face and kindly made no retort.

"Seriously," I said, "is it to be wondered at that women have not mastered more and become more rational beings when they have had so few years of opportunity? Give us a couple of centuries even, of schools and books and real life, and then complain if we fail. But it is too early now. I don't say that woman will ever catch up with man—she is badly handicapped—but why be unfair? You men have given us the chance to think and be individuals after holding us in bondage for a long time, and these criticisms seem to mean that you are afraid to give us a fair trial. Are you afraid?"

But Jack took no notice of me. He read in a triumphant and most aggravating tone:

"No woman can make a good cup of coffee; it is an impossibility, requiring as it does attention, exactitude, and a nice sense of time."

The look that was given me at the conclusion of this sentence was a challenge.

"So his wife doesn't make good coffee—that's

what the matter with Mr. Frenchman. Jack, I knew that man was bilious. Poor Frenchman! The supreme test of a human being's ability is the making of a good cup of coffee!"

"I don't know but he's right," said Jack, thoughtfully. "Come to think of it, I don't believe I ever had a good cup of black coffee that was made by a woman."

"But you have said you did before, many a time."

"Perhaps, but that was necessary you know. At least I thought it advisable."

As Jack resumed the reading of his paper, I was left to wonder whether it was nobler to be able to make good coffee or to lie.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

BY AUNT DINAH.

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, all questions sent to me.—AUNT DINAH.]

CONTEST.—That the details of the Fair will case receive so little attention in the local press is owing, I think, to lack of space. Do not so hastily impute unworthy motives. A great modern newspaper finds it a duty to give publicity to affairs only in proportion to their relative importance in the world of events, and it cannot, therefore, give undue prominence to any matter of interest to only one family, no matter how diversified the latter may be.

TAX-PAYER.—Your suggestion that some plan be arranged by which the inmates of San Quentin, or the Napa Asylum, may attend to the State's legislative affairs in future years, strikes me as excellent. As a matter of economy I am sure that our representatives could be hired to stay at home and play with their new tea-sets for much less than it would cost us to allow them to go to Sacramento again.

PLEBEIAN.—The reason that society ladies do not resent the fact of the papers making decorative posters of themselves in "reproducing" their garments, etc., is because, from their higher plane, they do not observe it. One of them forestalled criticism, I had hoped, when she assured a reporter a few days ago that, "I do not read the papers, neither the dailies nor the weeklies."

CONRAD.—For statistics on divorce in San Francisco, see Wm. H. Channiblis of New York; for statistics on illegitimate births in the same, see Max O'Rell of Paris. Dr. A. Conan Doyle is the greatest living writer of romance in the *Chronicle*.

HOUSEKEEPER.—If your Japanese boy has become so proud and haughty as to be unendurable, I should advise you to discharge him and employ a Chinaman in his place. The confides of nations will be of small value to you if you do not learn to turn them to account more judiciously.

JOHNNY.—Ask your papa to explain to you carefully just why it was right for the legislators to rearrange the hands of the clocks when it would be wrong for you to do so. I cannot explain fully here, owing to lack of space.

EARL.—It is not customary to wear the deepest mourning for a mother-in-law. What is known as a cow-lick can be trained into a little curl on the forehead that is at once becoming and in style.

HARVARD.—It is not now considered good form to eat from the knife. Bread is taken from the plate with the fingers instead of being stabbed with a fork or pocket-knife.

SENATOR.—The attitude of the clergy toward the woman question ought to show you that your victory was not so final as you seem to think. The Garden of Eden incident has been reconstructed (somewhat badly and clumsily it is true) so as to be readily acceptable to the New Woman. Eve's enterprise is now commended, and her daughters are encouraged to keep the place and pace she established for them without remorse or fear. Adam didn't get the apple first, says the new theology, because, in a word, Eve was the better man of the two.

PATRIOT.—I suppose the women of California may be a little disappointed at not being allowed to rally round the flag with the rest of you after having so promptly made a party bonfire of their big hats, at your dictation. It is by no means impossible, I admit, that stiff skirts eighteen yards wide and sleeves as broad as a staircase have been adopted as retaliatory measures by the citizens who are not to have any voice in public affairs.

OKLAHOMA.—It is most unchristian for you to contemplate making a contest for the privilege of walking upon the sidewalks. Pedestrians are a great inconvenience to bicycle riders, who are often upset by running them down. If your women and children will learn to walk carefully in the middle of the road they will be much safer and much more sure of their reward.

COURT-ROOM EFFORTS.

Joseph A. Willard, the venerable Clerk of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, has written a book of anecdotes about judges and lawyers. Although it was over fifty years ago, Mr. Willard remembers well what took place the first time he was in court:

A man was brought in who was complained of for abusing his horses. Called upon for his defense, he arose and said: "If I had time I could prove to you as good a teamster as there is in Boston, and, also, your Honor has heard some evidence that the horse was contrary." The judge leaned his head on his hand for a moment, and then rose, saying: "Prisoner, there is no mistake but what you

flogged that horse severely, but the horse ought to be drawn. Discharge him."

Another man was charged with stealing a buffalo robe. It was proved that he took it, and, wrapping himself up in it, went into a shed and lay down to sleep. "Prisoner," said the judge, "why did you take that skin?" Prisoner (shivering):—"I was very cold, sir." Judge—"Shouldn't you have taken it if you had been cold?" Prisoner—"No, no, no, your Honor." Judge—"Discharge him; that intent takes away the crime."

Having told a dog story about a police justice, Mr. Willard asked our Chief Justice Morton:

The Justice asked Mr. Dabney if he did not think it was beneath the dignity of the Supreme Court to hear a bill in equity about a dog. "It is a very large dog," said Mr. Dabney. "Very well," said the Judge, "proceed."

An instance of the triumph of the lawyer over the court is given, as follows:

Brother—said the Chief Justice, "didn't you argue a case before us some months ago when you took precisely the opposite ground from that you take to-day?" "Yes, may it please your Honors," was the ready reply, "but if I was wrong yesterday, I am right to-day."

Here is one on Choate:

I was present one day at a trial in the United States Court when a case of battery was being tried, for criminally casting away a ship. Mr. Choate pressed the captain of the ship as to what another captain said about the plan of casting her away. The witness hesitated, but, on being more severely pressed, answered: "The captain said we should never be found out; and if we were, there was a lawyer in Boston named Choate who would get us off if we had the money in our boots."

Mr. Willard once remarked to Mr. Choate concerning a lawyer who was very pertinacious, "Mr. E. always seems to maintain his grip." "Yes," answered Mr. Choate, "he's a bull dog with a confusion of ideas."

Once when a jury was impaneled, Judge Shaw cast his eye around, and found there were but eleven men. Mr. Willard tells us what followed: "He said, 'Mr. Officer, find the twelfth man.' Some time elapsed. When the officer came in, the Judge said, 'Have you found him, Mr. Officer?' 'No, your Honor.' 'Where is he?' asked the Judge. 'I don't know,' answered the officer; 'he's dead.'"

AIDS TO PIETY.

From the New York Evangelist.

We are much interested to observe that our highly respected contemporary, the *Presbyterian*, of which the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, D. D., LL. D., is one of the editors and proprietors, is recognizing the important office of music in the service of religion, and is offering a tasteful selection of songs and roundelays doubtless with a view to promote the interest of the Church, and extend his paper's influence among the masses. In the list of premiums offered we notice such sacred gems as the following:

Arm and Arm with Lizzie.

Flirting in the Starlight Waltz.

Hoppy, Kicky, High and Low.

Champagne Charlie.

I'm a Hustler Just the Same.

Johnny Doolan's Cat.

Honey Don't You Grieve.

I've Keen The Myself.

Tarara Boom De-ay.

You Should Have Seen Her Boots.

Pious Orgies.

They Discharged Him Because He Was Old.

These are but a few of the many charming, not to say rollicking, melodies which our Philadelphia contemporary offers to a waiting constituency; confident, it would seem, that Presbyterians generally will hasten to obtain a family repertory so promotive of a lively Sunday afternoon around the piano. Just where these chaste ballads should come in, in a home service of praise which might include the reading of a few editorials from the *Presbyterian*, we must leave for it to determine. We have the word of the tuneful Watts that religion never was designed to make our pleasures less, and perhaps selections from the *Presbyterian's* Premium Hymnal might solve the problem of the evening service.

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[From Tip-Bite.]

Mistress—"Bridget, I don't like you having those men in the kitchen. They are all strangers to me."

Bridget (pleasantly)—"Stip inside, thin, mum, and O'll introjuce you."

Teacher—"You say the tendency of heat is to expand and increase, and of cold to contract and lessen. Can you give some popular illustration of these effects?"

Bright Pupil—"The population of our seaside resorts."

A "LORD OF CHEATON."—A hen-pecked husband called the servant maid aside, and said:

"Look here, Robustina, I am told that my wife and daughter are planning a trip to the Continent; do you know whether I am going with them or not?"

Father (showing off his baby boy to bachelor friend)—"Well, what do you think of him? Fine boy, isn't he?"

Bachelor Friend—"Yes, very fine boy; but he's bald. But then," glancing at father's bald head, "children are planning a trip to the Continent; can you tell whether their fathers left off."

"Does she love music?"

"M—yes; but not enough to keep away from the piano."

"Humble as I am," said a spouter at a mass meeting, "I still remember that I am a fraction of this magnificent empire."

"You are, indeed," said a bystander; "and a vulgar fraction at that."

Barber—"But you have paid me twopence too much."

Victim—"That's all right. It is a tip for not asking me if I wanted a shampoo, and not trying to sell me a bottle of your never failing hair restorer."

Spratts—"Miss Elder is much older than I thought."

Hunker—"Impossible!"

Spratts—"Well, I asked her if she had read 'Esop's Fables,' and she said she read them when they first came out."

Contributor—"Pretty poem, isn't it?"

Magazine Editor—"Yes, very; but we can't publish it."

Contributor—"Why not?"

Magazine Editor—"Why, anybody can tell at the first reading precisely what it means."

A reporter, in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the Bench, says: "The excited canine, as he was ignominiously dragged from the room, cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

"How charmingly those blinds of yours are painted!" remarked Smay to his friend Gay, who was furnishing a new and nuptial abode.

"They are," replied Gay, with his blandest smile; "and you will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you they are the work of a blind painter."

Wife—"The price of the clock was £2, but I got a discount, so it only cost me 30s."

Husband—"Yes, but you know very well you could have got the same thing at Beezle's for a guinea."

Wife—"That may be, but then Beezle wouldn't have taken off anything."

She—"No, George, I like you, but I can never be your wife."

He (haughtily)—"Never mind. There are others."

She—"I know there are, George. I accepted one of them this morning."

Mutual Friend—"It really is shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him."

Injured Wife—"What I go away and leave him alone to do just as he likes? Not me."

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C. P. HUNTINGTON AND FRED DOUGLASS.

"How Mr. Huntington Succeeded" was the head-line of a recent newspaper paragraph wherein a metropolitan reporter recorded what he said were utterances of Mr. Collis P. Huntington, "the great railroad magnate," about his own career. Being asked to what he attributed his success in life, Mr. Huntington is recorded to have replied, "Attention to my own business." But he did not himself go so far as to assert that he had succeeded in life. The reporter took that for granted. All that Mr. Huntington claimed was that he had made money.

Mr. Huntington is an able man whose views on most subjects are worth hearing. It would be interesting to know his own opinion of his own career, and his views as to whether he has really succeeded in life or not. There is no doubt that he has made money. When he hired out in 1849 at a small salary in a general store in Sacramento he had no capital, but now he is supposed to be master of somewhere between six millions and twenty. Attention to his own business has brought him abundance of money, but it seems fairly questionable whether his title to success would not have read more clear if at some period of his life he could have afforded to have neglected his own business a little and paid more attention to the interests of his neighbors. The opinion seems to obtain in the State of California that unless Mr. Huntington's close attention to his own business can be modified or in some way offset, the population of the State might as well abandon their claim and go elsewhere to live. His job as President of the Southern Pacific Railroad is to try and make the people of California pay the interest on the debt of that railroad system. The people find this obligation onerous, chiefly because, as they insist, the railway owes about three times as much as it cost, or as it is worth. They insist that the State of California has been run for years in the interest of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and they maintain that it is high time that that, or some new railroad system, should be run with reasonable regard to the interests of the people of the State. So they are doing their best to build some new railroads for their relief.

Mr. Huntington has had his full share of the spoils of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and more than any one else now living is responsible for whatever crimes or extortions have been committed in that railroad's name. So far as there is justice in the assertion of his old neighbors in California that he has fastened an octopus upon them, it may fairly be considered to detract from the measure of his success in life. When a reporter asks him again to what he attributes his success, *Life* trusts that he will consider with himself how far he can be said to have succeeded at all, and let the public have the benefit of his reflections.

No such doubts or hesitations as seem reasonable enough in Mr. Huntington's case will come to any one's mind in relation to Fred Douglass. There was a man who certainly succeeded in life. He succeeded for himself; for born a slave, he died free; poor and ignorant in his youth, he acquired both property and education, and out of obscurity he came to fame. But whereas Mr. Huntington succeeded, in so far as he has succeeded, by paying close attention to what concerned himself, Douglass's success was largely due to his ability to look after the concerns of others. He never had as much money as Mr. Huntington has, but it is probable that he had more fun, and certainly he had a great deal bigger and more enthusiastic funeral than Mr. Huntington can hope for. — *Life*.

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SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 30, 1895.

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The Fair will case is attracting national attention, not to itself only, but to California. This is unpleasant, though ultimately it may be salutary. Even if the State shall be put to shame, it will be useful to have the capacity and character of our courts thoroughly tried; for, of course, whichever way the verdict goes in the lower tribunal, there will be an appeal. Outside interest in the contest is awakened by reason of the enormous size of the stake; the home interest is due chiefly to the belief that crime, if it has not already been committed, will be, by one or both sides. Forgery, perjury, and the corruption of juries are neither new nor very rare incidents of litigation in California. Locally, there is a pretty general expectation that at some stage of the progress of this case, in which the lawyers will have unlimited money at their disposal, there will be disgraceful and exciting disclosures of felonious acts. Unfortunately, there is scant confidence in the integrity of the average San Francisco attorney, who is not peculiar. Superior Judge Slack, happily, is of a high reputation, as are some of the lawyers employed; but of others, though their standing at the bar may be prominent and their practice large, it cannot be said that they encumber themselves with scruples.

The scandal has already begun. The common belief is that the second will is forged. It is taken to be the offspring of the law of supply and demand. It fits with beautiful precision the needs of a situation which did not exist at the time when the testator is asserted to have made it. A powerful motive for its invention is apparent. It harmonizes with the theory that its defenders are without conscience and have the audacity that comes of the command of measureless wealth and full knowledge of wealth's chances of having its own way in a struggle with Californian law, civil and criminal. It is possible, of course, that the will is genuine, but if it is a forgery, no one doubts that clouds of witnesses can be got to mount the stand and swear to its genuineness. Governor Budd has already assured the public through the newspapers that he knows "the will is all right." Governor Budd's connection with the case as an attorney is of itself a scandalous thing which has not received the notice it deserves. Just after his election he was retained as an attorney for the heirs. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fair visited the Governor at the Capital for this purpose. It must

have been a large fee which induced him to associate himself in a case with Mr. George A. Knight, a person whom he regarded with intense enmity because of the latter's foul personal attacks upon him during last fall's political campaign.

But the reasons which caused Governor Budd to enter the case as an attorney are of minor importance. The main thing, the scandalous thing, is that Mr. Budd should have consented to be employed. He is Governor of California, the official representative of the commonwealth's power and dignity, and it is unspeakably discreditable to him and to the State that he should practice law while he holds his high position. I do not think there is a Californian precedent for his conduct; whether other States furnish any I don't know, and don't care. Repetition of an offense against propriety does not justify it or palliate it. The case of a Governor who manages to supervise his private commercial, or other business affairs, while discharging his public functions is not parallel. The very fact that Mr. Budd was retained by Charles Fair enforces that. It is not unjust to surmise that Mr. Budd was retained not because he was Mr. Budd, but because he was Governor Budd. Mr. Budd, before he became Governor, had a respectable place at the bar of the interior, but he had no such fame as would have caused him to be called to the metropolis to take part in a great will case, in preference to scores of other lawyers with offices in San Francisco, and far more celebrated. The prestige of Governor Budd's office was needed, and it was purchased. And nobody will blame Mr. Fair severely for making the purchase. He is not under special obligation to substitute himself for the Governor as a judge of what it is becoming for the Governor to do.

But there is something much more serious than a question of propriety involved. The Governor of California is in sole possession of the pardoning power. At his pleasure he can empty all our penitentiaries and jails. Given that the second Fair will is a forgery, and that it will be supported by perjured testimony—given that there are at the bar villains capable of entering into such a conspiracy—it is apparent that they could convince their instruments that in case of detection they would be safe from the legal penalties for forgery and perjury. Governor Budd vouches for the genuineness of the second will. If it were proved to be not genuine, however, and its forgers, its perjured supporters, and their accomplices, the lawyers, Mr. Budd's associates in the case, should be indicted and convicted, what position would Governor Budd find himself in? Should he pardon them, what would be thought of his motives? Who

would believe him to be a disinterested judge in the circumstances?

I know the view that reputable lawyers in this neighborhood take of Governor Budd's conduct in entering the Fair case. As lawyers they condemn it. Other questions aside, they regard it as unfair competition, and indecorous professionally to the last degree. But there is a still higher view than that of the reputable lawyers—it is the view of the citizen. Governor Budd's action is against good morals and public policy. If a Governor may appear as an attorney in civil cases—particularly in civil cases that are likely to give subsequent employment to the Grand Jury—why may he not take criminal cases also? If a lawyer elected Governor should choose to plead the precedent set by Mr. Budd in justification for taking that further step, it is obvious that were he so minded, and so unprincipled as to care for nothing save fees, he could monopolize the entire criminal business of the State. For what attorney, however gifted, however influential, would stand any chance with one who carried the pardoning pen around in his vest pocket?

If Governor Budd has friends who are able to open his eyes to the true nature of the position in which he has placed himself, let it be hoped, for his sake, that they will exert themselves without loss of time. It is given out that the proponents of the first will intend to attack the second as a forgery. In that case they cannot but urge upon the Court the extraordinary fact that among the counsel on the other side—the side of forgery and perjury, according to their contention—is the Governor of California, whose presence in such capacity must necessarily tend greatly to free false witnesses from that terror of punishment which otherwise might constrain them to refrain from going upon the stand, or else when there confuse their minds and so render easier their detection by the cross-examiner. No fee could compensate a man fit to be Governor for a humiliation such as this argument, made in open Court, would inflict. And if Governor Budd shall remain in the case, and that argument be offered, the press will be compelled to perform a duty from which it has hitherto abstained, largely, one would wish to believe, because it feels for the office which Mr. Budd occupies a respect that Mr. Budd has not himself exhibited. He is not a rich man, he is a lawyer, and doubtless a large fee is attractive to him; but no citizen who cannot live upon the official salary is under compulsion to accept office. Mr. Budd's present double position and double income, constitute an intolerable indecency. California's Governor owes it to California to withdraw from the Fair will mess.

The most conspicuous service that has been rendered this State since Mr. Claus Spreckels gave body and vitality to the San Joaquin railroad project, by subscribing \$500,000 toward it and taking the headship of the company, comes from Mr. W. R. Hearst. In addition to having subscribed \$25,000, he has in the *Examiner* set out to bring the masses over to the support of the competing railway by calling upon all who are able to do so to put their small savings into the stock. He encourages them by announcing that for every \$10,000 worth taken he will himself subscribe \$1,000. Better even than that—which is princely—he vouches for the new road as being really a competing enterprise. This assurance was needed, in view of some recent actions on the part of the Spreckels. I quote from the *Examiner* of Tuesday last:

The *Examiner* has carefully considered the matter. It has examined the opportunities for business. It has satisfied itself of the intentions of the men who are at the head of the company. It is convinced that these men are going to build and run the road as a business undertaking, that the enterprise is properly guarded from the danger of a "sell-out" to the Southern Pacific, and that it will be prudently built and managed.

That is entirely satisfactory. Mr. Hearst has means of knowing the things which he avers; he is a millionaire and therefore responsible financially, and, more than all, he pledges the good faith of his newspaper. Having done so much, Mr. Hearst is in a position to give to the stockholders and the public a continuing security, for the *Examiner* will be able to keep a watchful and critical eye on the operations of the company without subjecting itself to the charge of being unfriendly to the Valley road. That charge was recently brought because the *Examiner* had the sense and courage to protest against the bill which, passed ostensibly solely in the interest of the new road, laid the San Francisco waterfront wholly at the mercy of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, that hitherto has been under the control of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Hearst has done a great thing for the State, one that earns him honor as a public-spirited citizen, and that will largely and justly advantage the *Examiner*.

But what a pity it is that a man who can rise to this height in one direction can fall so low in another—that he can use a newspaper so splendidly in the public interest, and yet can't keep that newspaper decently clean. Tuesday's *Examiner* elated the whole State with the magnificence of its support to the Valley road and guaranty of the line's competing character; Sunday's *Examiner* was not fit to be taken into any home. I refer to the drawings of naked women that were printed under pretense of showing the effect of lacing. There was no question of the nude in art in those unpardonable pictures; the motive for their publication was plainly to gratify those who like the lewd. California is not squeamish, but the *Examiner* on Sunday shocked it. No decent man could hand the paper to a decent woman, and no parent could help being anxious lest it come under the eyes of his girls and boys. For such journalism it is not criticism but the police whistle that is required. It offends not alone the pure in life, but everybody who knows the difference between decency and indecency, a power of discrimination that is retained by multitudes whose conduct is far below their knowledge of right. All the San Francisco daily papers transgress more or less, but the *Examiner* far oftener and more flagrantly than the others. The reason is, I presume, that as a newspaper it is much more modern—that is to say, New Yorkish—than its rivals. The popular, up-to-date journals of New York are habitually inde-

cent, and the *Examiner* studies, and ventures occasionally to imitate, their pictures, forgetting that the Californian public has not been educated down to metropolitan callousness. Those *Examiner* women, had they appeared in the *World*, would not have disturbed New York at all, for the *World* has dealt in such vile work so long that New York takes it as a matter of course. As the *Examiner* has not a New York environment, it damages itself, as well as shocks its public, by essaying a species of work only suited to a city that has at last progressed to the theatrical climax of a completely nude woman on the stage—her coating of bronze paint being her artistic armor against the police.

The bronzed woman on the stage and the unbronzed woman in the newspapers are perhaps to be welcomed. There is sure to be a reaction against the pictorial indecency in all directions that has of recent years made the Parisian feel quite at home in the United States. Twenty-five years ago the play-bills and the play of "The Black Crook" startled the country. Since then the stage has gone on denuding itself, and the eyes have become accustomed to the undressed actress. She has been multiplied by the camera until she is the accompaniment of every package of cigarettes. The shop-windows are filled with her, and every work of art with an undraped female figure in it has been prostituted for advertising purposes. Contemporaneously, we have had an intermittent outpour of erotic novels, and, also, the establishment of the custom of giving to every woman and girl in fashionable society a publicity in the newspapers that was once reserved for the ladies of the stage. The *Examiner* last summer gave us the portraits of the belles of Monterey in their bathing dresses, with their names appended, as the *World* had given those of Narragansett. A girl cannot give a party or go to one but news of the event is printed, and if she is about to marry, her portrait becomes public property. Everybody can buy it (indeed is forced to buy it) with his newspaper at a smaller cost than the photographs of the trulls who expose themselves in "living pictures" at the theatre. How modesty can survive in women thus constantly paraded—women who are in no sense legitimately before the public—is marvelous. How far the standard of the sex has sunk is illustrated not only by the absence of protest from the women whose names, and features, and private lives are thus exploited by the newspapers, but also by the apparent blindness of the "new woman"—the woman whose mission is to elevate men by lifting them to the female plane—to the grossness of it all. Surely it is better to be modest than to vote, and to be indecent, one would think, is considerably worse than to be without the higher education.

A man is not likely to envy the feelings which he attributes to any lady whose name appeared in the *Examiner* of Sunday, nor of her who finds herself in a theatre whose boards are enlivened with women stripped to please the eyes of the libidinous. Men usually impute to women a superior delicacy. But I think it is the men who will rebel against the chronic and wholesale indecency in picture and print that has come upon us. If men are indifferent to their own purity, they certainly are not to the purity of women. I do not speak of men of leisure and pleasure—who commonly are cynical—but of the plain, busy, home-making men who form the respectable multitude. This nation is not French. Its basis is Anglo-Saxon, and it is not in the blood to dally gayly with vice and dance away again unbrutalized, as Latin men

do. The English can't do it, and neither can Americans. London's smart set, the model of our fashionable plutocracy everywhere, plays at being French in morals, but it is not French in spirit, for that is beyond it. The English and the American moral standard is essentially Puritan, and the Puritan instinct will assert itself when the time comes, as it always has asserted itself. Increase of wealth has brought luxury to America, and with luxury many importations in manners, good and bad. We are undergoing a sort of restoration—at least the plutocracy is—and the country has been defiled by the example of a coarse and inartistic imitation of the free-living elements of European aristocracies. But the line will be drawn, I think, presently. The bronzed woman will hardly be tolerated out of New York—at all events, not beyond the confines of the cities of the Eastern seaboard, to which everything westward is the provinces. This is, after all, a nation of homes, inhabited by chaste women and their husbands. Such homes will bar themselves against newspapers like last Sunday's *Examiner*, for the homes have daughters in them who are entitled to the natural innocence of their years.

A little more than a year ago many thousands of San Francisco's women formally united in a petition to the newspapers to cleanse themselves. That petition has been forgotten by the newspapers, and by the petitioners, too, apparently. But if any considerable number of men should renew the request, what would happen? Either it would be granted, or the non-complying newspaper would be made to smart in loss of subscriptions and advertisements, for there would be masculine energy behind the petition. There is no respectable reason why a newspaper should not give the news and be enterprising and bright without offending ordinary morals and good taste. Nastiness results from a wish to catch the nickels of the unclean, or from sheer stupidity. The maxim that want of decency is want of sense, applies to newspapers as to individuals. There may be a profit in lewdness, but that is a profit to which no publisher has a right. If he insists on reaping it he should be met on his own mercenary ground. That is to say, if he runs his paper for revenue only, in disregard of the public good, his revenue should be attacked. Half a hundred business men could by a few days' work cure the San Francisco press permanently of its prurient tendencies. Suppose that when next one of the newspapers commits a naked-woman outrage, or goes wrong in the same direction in its printed matter, the half hundred business men should withdraw their advertisements and ask other business men to do likewise, how long would that newspaper remain dirty and defiant? It would be a just reprisal. Every father and mother possessed of a sense of parental respectability would be in sympathy with so worthy a cause, and all the other newspapers would unthinkingly help—and sweep their own doorsteps. The merchants have undertaken the cleaning of the streets; if they should add to this industry the much easier task of cleaning the newspapers, they would more than double the town's sense of gratitude. But, should they at any time undertake this laudable scavenger work, I suggest that at the outset they sternly reject, what will be freely proffered, the co-operation of the clergy and the ladies. Both mean well, but they are deficient in knowledge of business methods. The fate of the late reverberating movement for a Lexow Committee is an exemplification of the lamentable consequence of scattering.

Collis P. Huntington has been made officially aware that there is law in Cal-

ifornia for the rich as well as the poor. He has been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury. During thirty years this man has been plundering the government, plundering the people, stealing with both hands day and night, and piling up his booty in a monstrous heap that towers mountainously over ordinary fortunes. He has been above the law, for he has owned the Legislature, and he has chosen judges to interpret as he wished the statutes enacted at his command. He has had both the political parties under his control, and reserved for himself all departments of the State and municipal governments that were useful to him. California has been his estate, her people his blacks, their earnings his. But after thirty years of lawless robbery and tyranny he has been indicted—for issuing a free pass.

California doesn't know whether to be proud or ashamed of this feat. The inadequacy of the indictment rather abashes even the popular mind, which does not discriminate nicely. As a beginning, the act of the Federal Grand Jury is welcomed, for if Huntington can be made answerable to law in one thing, the possibility of making him answerable in others upliftingly suggests itself. Still, the indictment of Collis P. Huntington for issuing an inter-State pass affects the sense of congruity much as would the arrest of Captain Kidd for having used vulgar language while capturing a galleon and compelling her crew and passengers to walk the plank. It freshens in the mind the satire as to the downward progress of the man who, beginning with murder, ends by plunging into impoliteness.

Under indictment though he is, Mr. Huntington has not yet been stripped of his power. He remains the directing mind of the associated villainies, and is able to give a return blow to Mr. Sutro when he wishes. The Mayor is finding how difficult it is for an honest man to make headway against the influences which dominate the city government. He has had one experience with the Board of Health, and another with the Supervisors, which would discourage one less pugnacious and resolute. Mr. Sutro proved by a chemist that the waters of Lake Merced were alive with dangerous bacteria. The Board of Health employed another chemist, who admitted the bacteria, but denied that they were harmful. The Mayor showed that the filth from hog-pens and the drainage from ranches ran into the lake. The Board's chemist asserted that this filth, however unpleasant to the fancy, was not unhealthful, and the Board agreed with him. This was a trifle too much for some of the newspapers, and they protested against filth as a beverage, even when supplied by so potent a corporation as the Spring Valley Water Company, and recommended by the Board of Health and its chemist. Mr. Sutro, the progress of whose competing railroad to the beach has been interrupted by the Southern Pacific by physical as well as legal obstruction, asked for further time in which to complete it, and the favor was refused—temporarily, anyway. Had the Southern Pacific asked a like favor, or any other, it would doubtless have been granted instantly. It is possible that the members of the Board of Health and the Supervisors who thus act toward Mr. Sutro in his public and private capacities, think they are not running counter to public opinion. The Mayor is exceedingly unpopular now, precisely as he was before election, with the associated villainies and all their dependents and sympathizers. Also his vigorous and original way of going ahead in the accomplishment of his purposes offends the taste of those fastidious persons who have neither the desire nor the energy themselves to attempt any good

thing for the public. As a candidate Mr. Sutro had the press against him. He was elected in spite of all the newspapers, and that is hard to be forgiven. In order to teach the people that they were mistaken in their choice, even the relatively reputable journals sneer with persistent meanness at the sturdy old man, whose courage and public spirit should put them to shame.

Of course, all the weeklies are shocked at Mayor Sutro. San Francisco has a queer collection of weekly papers. The Mayor said what was perfectly true the other day when he contemptuously asserted that almost any of them could be bought to print any lie for \$20. The associated villainies have run rather short of dailies lately, but the supply of weeklies is, as always, equal to the demand. That any one should think their services worth buying surprises, for the public is aware of their quality. Most of them live on what they get for their foul drudgery. In these days, when the daily newspaper commands the work of the best writers, and has pretty well superseded the old-time literary journal, the chief remaining reason for the existence of a weekly press is that it shall be freer to speak the truth than the daily newspaper, which must please everybody in order to get interest on the large investment. In San Francisco, however, the weeklies, as a rule, are as far below the dailies in character as they are in circulation—a depth of degradation, moral and intellectual, that one who is not a journalist can hardly sound. Mr. Huntington has a literary bureau, and its products find print in the weeklies. Spring Valley can get what it likes published in them. So can the gas company, the telephone company, the electric light company, the insurance companies, or any company that has an axe to grind. When patronage of this kind does not come voluntarily, the weeklies extort it. The business men of the city are made to advertise on pain of being abused. Ask them, if you doubt it. This is the press which is retained by Mr. Huntington and his coadjutors to revile Mayor Sutro, or to revile whomsoever questions the right of the associated villainies to steal property, corrupt officials, or bully citizens. It is agreeable to know that the promise of railroad competition and the smashing of the Southern Pacific monopoly, which has given the spur to business and raised the spirits of the people, has not been conducive to the prosperity of the half-cadger, half-highwayman weeklies. And as California grows in prosperity and self-respect, such publications are sure to perish. They will give place to a weekly press that will speak for the better intelligence and better conscience of the community as the dailies, conditioned as they are commercially and in their proprietorship, cannot do.

The literary bureau of the Southern Pacific makes use frequently of the weeklies to print matter designed for copying in the East as samples of Californian opinion, in order that opposition to Mr. Huntington's reign here may be made to appear of "sand-lot" inspiration. It is not a bad scheme, but it has been worked out. The press of the East has taken Mr. Huntington's measure accurately, and it knows what the Southern Pacific is. The New York Evening Telegram, for example, quotes the following from an article by the Nawab Nawaz Jung Bahadur of India, who has been traveling and observing in this country:

There is one thing most Americans don't foresee, and that is that San Francisco is bound to be the first and largest city in America. The trade on your Eastern shore is developed. It has but begun in the West, which will trade with Japan, China, and

India. The Japanese victory means much to the Western coast. It means a new order of things, and the beginning of a commerce that will astonish the world.

To this the Telegram adds on its own account:

This little prophecy is packed full of sound ideas and indisputable facts. The only barrier that stands in the way of the speedy fulfillment of the deduction that is made from the premises here presented is the malignant and blighting influence of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, "of Kentucky." Until that influence is either reformed or removed, California and San Francisco are hardly safe places for people of honesty and independence to live in, or, at least, to try to do business in. That obstruction being removed—as it would be by the United States Government taking possession of all the wrecked lines that default upon their bonds, and running them impartially in the interest of the whole public—the now languishing metropolis of the Pacific Coast will promptly take its place as one of the largest and most prosperous cities of the world.

The first condition of progress here is, of course, the destruction of the Southern Pacific monopoly—and that is near—but something more will be needed to fulfill the prophecy of the Nawab. San Francisco is a seaport, and it is therefore to her interest to encourage and welcome commerce, not to repel it with a protective tariff and high port charges. To make commerce difficult and costly is as sensible a course on San Francisco's part as it would be to handicap a racer for the purpose of increasing his speed. San Francisco should be for free trade, and so ought all California—even on the narrow principle of the "home market." The American trade with the Orient and Australasia must be by way of this city, and when that trade is developed we shall have a Two Million instead of a Half Million Club—or, rather, need no clubs to give us population. Commerce is not to be had by holding meetings and passing resolutions, but by making commerce profitable to those who have goods to exchange. Every burden, every tax, placed upon commerce is a fine, and therefore a deterrent. Were San Francisco a free port, and competition should reduce railroads to their proper function of common carriers, fancy what a market this city would be for the produce of the interior. The metropolis of the Pacific coast is but a village now compared to what it will be in the time to come when it shall have close and friendly business relations with the neighboring republics to the South and with the empires to the West. But the spirit which approves the policy of protection must disappear before the arrival of that larger and better time can be hoped for. It is a spirit of jealousy, repulsion, and enmity, unworthy a young, and rich, and modern republic. So far from being American, it is as old as ignorance, and is in commerce what hatred of foreigners is in politics. Mr. McKinley calls it patriotism, and had he lived in England under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts, or the Georges, he would have been of the same mind. The stranger from India, looking at San Francisco with new eyes, and gazing beyond her to the peoples westward, can see her future. How many San Franciscans are as clear or far sighted?

The state of mind of the remainder of the United States has not been made known, but California is fatigued of the California Girl. However satisfactory that young person may be in real life, she has become insupportable in print. She is, in fact, not always a magnificent specimen of young womanhood; she is not always lovely; she is not always witty; she is not always gay and debonair and charming. Our streets are not thronged with Junos. We have been endowed by Providence with our full share of ugly women, sallow women, awkward women, stupid women, vulgar women, gossip,

shrews, malignants, detestables. Our climate frequently causes women to weigh more here than in less genial belts, and, perhaps, often gives them good complexions. But, on the average, the California Girl is much like other girls. She differs no more from the Eastern girl than the California Man differs from Eastern men. Doubtless, she has her local peculiarities of thought, and speech, and manner, which may or may not be admirable, according as one's taste runs. The California girl, the actual California girl, is not, like the California Girl of print, an eternal bore, for she gets married. No sane man would marry the California Girl he reads about, if he could find her. We have no female type in California. The conglomerate population is too new to have developed one. The distinction, the beauty of race, belongs to the Italian girl born here, the Spanish girl, the Jewess. The others take the chances of mixed parentage, and are not seldom lucky as composites. Use your eyes as you go about and decide for yourself the proportion of handsome to plain girls. There never was an isolated community yet that didn't boast of its women. Boasting is one of the weeds of isolation. Persons who travel and see other places, their females and achievements, give up the habit. Perhaps it is asking too much of the Californian press to forsake altogether the houri of its terrible love, but certainly the request is modest that when it creates and presents her person for the world's admiration it will serve up the California Girl clothed, and allow other people to remain in their right minds.

Evolution is worrying the State University. Professor Howison, whose speciality is metaphysics, cannot agree with Professor Le Conte, whose line is physical science. Le Conte believes that man's soul has, like his body, been developed under the supervision of a Deity, at once personal and immanent. Howison insists that it was created outright. Professor Howison was originally a Congregationalist preacher, I believe, and Professor Le Conte began his intellectual journey as a devout Presbyterian. Though both are regarded as behind the times by the progressive philosophers and evolutionists, they are equally condemned by the orthodox. When these strenuous old gentlemen have passed to a state where they will either learn all about what now troubles them, or be deprived of the capacity for curiosity, it will advantage the University to replace them with modern minds who in their pursuit of truth are not haunted by the spectre of theological consequences. Professor Le Conte's work and life have been a benefaction to thousands of young men. He is kindness personified, and what he has lacked in intellectual courage has been compensated for by his influence on character. But what, in the name of Darwin, and Huxley, and Jordan, are we to think of Professor Howison, who is affrighted by the sort of evolution that Le Conte teaches—Le Conte, famed as a "reconciler?" The State University is a secular institution, and it should lead, not lag in science.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

"No, sir," I said to my former friend Millsaugh, the other day, when he offered me his hand.

"No, sir," I cannot take it."

He hung his head in humiliation and dejection, and, being tender hearted, begged, I began to feel sorry for him.

"How could you," I broke out, "how could you be—irregular in your financial practices, Millsaugh, when you knew how much pain it would give your employer? Think how Huntington's heart must be wrung at this discovery."

"Don't, Persiflage, don't," moaned the fellow. "I can't bear that."

"And no wonder," I went on, sternly. "Huntington must feel the strain as if it were on his own honor. There was everything to keep you straight, sir. All your associations were of the best kind. Have you had the hardihood to look Herrin in the face after this? Or Stubbs? Or Brown? Was it drink drove you to it?"

"Drink!" cried Millsaugh, bridling. "Confound you, don't stand there accusing me of bad habits!"

"Dammie, sir," I retorted, "grasping my cane, 'if you have the impudence to take that tone with me, I'll'—"

But the unhappy wretch burst into tears and shuffled off. It's a sad, hang me if it isn't! I don't know how they'll be able to had their heads up headquarters after this. It isn't surprising my friend Huntington's health has suffered.

Millsaugh had scarcely shuffled away when I beheld my old friend Herrin approaching. He was walking arm-in-arm with Martin Kelly, Behring, and Major Gillis and Sam Rainey. They had seen me in conversation with the outcast, and turned their heads. I, too, pretended to be unconscious, and let them pass without recognition. It is always the duty of a gentleman to respect other gentlemen's feelings. Byron Waters, who brought up the rear of the line procession, however, caught me by the arm, and, grasping my hand, put his lips to my ear and whispered hastily:

"Get in a word for me if you can, Persiflage. Do it, and I won't forget you."

And, egad, on this hint, I did sit down the same day and write a long letter to Herrin, highly recommending Waters. I pointed out, however, to be a violent anti-monopolist, he would be an unusually valuable man for Millsaugh's place. And, aside from this, I urged there should be more joy over one repentant sinner than over ninety and nine just men that need no repentance. Waters is a very able man, very. And it will take him a long time to lose the confidence of the farmers of the interior, which he has been playing the anti-monopoly role. Besides, confound me if I don't think the fellow really has it in him to be grateful.

I was rather surprised yesterday to see Dr. Marc Levinston looking downcast. I have known him, of course, only since I entered politics, for we do not move socially on the same plane, but my frequent visits to the Executive Chamber at Sacramento, where he always was, brought about a considerable interest. I have reason to believe that he gave me his influence for the Labor Commissionership.

"Gad, Doctor," said I, "why are you looking blue? Should think you'd be treading on air. Sink me if I wouldn't like to be in your shoes—at least in one respect."

"My dear Commissioner," he responded, shaking his head pensively, "mere wealth has no attractions for a man of my mould compared with the dignity of public station. I had every reason to believe that I was in the Health Officer of this great city, and Jim has thrown me down."

Here the man's face assumed so revengeful and malignant an expression that my anger rose, and I could not refrain from speaking out in defense of my Honored Chief at Sacramento.

"How?" I exclaimed. "Governor Budd thrown you down? How dare you, sir? Are you an ingrate? If he has, for what were doubtless excellent reasons of state, withheld from you the place of Health Officer, has he not given you the far more lucrative and conspicuous position of executor of the Craven will?"

"Ha!" cried Levinston. "How the deuce could he give me the executorship? It was my dear old friend Friar who did that."

I confessed he had me there. By constantly associating the Governor in my mind with the power of patronage, I had been betrayed unconsciously into supposing that all places of trust and profit necessarily came from him.

However, it pains me too much to know that even the slightest coolness has arisen between two such men as Governor Budd and Dr. Levinston. I shall use my good offices to bring about a reconciliation.

"You can do it if you like," said the Doctor, the light of hope mounting in his fine, frank eyes. "Between you and me, Persiflage, Jim thinks a lot of you, and respects you as a Society man. There's really no reason why I shouldn't have both jobs."

I have written to Budd, and shall, if necessary, take the trip to Sacramento, though, I own, traveling is, somehow, becoming infernally fatiguing to me.

In the trifles thrown off in idle moments for this paper, I have at various times made use of the name of Harry Veuve, and I am afraid, permitted commercial considerations to weigh with me—consequently, of course. No, begad, I'd rather never sell another case of Cresta Bedamca, and let Veuve, or anybody else, have the field to himself, than de-

liberately pen a line in malice. Yet it is a fact that out of our race for the patronage of the clubs for our respective vintages, Veuve and myself have allowed ourselves to become somewhat distant socially. Once we were like brothers. That was before we went into wine. And all the old fondness rushed back upon me on Wednesday night at the Bohemian when the news was broken to me that the dear fellow is about to leave for Carlsbad, his liver compelling.

It was no less a surprise than a grief to me to learn this, for now I will cheerfully admit that I have ever regarded Veuve as one of the healthiest as well as the handsomest men living. His hands are as white, if not whiter than my own, and we wear the same shoes. In manner he is lively, yet dignified. There are many who say he has formed himself on me.

It seems that his condition is quite serious, at least in its possibilities, for Veuve, like myself, is past his first youth. And had I, instead of Harry, been billed for Carlsbad, the boys could not have been more affected.

"Dear Ned Hamilton, who is ordinarily not soft-hearted," dear boy." And he dashed his hand across his eyes.

"Charming fellow, charming," murmured Dick Hammond, coughing to conceal his emotion.

"Lovely chap, that's what he is, bedad," exclaimed Jim Phelan, bringing his hawny palm down on the table.

"Yes," agreed Jimmy Hamilton, "Harry's a delightful man."

"He's a sweet thing, and I've always said so," cried Jack Lathrop.

And so it went on. And it touched me. We men of the world bear a cold exterior one toward the other, but, underneath, the cup of life to any lips. Men crumble down the barriers of conventionality, we are found to be as tender as women, after all. Dear Harry, when he departs, shall rot go comfortless. I shall send a case of Cresta Bedamca to the cars.

My friend De Young is also going abroad, but for pleasure, not health. He wanted me to accompany him to Paris, and I should have accepted but for the official duties which will fall upon me when I receive from Governor Budd my appointment as Labor Commissioner. Paris! Ah, there's where a man, wealthy himself, or the companion of one who is wealthy, can raise the cup of life to his lips. I remember when I was there last, in 1845, I— But reminiscences, however interesting, are bad form, and indulgence in them is a sure sign of advancing years. While De Young is gone his private theatre will be at my disposal, and, I flatter myself, Society shall have some entertainments that will not be to teach it that intellect and artistic taste are not always drawbacks to a man of *ton*. There will be private theatricals, of course, and I myself shall assume a high-class comedy role or two, if for nothing more than to let the younger generation see what the *bel air* means. Also, I shall arrange for a few lectures. I am in communication with my friend Huntington, who may add artistic taste. "The Delicate Effects of Financial and Social, of Competition in Transportation." And Herrin has almost promised me to give an address on "The Cost of Government." Naturally, I shall not allow these grave themes to overshadow the basic purpose of my management of the private theatre, which is to amuse. I shall, if not imported, then imitated. We are still a little crude—a trifle provincial—and I shall have to forego bronze statuary, so far as the divine female form is concerned. I am quite unable to comprehend how any rational being, who has had the advantage of a Society environment, can affect to be shocked by the figure. No."

As a compromise, then—a cowardly compromise, begad, for which I am not responsible—only the male form as it came from heaven's hand will be exhibited. My friend Colonel Andrews has acceded willingly to my request, and, bronzed from head to foot, will pose as the ideal of manly beauty. In order to add a touch of modern humor to the classic beauty of the tableau the quito for the occasion will be the late Midwinter Fair surplus.

In advance it is due to myself to say, should Mr. Greenway rush into print in an abusive manner, that my refusal to allow him to participate in the management, or even to be among the invited guests, has not been inspired in any degree by hostility. The assumption that such a thing as social rivalry can exist between a person of Greenway's endowments and myself is manifestly grotesque. The plain truth is that Ned, though a competent dancer and a fair caterer, is devoid of *esprit*, and wholly blind to the intellectual and esthetic side of life. Therefore, I have barred him from the management—his efforts to get into which were laughable in their presumption, begad—and have denied him tickets. He is well enough in his place, where, I cheerfully admit, he is useful.

PERSIFLAGE.

*An extended argument in defense of the Nuda in Art has been submitted by a contributor's manuscript space being limited.—Ed. Letter.

BABY OELRICHS'S VIEWS.

He Talks Freely of His Grandpa and the Wills.

Baby Oelrichs received me in the large, airy nursery on the west side of the house. He was marching about the room, playing soldier, beating a drum, and yelling lustily; but when I entered, he courteously put aside the serious business of the day, and gave all his attention to me.

"I have come, Master Oelrichs," I said, "to ask your opinion of the present state of affairs in the Fair will contest. Naturally, you have much at stake."

"Well, rather!" he interrupted.

"And the Letter would like your own views in the matter."

He nodded, and standing sturdily before me, legs apart and hands clasped behind him, he said:

"I am grateful to the Letter for this opportunity of expressing my real ideas about the case. As you can readily understand, it would not be delicate for me to speak openly before my mamma, and," he continued, with a rueful glance backward at a jeweled-handled, tasseled whip, which hung by the door, "and it might not be altogether prudent. In her absence, however, I don't mind giving the Letter my views upon the subject of the Fair will contest, of course, will follow Mrs. Crocker's example and not read the papers any more. So ma won't know."

By this time young Herman had slid into a graceful little heap on the polished floor; and lying flat upon his stomach, his elbows on the soft rug and his chin in his hands, he looked up into my face. I bent over, and said, confidentially:

"Tell me, what do you think of this new Craven will? Do you think it is a forgery?"

He rolled over on his back, jumped to his feet, and throwing back his round little head, he answered sharply:

"A forgery? Of course it is. Imagine that sweet old gran'pa of mine doing so silly a thing as to write a will and give it to a schoolboy! No, no, no! It's a boob; that's what it is. Gran'pa Fair wasn't such a goose."

"Then you don't believe any of these stories about his mental incapacity?"

"No one said a word about it till after his death and the discovery of how he had left his money. When he was alive, he was cleverer than all of them put together, and his will 'll beat them all."

"And you think that the first will will stand?"

He withdrew a stick of candy from his mouth just long enough to smack his lips and say:

"Undoubtedly."

"You consider it a just will? Your uncle Charles—"

"Oh, yes! I have an uncle, haven't I? You see, I haven't seen much of him. I hardly know him."

"Under the first will, of course, his children could not inherit."

"True." He sucked the candy thoughtfully. "My gran'pa must have had some good reason for making that provision. And, anyway, the money was his; he had worked for it, why shouldn't he do as he pleased with it?"

I didn't answer, and becoming deeply interested in his subject, Herman Oelrichs, Jr., came over to me, and resting his wet, shiny stick of candy upon my knee, placed his sticky little hand earnestly upon my arm.

"Now I'll tell you just how I feel about this thing. That first will arranges everything beautifully. Pa and ma won't starve, neither will Auntie Birdie nor uncle—what's his name?"

"Charles," I suggested.

"Oh, yes! Uncle Charles. Now, when Auntie Birdie carries a prize, or a gold, or a count, if she has a child—of course, I've heard nurse say repeatedly that children are a nuisance, but it is evident my gran'pa didn't think so—well, and if that cousin of mine should be a girl, why, I could marry her. Then, you see, I'd have all the money. If there should be no other children, why, I'd have it all, anyway. It actually seems as though Gran'pa had said to himself, 'I shall leave those millions, doesn't it? I wonder what made him like me more than ma or Birdie or—' or Charles. Perhaps because he didn't know me at all.'"

"But suppose the second will is upheld?"

"Paterson, my lawyer, and I had a long conference out at the Children's Playground yesterday. He had to sit in a chair next to me while I rode a fine black horse on the merry-go-round, and he pretended to be holding me on. That was the only way we could have a strictly private talk. Ma wasn't there, of course, and nurse was talking to one of the Park policemen. Paterson looked kind of sick and sort of queer when the music stopped, the merry-go-round came slowly to a standstill, and he lifted me off. But we had come to an understanding. Paterson assures me that our side will win."

"But suppose," I insisted, cruelly, "suppose that Mr. Paterson should be mistaken?"

Baby Oelrichs drew coldly away, taking the stick of candy with him and leaving a long sugary stain on his skirt.

"In that case," he answered, laughingly lifting his delicate eyebrows, "it would only lead to more trouble for the family, and, between you and me, I think we've had enough notoriety."

"Why—how do you mean?"

"Simply, that I should be compelled, I suppose, to contest ma's will in time, just as she's contesting gran'pa's. It would be disgraceful, no doubt, but I believe it's the custom, especially on the Pacific Coast."

Neither of us spoke for a time. The nurse had made a mouse out of her handkerchief and was making it jump for the boy's amusement. "And if the first will stands," I said, after a time; "if you remain Senator Fair's only grandchild and inherit all the money, what will you do with it?"

The laugh left his baby face, and he said:

"If I get all the money?" he repeated, excitedly. "Come here."

He took me by the hand and half led, half pulled me towards a curtained corner of the sunny room. Pushing aside the portiere with his chubby hands, he showed me a great trough filled with sand.

"It's only sand," he said, plaintively. "I dig it slips and slides, and the tunnels won't stay, and I've never been able to dig a mine deeper than up to here." And rolling up his sleeve, he showed me the dimple in his elbow. "But if I get that money—all of it, every bit of it—I'll melt it all down and pour it back where it came from, up there in Birdie City—I mean Virginia City. And I'll own the Con. Bird—no, the Con Virginia mine, and I'll dig, and dig, and dig. And the rock'll be real, and I'll wear a miner's suit and a candle in my hat, and carry a miner's bucket. And there'll be tunnels and tunnels, miles of them, and blasting and blasting, and great big wheels, and steam, and cages, and great banks of silver quartz shining out of the dark, and underground ladders, and car tracks, and a pan mill to crush the rock, and I shall hear the throb of the engines and smell the damp of the lower levels. How I shall work, and how I shall dig and dig!"

And when I left him, he was standing over the trough, his bare arms plunged into the sand, lifting one leg after the other, while he chanted:

"And dig—and dig—and dig!"

MIRIAM MICHELESON.

DON BLAS'S WILL.

An Instrument with Which Mrs. Craven Had Nothing to do.

Blas Montijo, who, in the old days, lived in the vicinity of San Juan Capistrano, owned more country than he could see. Over it roamed more horned cattle and fine mares than he could count, although that isn't saying very much, because Don Blas never made any pretensions to being an arithmetician. He sold hides every year to purchase the few luxuries he wanted, and he was satisfied. He was just as wealthy, to all intents and purposes, as Rockefeller or the late Mr. Gould. Perhaps, when he was smoking a peaceful pipe outside his hospitable doorway after supper, he may have wondered a bit whether he did not possess a few more acres or a few more horned cattle than his neighbor, Don Ramon Robles, who lived about sixty miles down the valley. But then he asked himself, "Have I not enough?" and was content.

No daughters had he, nor sons, and his wife had died years before. His brother had a large family, and it was his nieces and nephews that Don Blas had always promised himself should enjoy his estates and the fine cattle and horses after he died. But he never made any will, he had not thought of it, he thought much about dying. Once in a while the priest of the Mission chapel, the Rev. Padre Moot, that was half a mile from his house, would remind him that death must come to us all, and that Don Blas should prepare himself for the hereafter. "True, true," Don Blas would say; "but I am feeling young and strong, Padre. Tell me, mayordomo to let you have 100 hides, and do you say some masses for the repose of my good wife's soul."

Now, the reason that Don Blas had never drawn up a will was because he could not write. About the only man he knew who might be trusted to execute such an important document, was Jose Ruiz el Polaco, who lived at Trabuco, a few miles away. But he was always busy, and very rarely visited his friend Blas. When he did come, Don Blas would say to himself, "The next time will do," and so it was that when he found himself at the door the next day in June, the will was not written.

He sent at once for a standstill, and he said:

"Padre," he said, "I shall die; I am feeling very old to-day. But my will must be made. Do you tell them to take my best mare and ride for El Po-

laco, the notary. Then when I have given my cattle and my possessions to my niece and my nephews, I shall die with my soul at rest."

The padre had often thought that the broad lands of Don Blas and his large herds would be of great use to the church, and he had always fancied that he would persuade the old rancher to give at least part of them to the mission over which he presided.

"I will be there," he said to himself, as the courier rode away for the notary, "when the testament is made, and, please God, I may be able to put it into the heart of Don Blas to add to the treasury of Holy Church."

But before the padre returned with the notary, Don Blas died, and with him the plans and hopes of the good priest. But he made others as he saw the breath pass from the old man's body.

"Does he yet live?" asked the notary, as he dismounted from his jaded horse in front of the casa where lay Don Blas's body.

"Follow me," said the father, gravely, and he led the way to the inner chamber, where the remains of the old ranchero, fully clad, were propped in a sitting posture on the bed.

"Write," commanded the padre, and wonderfully the notary did as he was commanded.

"To the mission of San Juan Capistrano," began the padre, "I desire that 2,000 horned cattle, 100 of my fine mares, and 1,000 acres of my best land shall be given when I shall have died."

"Ask him," said the padre, "if that is his wish."

"Is that your wish?" questioned the notary.

The head of the corpse gravely nodded.

"To the Mission of San Juan Capistrano," continued the padre, "I desire that one hundred horned cattle, fifty mares, and five hundred acres of land shall be given when I shall have died."

"Ask him again," commanded the padre, "whether it is his wish."

The notary once more addressed the corpse, and a second time the head of the dead man inclined itself. A half dozen bequests were made in this manner, but never once were the names of Don Blas's nephews and nieces mentioned in the will.

"To my dear friend and religious adviser, Padre Moot, I desire that my dwelling house, together with 5,000 head of horned cattle and 10,000 acres of land shall be given when I shall have died," dictated the pious padre.

"Is that your wish?" queried the notary, and the dead man nodded as in assent.

"Give me the pen," the father said, and he was about to place it in the cold fingers of Don Blas when the notary interrupted.

"I have thought that my friend the notary is deserving of something at his hands. I, therefore, desire that half the horned cattle and half the acres of land that I have devised to my friend, Padre Moot, shall be given to the said notary. Is that your wish?" turning to the corpse.

But there was no answering nod this time. Again the notary questioned poor old Don Blas's body, but again there was no answer.

Taking the will which he had written between his fingers, the notary tore it the least bit, and turning to the priest, asked quietly:

"Padre, will you have the kindness to pull that string once for me?"

And the padre pulled the string.—*Horace Hansford Egbert in the Los Angeles Herald.*

MYSTERIES OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE:

OR THREE SECONDS IN A FRENCHMAN'S MIND.

(Transferred to English.)

"Is it, that it is that which it is, that boy there? My Faith! It is it, him. Parbleu! It is not true that it is, that gamine there, at the house of whose father I remain myself, some thing amazing!"

What is it that his father makes, to allow me to run his boy on the streets so, that little wretch there?

Sere!! Behold that which the father makes, more cruel than a beast, that man wretched. It is running, those horses there!! One is able to hold them, and it is that they strike the boy, those animals!! Sere!! Some of those horrors, the most horrible!! One is able not to say where they are, all the pieces of that boy.

My God! It must be like this—here—that I approach myself to those boys, my brothers, all in a minute. Let us go in running to warn them. Let us be that I make a moral, and cause her to retire into them, all quick.

On, ahead! On, ahead!

To them! To them, those brothers of me!! If it can be that they have not experimented already with some hoofs of horses, it is well. Some heavens! I hope it is that it has been well with them. Holy name of all the devils! One pushes his voice through all to me. It is not well. I throw myself on the fly to save him. Behold.—Life.

Bagley—"I didn't know you were hard up, old man."

—*W. C. Mac.*—"I'm not. I borrowed of a few no-good people, but only to get rid of them."—*W. no York World.*

TRACY, WIMAN, AND DANA.

Tracy May Be President, Wiman Has Great Schemes Afoot, and Dana Doesn't Want to Go to Jail.

NEW YORK, March 21, 1895.

I have, seen to-day three noted men, one the greatest journalist of the day, another a business man who has just escaped Sing Sing, the third a Presidential possibility in '96—Charles A. Dana, Erastus Wiman, and General B. F. Tracy, and of these I shall write.

There is already much talk among politicians as to the Republican Presidential nominee of next year. The success with which the Republican party has met everywhere during the last year and a half has made the politicians confident that they have but to choose an available man to carry not only all the Northern States, but some of the Southern. It was not till last night that I had heard General Tracy spoken of as a possibility. There were several men of business, law, and politics gathered in one of the little card rooms of the Union League. Some one had mentioned Steve Elkins as a possible nominee, but no one treated the matter seriously. Elkins, it was universally agreed, could not carry the Blaine strength, he could not even carry his own State in a popular election, and he was too rich. Ex-President Harrison was spoken of respectfully, but not with enthusiasm.

"If we are to have a Western man, he will be Allison," said one of the group. "How about McKinley?" asked another. "Ohio is West no longer," was the reply. "But, aside from that, McKinley could not carry New York or Massachusetts. He bears the burden of his bill. We would be put upon the defensive, and that we cannot afford. The whole country recognizes the McKinley bill as a mistake." This was a Republican who was speaking, and a prominent one locally. "Ted" Reed was the favorite with all. "But," as one said, "no one knows what he will do in the next year as Speaker of the House, and, though he may have solid New England behind him, would he be able to get the nomination?" The McKinley people and the Harrison people will not have him. "Then Tracy's name was mentioned. At once there was a general expression of admiration for the man, and a unanimous prophecy that he could be elected, and would make a splendid President. The points raised in his favor might be summarized so: He is a New Yorker, a lawyer, was the surprise of the Harrison Cabinet and its most popular member, has few, if any, enemies, has the friendship of all opposing candidates, has never attempted to be a practical politician, is big enough to be independent, yet could get Platt's influence, because the younger Platt is in Tracy's firm, is a conservative on the trifling question, has no record on the silver question, has a war record for the soldiers, and will catch the Mugwumps with his civil service reform record. There is no other New York man who could carry so many elements with him as General Tracy. Morton is out of the running, because of his years. Depew amuses himself by occasionally giving the reason why he is not a viable candidate. Mayor Strong has been spoken of as a possible candidate, but he could not even have this delegation, because of his antagonism to the bosses. It would not be surprising, therefore, if New York were to enter the field with B. F. Tracy as her candidate.

The reversal of the decision in the Wiman case is taken as a dismissal of the charge against the Staten Island boomer. From the first, public sympathy has largely been with Wiman; and now that there is no likelihood of his going to prison, all his old friends are flocking back to him. I have known Wiman for several years, and a more remarkable man in his way I do not know of in the country. His schemes are big, his head is big, and his heart is big. For a dozen years he has been almost alone and unaided for reciprocity with Canada; and but for his alliance with the Canadian Liberal party, he would to-day be a British "Sir," the bribe having been offered him by Macdonald. The improvements which have made Staten Island the most desirable place of suburban residence are due to Wiman. He was, in fact, the discoverer, one might say, of the island. With the spirit and enthusiasm of a Western town-builder, he has given commercial value and industrial importance to this neglected spot. At one time he had a scheme—not only in his head, but adopted by the Baltimore and Ohio people—who which Staten Island was to be made the greatest railroad terminus on the Atlantic. The plan involved, among other features, the tunneling of the Narrows to Long Island. It failed, so Wiman has told me, only because of the sinking of the money market, and it will be revived. Another of his great schemes was the consolidation of all the salt properties in the country, and their sale to an English syndicate. Wiman was given eight million dollars with which to make the purchase, but he could not get all the owners to sell. At

present this man of irrepressible energy is making a cobweb of Staten Island with electric railroad wires. He will open up parts of the island which were better known to the residents of Manhattan Island one hundred years ago than they are to-day. Once, when he was agitating for commercial union with Canada, and managing the great business of Dun & Co., trying to float the bonds of a large body of copper mines in the Lake Superior country, and incidentally running several smaller enterprises, I asked him how he managed to get so much time for newspaper and magazine writing as he did, and his answer was that he rose every day at five in the morning, and managed for three hours to be richer than when he went in. He would have done the same thing, and had others to do the work.

While Wiman is rejoicing in his freedom, Charles A. Dana is making a strong fight to keep his. The war between the Associated and United Press Associations has culminated in the arrest of the latter's editor. Twice before has Mr. Dana been wanted on a charge of libel in Washington, and both times he has escaped through the plea of non-jurisdiction. I am informed on most credible authority that but for this action, brought by Mr. Noyes of Washington, a compromise would have been arrived at between the two associations which would have given the West exclusively to the Associated Press. It is not very likely to happen, but it would certainly be strange if Mr. Dana, the patriarch of Newspaper Row, should end his days in a prison. The man's life leads one to believe anything possible in his case. In his young manhood he lived with Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and Octavius in the Brook Farm community. There he was a dreamer and a poet. Later he became Horace Greeley's right-hand man on the *Tribune*, and to him is due the making of that paper from the news standpoint. As Stanton's Assistant Secretary of War, he was the representative of the Lincoln Administration in the field. As editor of the *Sun*, he became the public defender of Tweed, and, more recently, of Croker. He followed General Grant into the grave with his persecutions, and delights even yet in taking a fling at Henry Ward Beecher, whom he maligned and vilified for twenty years of his life. Although the editor of a professedly Democratic paper, he never has supported any Democratic national candidate in good faith since Tilden; and even when the *Sun* was losing subscribers at the rate of 1,000 a week (so the report then ran), he kept up his fire on President Cleveland. And yet there is not a more gentle, a kinder, a more cultivated gentleman in all the land. He can talk in six European languages, and has the finest private collection of bric-a-brac in the country. He is an authority on horticulture, and the men in his office look up to him as to a father. The strange mixture in the man is illustrated by a row of books I saw not long ago on his desk in the sunny corner of the *Sun* building. Between a volume of Plautus a Kempis and another of Ibsen was a campaign life of Ben. Butler. The man's life has been a strange mixture of the practical and the ideal. He has the scholarship of a Charles Eliot Norton, and the poetic instinct of a Lowell, and yet he has been the champion of nearly everything and everybody who has been corrupt or criminal in the community, and the most violent assailant of nearly all things that made for purer politics or cleaner life. Nobody expects him to go to jail, no body wants him to, but, as has been said before now, there's no telling where Dana will land next.

FINDLEY.

THE GOSPEL OF ART.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for money misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox in the Century.

TEN DOLLARS' WORTH OF SOUL.

"Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for money misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul."

Thus sings an artist in a magazine,
And coins a slice of soul; for well I ween
They cashed his draft;—disappointment keen.

—C. B. Loomis in Life.

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Estate of Albert Garnbeck, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert Garnbeck, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator
319 Pine Street.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

Pass-Issuer Huntington Convicted after a Fair Trial.

[With apologies to Judge Wallace, Jury-Briber Hawley, and the daily press.]

Collis P. Huntington, the pass-issuer, made several scenes in Judge Morrow's Court yesterday. The hour of 10 arrived, and, although plenty of jurors attended, and the Judge, District Attorney, and counsel were ready, there was no Huntington. Word came from the County Jail that the pass-issuer was too sick to attend. He had refused to rise, and protested that a week's respite would be necessary.

"Let him be brought here at once," said the Judge.

It was about 10:45 when Huntington appeared. The accused came into court with neither collar nor cravat, and with a wild look in his eye. He was manifestly very nervous, and trembled like a leaf. When the case was called, Huntington rose and demanded a week's continuance. "I'm very sick, your Honor," he pleaded. "I'm really not fit to go on."

But there was no proof that Huntington was not shamming, and so Judge Morrow ordered the trial to proceed. Huntington took his seat, and kept muttering: "I can't be here; this isn't fair, I'm railroaded and convicted." Then he would cry piteously.

When District Attorney Foote commenced to examine the jurors, Huntington made another speech. He accused his own attorneys, Reddy, Campbell & Metson, of conspiring to convict him.

"Your Honor, these attorneys are not mine," whined Huntington. "They were appointed by Judge Hawley to defend me, and ever since I've been held for trial they've been coaxing and coaxing me to make a statement. Now, I won't make a statement. But these attorneys meant to deceive me; they badgered me so bad that I went off my head, and the first thing I knew I woke up in a padded cell a week ago Sunday. These men came to me there, and again coaxed me to make a statement. But I wouldn't, and when I got back to jail they came after me again. They don't mean right by me." Here the prisoner whined again. "I ask that they be removed from the case."

Judge Morrow listened patiently, and, when Huntington had finished, asked:

"What do you say, Mr. Foote?"

Mr. Foote answered that Reddy, Campbell & Metson had been appointed by Judge Hawley, and, being familiar with the facts, were eminently capable of trying the case. Upon this indorsement of the defense by the prosecution, Judge Morrow said:

"Yes, I think so. Let the trial proceed."

Huntington sat down, still muttering and whining. Then he broke out:

"I'm railroaded, convicted, and sentenced already!"

When all of the first twelve talesmen had been examined, Attorney Reddy excused five, and Huntington jumped up, shouting:

"This isn't fair! I'm being railroaded! I was told more of these jurors excused. It's no use their saying they haven't read the papers; that's all a lie. Why can't I have what I want?"

But he was made to sit down again, and kept up his whinings and listlessness, unheeded by any one.

Shortly before noon a jury was obtained to try the case, and a recess was taken.

On the way back to court from the jail, Huntington broke from the deputy marshal, and threw himself before a cable car, which was stopped just in time. On entering the Federal building, he and another man, endeavoring to dash by his head against the wall. Blood streamed down over his face. A surgeon was sent for, who took five stitches in his scalp. When he took his seat in the court-room, his head was bound up in linen and he presented a grotesque spectacle. The general belief is that he is shamming.

The testimony was brief, clear, and to the point. There was no defense. His Honor then charged the jury, and when he had finished, Huntington sprang to his feet, and glaring at the twelve men, screamed wildly: "I know you'll convict me! I'm being railroaded!"

The jury, after being absent for two minutes, returned with a verdict of guilty as charged.

Huntington is being well guarded and closely watched in his cell. It is expected that he will make another bluff of some kind at killing himself.

"Do you think that marriage is a failure, Mr. Askin?" said Miss Elder, to a young man whom she knew to be engaged.

"I haven't got that far yet," was the frank reply, "but I'm pretty well convinced that courtship is bankruptcy."—*Life*.

LYRIC.

Light and Love go hand in hand:
Light and Love are one—
Pearls that linger on the sand
Till the storm is done.

Trust thy God and gain thy Light,
He will still thy sighs;
Find His love, most pure and bright,
In thy loved one's eyes.
H. V. SUTHERLAND.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! mine own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avail this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming year;
My heart shall rest where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brooks that spring in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
In gypsy wise a random roamer;
Of men and maids I've known the best,
Like that far-traveled king in Homer.

But oh for the land that bore me,
Oh for the stout old land,
Of breezy Ben, and winding glen,
And roaring flood, and sounding strand!

I've stood where stands in pillared pride
The shrine of Jove's spear-shaking daughter,
And humbled Persia stained the tide
Of free Greek seas with heaps of slaughter.
But oh! etc.

I've stood upon the rocky crest
Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion,
Where looked the god far east, far west,
And all he saw was Rome's dominion.
But oh! etc.

I've seen the domes of Moscow far
In green and golden glory gleaming,
And stood where sleeps the mighty Tsar
By Neva's flood so grandly streaming.
But oh! etc.

I've stood on many a famous spot
Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,
Where Deutschland rose at Gravelotte,
And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.
But oh! etc.

I've fed my eyes by land and sea,
With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me;
But still my heart remains with thee,
Dear Scottish land, that stoutly bore me.

Oh for the land that bore me,
Oh for the stout old land,
With mighty Ben, and winding glen,
Stout Scottish land, my own dear land.
—John Stuart Blackie.

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BLOODY WAR IN PROSPECT.

If He Can Borrow an Ironclad, Joaquin Miller Will Succor the Queen.

The startling and gratifying news was flashed throughout the United States, and to London, when Joaquin Miller stepped from the Australia to the San Francisco peninsula on Wednesday. Everywhere there had brooded the fear that the Dole Government would either put the Poet of the Sierras to death, or condemn him to wear for life the clothes of civilized cut furnished state prisoners at the islands.

Mr. Miller had criticized the Dole Government, and as Mr. Miller's criticism is generally not understood by those who are the subjects of it, it has for them all the terrors of the mysterious. Mr. Miller had fought for the Dole Government with his voice, pen, and musket until the Queen was made prisoner. The spectacle of royalty in distress, however, was too much for his republican spirit to bear, and it was thought by the Hawaiians that he would declare war to remedy the outrage.

"Why," asked the reporter, when Mr. Miller came down the Australia's gangway, carrying a volume of his poems, his only baggage, "why did you flee secretly from the islands and desert the Queen?"

Mr. Miller looked from under his Walt Whitman eyebrows fixedly at the reporter, and was silent.

"Why," persisted the journalist, "did you not stay and die gloriously?"

At this Mr. Miller spoke:

"I will tell you," he said, "of these, the great sapphire sea of glass, the deep, deep blue and the blue, blue deep. Six days and seven nights to Honolulu and every day a serene and restful Sunday. Fancy six Sundays in a string. That is what the trip to Honolulu seems like to me—a string of pearls to be laid up in your recollection as the most precious of all your treasures of travels."

"But is the Queen to remain immured?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Miller, "this ocean is so unlike all others; a great big lazy, lolling, good-natured thing that would not get angry or even get you angry if it could help it. The waves are big, blue elephants that take the ship on their shoulders and carry it along day after day and night after night without ever spilling so much as a glass of wine. I tell you, my boy, the man who has not seen the Sandwich Islands, in the heart of this one great ocean's warm heart, has not seen the world; in fact, he has not been to sea at all. And then the coral. The Atlantic is gray, wrinkled, cross-eyed and crabbed. This ocean, a dozen leagues from land, is as serene in its deep blue hue as a day in June."

"Shall you," asked the reporter, "make any effort to return and release the Queen?"

Mr. Miller, who had fallen into a reverie, started at this question, and made answer:

"You sit up at night as you near the islands. You want to feel your body on the soft, warm perfume of the sea, and feast your soul on the boundless blue above, with its Southern Cross. And then the world of stars, and the world of blue below, where the stars,

Like swan on sweet St. Mary's lake,

Float double, swan and shadow.

"I tell you, boy, on the night of the sixth Sunday out, I saw the blue above folded down to the blue below, and fastened there by star-headed nails of gold."

"Yes," he went on, in a voice surging with unshed tears, "I saw the Queen."

A customs officer here took Mr. Miller's volume of poems from his hand, and examined it for star-headed nails of gold and other dutiable articles, without success.

"I saw the Queen," continued the poet, oblivious of this interruption, "and, by my hillions, she shall not remain in duress while I live. I shall go to Japan. You know, one of the big Jap generals spent nearly a year with me over the bay at my home before their war, and so I am no stranger at court. I think I shall only have to state the case, and promise political rights to the oppressed 20,000 contract slaves of Japan down there, and so on, to get an ironclad."

It is understood that if the Mikado, because of engagements in China, refuses to lend Mr. Miller an ironclad, the latter will apply to Governor Budd for the pardon of Chris. Evans, and proceed in the latter's company on the adventure. Should the Governor decline to reinforce Mr. Miller, the signal-fire will be lighted on the Heights, and Fruitvale called to arms.

Mr. Miller is in his usual state of health, and his mind seems to have been braced and strengthened by his stay in the tropics.

ACTING: AN ART.

Henry Irving's Championship of His Profession Before the Royal Institution.

Irving delivered a lecture before the Royal Institution on February 1, which contained the most scholarly and thoughtful exposition of the dramatic calling of all the many efforts previously credited to him. The entire lecture is found in the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

"Even so widely sympathetic a writer as Taine," says Mr. Irving, "by inference excludes acting when he speaks of 'the five great arts of poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music'; and sometimes lesser minds than his use the general omission to classify acting as among the higher organized efforts of man as a means of perpetually assailing this particular craft and those who follow it." A man of art, or artist, was a skillful workman in the original meaning of the idea. The object of art generally is to imitate or conform to a model, but a work of "fine" art presupposes intelligence on the part of the artist. The lecture ended thus: "The old professors have counted music among the arts. Let me ask them a few questions relating to it. Is the art confined to the composer, or is it shared by the interpreter? If the former, why is it not enough to print the score, and let men read for themselves? It would save much labor, and much expense. Wherein, with regard to composition, is the limitation of art, since counterpoint is a science, and melody an inspiration? Was there no art in the interpretation of his score by Paganini, by Liszt, by Rubinstein—or is all the delicate and endless variety which an executant alone can give to pass as an artless labor? And if the term artist as applied to music be a limitation to the composer, wherein does the interpreter of written music symbols, who can convey their meaning through quite another sense, differ from the actor, who is also an interpreter of written symbols, but of more infinite complexity, and with ever-varying hidden depth? If the actor's words and motions go forth upon the empty air artless, what becomes of the sweet vibrations of the musician's art, and if the interpreter of the composer's script be an artist, whoever may be the medium of his creating the necessary vibrations by any work of man's hands, how much more artist is the singer who uses that most complete and capable instrument—the human voice? Grant the singer to be an artist, then where is the point of difference from the actor, who, also with endless modulations of voice, has to convey the myriad phases of thought and passion?"

"Truly the actor's work embraces all the arts. He must first have the gift or faculty of acting—a power which is as much a gift as that of power to paint or to mould—and whose ordered and regulated expression is the function of art. His sympathy must then realize to himself the image in the poet's mind, and by the exercise of his art use his natural powers to the best advantage. His form and emotions are, in common with the sculptor's work, graceful and purposeful; his appearance and expression, heightened by costume and pictorial preparation, are in common with the work of the painter, and wrought in a certain degree by the same means and to the same ends; his speaking is in common with the efforts of the musician—to arouse the intelligence by the vibrations and modulation of organized sound. Was it by chance that inspiration, or out of the experience of a life among the arts, that the poet Campbell wrote:

'How ill can Poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime;

And Painting, mute and motionless,

Steal but a glance of time:

'But by the mighty Actor wrought

Illusion's perfect triumphs come;

Verse ceases to be airy thought,

And Sculpture to be dumb.'

Acting may be evanescent, it may work in the media of common nature, it may be mimetic like the other arts; it may not create any more than does the astronomer or the naturalist, but it can live, and can add to the sum of human knowledge, in the ever-varying study of man's nature by man, and its work can, like the six out of the seven wonders of the world, exist as a great memory."

Jerusalem has no clubs, no bar-rooms, no beer gardens, no concert halls, no theatres, no lecture rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering minstrels, no wealthy or upper classes, no Mayor, no alderman, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book stores—except one outside the walls for the sale of bibles—no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one dances, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the children do not play. So writes a traveler who visited the Holy City recently.



Yale's Hair Tonic

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

Only a New Woman would acknowledge that she had been engaged to ex-Senator Fair. When I read the story of Miss Phoebe Conzens's quite inadequate courtship by the Nevada miner, I was shocked and mortified as I rarely have been by anything in a newspaper. I felt sick, I felt hopeless, I felt pity for the woman and a fear for the whole sex. I had heard her lecture; I had read of her, and thought of her, until she had seemed to me one of the best types of the aggressive woman. And then to read her calm announcement that she had tried to sell herself, but had been prevented by Death and the Senator's other friends, was not a light blow. Only a New Woman would have told it.

What are the qualities in this new variety of our sex which would lead her to make such an alliance, or having failed in making it to publicly announce that she had, three months after the "beloved one" was buried? The New Woman must be a cynic; she must have a man's craving for money and a Barnum's love of notoriety. These are the New Woman's stock in trade. I hope that no one will think that I believe all women who work for a living, or all who have minds above the cleaning of pots or the baby's dresses, are of this sort. I know women doctors who are as delicately feminine as any of their sex, and nurses, and writers, and students—and I wish I could say as much for the lawyers, but I can't. A pure woman, a wholesome woman, a modest woman, a lovable woman, one capable of making a good wife and a good mother, is not and cannot be a New Woman, no matter what her occupation or ideas, because she is true to the instincts of her sex. But when a woman comes to look upon the world as an oyster which she must open, she has become a woman of the new order. Then she would cynically sell herself to a Fair for his wealth, or, failing in doing this, seek notoriety as one who might have done so. God save the world from such new women; instead of making it better, they can do nothing but make it more miserably, more mercenary, more squalid than it already is.

I see that Miss Sibyl Sanderson as she stepped aboard an Atlantic liner the other day shook the dust of America from her dainty feet and announced to the reporters that she would never again see the wicked, mean, nasty place. As she went through this little act Don Antonio Terry was standing by her side. Don Antonio is the gentleman who is to marry Miss Sanderson as soon as the courts free him from his present wife. The engagement was announced several weeks ago as an excuse or justification for certain facts which newspapers were inclined to regard as scandalous. Notwithstanding the announced engagement Miss Sanderson continued to be severely let alone by society and severely taken up by the newspaper. The young woman evidently could not see that the very engagement she announced was proof to society that her conscience was not of the American variety, and that was all that society had against her. The truth is that, owing to the reports which have been coming to this country from Paris for several years past, Miss Sanderson was treated with anything but enthusiasm by the American people. And I'm glad of it. No doubt women of similar character have been most cordially received by us, but they have been foreigners. Sibyl Sanderson was an American girl, a California girl, in fact, and if she had been treated with the enthusiastic cordiality which she expected, we would have said to all other American girls, "If you are artists it makes no difference what your life may be." It is too soon for us to adopt Parisian and Viennese standards. Such women as Sibyl Sanderson, Lily Langtry, and Lillian Russell may be admired from 'orchestra' chairs, but that is as near as the American women should care to get.

If Miss Sanderson had returned to San Francisco, I have no doubt whatever but she would have met with a reception quite to her liking. This is rather a harsh thing to say, but I believe it. Joined with a not delicately sensitive moral sense would have been the feeling of local pride in a singer of so many European triumphs. Miss Genevieve Ryan, or whoever the typical Californian may be, is not, I regret to say, filled with that holy abhorrence of certain phases of Parisian life which she should be. Miss Ryan is the product of a very free and easy civilization, and her lineage is not such as to make her embarrassed by conventionalities which act as a protection to her New England sister. Paris is to Miss Ryan the embodiment of the desirable, and whatever comes out of Paris may perhaps be wicked, but must certainly be civilized. And civilization is the thing Miss Genevieve is after. I

see no reason, therefore, for believing that Miss Sanderson would not have been hailed in San Francisco as she would like to have been elsewhere. This is not equivalent to saying that San Francisco society is more loose in morals than that of New York. But Miss Knickerbocker and Miss Ryan have certainly had quite different educations.

Betty.

SOUTHERN SONGS.

The sparrow, he keeps hidin' out,
The 'possum's layin' low;
The rabbit, he will frisk about
And track up all the snow.

Ketch him, Tiger, ketch him!
Fling him high and flat;
Go ahead and fetch him—
Rabbit, fine and fat!

The doves are moping in the wood,
The raccoon's in the "holley";
The cold, it makes the 'possum good—
He's worth a half a dollar!

Ketch him, Tiger, ketch him!
Find out where he's at;
Go ahead and fetch him—
'Possum, fine and fat!

—Atlanta Constitution.

In de mornin' mammy say:
"Heah, you rascals, out de way!
You black little chilluns, play!
How's I gwine 'tweep de flo'
Wid you runnin' 'round in de do'?"

Noontime come, an' mammy call:
"Good-fo'-nuffin's, leave dat hall!
Doan' you let dat baby fall!
Come 't'innah right away!
Specks I'se gwine t'wait all day?"

Nighttime come, an' mammy cry:
"Leave dat dirty ole mud pie,
Naughty chilluns, come hy-by."
Den she rock us sof', and sing
"Neaf-de-shadder-of-Dy-Wing."

—New Orleans Picayune.

QUATRAINS FROM THE FRENCH.

EPIGRAPH ON CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

A famous prelate here lies still,
Who did more ill than good, they tell.
The good he did, he did it ill;
The ill he did, he did it well.

—Georges Scudery.

If you, perchance, should be distress'd,
My untired friend, conceal it sure;
For kind mankind takes interest
In those who have no ills to cure.

—Hoffman.

MONEY.

Money among mankind the sovereign good is
thought.

With that one doth attain the height he would
surmount;

With just a little coin man is of some account,
But lacking money is a little less naught.

THE BETTER SIDE.

Pray try to look at all things upon the better side—
You now complain to see the rosebush bears a
thorn;

For me, I do rejoice and thank the gods each morn'
To thorns the rose is not denied.

—Translated by George B. Merrill.

The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances, have no favorite hypothesis, be of no school, and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities he adds industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature.—Faraday.

Mrs. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder, they would soon win the suffrage."

Dr. Guffy—"But madam, that is something they can't do, with the present style in sleeves."—Tit-Bits.

He—"Won't you (kiss) give me (kiss, kiss) just one (kiss, kiss, kiss) kiss, my (kiss, kiss, kiss) own?"

She—"Yee (kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss), darling, just (kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss) one."—Tit-Bits.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

BY AUNT DINAH.

[Under this heading I will cheerfully answer, to the best of my ability, all questions sent to me.—AUNT DINAH.]

CRITICAL.—Of course, it is greatly to be regretted that the author has stooped from the plane of "Chimie Fadden" to dip into the affairs of the Astor family. Still, we must forgive much to a young literate who wants more fame; and remember that art does not necessarily confine its attention to the good or great.

CURIO.—The paragraph was doubtless intended to read as follows: I am surprised to see that Jerry Lynch has presented his mummy to the museum, for I did not know that he knew that he was dead.

NEWSBOY.—Five family rows in a single Sunday edition does seem rather heavy; but be patient, and when you become a millionaire yourself, you will feel very differently about these matters.

SOCIAL.—Diamonds are put in cake to make it rich. Besides, it is a very pretty and delicate way of tendering gifts to enemies, who would indignantly decline them if they were less gracefully presented. The fancy could be carried out very prettily by placing little souvenirs for the guests in the soups, salads, and ices. If your lawyer is backward about accepting a retainer, it would be very good form to invite him to dinner, and set before him a pile of twentices deftly concealed within a piece of pie.

TOURIST.—I think it would richly repay you to go to Los Angeles for La Fiesta. It will be so picturesque to see fair señoritas from Boston and Terre Haute using their eyes and their fans with the natural Castilian grace. The skilled vaqueros from the Raymond Hotel and from Coronado will be quite a feature, too.

SUFFRAGE.—The report that the Constitutional Amendment bill, which will bring woman's suffrage before the voters in 1890, was passed, was brought in by a rancher, who drove up here from Sacramento with a load of dried apples. You could scarcely expect the press to devote space to the discussion of such a trivial matter when there are tights, fights, and knickerbockers in the city which yet remain unpictured and unsung.

TOWN.—If the clergyman who is to address you is alarmingly radical in his views, I should advise you to instruct him to appear in Episcopal robes, and to open his lecture with prayer. If these simple precautions are taken, his fingerbolts will doubtless pass unnoticed.

VOX POP.—For the encouragement of the Half Million Club, I can only say that out of 7,783 persons born in the city last year, 12,121 died. Possibly they might inaugurate a coupon system, or invent some clean water to drink.

PAINTER.—You are misinformed regarding the ordinance offered by the Suppression of Vice. They do not ask to have it made a misdemeanor to sell or exhibit pictures of horses and dogs without clothing. Of course, "The Descent from the Cross" would come under their ban, however, as well as most of the work of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Managers Friedlander & Gottlob will take possession of Stockwell's Theatre on Monday, April 8th, when they will at once begin preparations to entirely renovate and re-decorate the house. An immense illuminated sign bearing the words, "Columbia Theatre" (as it will be known after that date), will be placed over the arch at the entrance of the theatre.

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VOL. III. No. 1.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 6, 1895.

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When the publication of the *Letter* was resumed I expressed the hope that it would become an established weekly. The hope was not a very firm one, for I knew the influences that must be fought to make the paper a success. Nevertheless, I made the venture, for the political campaign was in progress, and the things I thought it needful to be said I was denied the privilege of saying as a salaried writer on a daily newspaper. Therefore, even had I been compelled to suspend the *Letter* again at the close of the canvass, I should have felt recompensed by the freedom I had enjoyed in writing only what I believed to be true and useful. Of the value and effect of my share in that contest, or of my writings since, others must be the judges, of course; the main thing with me is liberty to be the master of my own pen. Since writing is my trade, I deem it no small victory that I have made conquest of the right to utter myself without the permission of anybody. There is a satisfaction in freedom that is of greater worth than more substantial rewards.

But the substantial rewards have come, too—if not in large measure, at least to an extent that leaves no cause for grumbling, and warrants the expectation of increase. The revised *Letter* has lived six months, and in that space has grown, out of its earnings solely, from four pages of editorial matter to a twelve-page weekly of varied contents, whose circulation is extending steadily. Considering the conditions under which this development has taken place, the paper's success is a marvel in journalism. Without other capital than its publisher's pen; strenuously hostile to the criminal wealth of the community, on whose favor many other local journals, daily and weekly, depend for their profit, if not existence; denied access to the ordinary means of circulation, and subject to all the methods of reprisal familiar to the corporations and persons whose wrongful privileges have been attacked, the *Letter* has nevertheless survived, and progressed. The explanation is simple enough. I have been so fortunate as to win general confidence in the *Letter*'s sincerity. Plenty of its readers frequently dissent from some of its opinions, but they give me credit for the honesty of mine; and my readers, having equal knowledge of things as they are in California, know that the evils against which I have written, are real, burdensome, and disgraceful evils. Then, too, it is a novelty to find a paper that is edited by its editor, and not by

the wishes, interests, and prejudices of its readers.

The *Letter*, moreover, happened to be a forerunner of a rebellion which has inflamed the whole State, and for that it is respected. I knew, and said, that it would bear fruit on boughs other than its own. It would be absurd for me to claim that I have thrown the old gods from their pedestals, or that I had a determining influence in inspiring the iconoclasm which has become fashionable. Necessity compelled the general uprising. But the *Letter* has been a toucher of idols, the laying of sacrilegious hands on which, their priesthood taught, would be followed by instant death. Seeing that lightning did not descend upon me or the *Letter*, other journalists took courage. The Southern Pacific, head of the associated villainies, and everybody conspicuously connected therewith, ceased to be sacred a good while before Mr. Spreckels and his co-workers took hold of the competing railroad project.

Times have changed, and much to the advantage of the *Letter*. Business men are no longer afraid to advertise in it, and it has outlived the day when its contents were not a sufficient answer to those who did rich criminals the mean service of slander. It is understood and liked by the intelligent men and women of California and the Pacific Coast to whose homes it goes. From the beginning I have asked for the support of those who want a journal that is truthful, candid, clean, and not wanting the courage to speak for manhood, and plain honesty in professional, commercial, and public life. I ask that support further. According as it is given will the *Letter* improve. When the income justifies the expense, enlargement will follow, more writers will be employed, and the work of good artists be brought to enliven and beautify its pages. With a larger circulation and more advertisements the means will be supplied wherewith I can carry out ideas that will make the *Letter* a weekly in a class by itself, and, I have the hope, give it a field not bounded by the Pacific coast.

I do not hesitate to write at this length about the *Letter*, because I have had many proofs of how friendly is the interest of its readers in its fortunes. I know that it will be gratifying to them to learn how well the paper is doing, for they are the kind of people who are hospitable to everything that tells for the advancement of the community, not alone in its material life, but to what is better, its conscience and self-respect. The *Letter* was here before the New California awoke. It is but reasonable to expect that the paper will continue to prosper and expand in a sympathetic environment, since it was able to live in one intensely hostile.

The New California cheers all, and even inebriates some. The Southern Pacific monopoly has not been destroyed, but everybody is persuaded that it soon will be, and that persuasion affects the community as a downpour of rain does a parched field. How deadening has been the influence of that long reign of greed and tyranny is revealed by the activity and hopefulness which at once succeed upon assurance that its end is at hand. In reality the situation has not been altered in its material facts. Not a new rail has been laid; our interior commerce is still in Mr. Huntington's grip; his revenues from his Californian plantation have not been diminished by a dollar; our farmers and merchants are dependent upon his cars and as incapable as ever of resisting his theft. Yet the knowledge that there is to be another railroad down the San Joaquin Valley has aroused a spirit which has freed scores of thousands of men from lethargy and filled them with courage. It is a servile insurrection that Mr. Huntington and all his forces will not be able to quell. It has behind it the ambition of every individual to better himself, a force that is irresistible when channels for its expenditure are visible. Other railroads than the San Joaquin are talked of; the manufacturers of the State have met in convention, under the impulse of a desire for the strength of co-operation; a club to bring population to the metropolis has been formed by men who not long ago felt that we had too many instead of too few people here; different sections of the State are shaking hands and arranging for an exchange of visits; there are projects for boulevards in San Francisco, and extending them to other towns; our waterfront has been planted with ornamental trees; the streets are swept clean; the daily newspapers have deserted from the service of the Southern Pacific, and a joyous bustle is up—a bustle founded not on things accomplished, but on hope. Business is reviving. Its revival is not commensurate with the cheerful hubbub raised by the eloquent promoters of progress, but it is impossible for a people who are in high spirits to keep a very tight hold on their dollars, and business is certain to feel more and more the effect of the pervasive thrill.

There are good times, broadening times, just ahead for California. No man can tell the extent of the betterment that is coming. The State is new and abounding in natural wealth. When the embargo of monopoly has been raised, and capital and labor are permitted to apply themselves to the development of this wealth, California in the course of a few years will be transformed. Senator Hearst, who had a mind for large business combinations, and understood human nature, once said to me on a cold, sleety day in New

York: "People who have money enough to go where they like don't go to California because they don't know how good a place it is to live in. When they find out, there won't be room enough left for old-timers to turn around in comfortably." Recently another rich Californian, accustomed to the rule of the Southern Pacific, and narrowed by the grinding experience of thirty years, said in commending the protests of the *Letter* against the surrender of the whole San Francisco waterfront to the pleasure of the Harbor Commission, under pretext of giving the new Valley road terminal conveniences: "I want to get off Huntington's plantation, but I don't want to walk from it right on to Spreckels's." The fear was natural, but not well-grounded. When the Southern Pacific monopoly goes, no other like monopoly, by combination or otherwise, can take its place. One competing railroad means others, inevitably, and freedom once secured will be confirmed by enterprise in every direction. California will swiftly grow to be too big and strong to make her re-enslavement by transportation companies practicable. The sheep will be shorn, of course, but not by one pair of shears; and the jealousy of the rival shearers will prevent the clipping from being so close. The multiplication of masters will divide their power. The valleys of this State are not peopled by peasants, but largely by Americans who know the world, and have all the American ardor for trying to make themselves instead of others rich. Hatred of the Southern Pacific is intense enough in San Francisco, but this city hatred is a feeble flame in comparison with the fire which burns in a community such as Fresno. There a multitude of men of means have invested their capital in industries suited to the soil and climate, and railroad charges, added to the necessary cost of living and government, have brought them to the edge of bankruptcy. Give such men a taste of freedom, which will put money in their pockets again, and they will be armed efficiently against so old an enemy as railroad monopoly. But for the poverty that has been brought upon them by Mr. Huntington's power to rob, they would long ago themselves have built a railroad to the river and escaped his clutches. Fresno is typical of many Californian communities. These people have nothing to learn respecting the willingness of railroad companies to plunder, and they possess the intelligence to guard their freedom when they shall get it.

California is going to be a better place to live in for men who want to own themselves. The wonder is not that we have so many among us of a slavish spirit, so many who have sought their advancement by surrender of their manhood, but that so large a proportion of the population have retained the desire for self-ownership and the courage to rebel. There is no other American State wherein the people have been so plundered, affronted and trampled on by a single corporation as California. It is not strange, when the duration of this degrading vassalage to a handful of rich men is considered, that public spirit should have suffered, that politics should have sunk into unspeakable corruption, and that the whole moral tone of the community should have gone low. It is an axiom of politics that a people will in the end have the form of government best suited to them, and it is not remarkable that visitors from abroad should have thought Californians a poor lot, when a Huntington reigned over them, when a Tevis held his head up as a citizen of distinction, and a De Young seemed to be counted a great man among us. But prisoners of circumstances, like other prisoners, are forced to submit to indigni-

ties, lest worse befall. In California's bondage there has not been that contentment which is the last and most melancholy effect of slavery. The best result of the downfall of Southern Pacific rule will be the uplifting of the standard of manhood here—a decrease of cynical acceptance of humiliating conditions of life, and the awakening of the individual to an acuter perception of the truth that no success can be respectable that is gained by sacrifice of self-respect. We shall have a public opinion incapable of giving the sanction of indifference to bald scoundrelism. I speak of the "better classes," of course. People who do not profit by scoundrelism, or are not in social contact with those who do, or dependent upon them, are always and everywhere ready enough to abhor it. Emancipation from subjection to Huntington & Co., who have to the full measure of their great opportunities rotted the morals of California, will render naturally good men and women—the people who have homes, education, and desire for refinement, and sons and daughters to place in the world—much less tolerant of opulent rascality. They will have the liberty, in short, to approximate morally to their congeners in older and better civilized communities. That will be an atmosphere which men and women of independence can breathe with comfort—an atmosphere that will spread itself and be good for the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West. It will give us a pulpit with brains and bravery, perhaps, and have a chastening effect upon a press that is unclean as well as cowardly, with all the cowardice of an unrestrained commercialism. We may look for a bar, too, that will deem the cheating of clients, and the production of wills and heirs to meet any sudden demand, as higher misdemeanors than disrespectful language addressed to a court. The humbling of Mr. Huntington and the reduction of the Southern Pacific from its position as a plundering and corrupting master of the commonwealth to that of a peaceful servant of the State, charging a fair price for honest work as a common-carrier, will not people California with saints, to be sure, but the change will bring us up to the ethical level of other American communities. It will let us out of jail.

Not even the "single tax" would make this an Eden, for human nature is weak, and no external conditions can be a sufficing substitute for individual virtue. I mention the single tax for the reason that those who advocate it in the belief that it is a complete solvent of the social problem—that with its adoption poverty would disappear, and sin and crime with poverty—seem to be missing an exceptional opportunity to bring the real merits of their reform home to the people of California. One of the first effects of the Valley road project has been to stiffen the price of real estate in San Francisco, and to stop the fall of rents; the first effect of the selection of Stockton as a terminus is a land boom. Throughout the whole region which the road will penetrate and benefit the same result will appear. The owners of land do not wait for the actual construction of the line; they charge buyers and tenants for advantages yet to come. That is what is known as speculative value. The title deed of every landowner is a license to take toll from capital and labor for the use of natural resources. According to the single tax theory, it is the exercise of this privilege which, by despoiling both capital and labor, produces that inequality in the distribution of wealth which is at once the puzzle and reproach of advancing civilization. The single taxers

would place the whole burden of government on those who possess the land. They argue that as it is not the landlord but the presence of a community which gives land its value, that value should go into the community's treasury instead of into the pocket of the landlord. What the San Joaquin Valley needs for its development is a wealth-producing population, free to retain what it earns. Hitherto railroad monopoly has kept away population and collected unearned tolls from the people who ventured into the valley. If wherever the new road goes rising land values precede it, it is obvious that the landowners will substitute themselves for the Southern Pacific. They cannot, being many, so efficiently perform the toll-taking function as a single corporation; but that high prices for the lands opened up by the new road will tend to diminish the number of newcomers, and therefore the valley's development, is self-evident. Congressman Maguire is the most eminent single-taxer in California. For many years he has preached the economic gospel of Henry George. He is held in high esteem throughout the State. Were he, as soon as the line of the Valley road has been determined on, to go on a missionary tour along its entire length, bearing the land boom everywhere in its den, he would do a great work of enlightenment. He is too sensible a man to assail the landowner as a criminal for having invested in a species of property recognized by law and custom always in this country, and he would not be able to depress the boom anywhere. But he would open the eyes of multitudes to the real meaning of land booms, which are now so generally regarded not only as the sign but the cause of a community's prosperity. He would put it into men's minds—the minds of men, among others, most active in making real estate deals—to ask themselves whether or not our land system is the best that human intelligence can devise. Suppose there were no landlords in the San Joaquin Valley—suppose that all the land were owned by the State and rented to its occupiers, who would have no interest in raising its renting value—fancy what railroad competition would do for the region. Rents would go up, of course, but they would go into the State treasury, and nobody could afford to hold a single acre "for a raise." Any newcomer desiring to cultivate or build upon it would be able to outbid the speculative holder for its use. The speculator would be taxed out of existence. Vacant lots in the towns would disappear, and in the country districts labor and capital would have free access to the land.

In the meantime the landowners of San Francisco, and Stockton, and of the San Joaquin Valley, are entitled to congratulations. If, as the weight of the Southern Pacific hand is taken off them, the value of their lands springs up, they will deserve, for their past hard work and sufferings, to get the money which the monopoly has been in the practice of stealing and pouching—deserve to get it, that is, rather than Mr. Huntington, who has for so long usurped their legal privilege of collecting toll. It is not likely that Judge Maguire would popularize himself by telling the farmers and other landowners of the San Joaquin that they have no moral right to be owners of land—no better right than a Southern planter had to the slaves that were lawfully his—but he would bring the single tax up for serious discussion in California, and be able to illumine his argument with object lessons that are before every man's eyes, though few eyes see them. As the single tax, however, is not imminent in this State, any one who has money could not invest it more profitably

than to put it in land on the line of the new Valley road. Prices are rising in San Francisco, too—a circumstance that must strike Mr. Huntington as evidence of ingratitude, since he has often told us that he is the best friend this city has ever had. And precisely in proportion as his power to show his friendship decreases will land values boom. A boom in itself is not a blessing, but Judge Maguire will agree with me that it is better to have prosperity with the accompaniment of high land values, than low values with hard times.

Mr. Budd is making a better Governor than there was reason, six weeks ago, to expect. The readiness with which he has vetoed bills the signing of which was undoubtedly desired by "interests controlling large blocks of votes," and his approval of measures to secure better primaries and fairer elections, have cheered a great many who were led to believe by some of his earlier acts that he would follow in the footsteps of the subservient Markham. The work which he did during the ten days succeeding upon the adjournment of the Legislature has called forth a little criticism and a great deal of applause. He seems, too, to have shaken off the gang of disreputables who hung about his office and disgraced him while the Legislature sat. His motives for at first showing an obliging spirit to the Southern Pacific, and for his hospitality to such associates and advisers as Martin Kelly, Sam Leake, Mike Smith, and the like, can, of course, only be surmised. Mr. Budd is ambitious, and at one time aspired to be his party's candidate for Vice President. To that eminence the interests "controlling large blocks of votes" could help him. From the moment, too, that his election to the Governorship was disputed, he exhibited a strange uneasiness as to his title, though in the judgment of those who watched the voting in San Francisco most closely, a recount would have substantially increased his majority. John D. Spreckels was among the foremost of the clamorers for a recount. Mr. Budd made friends with Mr. Spreckels, and considered him in the distribution of the harbor patronage. The Legislature was Republican, and owned by the Southern Pacific. Mr. Budd obliged the Southern Pacific, and the Legislature would not listen to the prayer of Mr. Estee's agents for a recount. Martin Kelly and Mike Smith, though Republicans, took an active hand in the election in the tough districts of San Francisco in Mr. Budd's behalf. I am told they deprecated a recount. They clung to the Governor during the session, and he permitted them to name some minor officials, among them Kelly's son. The Legislature had to be managed in various ways, and Leake was useful in his degree. The Legislature having gone home, Mr. Budd shook off parasites and engagements, and proceeded to do his duty in a manner that has restored him to general favor. Those who had counted on him doing as they wished because they wished it, discovered that he was equally ready to drop friends, conciliate enemies, or disappoint confederates.

Inquiry into the motives of an official who does good works is not politically profitable, but it is necessary in order to arrive at an understanding of the man. There is now every reason to anticipate that Mr. Budd will make a more satisfactory Governor than California has had in many years, but he cannot hope to rehabilitate himself in the esteem of those who sought his election in the belief that he was a strong man of fixed principles. He is a politician merely, but controlled by a fear of unpopularity. That is well for the State. Neither Waterman

nor Markham cared for criticism, or, rather, criticism could not abate their loyalty to the corporations. The newspapers govern Governor Budd, fortunately. In the hands of the press is the power of the initiative, referendum, and imperative mandate. And as the newspapers are as anxious for popularity as is the Governor himself, the chances are all in favor of his giving a fair administration. If he is a demagogue, it is much better than that he should be a plutocrat. It is better that a visit from Messrs. Herrin and Mills in behalf of the street railroad bill told against it than had their advocacy been influential the other way, as would have been the case in the days of Waterman and Markham. Had the visit been paid when the Legislature was in session, and related to a matter decision of which was necessary before adjournment, Governor Budd would have been in a painful predicament. He is an opportunist. His action depends on a balancing of considerations for and against, as they may affect his popularity. But if he has not the principle and courage to do right at the cost of ephemeral hostile clamor, he has not on the other hand, the nerve to be stubborn in the wrong.

Mr. Budd has so many good qualities in private life, his personality is so pleasing, that it gives peculiar pain to his friends that he has been unequal to the opportunities of his high place. Had he possessed the capacity to understand them, he would have become a national figure. If he possessed the intellectual and moral qualities needful to appreciate the obligation to do right for right's sake, he would have alienated no friend and have extorted the respect of his enemies. He is not large enough for so large a policy. Of course it is not philosophical to blame a man for not being more capacious in mind than nature made him, but it is human to feel some scorn for one who prefers little, and tortuous, and deceitful ways to the straight path, particularly when the straight path leads to success and honor. We have a trimmer, a schemer, a jobber in patronage, for Governor, instead of a high-minded gentleman of statesmanlike breadth, but we have cause to be thankful nevertheless. He is easily amenable to public opinion, and if he shall remain so, Mr. Budd's administration will advantage California. It may even be hoped that his intelligence will expand under criticism, and, should that occur, his character will gain in sincerity and dignity.

The Society for the Prevention of Vice has bestirred itself and petitioned the Supervisors for an order bearing upon the pictorial indecency which disgraces the city. The greatest peril which threatens a movement of this kind is a leadership that may make it ridiculous. The Comstocks are too often unable, or unwilling, to draw the line between the nude in art and the other kind of nudity. They are as ready to blush at a Venus in paint or marble, done by a master, as they are at a striped actress on the stage or on the billboards. Frequently their objections are more offensive than the things objected to. Artists, fearful of the meddling Puritan, are prone to assist the wicked by stretching a point on the witness-stand in favor of the exhibitors of suggestive prints. But whether our Society for the Prevention of Vice be helped by men discriminating or the reverse, it is time that the law were invoked to curb the nasty. A crusade that should show more moral zeal than artistic knowledge would be better than no action at all. Even though the newspapers might jeer, they would be thrifty enough to cleanse their own illustrated columns somewhat.

The Fittz Cure, Room 7, Flood Building, S. F.

This is not Iowa or Kansas, and the difference between the human form presented by the artist as nature made it, because it is beautiful, and the human form presented to advertise tobacco, and newspapers, and shameless women, is pretty generally understood. Therefore, art is in no real danger here from efforts directed toward securing decorum. The show windows of the town need a cleaning out quite as much as the newspapers need editing in their art departments by the police. If the Society for the Prevention of Vice possesses the merest rudiments of taste it will be able to distinguish the nude in art from indecent exposure. If it does not, it still will be better to excite laughter by inveighing against innocent paintings and statuary than to permit, without any check, the continued pictorial display, artistic or unartistic, of pictures that offend all sense of propriety, degrade the popular taste, and befoul the minds of the young.

The Southern Pacific, which has expressed its grief copiously, through its organs, because Mr. Sutro has not contributed large sums toward building the Valley railroad that is to compete with it, shows anything but an anti-monopoly disposition when it turns its public-spirited eyes on the other competing railroad into which the Mayor is putting all his spare coin. Having, by resort to the courts, secured injunctions that have delayed the construction of the rival line to the ocean, the Southern Pacific, through the Supervisors, is shocked when Mr. Sutro asks for an extension of time in which to finish the work. On Tuesday, the corporation, with its customary contempt of law and public opinion, placed physical obstacles in the way of Sutro's workmen, and one of its servants drew a revolver and threatened to commit murder for the same end. Twenty-four hours before, the Southern Pacific, encouraged by its success in stealing Church street, attempted the theft of a block on O'Farrell street, and was stopped in its larceny by the Mayor, who called out the police. It is quite useless to write indignantly of these outrages. In a community not hardened by usage to these raids in force, they would be met by force, for every such act of violence is an invitation to the populace to fight the devil with fire. The logical and natural response to the seizure of a public street by a corporation is a mob to tear up the rails. Fortunately for the peace of the city, and the lives of the citizens, respect for order is stronger in the citizens of San Francisco than it is in the offices of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Were the people to resist forcible theft of the thoroughfares by not more violent or blameworthy action outside the law, the police and militia would speedily attend to them.

Since the above was penned the Southern Pacific has apologized to the Mayor and relinquished the stolen block on O'Farrell street. This is the first sign given by the company that it does not consider the streets its private property.

The attempted train robbery near Marysville, which resulted in the killing of one brigand and the death of brave Sheriff Bogard, has given a shock to the public. It should do more. The crime of train robbery on this coast is frequently committed, and it is strange that the need for a special means of protection has not caused it to be devised. The obvious requirement is the presence of an adequate force of armed men on the trains, trained for this service. It is not fair that the railroad companies should be put to the expense of organizing and maintaining such a force. The companies are entitled to the law's protection in the

THE TWADDLER.

prosecution of their business as carriers. That protection cannot be given by the counties acting separately, but the State could, and should, possess a body of police for this work. If the trains were under military guard, it is highly improbable that the race of Sontags, and Evanses, and Brownings, and Bradys would survive. It is due to travelers that their safety shall be assured. On the score of economy merely, we should have a State police for train duty. The cost of hunting robbers and trying them falls on the public. And a State which has its name associated in the Eastern and European mind with train robberies and free shooting in the cars is certain to have its attraction diminished for tourists, to say nothing of capitalists and immigrants. A reputation for lawlessness is the worst affliction that can fall to a community. No sound objection to the creation of a State police occurs to me. We have one now in the militia, called on only when the civil power is defied. A few hundred militiamen on constant active service would end the train-robbing industry.

The activity of some of the ladies who believe in suffrage for their sex is notable. Although nearly two years must elapse before the Constitutional amendment can be voted on, not a few of the interior papers are already aflame with communications in its advocacy. Unhappily, it is the tendency of too many of these ladies to regard the question as one important mainly to themselves. They write with an air of proprietorship that is amusing. The matter of enlarging the electorate, they forget, concerns every citizen. If the men of California decide to give the ballot to women, it will not be because they are asked to do it by the ladies who are most conspicuous as advocates of the change. The poorest service the latter can do their cause is to make it seem that the adoption of the amendment will be a personal favor to, or a personal triumph for them. Man's ideal of womanhood may be deplorably erroneous, but it is not met by the typical suffragist. Let the Native Sons of the Golden West, for instance, get it into their heads that there is a possibility of the suffrage transforming their sisters and sweethearts into copies of the able ladies who champion their sex's political rights on the platform and in convention, and the majority against the amendment will be discouraging. I hope the amendment will be adopted, for a variety of reasons, among them being the hope that the voting power will help the multitude of women who work for a living, and that the taking of interest in public affairs will develop the feminine mind. Many things which most women now are apt to regard as of consequence to men only—history, economics, and sociology, to cite—may appeal to them when they are given a voter's sense of responsibility for the welfare of their country. The militant ladies who have borne the burden of the battle hitherto may feel that when the hour of victory comes they should be its heroines—that's natural—but if they are more anxious for the victory than for renown, they will subdue pride and consult policy by refraining from arousing masculine prejudice. The amendment has an excellent chance of carrying. Only obtrusive vanity and unlovely aggressiveness can, I think, bring about its defeat.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

John Kendrick Bange, the humorist, announces a new book to meet the demand of the day: "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica."

Edward W. Townsend is said to be writing a novel, "A Daughter of the Tenements," treating of New York City low life.

It will naturally be expected by the public that I shall give my impressions of the polo game at Burlingame. The public will be disappointed. I was not present. I was implored to attend by the most influential persons in Society, but I sternly refused. I am not a man of unreasonable prejudices, and know perfectly well that this is a republic, but, begad, social lines must be maintained if we are to have an aristocracy. And when Burlingame is opened to the public at so much a head—when gate money is taken from the mob and special trains are run to encourage their intrusion—I conceive it my duty to absent myself. THURSDAY'S POLO GAME WAS NOT A SOCIETY EVENT.

I have had another shock of the same kind. I wonder what the deuce the world is coming to when gentlemen seem no longer to know what is due to Society and themselves. I refer now to the inexcusable performance of my young friend Ned Townsend. A more gentlemanly fellow I never knew, so it appeared to me, during the years of our intimacy. There was no man in the Bohemian who showed a more conscientious concern for his apparel. He had a delicate taste in wines, and at the table he inspired the respect of the oldest and best among us. Damme, if I haven't seen him turn pale with disgust and anger at the sight of a duck cooked fifteen minutes, when his order had been fourteen. His conversation, though frequently touched with a levity due to his journalistic associations, was ever that, on the whole, of an elegant man of the world. Often he consulted me on the finer points of manners, and held my judgment in a respect that did credit alike to head and heart. Yet he has had the inconceivable folly to attach his name as author to a book called "Chimmie Fadden"—"Chimmie!" The title alone is an offense against refined taste, and the contents are infinitely more appalling. This man of the world, this gentleman, has actually condescended to write of the adventures of a low fellow, a hoodlum, and to reproduce his language of the slum! I don't deny that the Fadden person's adventures are interesting, or that the people of Society reproduced are equal to the British nobility in their confident superiority, their amused and benevolent condescension to the lower orders; but the presence in the book of this Fadden is intolerable. Had Townsend but left him out and written only of the persons in high life whom he introduces, as he ought to have done, I should have sent him my approval. As it is, I have done the sad duty of communicating to him by letter my utter reprehension of his work. No applause of the populace will compensate him for the knowledge that his one-time friend and mentor, Persiflage, condemns his deplorable volume. Should he return to San Francisco he will, I fear, find Society cold.

At times I am tempted to lay down the pen and write no more. It is true that I am but a poor gentleman, and need whatever money I can earn by honorable toil, either as an author or as a promoter of the sale of Cresta Bedamena, but my controlling motive in writing is to elevate, to ennoble my kind by enforcing on Society the necessity of keeping the standard high. Yet my connection with the press brings me more humiliation than gain. It is not creditable to a man of Society to be on the press. I admit that, and the only justification I offer in my own behalf is that unless some of us lower ourselves to write, the press will go altogether to the bad. When a lady of Society was approached recently by a reporter of my young friend Ned Townsend, she asked her opinion of something that had appeared in it, she answered haughtily, "I never read the newspapers, daily or weekly." Egad, that noble reply gave me a thrill, and I went at once to offer her my compliments and congratulations. She received them with dignity, and was good enough to say:

"Of course, sir, I make an exception in your case. You are one of us."

The tears that welled to my eyes were not unmanly. No, begad, I was not ashamed of them. But I blushed for the press, and the sneers which, in its mortification, it has since leveled at that fine lady have excited my indignation. In rejoinder to those unworthy sneers I say that she is right.

Why should she—who should have any us—read the newspapers? Is there, barring myself, a single writer for the Society department of our journals who is of the upper class? We who are in Society naturally know more about what is occurring among us and what is interesting us, than any one else can tell us. Why, therefore, should we care to have thrust upon our attention mangled and painful reflections of our life? Weighing well my words, and accepting full responsibility for them, I assert without reservation that, with the solitary exception of this department of mine, there is not a line printed in the Society columns of the weeklies, daily or weekly, that is worthy the perusal of an rational being who has the good fortune to be socially *comme il faut*. I stand by the lady, and though I am, as I have said, but a poor gentleman, I have personally borne the expense for several weeks of having a copy of the *Letter* printed on white satin and have sent it to the pleasure of my man. This attention I shall continue. Egad, nothing is too good for a woman who has the grand courage of a noble mind. I need not say that at such a house the only wine seen at table is Cresta Bedamena.

Melancholy as the disgrace of Burlingame and the apotachy of Townsend have made me, I have not found time to clear my mind during the week. Visiting my friend Mills on Thursday at Headquarters, I was further depressed by the low spirits pervading the establishment. Herrin came in, and H. E. Huntington, and we chatted in low tones. We agreed that things were going to the deuce; that the company's best friends were stirring against it; that anti-monopoly had degenerated into Anarchy, and that the worst was to be feared for the future. I was gazing sadly out of window as the blue murmuring went on. Herrin was in the deepest dejection. He had just returned from humbling himself before the Chief Magistrate of the city, by apologizing for seizing that block on Commercial street and for putting up the rails again—a depth to which the company had never in the old days dreamed it would be obliged to sink.

"Hang me," said Huntington, bitterly, "if there are any so poor as to do us honor. We are unable to draw people to us, somehow. Why—"

I made a sudden exclamation, which started the party and turned their eyes to me, inquiringly upon me.

I pointed out of the window. There, passing on the street, was Governor Budd, arm-in-arm with P. Reddy and Byron Waters. Nothing was said, but the clouds lifted, and when Fillmore strode in, cheerily off ring cigars, we all as cheerfully accepted; and the conversation gayly turned to the pleasure in store for us when C. P. Huntington should arrive.

There are disadvantages in being a public man. Before I became the adviser of the Governor and a candidate for the Labor Commissionship, I was able to protect myself from intrusion, but now I am beset by all sorts of people; and the worst of it is, I must, for reasons of state, see them. My man, I perceive, is becoming unpleasantly familiar in manner. I am forced to receive the services of him on which he presumes. While Miss Phoebe Conzons was calling on me the other day she sneezed in the wardrobe into which, by my orders, he had stowed himself. She was accompanied by Mrs. Laura de Force Gordon and Mrs. Clara Foltz. Their mission was to secure my support for the female suffrage amendment. I kept my gravity, and sent them away soiling and chattering. My experience as Consul at Algiers in the forties taught me something about diplomacy, egad. But it's absurd, absurd, by Jove, this notion of women voting and becoming the equals of men. No one, I need hardly say, excels me in respect for the divine right of woman's place in the bosom of the home, our comforter in distress, our companion in Society, and our good angel always. It is ridiculous to think of their being equal to statesmanship and that sort of thing. We have the strength and the intellect, and it's our duty to protect and cherish the dear creature, and to be patient with them, but the idea of their coming on a par with us mentally is an error that no man of good brains himself, and of any experience with the sex, will tolerate for an instant. The most unpleasant being in the world is a too clever woman. And no woman, begad, is clever enough to carry the grave responsibility of the suffrage.

As to my private connection with the press, of course, should the interests of the administration require it, I shall both write and vote for the amendment.

PERSIFLAGE.

"Where the Big Trees Grow," a pamphlet on the flora of the Sequoia region, is one of the most delightful mixtures of sentiment and scholarship that could be written. The University of California certainly has in Mr. George Hansen a man who is an enthusiast in his work. He has made what seems to be a most exhaustive study of the flora of our foothills, and be writes of the trees and the flowers with the affection of a Thoreau,

CLEVELAND'S BOND DEAL.

A New and Most Important Feature Comes to Light.

New York, March 29, 1895.

Part of the big bond deal which has brought down such condemnation on the heads of President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle has not yet been made public, and a most important part it is for it explains the mystery and apparent underhandness of the whole business. The secret is slowly leaking out; in fact, it might now be said to be common property on the street, though the papers have not given it to the larger world, perhaps for the reason that those which opposed the bond sale as it was made do not care to give the President the benefit of the slightest justification, and the others which favored the sale and supported the President fear to upset the scheme while it is not yet thoroughly carried out.

It has been asked by a thousand papers and no doubt by hundreds of thousands of citizens: Why all these private negotiations between the President and Mr. Pierpont Morgan? The whole affair was conducted in such secrecy as to give rise to all sorts of suspicions, some of which found vent in the Senate. Demands for the President's impeachment came from some quarters, while almost universally the sentiment was expressed that Cleveland might be honest, but his bond sale was a steal. The only answer that was made by the friends of the administration was that the President had been forced to submit to a species of blackmail levied on the government by the money-kings.

It now appears that the President himself did part of the "holding up" and he used the funds to force the Morgan-Belmont-Rothschild combination to change their tactics and give the country a push toward better times.

"If you want these bonds," said the President to Mr. Morgan on the occasion of his now famous visit to the White House, "if you want them you must stop the all-powerful money kings who rule Europe, and thereby stop the large exports of gold which are draining the treasury and ruining our markets." I, of course, do not pretend to give the words of the President but the words I have used convey the import of the bargain that was made. The syndicate was to have the bonds at a low figure if it ends all-powerful money kings who rule the market instead of bearing it. They could change the current if they would. It was in their hands to so give confidence to the holders of American securities in England that the rush to sell would cease. If this were not done the government might keep on forever selling bonds, and still the gold reserve would fall till the whole situation be made worse instead of better. The government, moreover, was in this unfortunate fix that these men were the only ones who could take the bonds, they alone having the money, as was shown by the fact that when public bids were called for on the preceding bond issue their bid was the only one made. The position of the government was not in the least improved, especially as it could easily be foreseen that a bond transaction made, as it were, in a closet, would rouse great public indignation. But this would have to be borne if the public good aimed at were to be accomplished. A few leaders were taken into the administration's confidence, Hill and Sherman among the number, so the street was won, and the bond sale was consummated. The syndicate fought for a lower price and the figure finally agreed upon was a compromise. The bonds went to Morgan and Rothschild on their pledge that the outflow of American gold would be stopped so far as that outflow was the result of market manipulations in Europe.

What will be the result? Immediately after the bonds were sold, the London papers spoke in a most confident tone as to the future of American securities. The fear that the United States would be reduced to a silver basis was now happily dispelled. This was their tone. And at once there was manifest in stock transactions a more buoyant feeling than there had been for eighteen months. No doubt the Rothschilds had said the word and their agents on the street and on the press had changed the European feeling toward United States stocks and bonds. This feeling of confidence at once was made evident here by a stronger market and an improvement, almost immediate, in the general business tone. There is certainly a calmer feeling on Wall street than there has been for many months, and, as I say, it is universally credited to an agreement between the President and Pierpont Morgan. All stocks are stronger, and even silver is beginning to climb. As a broker put the subject to me to-day: "It may be that the Old Man (meaning the President) has pulled us out of the hole by standing Morgan up and making him come to terms."

That this is true I have no doubt and those with whom I have talked concerning it—including a

former member of Cleveland's financial staff—accept it as beyond question. It may be recorded in history as a great stroke of higher finance and again it may be regarded as the greatest blunder of Mr. Cleveland's second administration. So far it has been successful.

But what a humiliating thing for a great people to have to do—make a bargain with a few of the richest men in the world to save the nation's credit and restore in part a healthy business tone. To be sure European kings and emperors have been forced to do such things, but not Uncle Sam till now. As I have heard the talk of this transaction in the clubs, on the street, and in the elevated I could not but ask myself the question: "Is it any wonder that there are anarchists even in the United States?"

The education the people of this part of the country have been having in the last two years has turned them toward silver. You hear it among all classes, this talk of the benefits to come from bimetallism. I know that if our Chamber of Commerce were now to have the debate on the money question that it had nearly two years, there would be many more on the free-silver side. An occasional gleam of gold and silver is found in the papers—an exceedingly suggestive sign. The tariff question is no longer a subject of discussion. Wherever serious men are gathered nowadays they are talking the money question. But there is very little literature to be had here on the free-silver side of the controversy, and what there is of so rapid a character that it is a gazette rather than a treatise. No more propitious time than the present has been found for the silver men of the West to carry on a campaign of education in New York that would tell in votes in the future.

FINDLEY.

A DREAM AFTER SUNSET.

The reeling glow of her loose tresses flung,
Over the startled of her gazing eyes,
Was dashed aside; and to my lips she prest
The living coral of her lips all hot.
With pains and pleasures of my softest song.
I looked up wildly in the flashing night
Of her eyes, and drank the flavorous flood,
The subtle nectar of her lingering lips.
While o'er us in the mellow blue, the moon,
Celestial lighthouse of storm-driven clouds,
Smiled all its gold upon our golden lives.
Long sunful days, loud with a thousand songs,
Long moonful nights, calm with a thousand flowers,
Of odors and vistas of seraphic halls,
Passed by, in thought, as our lips I reeled,
Throwing my life away like lees of wine!

—Francis S. Saltus.

Mme. Adam, in an article on Pierre Loti in the April number of *McClure's Magazine*, writes as follows of this academician, naval officer, and novelist: "The French novelist, he is so strong that he calls forth the admiration of his men, in the case of manœuvre badly executed or in the removal of some cargo, he indicates with a gesture what is to be done, or lifts or sets in place some object. No one of his subordinates could get the better of him if he ventured to contend with him as a soldier, and on the other hand, the sea is ascribed to him a very complex superiority, made up of him that they can see and understand, as well as of much that is beyond their grasp, and they are devoted and submissive to him to the point of fanaticism. Lieut. Julien Vivand, whenever he has the leisure to do so, becomes Pierre Loti from 2 o'clock until six o'clock in the afternoon. He requires no more time than this to write his superb, large, correct handwriting a volume in a few months. His study is always full of flowers; he has a passion for them, and in a few seconds he can arrange in a vase an exquisite bouquet of what had appeared to be the most insignificant of flowers. And though the perfume of his flowers have, the more he loves them. The odor of flowers never becomes oppressive to him, even when he is writing."

It is announced that the new edition of Olive Schreiner's "Story of an African Farm," brings the story into its seventy-eighth thousand in Great Britain alone, and that 10,000 copies were sold at the London auction. The London publishing house admits the great worth and interest of some manuscript submitted to him by a London publisher, but declines the proposal for copyright, because, as he says, Americans prefer to wait and see the result in England. Among instances of this, the *Daily News* cites besides "A Yellow Aster" and "The Two Escapes," "The Highway" and "Hedges," three editions of which were cleared out in London immediately, and the fourth of which is in the press, and "A New Note," which is now in its fifth edition.

SHERLOCK HOLMES UP TO DATE.

Sherlock Holmes and I were sitting in the grill room of the Palace enjoying a deviled bone and a bottle of Bass, when Detective Lees suddenly threw open the swinging doors, and after a hasty glance round the room discovered us and came at once to our table.

"Well, what's new, Lees?" Holmes asked, as he ordered another bottle.

"We've just caught him!"

"Caught who?"

"Why, the train robber, the murderer of the Tehama County Sheriff, of course."

"That's good news," said Holmes, indifferently, while the detective stood by all excitement over his great capture. "Come, sit down, Lees, and have a glass while you're telling us the story."

With the air of one who knows that he deserves champagne, but is forced to compromise on beer, the chief of San Francisco's detective force took the glass that Holmes extended.

"There's no question but he's the man," said Lees, as he drew a napkin across his lips. "Not a bit. He was riding a bicycle."

"Riding a bicycle, eh? That looks bad."

"Yes, sir, a Columbia bicycle; the very machine he had at the robbery. Smooth face, too. Answer the description to a T. Oh, he's the man all right."

"By Jove," exclaimed Holmes, as he quietly jabbed the needle into his arm, "you've done splendid work, Lees. Of course, the man says he isn't guilty?"

"Of course, of course. Says he can prove an alibi, and all that stuff, you know. Regular business. Old, old fake."

"You've taken the measure of his boat?"

"Well, I guess so! He wears an 8½ gaiter; fits the footprints perfectly. Never saw a clearer case. And when do you think we caught him? Ah, Holmes, my boy, you'll do very well as an amateur, but there are some things you've got to learn yet. You laughed when I told you I had stationed fifteen men around Cornelius Stagg's old place. But I knew what I was about. They always come back to the scene of the trouble. Never knew it to miss. Well, that's where we got him. He rode up to the house, got off his wheel, went in and examined all the marks on the wall, measured off the room, placed the chairs and the table as they were when poor Stagg was done for, stood back and fired an imaginary shot, and then, with a smile of satisfaction, said to himself: 'Clear case of self defense.' After another hasty look at the room, he went out and remounted his wheel. But he didn't get far, you bet. I gave the signal, and fifteen men were on the road in a second, every man with his gun out, and, of course, the fiend had nothing to do but give up. Holmes, you'll learn a thing or two if you ever get a hasty look at the room."

I felt sorry for Holmes. As Detective Lees had said, the robber and murderer had been captured by Lees's disregarding all the advice given by Holmes. It was humiliating, and I tried to throw all possible sympathy into my voice as I said: "It's only one mis out of a thousand shots. Holmes, would you say to me, go home and see him?"

"I must say," replied Holmes, "that I find this place quite comfortable just now." Then drawing out his card-case, he wrote a few words on the back of a card. Handing it to the detective, he said: "Lees, give that to Chief Crowley, if you please, with my compliments."

There was a certain air of triumph in the detective's manner as he took the card, saying: "Oh, don't try to squire yourself, young fellow. That's all right. We've all gone through this business of hunting criminals with an algebra in one hand and a test tube in the other."

Lees dropped the card on the table and glared at Holmes.

"What fool joke is this you're playing?" he cried.

"Oh, I've only put your prisoner through the test tube," was the drawing reply. "Water, give us another bottle."

I reached across the table for the card, and read: "Dear Crowley: The man you've got is Colonel Kowalsky."

Richard Le Gallienne says: "A happy heart never made a great poem," says the young German poet in "Melting Snows." It would seem, indeed, that he was right, and certainly that poetry holds no most, beneath whose words, sad or glad, is heard "the still, sad music" of a sorrowing heart."

Mr. and Mrs. Coppinger, of Brooklyn, quarreled over the morals of "Tribly." Mr. Coppinger hit Mr. Coppinger on the head with an earthen jar. He is now in the hospital. Two post-offices have just been named after Du Maurier's heroine—Tribly, O., and Tribly, Ill.

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Robert H. Sherard has interviewed the author of "Trilby" for *McClure's*, and a most charming picture of the man and his life is the result. Du Maurier is author, musician, and artist, and his studio contains a grand piano, a writing desk, and a drawing table, so that without going from his room he may sing a French ballad, draw a picture for *Punch*, or write a chapter of his new story, "The Martians," which is to be much longer than "Peter Ibbetson," or "Trilby." Of his early life Du Maurier tells much that is interesting.

"Much of my childhood is related in 'Peter Ibbetson.' My favorite book was the 'Swiss Family Robinson,' and next, 'Robinson Crusoe.' I used to devour these books.

I was a late sleeper. My parents must have thought me dull. And one day I surprised them all by coming out with a long sentence. It was, 'Papa est alle chez le boucher pour acheter de la viande pour maman,' and so astonished everybody."

George Du Maurier has recently again astonished everybody in a similar way, coming forth loud, and articulate, and strong, after a long silence, which one fancied was to be forever prolonged.

In school he did not distinguish himself; in fact, he was "plucked," and his schooling ended when he was seventeen.

"My father had made up his mind that I was intended for a scientist, and determined to make me one. So he put me as a pupil at the Birkbeck Chemical Laboratory of University College, where I studied chemistry under Dr. Williamson. I am afraid that I was a most unsatisfactory pupil, for I took no interest at all in the work, and spent almost all my time in drawing caricatures. I drew all my life, I may say; it was my favorite occupation and pastime. My ambition at that time was to go in for music and singing, but my father objected very strongly to this wish of mine, and invariably discouraged it. My father, I must tell you, possessed himself the sweetest, most beautiful voice that I have ever heard; and, if he had taken up singing as a profession, would most certainly have been the greatest singer of his time.

After his father's death, which was in 1856, Du Maurier gave up chemistry and returned to Paris to live with his mother. "We were very poor, and very dull and dismal it was. However, it was not long before I entered upon what was the best time of my life. That is when, having decided to follow art as a profession, I entered Gleyre's studio to study drawing and painting. Those were my joyous Quartier Latin days, spent in the charming society of Poynter, Whistler, Armstrong, Lamont, and others. I have described Gleyre's studio in 'Trilby.' For Gleyre I had a great admiration, and at that time thought his 'Illusions Perdues' a veritable masterpiece, though I hardly think so now."

"My happy Quartier Latin life lasted only one year, for in 1857 we went to Antwerp, and here I worked at the Antwerp Academy under Dr. Keyser and Van Lerius. And it was on a day in Van Lerius's studio that the great tragedy of my life occurred."

The voice of Du Maurier, who till then had been chatting with animation, suddenly fell, and over the face came an indefinable expression of mingled terror, and anger, and sorrow.

"I was drawing from a model when suddenly the girl's head seemed to me to dwindle to the size of a walnut. I stopped and stared, and my left eye, I think, I was mistaking? I could see as well as ever. But when in its turn I covered my right eye, I learned what had happened. My left eye had failed me. That was the most tragic event of my life. It has poisoned all my existence."

Returning to England he was prosperous from the first. He did not care to write, and my wife and I never knew financial troubles. My only trouble has been my fear about my eyes. Apart from that I have been very happy."

One interesting bit to readers of *Punch* and *Harper's* is his statement that most of the jokes under his illustrations he makes himself.

Going on to speak of his literary work, Du Maurier said, "Nobody more than myself was surprised at the great success of my novels. I never expected anything of the sort. I did not know that I could write. I had no idea that I had had any experiences worth recording. The circumstances under which I began to write are curious. I was walking one evening with Henry James up and down the High Street in Baywater. James said that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. 'Plots!' I exclaimed, 'I am full of plots,' and I went on to tell him the plot of 'Trilby.' 'But you ought to write that story,' cried James. 'I don't write,' I said, 'I have never written. If you like the plot so much you may make it.' But James would not take it; he said it was too valuable a present, and that I must write the story myself."

"Well, on reaching home that night I set to work, and by the next morning I had written the first two numbers of 'Peter Ibbetson.' It seemed all to flow from my pen, without effort, in a full stream. But I thought it must be poor stuff, and I determined to look for an opinion to learn whether any success would attend this new departure. So I walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that I saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted me and reassured me; for, as you will remember, there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of 'Peter Ibbetson.' I sat down to write at a time late in the day, dining with Osgood, and he said, 'I hear, Du Maurier, that you are writing stories,' and asked me to let him see something. So 'Peter Ibbetson' was sent over to America and was accepted at once. Then 'Trilby' followed, and the 'boom' came, a 'boom' which surprised me immensely, for I never took myself as serious as a novelist. Indeed, this 'boom' rather distresses me when I reflect that Thackeray never had a 'boom,' and I hold that a 'boom' means nothing in the way of literary excellence, nothing but money."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Marie Fraser, who lived near the Stevensons in Samoa, has written a book descriptive of the life of the great romancer, which has just been published by Macmillan & Co. Miss Fraser was on the island but a few months before the novelist's death, but she saw the family intimately. She went to Apia to get out of civilization for a time and met Stevenson by accident. As she and a friend who accompanied her were walking one day, "a most picturesque figure, riding a slim, dun-colored horse, came in sight. The horseman was clad in a brown velvet coat, light corduroy breeches, long boots, and a white cap. He was tall and slight, with dark-brown hair, worn not very short; long, nervous fingers and brilliant black eyes. On catching sight of the strangers he flung himself off his horse and strode impulsively toward us; a moment later, and we were being shaken by the hands and welcomed quite heartily to Samoa by Robert Louis Stevenson."

Stevenson told Miss Fraser of a certain white lady on whom he called, and he observed that the native girls in her house were wearing mad dresses. On commenting on the matter to her, she answered, "Do you see all clothed; no woman shall come into my presence who shows any part of her body!" "Well," continued Stevenson, "I just lazled at her and I could have showered anathemas on her. 'Woman,' I thundered, 'is your mind so base that you cannot see and admire what is beautiful in the dress of God? God mightily has created you, and you not understand that in mad dress is right for the climate and their simple way of living? And do you not see that the first thing you do on landing on this beautiful island is to pollute their minds and sully their modest thoughts?'"

Here is an interesting account of the way Stevenson worked.

"When he had finished a book he would sometimes rest from his writing for a short time. Then a new romance would begin to piece itself together in his mind till it took tangible shape, and then, by five in the morning, his lamp would be lit and his pen flying over the paper, while he lay propped up by pillows on a rug, with a little room lamp looking down on the mountain, he would continue without intermission, sometimes till 12 o'clock; but generally he would stop at 11 for fifteen, and rarely returned to his writing again during the day; but next morning he would be at it again by five. Sometimes he dictated, and then he would walk about, dictating with great rapidity, and seldom having to correct anything afterwards. The library at Vailima was a beautiful room opening off the second veranda, and the walls were lined with books, arms, and pictures. 'But I can't write in that room,' said our host; 'it's all so suitable for a literary man—drives every idea out of my head.' So he went in to his study, and I generally seize the book and rush off with it to my den." So we crossed the flying bridge from one veranda to another and entered his little work-room, with its bare floor and varnished walls.

"This," he continued, curling himself up on a mat in the corner, "is the sort of place I can write in—where nothing looks at me, and I am not disturbed by a table and a small bed all I require; chairs are an unnecessary luxury; a mat flung on the ground is all one wants." And from where we sat could be seen the snow-white tropic birds soaring over Vailima, the summit of which he always spoke of as his last resting-place on earth. While we were talking the whole place shook and vibrated with earthquake shocks, and, as Tusitala remarked, "It is not so much what happens as what one waits for!"

J. M'NEIL WHISTLER.

It is good news that the English papers bring this week—Whistler will appeal his case and continue to make things lively for Sir William Eden, and amusing for the rest of the world. And what man is there who can excel this same James McNeil in contributing to the gaiety of nations?

Whistler's English friends—for it appears he has not turned all the English into enemies—are indignant over what they call the ridiculous and grotesque judgment of the French court in the *Eden-Whistler* matter. Yet from these same friends it is learned that Whistler would have won the case had he not so conducted himself in court that at last he had to count the judge among his enemies. The court did not fancy Whistlerism. But instead of painting in Lady Eden's face and paying damages, as the court ordered, Whistler will appeal to a higher court. The fun will, therefore, continue.

This case is likely to bring Mr. Whistler quite as much notoriety as any of his former rows, though it is with a less distinguished person than he usually chooses to make an article of. The artist has been given a commission to paint Lady Eden's portrait. When it was done, he was sent five hundred dollars by Sir William Eden. This Whistler acknowledged, but instead of sending the portrait to Sir William, he painted out the face. The court to which the matter was taken ordered Whistler to send the five hundred dollars, to paint the portrait, and pay seven hundred dollars to Sir William as damages. Thus were the tables turned on the man who is a past-master in the gentle art of making enemies. But if Lady Eden ever gets that portrait, Whistler's friends prophesy that it will be far more of a caricature than Mrs. Mackay ever claimed her portrait to be by Whistler.

Whistler is an artist with brush, tongue, and pen. His personality would have made him famous even had he followed any other vocation than that he has pursued. His own way he must have, and he usually has it, no matter what it costs. For instance, when Du Maurier caricatured him as *Joc Sibley* in "Trilby," Whistler wrote to the Harpers to make a public apology for printing the "libel," and Du Maurier was compelled to re-write that portion of his book and cut out *Sibley*. It was on this occasion that Whistler wrote to the papers: "It would seem, notwithstanding my boastful declaration, that, after all, I had not before leaving England completely rid myself of that abominable 'the friend.' One solitary, unheeded one—Mr. George Du Maurier—still remained hidden in Hampstead."

Ruskin once called Whistler a "cockney" in the course of a severe criticism of his painting. Whereat Whistler sued Ruskin for libel. The case kept two continents laughing while it lasted, and at the conclusion Whistler awarded one hundred guineas. Ruskin had to bear the costs, amounting to two thousand dollars, but this amount was raised by subscription.

At another time, Whistler painted a portrait of Carlyle, which, after the great Scot's death, his admirers wished to purchase for an Edinburgh gallery. Whistler expressed sympathy for the idea, and said he would sell the portrait for two thousand dollars. But he still owns the picture. For it came to his ears, after the money had been raised, that those who were getting the money had declared to those whom they solicited that the purchase would not be an endorsement of Whistler as an artist, nor as a person, and so the thing was off. It was at once raised the price of the picture to five thousand dollars—a prohibitory figure.

Whistler is not, as many suppose, an Englishman. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts. Nevertheless, he is altogether un-American. When his pictures were to be exhibited at the Centennial Exposition, he refused to have his name on the American pictures, and insisted on their being placed in the British gallery. This, however, was before he fell out with England. He was defeated for the presidency of the Royal Society of British Artists, and at once resigned, carrying with him the friends with him. Speaking of this action, he once made the characteristic statement that he is very much alone. The artists retired and the British remained."

Things became so uncomfortable in London for the mighty Mr. Whistler, that he shook the dust of England from his feet and went back to Paris, where he and Du Maurier basked together. There he lives in a beautiful old place in the Faubourg St. Germain. It is not likely, however, that he will remain in Paris if the Eden case finally goes against him. He has disowned America and England, and it surely is to be expected that he will become outraged at France, and desert her, too.

An advertisement in

ARTHUR McEVEN'S LETTER

is seen by the intelligent men and women of the Coast.

OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The literary centre of the country seems to be moving westward with the population. Boston's day of supremacy has passed. Her publishers, after a long struggle, have been forced to establish offices in New York, and with the passing away of the great writers of the Emerson-Lowell period, Boston is no longer a literary Mecca. It was but twelve or fifteen years ago, perhaps less, since Boston disputed supremacy with New York as the book and magazine publishing centre, but one hears nothing of the question to-day.

New York, having passed Boston in the race, Chicago now sees no reason why she should not force New York into second place, just as she outran St. Louis in population. The result is a "literary movement" in Chicago. Ten years ago there were no publishers in Chicago, save a few firms that made a specialty of railroad maps. Now, however, there are two firms at least (McClurg and Stone & Kimball) which act on their own judgment and are putting out some very creditable work. Chicago is as yet without a magazine, but with energetic publishers, a local ambition to rival New York in all things, and a full fledged "literary movement," a magazine must come. In short, Chicago is becoming civilized, and New York will be compelled in time to realize that she has in Chicago a rival in more than population and commerce. New York's danger is not imminent. It takes more than people and money to make a metropolis. But it is interesting to watch Chicago grow.

The members of the Chicago Academy are few, but they are active. Henry B. Fuller, Hamlin Garland, Mrs. Catherwood, Miss Harriet Monroe, and Miss Lillian Bell have announced new novels or poems in the near future. John Vance Cheney, who left this city but recently, is already enrolled on the list of Chicago's Immortals, and the poet has a new volume in the press. Eugene Field keeps right on producing sweet lyrics and exquisite translations of Horace. Opie Read and Stanley Waterloo do not affect to be as literary as some others of more modest accomplishment, but they are makers of books that are read. And the list does not end. The city of Chicago has two members of her local nobility who write. Mrs. Reginald de Koven, daughter of ex-Senator Farwell and wife of the composer of "Robin Hood," and Mr. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, the local Ward McAllister.

"A Sawdust Doll" is the title of Mrs. de Koven's book, which is announced as an "analytical novel." The young woman who married to a man much her senior. She meets an artist who was a playmate in her youth. At a dinner party in New York she dances and the artist falls in love with her. They see much of each other, and one evening after a party they are alone. "There seemed to be no barrier, no distance between them, in his mysterious manner of looking at Helen, and a strange impression of a wandering far within endless undiscovered caves. They spoke each other's thoughts and trembled as they did so. Perhaps they knew it could not last. But for the moment the great angels of love and death hovered over them and touched them not."

Her eyes close eternally, and she looked once more a sudden madness seized him—suddenly his lips met hers in a long moment of mortal sweetness, of ecstasy that seemed like death." In the language of Chicago she "breaks away" and determines not to see him again. She keeps her promise, but at once falls ill. He pursues her and forces a meeting. She tells him of nothing to her. He goes to Europe. Her heart is breaking. She goes to Europe. At last she thinks she must see him before her death, and resolves to write to him. But he saves her the trouble. She is down by a river side. "Around the bend in the stream came a boat filled with girls and men. A man in the bow of the boat held his arm round the girl who was leaning. Suddenly the man turned his head and looked full into Helen's eyes. It was Philip. So he came to her. One sharp, startled look of recognition from a face so changed, so old, so bitter, that Helen's stricken eyes scarce knew that it was he, and then he turned away and gave no sign that he had seen her."

Mrs. de Koven is one of Chicago's aristocracy and is one of New York's 400, and her book shows her to be worthy of both honors.

Another Chicago social leader, he who so gallantly escorted Princess Eulalie through the Columbian Fair grounds and thereby made a national reputation, Mr. Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor, has also written a novel. This is not his first, however. In 1891, so his publishers announce, he published a novel, "With Edged Tools," and last

year another, "An American Peersess," which, strange to say, skipped all intervening countries and was republished in Hungary. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's new novel has a title worthy of one of Mr. Ginter's books: "Two Women and a Fool." The fool is an artist, a Chicago artist. The other two—the women—are a society philanthropist and a variety actress with whom the fool is in love.

Three Russians named Mamrooy have written a new book, "Jesus N. Jesus," which is attracting the attention of scholars. The book is presented as a veracious account of the life of Jesus as given in records now extant in various Eastern lands. The authors claim in their introduction to have lived many years in Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, having been born in Jerusalem, of Russian parents, who primarily took up their residence in the Holy Land with the object of seeking for such knowledge as might cast a searchlight upon the conflicting dogmas and doctrines of Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan creeds, which all claim a common origin. A firm, or charter, from the Sultan of Turkey, Ad elah, was granted in 1840 to the first of the authors, gave him and his family prestige, not only with the ruling Mohammedan families, but also with the leading Oriental Christian and Moslem ecclesiastics. Two of the authors were connected at various times with the United States Consulate in Jerusalem, and one of them was also with the Russian consular office of the Palestine Exploration Society in that city.

According to the new historical evidence brought forward by these Russians, Mary was of a wealthy family and Christ was her son by marriage with Joseph. The Lady Marya, mother of Jesus, was a rich and titled young girl, born of Median ancestry, her father being Nabuchadnezzar, a Prince, and her mother Princess Grapte of Kharax, a cousin of Queen Helena of Adiabene, who both after marriage became Jewish proselytes of ardent conviction, and took the names under that dispensation of Joachim and Anna. After twenty years of childlessness, the Princess Marya was born to the pair and grew up a lovely, devout, and thoughtful maiden. Yosepha (or Joseph), the son of a deceased cousin of her father, lived with them, and to him Marya offered herself in marriage when the Jewish rigor became insistent, and Yonahon, who aspired to her wealth and the power he would attain by the alliance, was threatening to involve her in surreptitious betrothal vows by surving papers upon her in the presence of witnesses. The family was immensely rich, and the journey taken by the mother and child was to enable Marya to have her son enrolled as heir to her mansion of Deyar, with farms, vineyards, and pasture grounds not included in the dedicated and entailed property inherited by the Lady Marya from her mother, the Princess Grapte of Kharax. Christ became a religious teacher and a social agitator, and suffered death. One of his sources of popularity was his condescension as a man of wealth and station.

The *London Academy*, in a review of the recently published biography of Symonds, relates the following rather deeply philosophical story of Stevenson. "When Symonds was visited at Davos by Robert Louis Stevenson, he asked his guest what was the dizziest height he had ever climbed to what in all his experience had made him most fearful. Stevenson replied (I quote only from tradition): 'The dizziest height I ever climbed was Mount Ego. I reached the summit and looked down. I have never got over that dismal purview. I scrambled down again ignominiously, and what idled in a sunny place, and swore that except as a sleepwalker I would never again peer over that crest.' Then, after a silence, he added, significantly: 'I wouldn't advise anybody to do it. Some day one would overreach one's self and topple in.' And then he asked Symonds, eagerly, 'Oh, then there would be the devil to pay.'

The Bookman is responsible for the publication of this story as told by Mr. Kipling himself: "One day I was sitting in my study in London, when suddenly a gentleman appeared at the door unannounced, followed by two young ladies. 'Is this Rudyard Kipling?' inquired the gentleman. 'Yes,' I answered. I turned around. 'Girls, this is Rudyard Kipling.' 'And is this where you write?' he continued. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Girls, this is where he writes.' And before I had time to offer them tea, said Mr. Kipling, 'they were gone, girls and I. I suppose they had all literary London to do in that way.'"

H. Rider Haggart's appearance as the Tory candidate of one of the Norfolk divisions, with a speech full of economical ignorance which would make a Kansas Populist blush, has been the signal for much sportive chaff, by no means confined to the Liberal papers. Luckily, I am told (says Harold Frederic, London correspondent of the

New York Times), that he still draws \$5,000 a year in royalties on his books, which is surprisingly at variance with the popular notion that he has passed quite out of vogue.

A writer thus describes F. Hopkinson Smith: "In appearance he is a typical man of the world, of Southern origin, suggesting Sir Horace Welby in Forget-Me-Not, Henry Beauchamp in Diplomacy, or Wallace in Ours in 1878 or 1879, with the ease of one, the keenness of another, and the geniality of the third. In conversation, as in manner, he is breezy, frank, genial, whole-souled, thoroughly American, with all the idealism of art and none of the cynicism or pessimism of literature."

One day Mr. Gladstone and the late Prof. Blackie were discussing the Greek classics, when the latter assured the former that he didn't half appreciate Socrates. "Well, do you know," said Mr. Gladstone, "it has always seemed to me that Socrates must have been a thorough domestic bore, and for my part, I have always felt strong sympathy with Xantippe!"

John Davidson, "a thick-set, beetle-browed poet," is the latest Scotchman to make his mark in London as a man of letters. England seems to have changed her mind regarding her northern neighbors since the days of Dr. Johnson, and well she might since the most virile writers of the day are Scots.

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TWO LIVES ON A CARD.

A Hair-Lifting Poker Game That Was Played in San Francisco.

The Major had just concluded his story wherein he figured as the hero of a mighty poker game, and won thousands of dollars on a royal flush, which he held against another man's four jacks. Every time the circle of ancient and honorable recounters of adventures gathered in that corner of the club the Major was sure to spring one of his marvelous poker tales upon the party, and on this occasion he had quite outdone himself and likewise undone himself, as was evident when the Westerner asked: "What kind of a deck were you using in that game, Major?"

"Why, a regular deck, sir, a regular deck. Same as any other poker deck."

"Then either you or the other man must have had a jack up his sleeve," was the Westerner's conclusion, "for there were evidently five jacks out in that hand."

A roar of laughter at the Major's expense greeted this announcement, and it was redoubled when that veracious raconteur got rattled and endeavored to explain that he meant four tens. Perhaps it was with a view to covering the Major's embarrassment that the Westerner struck in, when the noise subsided, with a poker story of his own.

"I would venture to say," he began, "that no man living ever sat in a game when more was at stake on the turn of a card than in a certain game which I once played in Frisco. Five of us sat in and we all had plenty of money to stake, but before the game was over money was a matter of secondary interest, for each of us had sat back and seen a card thrown on which the life of one man, and probably of two, depended. I say we all had plenty of money, but that isn't so, for young Harry Randall, who was then cashier of a bank, was, as I knew at the time, playing with money which meant ruin to him if he lost. Before the game began I tried to keep him out, but he wouldn't do it."

"I've got to make a heavy win to-night or—well, they'll have big headlines on me in to-morrow's papers."

"By that I knew that he was involved too deeply to stop there, and the game began. Next to Harry on his left, sat Mort Henry, a man who should have been a professional gambler, for he played better poker than any man I ever sat down to a table with before or since. He was a fanatic upon the subject, and any interruption or irregularity in the game made him furious and even dangerous, for Mort was, in a quiet way, a bad man, and more than one man had fallen before his revolver. But he was clear-headed and nerve all the way through, and during the week in which the same five of us had played every night he was a big winner, taking chiefly from Harry Randall. I sat next to him on his left, and next to me was a mine owner named Smith, who would have lost thousands instead of hundreds of dollars for his great caution in play. A wealthy retired physician was the fourth member of the party. He and Smith were going East on the following day, so that night was our last play, and it started high. There was no limit, and though I was pretty well fixed in those days, I began to get uneasy at the pace, but my cards kept me about even. Smith and Mort Henry were winning, the Doctor was losing heavily, and Harry was pining over his chips little by little, the most maddening thing in poker, and getting up a very nasty temper over it."

"Whisky was going pretty lively, and Harry was taking more than his share of it. This made me the more uneasy, because the more he drank the more ugly he became, his temper being directed towards Mort Henry, who was taking it good-naturedly. As time went on and Harry became more abusive, I saw an ugly look come into Mort's face, and once or twice I managed to slip in a word, quietly begging him to overlook the young fellow's remarks for the sake of the game. Well, the trouble came soon enough, and along with it the most stupendous and splendid bluff I have ever seen. Harry had lost quite a little money through the evening, and the play was steadily getting higher under the forcing tactics of Smith and Henry, who kept winning steadily. At length it came to a bit of a crisis. Mort Henry dealing, the trouble came with three good ones, and was rather inclined to exult when Smith raised me, but rather less inclined when the Doctor raised him, and positively doubtful when Harry lifted him with a good, big stack of chips. Mort dropped out, not feeling qualified in putting up so much on a medium-sized pair. I stayed, Smith stayed, and the Doctor raised, only to be bicked back by Randall, who was staking his all on a lucky chance, as we afterward saw. My three were too good to throw down, and I stayed until after the pot represented enough money to have made up all Harry

had lost during the week, the final call was made by the Doctor, and the draw came.

"Of course, my draw was two cards. Mort dealt them out slowly, and they didn't help my hand any. It was Smith's draw, and I began wondering if my trio was better than his. I was right."

"I'll play these," said the Doctor, steadily, and I saw Harry's mouth, which had become a little tremulous with drink, set firm as he called for one card. My estimate of his hand was that he held a hob-tail straight flush open at both ends, for I reckoned that he wouldn't have raised on two pairs, and I was right, and it proved that I was right. For once in his life Mort dealt the cards high, and the first one of the pack fell face up. It was the eight of hearts. Never in my life have I seen emotions so portrayed in a man's face as in Harry Randall's. By the rules of the game he could not claim the fallen card, but was required to take the next one. Despair, doubt, and sudden resolve showed themselves in his face one after another, and then the young man's eyes were fixed on the pack from which Mort Henry had half pushed the next card. It seemed impossible that Harry could have seen it, yet I would have sworn that he did, as his face lighted up, and then would have sworn that he didn't as it blazed forth in anger the next instant."

"I take that card," he said, pointing to the eight of hearts.

"The card is out by the rules," said the Doctor.

"Don't be a fool, Harry. I put in quickly, for I could see danger in his expression."

Henry dealt the next card, which fell face down.

"I beg your pardon for that slip," he said

steadily. "The second card is yours."

"Damn you!" cried Harry reaching for the eight. "What have you to do with it? You're not in this hand. I take the heart, and he put his hand out for it."

"Rules," said the other briefly, setting his hand over the others. "The heart is out of the deal."

"By God!" the young man burst out, "you've been against me from the beginning. You've got all my money, and now, when you're not even in the game, you're trying to cheat me."

At the word "cheat" I saw Mort's eyebrows come down to a straight line as he turned full face to the young man, still keeping his hand guarding the card. Then both men reached behind them, and the other three of us had risen and were standing with the prospect of murder before us. Harry spoke first. Have you ever listened through a telephone when the receiver was out of order and the voice cracked and rattled in your ear? That's the way Harry's voice sounded to me when he spoke.

"Fair play. It's an even chance. Put down your gun." He laid his on the table as he spoke. Mort did the same. I believe I tried to say something, but it wasn't a success.

"You've ruined my hand and me," said Harry, his voice steady as he spoke, looking straight into Mort's eyes, which returned the gaze as straightly. "It's a matter of life and death to me to win or lose that pot, and I'd shoot you like a dog for what you did."

He came a step away from the card and

Mort seized his own pistol, but dropped it again on seeing that the other made no movement to pick up his weapon.

"Now," continued the young man, "there's the card. I've got a right to call for my card face up when it's dealt. If that card is a heart, as the other was, we'll play the hand out. If it's not, Mort Henry, it will be death for one of us."

"For God's sake, boys, don't do this," the Doctor found voice to say. "I wouldn't turn that card for anything on earth."

"I'll turn it," said Mort, without a tremor.

"There lay the two loaded pistols and the two cards, one face down, the other face up. The only sound I could hear were a drumming noise in my head, the sort breathing of Smith, and the Doctor's foot shuffling on the floor. With his left hand Mort picked up the card and turned it, at the same instant seizing his pistol with the right. The card was the three of hearts."

"Thank God," said somebody. Perhaps it was my own voice I heard. I don't know. The first thing I remember distinctly is hearing Harry say:

"Go on with the play, gentlemen," and then I made a small bet quite mechanically, for I should have known better. Smith dropped, and the Doctor, after a long hesitation, owing to the fact that he had a good straight, saw me, but both of us dropped when Harry pushed his whole pile into the centre. Three of a kind isn't much good against a flush, nor is a straight. Harry, with a long breath, scooped in the pot and threw down four clubs—king, queen, jack, and ten, and the three of hearts. He had bluffed."

"That was the last," saw me, but both of us dropped when Harry pushed his whole pile into the centre. Three of a kind isn't much good against a flush, nor is a straight. Harry, with a long breath, scooped in the pot and threw down four clubs—king, queen, jack, and ten, and the three of hearts. He had bluffed."

"Yes," said the other, after a moment's hesitation, "I will, and congratulate you on the greatest bluff I ever saw made. Even if my life was in-

volved in it," he added, in an undertone, as he grasped Harry's hand.

"That ended the game. Afterward Harry Randall explained his play to me. He had sized up the Doctor as holding a straight, and he was a bit much afraid of the three that Smith and I held. Of course he didn't want the heart that was turned up, as it would fill neither the flush nor the straight, but he caught a glimpse of the next card as Mort Henry half dealt it, and saw it was red. This meant the ruin of his hand, but in that moment the lightning flash of an idea came to him, and he resolved on his bluff that risked his life and Mort's. It was an even chance for him, for he knew only that the card was red, and if it had been a diamond there would have been a tragedy."

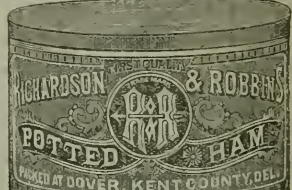
"In spite of my coolness in thinking it all out," he told me, "I was furious, and would have shot without hesitation had the heart not turned. When it did turn, of course you fellows thought that I had filled. The bluff was a safe to go unless the Doctor had held a flush or a full. Any way, I had to take the chance, for if I had lost I would have gone home and shot myself."

"That, gentlemen," concluded the Westerner, "is what I call an exciting game. Ordinary poker for money hasn't interested me much since. I saw that game for life."

There was a moment's silence around the circle, and then the Major said:

"What I want to know is, did Randall cheat or didn't he?"

But nobody could answer him.—New York Sun.



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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Albert Garnack, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1905.
J. D. SELLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Greenberg, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, February 28, 1905.
J. D. SELLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator
319 Pine Street.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

On Sunday I saw "the girl in tights," as the papers speak of her. She was not an immodest-looking girl, and she rode her bicycle well. But if Mrs. Cleveland and the Princess of Wales had driven through the park, they would not have attracted more attention. Jack, of course, was the first to see her. "Holy Moses, what have we here?" was the elegant manner in which he called the young woman to my notice. As soon as I really appreciated the situation, I replied, "The New Woman." "No, my dear, she is one of a very old kind, determined to catch the eye of man, no matter what the cost."

A couple of women in bloomers wheeled by, and looked over their shoulders at the risk of falling off. Then they giggled.

"Jack," said I, "the tights are the more modest of the two."

"I believe you are right," he replied. "The bloomers are a compromise, and an ugly compromise at that. If we are to have women in trousers, let them be decent looking ones."

"Which, the women?"

"Oh, no, that's too much to expect. The uglier the women, the more they go in for bloomers."

"It isn't a question of the beauty of the women at all. It's a question of taste. Tights and a long coat are no more immodest than double skirts called bloomers, and they certainly are prettier."

"Why the mischief do women need anything but skirts in bicycling?" Jack asked.

"The skirts catch in the wheels sometimes, and give them a spill," I answered.

"So, to save an occasional disturbance of the skirt, they abandon it, eh?"

"Then, you know, they can't make good time in skirts," I went on.

"That's the trouble with the women to-day, they want to go too fast."

The papers have been saying a great deal about Mrs. Paron Stevens, and to read their accounts one would believe that this leader of New York society was a woman of elegant manner, beautiful face, and brilliant mind. Now that the woman is dead, it is just as well to be kind to her, no doubt. But it somehow makes me rebellious to read the wildest eulogies of a woman of most ordinary sort. People who are not in society gain the impression from such articles that those within the holy circle are of a superior class. Therefore, to disabuse the minds of such, let me be forgiven if I say a word about the latest member of New York's 400 to die. By the way, Jack said a thing that wasn't half bad though, when he read of Mrs. Stevens's death: "Of course, Ward McAllister has made it the fashionable thing to do."

I have seen Mrs. Paron Stevens, met Mrs. Paron Stevens, and talked with her. I say this not boastfully, for there is nothing to boast of. I have seen better looking cooks and talked with cleverer housemaids. I have seen a more beautiful sight than beautiful. By much eating and drinking of good things she became very red as to the face. Her chin was not single. She was stout, very, and laced to a degree that accentuated her rotundity. Her language was not that of Addison, or of Thackeray, rather that of Fielding. She cultivated a stare that rivaled even the thing called a St. Louis in her box at the opera, in her carriage at Newport, in her parlor in New York. She talked of her gowns and of her dinners, and in the ballroom looked like a pawnbroker's window.

How did such a woman get into society? It was the work of years of work and cost a fortune, and it cost more perseverance, and ambition. If any one wishes to see a much idealized portrait of this good lady, let her read Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," where she is represented as having come from a western mining camp. Through the fine dinners she gave she won patronage, and this was the only way she had at hand the desirable, not to mention others should fashion themselves. The whole business of aspiring to be somebody in society seems very small indeed once you know the people who make it up—I mean the people who get into the papers as society. This is a little too broad, for there are as high-minded and clever women in society as one can find, but they are not the aggressive sort, and they don't make subject for club talk, or even drawing-room gossip. The modest woman is still to be found, let no young man think otherwise.

I have been surprised to discover since Miss Phoebe Couzens published her love letters from the late Senator Fair that I, though a married woman and utterly unconscious of it, had been receiving the tender sort of epistles from my butcher and baker. Miss Couzens, being a lawyer, has the advantage over the rest of us in knowing what a love letter, one of the valuable kind, is. Had I read the letters which she received from Senator Fair without Miss Couzens's comments, I would have thought them commonplace and businesslike affairs, and that such a man as my butcher and baker, educated, and it is no wonder that Miss Helen Gould is studying law that she may understand the purport of the letters she receives. But, as I was saying, my butcher is most tender to me—poor, dear man. Here is a "beautiful, beautiful letter" to use Miss Couzens's phrase, which I received from him yesterday.

"Dear Madam: Can you not make it convenient to drop in and settle. If you can't come I will take the pleasure of calling on Saturday. Yours respectfully," etc.

And my baker, unhappy man, is troubled with an undying passion as evidenced by this Fair-like note.

"Dear Mrs.: The order you give me can't be filled. So I'll come up to your house. I want to see you to explain. Truly yours," etc.

BETTY.

"JIJUTSU."

The Japanese Art of Stopping to Conquer.

In a review of Lafcadio Hearn's latest book on Japan M. W. Hazeltine says that the most striking chapter in the volume is that which bears the cryptic heading, "Jijutsu," and which, upon inspection, proves to contain an explanation of the attitude of Japan toward Western civilization. What is the meaning of the word which gives a caption to the chapter? Jijutsu is, it seems, the old samurai art of fighting without weapons. To the uninitiated, it looks like wrestling. That is what an ordinary Western observer would take it to be, but Hearn has shown us that it is practiced by ten or twelve little young students, barefooted and bare-limbed, throwing each other about on a matting. A professional wrestler, however, would discern more in the performance. He would note that the young men are very cautious about putting forth their strength, and that the grips, holds, and slings are both peculiar and risky. In spite of the care exercised, he would judge the whole performance to be dangerous play, and would be tempted to advise the adoption of Western "scientific" rules. Mr. Hearn assures us that the real thing is much more dangerous than a Western wrestler would guess at sight. Jijutsu is not an art of display at all, but a means of attack, the sort of skill which is exhibited to public audiences. It is an art of self-defense in the most exact sense of the term; it is an art of war. The master of the art is able in one moment to put an untrained antagonist completely hors de combat. By some terrible legerdemain he suddenly dislocates a shoulder, or uses a joint, or a point, or a bone, and snaps a bone, without any apparent effort. He is much more than an athlete; he is anatomist. He knows, moreover, touches that kill as by a stroke of lightning. But this fatal knowledge he is under oath never to communicate, except under such conditions as would render its abuse almost impossible. He is a tactician, and he is a tactician of the sort of perfect self-command and of unimpeachable moral character.

Now, the characteristic and extraordinary fact about jijutsu is that the master of the art never relies upon his own strength. He scarcely uses his own strength in the greatest emergency. What does he use, then? He uses the strength of his antagonist. The force put forth by the enemy is the only means whereby that enemy is overcome. The art of jijutsu teaches you to rely for victory solely upon the strength of your opponent; and the greater his strength the worse for him and the better for you. Mr. Hearn recalls that he was not a little astonished when one of the greatest teachers of jijutsu told him that he found it extremely difficult to teach a certain very strong pupil whom the American had imagined to be the best in the class. To a question the teacher replied: "Because he relies upon his enormous muscular strength and uses it." The very name jijutsu means to "conquer by yielding." One may say loosely that in jijutsu there is a counter for every twist, wrench, pull, push, or bend; only the jijutsu expert does not oppose such movements at all. On the contrary, he yields to them. But he does much more than yield to them. He aids them with a wicked sleight that causes the assailant to put out his own shoulder, to fracture his arm, or to fall in a desperate case, even to break his own neck or back.

Writing in 1893, the author observes that the real wonder of jijutsu lies not in the highest pos-

sible skill of its professors, but in the uniquely Oriental idea which the whole art expresses. What Western brain could have elaborated this strange teaching, never to oppose force to force, but only to direct and turn to your own account the power put forth by your assailant? To overthrow the enemy solely by his own strength, to vanquish him solely by his own effort? Could there be a finer symbolism of intelligence as a means to foil brute force? To our author's mind, this jijutsu is much more than a science of physical defense: it is a philosophy and a moral code, and the manners of it, the expression of racial genius as yet but faintly comprehended by Western powers that dream of further aggrandizement in the East. We are reminded that twenty-five years ago, and even more recently, foreigners were disposed to predict, and with an appearance of reason, that Japan would adopt not only the manners but the manners of the Occident; not only the means of rapid transit and communication, but also our principles of architecture; not only our industries and our applied science, but like-wise our metaphysics and our dogmas. That Japan might only be practicing jijutsu nobody supposed for a moment. Indeed, at that time nobody in the West had ever heard of jijutsu. It was, nevertheless, Mr. Hearn's conviction, even in 1893, that jijutsu it all was. Japan has selected and adopted the best of everything represented by our Western industries, by our applied sciences, by our economical, financial, and legal experience; availing herself in every case of the highest results only, and invariably shaping her acquisitions to meet her own needs. In all this, according to the author of this book, she has adopted nothing for a merely initiative reason. On the contrary, she has approved and taken only what would help her to increase her strength. She has made herself able to dispense with nearly all foreign technical instructors, and by shrewd legislation she has kept firmly in her own hands all of her resources. She has not adopted Western dress, Western habits of life, Western architecture, or Western religion, because the introduction of any of these, especially the last, would have diminished instead of augmented her force. Despite her railroad and steamship lines, her telegraphs and telephone, her postal service and her express companies, her steel artillery and magazine rifles, her universities and technical schools, she remains essentially just as Oriental to-day as she was a thousand years ago. She has been able to remain herself, and to profit to the utmost possible limit by the strength of the enemy. She has been able to stand, in defending herself by the most admirable system of intellectual self-defense ever heard of—that is to say, by a marvelous national jujitsu.

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A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1896.
J. B. SUTTER, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

TOLD OF THE FAMOUS FEW.

Minister William E. Quinby, of Michigan, who represents the United States Government at the Hague, has been at home for a few weeks on leave. After the election, which resulted in the return of no Democrats to Congress from his State, and of only one to the State Legislature, Mr. Quinby went to Washington to confer with the State Department on matters relating to his diplomatic position. He saw Secretary Gresham.

"I have been home to vote," said the minister. "I wanted to be sure of at least one Democratic vote in the State."

"I hadn't noticed by the returns that you succeeded in getting to the polls," said Secretary Gresham.

Forrest, the actor, once visited a lunatic asylum before producing "Lesz," to study the insane. He watched one of the male patients for some time, during which the man kept saying, "I wonder how long. I wonder how long."

Finally Forrest interrupted him. "What is it that you wonder so long?"

The man turned on him with a laugh. "I wonder how long a fool like you will stand here looking for something he can't see."

Tom Corwin was famous for his power of repartee. In one of his political campaigns, Governor Brough was tried against Corwin. In the course of his speech, the governor said, "Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches encouragement of home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England—had it shipped across the ocean to him. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin's turn came, he began slowly and in stammering confused manner, as if he felt himself in a very embarrassing predicament.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. The second is that I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my backyard all that time, and the chickens have converted it into a roost. Now, gentlemen, that is all the defense I have to offer; but before I go on with what I have to say upon the topic before me, I should like to ask how Brough happens to know anything about my carriage unless he has been seeking my chicken roost."

Nearly fifty years ago, Johanna von Puttkamer met Otto von Bismarck. It was a case of love at first sight. The Puttkamers, an eminently conservative, quiet, and religious family, had no use for the "Mad Bismarck," as he was the pet name of that, however, made no difference to the future Iron Chancellor. One evening, the Puttkamers gave a large entertainment, and, it is needless to say, did not invite young Bismarck. He suddenly appeared, however, and, taking the daughter of the house on his arm, announced to the startled family and guests that Johanna and he were affianced. The Puttkamers were so stunned by this audacity that at first they had not even the presence of mind to deny the betrothal to which, of course, they had not given consent. Later their prudence prevailed over their prejudice, and rather than brave what would have been a public scandal compromising their daughter, they gave a reluctant and forced approval. Succeeding history has abundantly proved to them that they were trying to prevent an ideal union.

Oscar Wilde was one day talking of Mr. Bernard Shaw, when he was heard to murmur: "Poor, dear Shaw! Nice man, Bernard. He got no enemies; but his friends don't like him!"

Kirk La Sells tells a good story illustrative of the undying master passion of the actor. An actor who plays juvenile roles met a leading man in New York. The leading man was dressed in deep black. There was a wide band of crape on his hat, and he had discarded the patent leather shoes an actor loves for shoes with a subdued polish that spoke of grief.

"What's the matter?" asked the juvenile. "My father is dead," answered the leading man in a heartbroken voice.

The juvenile expressed his sympathy.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"Last week. We buried him to-day—a nice funeral," answered the heartbroken voice.

"Large attendance?" asked the juvenile.

A smile of enthusiastic delight flashed over the mourner's face.

"Large attendance!" he cried. "My boy, we turned them away."

Soon after the marriage of Ward McAllister, he and his bride went abroad and took up a year's residence in Paris. Here they entertained and lived very magnificently. They were extremely popular, and when the little Ward appeared on the scene he was made the recipient of numerous gifts, and was treated like a baby of royalty. His mother was passionately devoted to him, giving up society for him, and not even allowing the nurse to touch him when her own care could take the nurse's place. But the young wife was not strong. Soon her health began to weaken under the strain of the care of the boy, and, after a consultation, the Parisian doctors said that if the two must be separated, and the mother travel in Italy for her health, or she would die. Immediately Ward McAllister began making preparations for the trip. But to his surprise his wife refused to be separated from the child. Poor mothers took care of their children, why could not she? And she knew that prepared French food would kill him—that was the secret of it all. Finally, a desperate scene was gone through with. And the wife was carried off forcibly to Italy, while the baby returned on the steamer with his nurse to make a visit to an uncle and aunt on the Pacific Coast. But before the separation Mrs. McAllister made this vow: "If you take the child away now, I will never look upon him again." And she has kept that vow to this day—now forty years.

That is the story as the clubmen and older society women tell it. Possibly there is but little foundation of fact for it. Fearing for the future of the son, the gossip goes on to say, McAllister had saved money for him and used all his enormous social influence for him. Once he dined at certain Western railroad magnate on consideration that he would give Ward, Jr., the counsel work for his Western roads.—*Life's Calendar*.



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AMUSEMENTS.

With the third act of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Belasco and Fyles have reached the end of the story without knowing it. They have an exceptionally effective, artistic climax in the stockade scene, with the shuffle and clint of the victorious Indians outside, and within the general preparing to kill his daughter to prevent her falling into their hands. Here is a strong appeal to the heart and the imagination; and the arrival of Lieutenant Hawlow with the rescuing party must, of course, be followed by a quick curtain, that the impression may not lose in vividness. But in order to gather up the few tangled ends of the plot, they have written a fourth act which is as conventional as it is unnecessary. It is safe to trust an interested audience with the future of the hero and the heroine; just an intimation that the future is to be happy is more tasteful, more effective than an ordinary love scene, with the sympathetic pairing-off of the rest of the characters and a tame epilogue that nobody cares to listen to.

Major Barleigh might have arrived suddenly at the end of the third act with the rescuing party. He, as well as the hero, might have discovered Parlow as the betrayer of his dead wife, and a sudden tableau, followed, perhaps, by a shot from the major's pistol and the death of the lieutenant, would have told all there is to tell. One would suppose the authors would have preferred to leave the rest to the imagination, rather than risk the cooling of the audience's enthusiasm for the sake of a half more comedy and an extra act. Besides, death would be a novel disposition of the villain, and would render unnecessary the customary nonchalant, wicked exit.

With the exception of the close of the stockade scene, there is no difficult work in "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The company is fitted to the roles, which are nearly all simple, straightforward characters. The parts of the Indian chief, Scar Brown, and his daughter, Fawn, give opportunity for some good acting. Myron Calice makes the Indian a realistic picture, and he acts the part with dignity and understanding. James Wilson's pleasant voice and manly bearing fit him for Hawlow's role, while, as a whole, he plays well. Arbuckle makes General Kennion a handsome, stately officer.

James Douglas is not a good villain; he is stiff and unsympathetic. It should be the work of a good actor to make the villain not admirable, but almost comical; to cause the audience to judge the man and to discover reason and plan where his contemporaries see only confusion and wanton wickedness. But the authors have not drawn the character of Lieutenant Myron Parlow clearly, and Douglas's ability is not great enough to fill out the gaps or strengthen the weaknesses. Lewis Shannon makes Kate Kennion rather a commonplace girl with heroic moments. She has not great personal charm, and only in the stockade scene does the General's daughter seem the idealized character which would explain the soldiers' admiration for her. Lottie Alter is a demure little soubrette, whose pretty face and intelligent acting make Wilhelmina Ann a very lovable Western wild rose. At twenty is acceptable as Orlemy McGlynn; so is Wilson Enos as Private Jones, if only he were not so proud of that wound of his, and could be induced to wash it off earlier in the evening.

If Marie Burroughs's debut in a Shakespearean role last Tuesday was not an overwhelming triumph, it was sufficient to indicate that there is room for her higher up in the theatrical world, and that she will play her new part, perhaps not excellently, but worthily.

Not an Anderson, not a Nielson, not a Julia Marlowe, is this new aspirant for Juliet's role, but a painstaking, conscientious actress, who has appeared to such advantage as in Juliet's beautiful costumes, and who delivers her lines with some annoying tricks of speech, but, on the whole, well and pleasingly. It is not an imposing list of good qualities, but it is enough to base a hope for better things in the future.

One demands more of the actress who plays a Shakespearean part than of any other. Be she ever so talented, and graceful, and beautiful, she rarely realizes the poet's creation to us, so difficult it is for mere human women to attain—even for a few hours—the sum of perfections that Shakespeare thought necessary for his heroines. Miss Burroughs has not the exquisitely delicate and refined personality of Mary Anderson; she lacks Neilson's genius and Julia Marlowe's charm. But she is a capable actress, and with suitable surroundings, experience, and diligent study, will furnish many a pleasant evening's entertainment to theatregoers. Her best work last Tuesday was in the balcony scene and in the scene where Juliet drinks the Friar's potion. She was not so acceptable when coaxing the nurse, or in the scene in the fourth act with Capulet and Lady Capulet.

Miss Burroughs's company is a fairly good one, as compared with the support of the majority of

stars who visit San Francisco. In "Judah" and "The Profligate" these people have done very well, but the ordinary actor who plays a light modern part has much to learn and to unlearn before he can step into a Shakespearean play, every role of which is sacred to the memory of some man or woman, whose name has become almost synonymous with it. Miss Burroughs's company is out of its element in Shakespeare. Mercutio was an intelligible, Tybalt was stiff and ungainly, Capulet was passable, and St. Maur's Friar Laurence was the worst bit of acting this clever actor has been guilty of here. Kate Lester is stately, offensively modern as Lady Capulet, and Kellard—as for Kellard! His Romeo was the awkwardest, most loveless and unlovable Romeo that ever made love to Juliet.

It doesn't matter what Remenyi plays—a Mendelssohn "Concerto" or Delibes' "Pizzicati," a Paganini Impromptu or "The Campbells Are Coming." His talent popularizes good music and makes popular music good. He is a little old-fashioned, in whose violin are combined sounds from all the instruments, from a bag-pipe to the human voice. Although he has been accused of charlatanism, of cheapening music, his art appeals much more to cultivated tastes than to the gallery. His technical skill, his wonderful bowing, the almost vocal purity of tone, and the exquisitely sympathetic expression he gives to the simplest melody, make the time spent in listening to the great violinist a delight to people of all degrees of musical ability, as well as to those who have none.

Mr. Eames is a young pianist, whose execution is admirable, and who plays brilliantly, but not always sympathetically. His first number, the Liszt Rhapsody was his best. Miss Stein has a true, not very strong, high soprano. Her selections were very prettily sung.

The theatre was filled with an enthusiastic audience, to whom Remenyi made a good-natured little speech after one of his encores. He will give another concert next Sunday evening.

Stockwell's will re-open on April 15th, when J. K. Emmet will appear in "Fritz In a Mad House." The formal opening of the Columbia Theatre, under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob and Company, will take place on Monday, May 13th.

At the California "The Girl I Left Behind Me" will be played all next week. Peter Dailey follows in "A Country Sport." John Sparks, Andrew Mack, May Irwin, and Ada Lewis, the original "Tough Girl," are of the company.

The Baldwin will be closed next week. On Monday, April 15th, the Whitney Opera Company will return to San Francisco and play a week's engagement in the new opera "The Bathing Girl."

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NAIVETE.

Dreamer and misanthrope, little of life care I,
But, as to dying, have no great desire to die;
If there were any place where people lived always,
With happiness would I go there to end my days.

BETICEUSE.

This man, who's silent as a rule,
Can use his tongue if he but tries:
If he is wise, he is a fool;
If he's a fool, he's a very wise.

ON THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

"God does well what he does," is what Fontaine
has writ.
Yet if, like him, I once had made a work so
rare,
Voltaire had still retain'd his senses and his wit—
My best work not to break I would have taken
care. MADAME DE GENLIS.

REMEDY FOR SADNESS.

Nothing to you seems good, and nothing can you
please.
Will you hereafter cure yourself of being sad?
Write verses—you could thus content yourself with
ease;
No man did ever yet make any he thought bad.
—Translated by Geo. B. Merrill.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Wi' lungs o' brass and noisy bicker,
She clacks her tongue no quick and quicker,
And makes us a' grow sick and sicker
Wi' furious ranting;
The frightened airts turn blue and flicker
Wi' her descanting.

Oh! sure those lips have ne'er said "coo"
To bonnie babe, nor preed its moo,
Nor smied upon the sweet to-do
O' hairnies' prattle;
They're unclo' hard and stour the noo,
And threaten battle.

'Upon that gaunt and barren breast
No lispin' child was o'er caressed;
Its kindly office was suppressed—
Milk turned to gall!
Her womanhood fled sair distressed
Ayont recall.

—Geo. Prussia in Santa Cruz Surf.

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As a person, Oscar Wilde is obliterated, and nobody healthfully constituted can feel compassion for a ruin that is as loathsome as it is complete. Since the beast has not left in him the force of will to commit suicide, the best that can be done with him is to give him burial in a jail, with an oakum environment. Nothing that can happen to Wilde will match his deserts. He is an offense to men, and even his name has become an indecency, not to be uttered in mixed company. He is a page added to the books kept under lock and key in libraries, and reserved for students of morals and specialists in aberrations. But exposed and horrible, Oscar Wilde will be more useful than ever he was in the days when he charlataneered around the world in knee-breeches, causing maids and matrons to fall in love with sun-flowers and lilies of esoteric esthetic meaning. He will serve as a remedy, on the homeopathic principle, for his later depraving work as a smart cynic, a clever sneerer at everything moral and honorable. Wilde did not create the *fin de siècle* school of light literature, but he was a copious and eminent contributor to it. His influence on immature minds has been immense—especially on the minds of young women eager to be thought clever, and of young men more than willing to be supplied with reasons for disdaining homely rules of conduct. Wilde's business with the pen was to turn goodness into a jest, and to make superiority to cleanliness and scrupulosity the sign of brains. Not one in ten thousand of his admirers perceived the essential foulness of the writings whose glitter fascinated. The more judicious, who felt an instinctive repulsion, condemned him because they held him to be shallow and a scoffer. Few suspected that the polisher of epigrams aimed at chastity in women and honor in men dwelt bodily in a Græco-Roman sty, and that his writings were the odors of it.

Mr. Sidney Grundy, an English dramatic critic of repute, has had the courage to write to a London paper, protesting against the injustice of taking Wilde's name off the play-bills. If the man is to be abhorred and punished for the evil he has done, Mr. Grundy argues, he should be given credit for what is good in his work. That is generous, and Mr. Grundy deserves respect for his bravery. To say a word in Wilde's behalf just now requires a courage that reaches the heroic. Mr.

Grundy's error is in thinking that anything written by Wilde may, with decency, be presented at a theatre. Wilde is his own illuminator, and in the light thrown on his literary work by his life, that work is less fit for the stage than the comedy of the Restoration. If the plays of Wycherly and Dryden and the rest of the dramatic caterers to the roysters are bawdy, at least they are human in their depravity. Since we have not a Greek public, ready to praise as virtuous one who, like the austere Zeno, was "but a little addicted" to vice which cannot be named to modern ears, Oscar Wilde's plays are as unsuited for performance, and his books for general perusal, as Tacitus and Suetonius are for family libraries. It is inevitable that Wilde's writings, good and bad, shall hereafter be indiscriminately tabooed. If the next generation shall have any curiosity concerning him, nice distinctions will then be permissible and harmless; and doubtless he will have a permanent interest for medical men. But his present fate is banishment from the stage and from current literature. Should Wilde be given in prison the leisure to write, no publishing house with a character to lose would print his book, and no reputable magazine would dare to give space to an article from his pen. "I don't care tuppence," he said on the witness-stand, when he still thought that impudence would bluff the law, as it had so long bluffed the clubs and society, "I don't care tuppence what the Philistines think of my work." He has given the Philistines their innings against art, for in this case Philistinism champions nature and decency, and has with it, to that extent, every normal man.

Of course the Philistines will press their advantage and subject literature to harsh rigors for a time, and art's defenders will be bullied into cowardice, for it will be made to seem that a voice raised in freedom's behalf is a voice pleading for Oscar Wilde. The Grundys who stand out against this natural reaction from license will be swept off the field, as the Cavaliers were by the Roundheads. The Puritan censor is about to be installed. At least it is to be hoped so. A season of humiliation and purification will do no ultimate harm, and a rest from books that poetize the sensual, or lay bare by shameless and sympathetic analysis that which should be hidden, will be gratefully received by all people who do not deem sex the most important and absorbing thing in human life. We are in for a period of literary reticence, I think. Men of talent who are likewise men that care for the society of their fellows, will in prudence write in a masculine spirit, and young ladies, emulous of the success of the "Quick or the Dead" and "The Yellow Aster," finding their manuscripts unsalable, will marry. The *fin de siècle*

poseurs, thank heaven, will vanish, now that the greatest of them is in jail. Young men and young women who can write, and have fancied that because the century is very old the world is in its dotage, good sense out of date, morals, religion, and propriety antiquated, enthusiasm foolish and crude, and themselves the last, the wisest, the wittiest of the race—these young persons will go out of fashion for a while. We shall have some literary polo as a change. And with virile heroes, the virginal, modest heroine can be trusted to reappear. For the further general relief, also, we shall be given a vacation from "art from art's sake"—the phrase being taken to mean the privilege of art to affect unconsciousness of the moral quality of its subject and to concern itself exclusively with excellence of workmanship. Art is important, of course, but morals are immeasurably more important. There are depths into which literary art has no more right to descend for materials than painters have for pictures. Artists who are men and women gifted with appreciation of the fit need no restraint to keep them from making this descent—from going down where Amelie Rives and her sister of "The Yellow Aster" stand, and peering thence into the bottomless abyss where Wilde has fallen. Others need the police of a condemning public opinion. The art of saying things well, as Macaulay observes, "is useless to a man who has nothing to say," and even when he has something to say, and his something is foul, he should be denied applause for cleverness of exposition. That is the literary lesson of Oscar Wilde, to writers and readers alike.

Congress decreed an income tax in order to reach the rich, who are best able to bear the burden of the cost of government, and the Supreme Court has come to the rescue of the opulent by deciding that incomes derived from rents and State and municipal bonds cannot constitutionally be so taxed. The Court divided, but the preponderating opinion destroys the purpose of the law, and undoubtedly there will be a popular demand for its repeal. To exempt landlords and bondholders, and tax commercial and professional incomes is an injustice that will not be tolerated. It is, perhaps, just as well that the income tax law has been eviscerated. Theoretically it is the most just of imposts; practically it rounds up the honest, truthful citizen and lets the liar escape. The decision of the Supreme Court is not surprising. Had the majority been inclined to maintain the law there would have been no lack of reasons and precedents, but as the feelings, interests, and voices of the great property-owning classes were against the tax, the Court, which is the most dignified and respectable, as well as the most irresponsible in the world, insensibly sympathized with

dignified and respectable opinion. This has become a government of property, and an appointive judiciary, in the nature of things, is aristocratic in its leanings. Since under the Constitution, as it has been interpreted, an income tax is inapplicable to landlords, it remains for the people to change the Constitution, or wait for a change in the membership of the Supreme Court. The income from land is one that cannot well be concealed from honest assessors, for it is relatively easy to arrive at knowledge of what rents are paid. Any real estate agent can tell the market value of any piece of land in use. And there is no disposition in this country to regard landlords as a class that is especially deserving of tender consideration. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, which would as soon, I presume, be accused of being an anarchist as anything so radical as a single-taxer, yet the other day, in discussing the decision, spoke of "the great landlords whose property has increased in value through the common exertions of the community." It thus admitted unconsciously the whole contention of the single-taxer, which is that, as it is the community and not the landlord that gives value to land, the value should go into the community's treasury and not into the landlord's private safe. And the *Chronicle* uttered the prevalent feeling. Henry George's view of the decision is that the "best substitute for the income tax is embodied in the amendment of Congressman Maguire of California, who wants a direct tax on the value of land, irrespective of improvements, and properly apportioned among the States." Undoubtedly that would be best, but as the same influences that are hostile to the income tax, enormously multiplied and reinforced, would fight Congressman Maguire's proposal with incalculably greater energy than they exerted against the law riddled by the Supreme Court, Mr. George will scarcely live to see the landlord the only taxpayer. I am not competent to write of the legal aspect of the decision. As the judges themselves were not agreed, one who is not a lawyer must in modesty abstain from dogmatism. But of the decision's spirit, and effect on opinion, there can hardly be room for doubt. Wealth has achieved another victory in the United States—a just one under the law, it may be, but a victory none the less.

The high tone taken by England with respect to territory claimed by Venezuela has brought the Monroe doctrine to the front again. The suspicion is held that the cause of England's firmness is Continental backing. The Monroe doctrine is, naturally, not agreeable to the commercial and colonizing powers. Nevertheless, the doctrine will be enforced, and the surest way to cause the United States to transform it from a negative to a positive principle will be to dispute it threateningly. Hitherto this republic has been content to let the monarchies of the old world understand that any aggressions on their part against the Spanish-American commonwealths of the new world will be resented. Though exhausted by our civil war, that conflict had scarcely ended when the United States prepared to send her armies to the rescue of Mexico, and the empire of Maximilian went down. That lesson ought to serve France for all time, and if England shall put herself in the way of receiving instruction it will be given very harshly. Were the United States compelled to go to war for the protection of any of the Southern republics, it is highly probable that the American people would awake to the expediency of turning the Monroe doctrine into an order of ejectment, and serve it on all the European powers which retain a foothold on this half of the globe.

These old-world holdings, dependencies, and colonies on American soil are anachronistic. They are opposed to republicanism, to the democratic spirit of the nineteenth century. They are tolerated because custom has blinded Americans to their incongruity. They are surviving remnants of the past age when the new world was the spoil of the old. No American power seeks to interfere with any power in Europe, and the rule ought to work both ways.

How preposterous a folly it is, for illustration, that the United States should have permitted Great Britain to create another Gibraltar at Esquimault, commanding the Straits of Fuca and Puget Sound. That is an obvious preparation on England's part for war with this country, and the national toleration of the existence of the menacing fortress is as stupid as it would be for a man to ignore the conduct of a neighbor who should train guns from his windows on the man's house. If Esquimault is but a reasonable precaution from a British point of view, it would be only a reasonable precaution on the part of the United States to insist on the dismantling of the fortress. On the same principle, this government would insure itself against future causes of quarrel by evicting England from North and South America, Spain and France from the West Indies, and giving notice to the old world that America is for Americans exclusively, and in permanence. It will come to that in case of war being forced on the United States for the maintenance of the mild and inadequate Monroe doctrine. There is no likelihood that England will, even with Continental backing, risk a fight with us over Venezuela, or for any other cause short of unbearable aggression, and from that provocation she is in no danger. She knows that the struggle would cost her every inch of land she now possesses on this continent. Canada would immediately be lost to her. The people of the United States have no great desire for the addition of the Dominion to the republic. Were it otherwise Canada would have been annexed long ago. But on the outbreak of war, the colonists would be given the choice of being absorbed or setting up for themselves.

The prevalent feeling of the people of the United States for Canada is a contemptuous one, and that contempt is not undeserved by a people who, living side by side with a republic since the drowsy days of George III, have been content to remain a nursling in the arms of a foreign monarchy. Materially and otherwise, the Canadians have suffered the legitimate consequences of their want of spirit and ambition. There is among us a well-grounded disinclination to invite an inferior neighbor to become a member of the family, and it would please Americans more were Canada to become an independent republic (monarchy would not be allowed) than if she should apply for admission to the Union. She needs a season of independence to fit her for equal companionship with the United States.

It is quite possible that the great war of the future will be between the United States and a European coalition. On some accounts such a war would be welcome. Of its outcome, no doubt would exist on this side of the water. It would be a fearful war, but we have the resources to fight it, and its best fruit, it may be supposed, would be the revival of American enthusiasm for republicanism—a republicanism extending beyond the mere form of government. As far back as 1838 Emerson spoke of the "historical failure on which Europe and America have

so freely commented." "This country," he said, "has not fulfilled what seemed the reasonable expectation of mankind. Men looked, when all feudal straps and bandages were snapped asunder, that nature, too long the mother of dwarfs, would reimburse itself by a brood of Titans." And all our progress since Emerson spoke has been toward the old-world image. The republic is "mortgaged to the opinions and usages of Europe." We have the same land tenure, the same machinery for the distribution of wealth, which works so ill. The reasonable expectation of mankind was that when we had got rid of kings, and nobles, and a state church, that we would work out on this new continent some experiments that would increase the happiness of the human family. But we have not dared to carry the principles of the Declaration of Independence beyond politics. Industrially, socially, we have remained colonial, imitative, dependent. In sweeping the hemisphere of the lingering rubbish of foreign political authority, it can be hoped, there would blaze up in America an American flame such as illumined the mind and warmed the breast of Jefferson. If we can come by such an Americanism, we shall have the courage and the wisdom to face the social problem. That is what mankind reasonably expected of republicanism in the new world—not great fortunes for a few and poverty for the masses of men, as in the old world from which we divorced ourselves.

It does not increase American pride to know that the Oriental empire of Japan is regarded by many as a much more promising field for improvements in civilization than this republic. The Japanese, tried by the test of adaptability, of readiness to relinquish what is old and bad for what is new and better, are the most enlightened people in the world to-day. They have shown that within a few years they have learned the art of war, and mastered the use of modern military appliances on land and sea. The ease with which they have conquered gigantic China is, in the light of previous military predictions, almost as surprising as would be the defeat of the United States by Chili. It was the universal expectation of Western soldiers that as soon as China woke up to the work on hand she would retrieve the first misfortunes of the war and then crush her little enemy as a bear might a rabbit.

The world has been taught that it knew nothing of China, and not much more about Japan. A nation that can do what the latter has done in war, may justly be considered capable of great things in peace. Her people have been as sedulous in studying and adopting Western learning, laws, and customs as they have been in comprehending and acquiring armament and tactics. Their students and observers have gone over the earth under instruction to bring home whatever they saw that was proved good in practice. Civilization thus put on as a new garment is a very different thing from civilization that has been the growth of centuries. The Japanese are not deadened by usage to social anomalies and absurdities, nor can they have any of that respect for the mere antiquity of institutions which causes Western men to lose capacity for discriminating between what is useful and what is not. New Japan is a thing of creation, not of evolution, and, therefore, she will hardly be so stupid as to import those remains of organs whose use has been outlived; or should she do so by inadvertence, she has no reverence for tradition, no chains of the familiar, which will cause her to hold fast to them. Japan, seemingly, is a scientific laboratory in which civilization is being subjected to experiment. It would be remarkable should she not dis-

cover some new combinations, learn to apply her discoveries to her life, and become the Edison among nations.

How progressive Japan is, how very modern, is exhibited in one of the conditions of peace which she has imposed on China. The dispatches tell us that in addition to the independence of Corea, a war indemnity, the cession of Formosa and the Liao Tung province, including Port Arthur, Japan requires that China must allow the unhampered importation of machinery into her territory, and the establishment and management of manufactures by foreigners. China must further pledge herself:

To open to vessels of all nations the Yangtze River as far as Chung King Foo, the Siang Kiang as far as Siang Tan Kien, the Canton River as far as Ou Choo Foo, the Wusung River and canal as far as Soo Choo Foo to the north and Hang Chu Foo to the south. China must remove permanently the Wusung bar and provide means to maintain constantly a depth of water sufficient for large vessels, and the cities of Chung Kien Foo, Ou Choo Foo, Soo Choo Foo, Hang Chu Foo, and others to be hereafter agreed upon, must be opened up to foreign commerce. Japan emphasizes the fact that she does not desire for herself commercial advantages which are not extended to other treaty powers.

That is not only modern, but more than modern, and nearly the whole world will applaud Japan for her determination to impose manufactures, commerce, civilization, upon her conquered enemy. Of course, it is not to be expected that Major McKinley and his followers will join in the applause. Japan, manifestly, has been corrupted by the college professors, and has aimed a deadly blow at the American system of protection, which for thousands of years has existed in high perfection in China. In the Major's view it must seem monstrous that a country should have forced upon it that hateful thing, foreign commerce. The heresy of free trade follows, like sharks, the wakes of ships. The most deplorable results are in store. A nation that has carried the doctrine of protection to its logical conclusion and built a wall around itself, is to be surrendered to the world's rapacity. Open ports mean a flood of foreign products and the wresting of the home market from the Chinese. Railroads will take the place of the burden-carrying coolie and throw millions of men out of employment. Steam will force hand-power aside. On the water the oar will retire in favor of the screw. In short, every appliance designed to make work easier, will afflict China if Japan shall have her way, and Major McKinley cannot, in reason, therefore, be cheerful. His economic model is doomed to destruction, and his feelings are necessarily those of the coolie, who, in viewing a railroad freight train, will reflect on how much employment it would give the poor to carry on their poles the contents of the accursed cars. The Major's party, newly enriched in power by the poverty of its antagonist, is conspicuously in want of a new affirmative policy. It has got office again because the Democracy was not fit for the responsibilities of office. Let the Major wind his protection horn for a crusade in defense of China's right to do her own work in the manner that will require the most labor, her right to fire on ships that bring her the disaster of goods cheaper than she can make them herself, her right to her home market. Japan has insulted the United States. She has deliberately made war on the American policy in its Edenic home.

If the Board of Supervisors shall continue divided in its present proportions San Francisco will have cause for satisfaction. The solid eight has been formed, but the remaining four members, together with Mayor Sutro, can prevent the success of many large

jobs. With a solid nine the Mayor would be powerless. Of course, every agency of the Southern Pacific and its confederates will be employed to reduce one of the four who have so far held out. The spectacle of a Board of Supervisors which they cannot use as they please is new, and intolerable, to the associated villainies. Spring Valley, of course, is secure from attack upon its thieving license, since the Supreme Court was kind enough to deprive the Mayor of the power to veto water ordinances, but the other predatory corporations are distressed. Mr. Sutro is to be congratulated on the present condition of things. The solid eight have thrown his character into high relief. His treatment of the bituminous rock job, that would have created a new monopoly and given the Southern Pacific another exclusive freight privilege, again demonstrated his quality. The associated villainies are embarrassed of the Mayor. It irritates and bewilders them to find that he is not vicine of the traditional modes of assault. No sooner have all the organs been set going to grind out insults than the official servants of the villainies, in the ordinary discharge of their disgraceful duties, do something that brings into play the Mayor's honesty and resolution, and the public has re-proved to it that the votes were given to the right candidate. Every day of Sutro is a day of vain regret to the Southern Pacific and its allies that they were not able to confer on San Francisco the honor of Dr. O'Donnell as Mayor. The solid eight are not going to have so quiet a time of it as their predecessors had. And should there be a solid nine, life will be disagreeable to the members of the combine. San Francisco has made too hard an effort to get decent government to endure patiently another flagrant betrayal of pledges. The public will, as a necessity of our system, be all but helpless, so far as legal remedial action goes, but every Supervisor who serves the hoodluming corporations will be pilloried and pelted. The reputable minority and the Mayor will attend to the task of putting the rogues on record, and there are now enough newspapers in the town free from Southern Pacific influence to placard the rascals with the tale of their crimes. It will need very high pay indeed to compensate a Supervisor who has any sensibility, any respectable associations, for giving his vote to the corporations when they don't deserve it. I can read newspaper signs, and I assure Mr. Herrin that his practice as an attorney before the committees of the Board of Supervisors will be much less comfortable than it used to be. It has already become the fashion with the best journals to speak disrespectfully of that active, though somewhat clumsy, diplomat. This greatly reduces his value to Mr. Huntington, and the persons and companies that have been in the habit of borrowing the Supervisors in the intervals when the Southern Pacific did not require them. We have a local public opinion at last which is not to be defied with impunity. A distinct distaste has arisen for pledge-breaking officials, and also for eminently respectable gentlemen who are on confidential terms with them. It is too much to hope that this public opinion can coerce into honesty scoundrels who have obtained office, but at least it will bring some punishment on their heads, and prevent tempted men from yielding to temptations which a year ago would have been irresistible. The moral and political climate has decidedly improved.

The reproach of narrow chests and languid energies is being removed from Young California. The victories of our college boys on the football field and the prevalence of

polo at Burlingame are indications of bodily vigor and fondness for manly play worthy of a State that has produced Professor Corbett. The football is all right, and the polo, too, for that matter, though the latter says less for the inventive capacity of our young men than for their muscular development. Polo is a hard game, as full of exertion and danger as the boldest could wish, but it is rather despised by those who are not of the set that engage in it. The reason for this contempt is that its importation is due rather to a desire to be fashionable than to an inclination for muscular sport. There is not the smallest reason in need why Californians should borrow a horseback game from England and the East. Rather the State should give one to the rest of the sporting world. The pioneers found natives here who were masters of the mustang, and it would be a natural and pleasing development if Burlingame would make the riata a fashionable thing, and join to it all the startling and skillful feats of horsemanship wherewith the Spanish population entertained the Americans in the forties and fifties. A mounted company of swell young Californians, able to rope a steer like vaqueros, to pick from the ground, at full speed, a coin with the hand, and a lady's handkerchief with the teeth, and retain the saddle on a bucking bronco, would be received in New York and England with far more interest, admiration, and respect than a polo team able to beat all other polo teams. Such a company would be picturesque and characteristic of the soil. If the young gentlemen of Burlingame do not take kindly to the suggestion, it is one that should appeal to the Native Sons of the Golden West. Sport like that would rub some of the gilt off the name of the order, and be better fun than smoking cigarettes, or even parading in regalia.

Burglary is never to be commended, yet there are rare occasions when criticism, if commanded by the judgment, does not secure the sanction of the feelings. The criminals who broke into the Park museum the other night and carried off some coins and other Napoleonic souvenirs bought by Mr. de Young with other people's money, ought to be arrested, doubtless. But there are others who deserve to be arrested also. If the burglars had made away with the entire contents of the building and its Cornely annex, and razed both structures to the ground—one hideous and the other as pleasing architecturally and in ornamentation as a magnified wedding cake—they would have done the service of removing a monument to dull impudence that the city is ashamed of. An Egyptian hall—a building that suggests in style the most enduring work of human hands, and yet is obviously doomed to fray and crumble in half a dozen rainy seasons—is an affront to taste and sense. It is as cheap and vulgar as its source, and as stolidly unashamed in its dishonesty. The theft of the collection would not have been a loss irreparable, since all that is worth preserving in it could be bought back from the pawnbrokers for from five to ten per cent. of the amount which Mr. de Young expended for the whole. No one has ever been laid by the heels for dragging the Cogswell statue from its pedestal, and should an injudicious police at any time discover the deserving culprits, a grateful community would not yield a jury to convict them. So, I think, were a band of criminals to remove what is valuable from the museum and pull down the emptied hall, tenderness, great tenderness, would be felt for the miscreants. San Francisco is reminded of Mr. de Young's existence quite often enough without having the Park disfigured in the interest of his fame.

THE TWADDLER.

He has earned renown unquestionably, but his crowning feat of showing that we have in the community a man privileged to squander a public fund without being called to account, is hardly one that a tired and discouraged people care to have thrust upon their remembrance when, for a rest, they journey to the Park and get out of sight of the *Chronicle* tower—a wonder of civilization, that, of course, is pictured and hung in the museum, but on which the burglars did not lay unvanishing hands.

Governor Budd has made two new appointments. Mr. Fitzgerald, the new Labor Commissioner, is a man of good repute; Mr. E. E. Leake, the new Commissioner of Public Works, is the editor of the *Woodland Democrat*, a faithful railroad organ. He was a candidate for the State Senate at the last election, and though running in a Democratic district, was beaten by a vast majority. His defeat was not due to his want of ability, for Mr. Leake is a bright man, one of the cleverest writers of the interior press. But his affiliations were known, and the people of his district rejected him with an exemplary emphasis. Both the Governor's appointments are in discharge of political debts, one real and the other worse than imaginary. The brother of Mr. Fitzgerald was instrumental in securing Mr. Budd's nomination; Mr. Leake's brother has been instrumental in bringing Mr. Budd's administration into disgrace. Though Mr. Sam Leake, Postmaster at Sacramento, did nothing to help his party to success, he, together with those other statesmen, Mr. Martin Kelly and Mr. Mike Smith, took possession of the Governor as soon as he was inaugurated, and this kitchen cabinet was a scandal that kept pace with the work of the Legislature. Mr. Sam Leake, besides being a postmaster, has a long-standing reputation as a lobbyist for the Southern Pacific. The reasons why Mr. Budd should be grateful to this person, and testify to that gratitude by presenting his brother with an office, have not been made public. It is an appointment thoroughly characteristic of the Governor. He announced his intention in a tentative way a week in advance. As the Democratic press made no objection, the Governor ventured to lay another blot on his administration—an administration pledged to grant no favors to the Southern Pacific. Mr. Budd gauges his conduct by the standard of the press of his party. Its zeal for anti-monopoly, so inspiring throughout the campaign, has quite vanished, at least on the point of giving office to the servants of the worst of monopolies. The Leake appointment is a shameful one—shameful to the Democratic press of California, which could easily have prevented it, and shameful to Governor Budd. We may look now for some glowing speeches from him in antagonism to the Southern Pacific, and possibly some spectacular action. Mr. Budd is a sandwich in statesmanship.

For the State's sake it is regrettable that there is not in California one Democratic newspaper of general circulation that is willing to take upon itself the functions of critic of the administration. So long as Governor Budd may, without condemnation from his party's press, appoint Southern Pacific men to place, he will continue to do it, for, in his strange conception of politics, every appointment that is bad for the public's interest seems to him good for his own. The personal machine which he is building so industriously, is as curious a piebald thing as can be constructed by a politician equally foolish and unprincipled.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

"Many a man," said Uncle Eben, "hab foun' dat de pinnacle ob fame am intially too p'inted ter sit down on wif comfort."—*Washington Star*.

All is over between Governor Budd and myself. He is a man—I say it with due respect for his official position—on whom the most sacred engagements lay no obligation. As is well known to the public, I had his promise for the Labor Commissionerhip. It was understood between us that, personal consideration aside, Society was entitled to this recognition from the administration. And now, in gross breach of faith, he has gone and given the position to the brother of a mere politician. I need not attempt to describe the indignation that prevails in fashionable circles. It will be a long time before the Governor of this State is invited again to a good house. Society knows when it is insulted.

On reading that the creature Fitzgerald has been given my office, I at once telegraphed Mr. Budd, announcing to him that hereafter he could not count upon my support. I have long felt that in remaining a Democrat I was in some degree compromising my social position.

Since the above was put in type, I have received a call from Labor Commissioner Colman, who, under instructions from the Governor, made me a personal tender of the captaincy of the dredger *Ethel* on the waterfront. I need not say that the offer was instantly rejected. It was most preposterous, ridiculous, to expect that a gentleman of my associations and habits would at any time of life adopt a maritime career. "Nothing," I said firmly to the Commissioner, "can reconcile me to the Administration. Perdy is something that is not to be forgiven. If, instead of being a nian of *ton* and a leader of society, I were the editor of some wretched little county newspaper, no doubt the Governor's word would have been kept with me." Thereupon bowed the Commissioner out of my apartments.

Yesterday I received a letter from His Excellency, in which he deplored that political necessity had compelled him to disappoint me. He inquired whether I could accept the Commissionerhip of Building and Loan Societies. It is true that there will not be a vacancy for two years, yet the place is one satisfactory as to dignity and emoluments. Of course, as a public man, I can well understand that in the distribution of patronage the leader of a party is often forced to act in opposition to his personal inclinations, and there is no character I despise more than the office-seeker who, when he doesn't get what he wants, revenges the angry and spiteful enemy of his chief. The Governor informs me that he will explain the reasons of state which induced him to bestow the Labor Commissionerhip on the Fitzgerald person instead of myself, and if these reasons are sound His Excellency will find me, as ever, a friend. Two years is a long time to wait, but, begad, I will call on him again now and again to make sacrifices for the party's good.

A coolness has sprung up between Talbot Clifton and myself. I was in the Palace billiard-room when he slapped Norwood's face, and I am free to admit that I disapproved utterly of such violence. I told him so much, in his own hearing, that he was disrespectful. We have been very intimate, as is well known, and I cannot but regret our estrangement; but, egad, no man—no, not even an Englishman with sixty thousand a year—shall call me a meddling ass and retain my friendship. Why is it, by the way, that such deference should be paid to Clifton—this English gentleman, and the more so here, richer than he, but, damme, if one wouldn't think him a prince by the adulation that is paid him, not by Americans, but by the resident English. Confound me if they don't turn pale and red in his presence, and break out, when his back is turned, with exclamations about his being the real power—a thorough English gentleman, and the like. I was with him in Bewland's grill-room when an English reporter in the employ of my young friend Hearst approached, all of a tremble, and in asking him some questions about horses, addressed him first as sir, then as my lord, and, finally, as your majesty. When Talbot rose and went away for a moment, the reporter turned to me, and with swimming eyes and unsteady voice, said:

"He's the real thing, ain't he? He's just a great big good-natured, true-hearted boy, that's what he is. There ain't any side to him. Why, he's thoroughly human."

"I do not approve of McCarthy," as a rule, but in this instance I did so, and gave him a cigar.

Efforts are being made to bring Clifton and myself together again, but he must apologize.

I am being annoyed by the receipt of many letters from the landlords of summer resorts, requesting

my presence during the season. Time was when free quarters were considered a proper return for my patronage, but experience has taught me to place a higher value on myself. It was at the suggestion of my former friend Greenway that I adopt the course of asking for hire. At present I am undecided whether to give the mark of my approval to Del Monte or Castle Craig. Of course I shall not confine myself to either or both, but take runs of a few days to various establishments. When the newspapers in their Society columns make known my whereabouts, my engagement is closed and I go elsewhere. I was in hopes that the Labor Commissionerhip would relieve me from business considerations, and permit me to devote myself during the season to pleasure entirely. As it is, propositions will continue to be received.

I didn't think it of my friend Haxton. When he was here I did what I could to draw him away in his leisure hours from his journalistic associations, and introduce him to refining society. Though he was but a mere writer, it need not be said that I had no suspicion of the use that the fellow would make of my knowledge. First Chambliss, now Haxton. I've learned something, begad. Never talk of Society to a man who knows how to write.

I had a telegram from Harry de Young at New York yesterday, and expect a letter by my mail. The burglary of the Park museum has naturally excited him. He wired:

"Tell Andrews to go on guard night and day. Appeal to the Governor for reinforcements. The rest of the surplus is all right. When I get to Paris I shall see what can be done about Napoleon's tomb."

I also have advice that he is sounding the New Yorkers on the subject of Cleopa ra's Needle, with which the Eastern climate is playing the deuce.

PERSIFLAGE.

FIGHT BETWEEN A LION AND A BULL.

Those who have read of the recent fight between a lion and a bear in Texas, will no doubt be interested in the following account of a battle royal between a lion and a bull, which a correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* recently witnessed at Madrid:

"The Plaza de Toros was filled to the last place. Everybody awaited with impatience the great moment when the two animals should try their strength with one another in the gigantic iron cage, thirty-nine feet in diameter, which was put up in the centre of the arena. With a tremendous spring and a loud roar the lion entered first—a splendid animal, and so savage that Mallein, the lion-tamer, could do nothing with him, and could not make use of him in his performances. The lion paced round the cage several times, and then lay down opposite the door of the bull's cage. A second bell being rung, this door was opened, and like lightning the bull started up and went straight for the lion, which now raised itself and lifted its great paws. For one moment the two animals seemed to be one moving mass, then the monarch of the desert was seen to fly through the air. Thundering applause from the thousands and cheers for Spain filled the air, for they instantly considered the bull's victory as a symbol of the national destiny. The bull now took a few steps backward towards the centre of the cage and awaited a new attack. But as this did not come, he rushed forward and rolled his enemy about in the sand like a ball, till, by a sudden turn, the lion tried to get at him from behind, and had almost struck its claws into the bull's hindquarter when he was again repulsed by the lion's kicks, and was finally again tossed. The lion now gave in, and amid the hisses of the public tried to escape, till he was allowed to slip into his cage."

"This man," remarked the asylum attendant, "is the most remarkable case in the institution. He started with a mild attack of the Napoleon revival, struck the Trilby craze at its inception, and this soon developed into a mania for duplicate whist. Now the poor fellow imagines he can see some lucidity in the ideas of those publishers who turn their pay in over to the famous editors. The experts pronounce his case incurable."—*Washington Post*.

Yvette Guilbert, the now famous comic singer, was a saleswoman in the Printemps. Before that she used to carry home work for her mother, who was a poor seamstress. She is ugly, shapeless, awkward, with pasty complexion and long nose, yet by her art she has made a fortune.

LONGSHORE POTTS.

Ha Sets His Face Against the Half-Million Club and Progress.

Longshore ant on the stringer of the wharf, with his back against his favorite pipe, and spoke in the tone of one suffering from low spirits.

"Them things is disturbin me," he said, indicating with the stem of his short clay pipe the palms set out by the Harbor Commission along the edge of the sidewalk. "If I was young enough fur it I'd turn sailor man agin, prape. But bein old now an settled in me ways as a bum, there aint no use talkin o' that. What's the matter with the trees, sez you? Nothin's the matter with the trees as sich, an I aint got a word to say agin em as trees, mo vygee havin made me havin my pants in the like, but I don't want to see trees down on the Front implies that makas me uneasy. They's a sign o' progress, an old Frisco as she was, was good enough fur me. Wen I looks at them air trees an sees their flukes a-shakin and a-whisperin I knows they's as good as talkin of new railroads, an boulevards, an more people, an more trees, an a word all round, it's good bye to the Frisco that I've knowed an enijed these twenty years wot I've put in loatin on the Front.

Progress is good, sez you. Well, mebbe, for them wot likes it, though if some that's shoutin fur it, and puttin up fur it, gits it, I'm bettin they'll wish they hadot. Wen we has half a million fur it, wen in it, I know wot's the place fur us old timers. I hopes I'll be gone wen that day comes. I'm used to things as they is, an things as they is is suited to me. Wen the Front's a-bloomin with trees like a bloody garden, wot'll foller? Flannagan over there at the Fair Wind'll have to spruce up aintin, an so'll all the saloons, an restaurants, an jects in general. When I'll be gone, I'll be gone, I'll come a peeler in his new helmet, an carry his club in his belt, Eastern style, an he'll say: "Git on now, git on, old man; this here im-prov'd Front aint no place for bums. You're spilin the landskip. An I'll have to git up an dust; but where'll I go to? Wen you've bummed a fine place fur twenty years, an you aint in yotself to pull up stakes an fit yerself to a new rowt or to commodate yerself to no vilent changes in yer surroundings.

"Oh, that's all right. I aint disputin but there's other things'n the convenience of bums to be considered, but, bein a bum, I natrally take the bum's point of view. A Frisco I can't live in an't a Frisco wot appeals to me, any more'n it does to anybody else. Wot the peeler in his Mose Gunst helmet, saunterin in style under the pams, 'I do fur me, circumstances 'll do fur lots o' respectables. Wen the chap from Chicago, with his teeth all sharpened an his fingers filed down to pints an a steakin injine inside o' his crowds in here, pursue the o' the nickel like a greyhound alter a coyote, where'll yot pincer merchant be? Wot'll Front street look like? Progress is all right, yung fellar, if yer on its back an in the saddle, but if you aint, an it's comin at you like a runaway hoss, yer that's a hoss of another color.

Mr. Potts chuckled at his unexpected pun, and became more cheerful under the influence of self-approval.

"But there ain't no use in me kickin," he observed, striking a match for his pipe, which had been quenched by his eloquence. "Progress is catchin, an them wot had ought to be agin it—the rich wot's 'improved off'n their merit. Bein a bum, an havin more time to think, an natrally havin sense, I sees the danger wot's thestratin our class—I means old chaps wot don't have to do no work, rich or poor. If I was a respectable, with a fine house and money, an a wife, an boys and girls grown, I'd think I'd be sich a fool as to want my quick digger to be havin a wife an a child, an to be comin here to upset things. You bet I wouldn't, no more'n I do as I be. We're we all livin for, anyhow? Aint it to git the most comfort we kin at the least cost o' wot? Is the ginalty o' folks in Chicaggy an New York an London an them big places any happier 'n we is out here in our little town? Wen I see a man wot's tryin to get his ginalty better off? An I tell yot what I see in me vyges was that the bigger the place an the richer the place the worse o' folks was—not on'y bums, but the hull crowd o' common men. For nobs it's all right. They's fixed wherever you goes. Cause why? Cause they've got everybody else a-workin fur them. Wen I see a man wot's tryin to get his ginalty better off, I tell myself: Longshore, your talents don't qualify you fur gittin to be a nob, an as you haint been born one, as a sensible, self-respectin sailor man you had ought to quit tiliin fur others. The more you git without working fur it the less the nob's 'll have, cause wot you git, they cant git nolyer. An I've said," said Mr. Potts, with a sigh of satisfaction, "a bum I be. Progress is the right game fur them

as progress is good fur, but them as progress is bad fur is jits to go in fur progress. If you has a snug berth, either as a nob or a bum, stick to it, sez I. Yer in-tincts had ought to be with yer interests, an us leisure fellers, high an low, is conservative, if we've got a full cargo o' brains.

"Howsoever," exclaimed Mr. Potts, waving his pipestem with large amiability, and speaking as man to man, "wot's the use o' argifyin on pints we dont see in the same light? There's common ground left, sez I, fur progress or no progress, pams or no pams, the Fair Wind's over there an open, and if you sez beer I'm with you."

THE WAYFARING MAN.

The strange divagations of school administration in this town amuse and amaze. The Wayfaring Man dwells at the Mission, and that should be regarded as equal to a certificate of blameless life. My little boy insists, however, that I shall furnish him with a pedigree besides. In fact, his teacher has instituted an inquiry-dealing with the family trees of the children in her class. This is a variety of botany that might seem exotic to a pure democracy. I told the boy to tell the lady that it is none of her business, but he objected that she would give him several bad marks, from which there would be no appeal. Now, while it easily may be proved that I am descended from the kings of Ireland, yet I do not insist on that, and am ready to let bygones bury themselves. However, it appears that one of the children asserts her descent from Miles Standish, and that compels me to bring out Brian Boru, who was a good deal of a hero himself. If we must have a good ancestry of blue blood for the Mission, count me in to head the procession.

It was the fortune of the Wayfaring Man at one period of his wanderings to meet the late Sir Bernard Burke, known in heraldry as Ulster King of Arms. He was perhaps the pioneer of the history of commerce since exploited to so much profit by H. H. Bancroft and other enterprising persons. Burke ran a pedigree mill, and was ready to furnish anything in that line that might be desired. Pedigrees were measured by the yard, and of course a descent from a Tudor King cost less than a line from the Plantagenets. You could have either by paying for it, and in fact inducements were offered to take the Plantagenet root for your family tree, on the principle that the long haul always gets the best of it.

It was an old-fashioned industry, manufacturing amiable fables in which nobody believed very hard. To-day the same ingenuity is applied in the development of the undiscovered widow and the exploitation of the grass orphan. Before they are done with Fair they will have provided him with a family that Solomon in all his glory might not have equaled with his hundred wives.

I observe that amiable, ancient owl, Judge Myrick, explains that what the Bar Association needs to purify the profession is "a strong public opinion behind it." Then I turn to the Grievance Committee of the same body before whom come for examination all complaints made against reckless lawyers. I find that two members of the tribunal which sits in secret are W. F. Herrin and C. W. Cross. So the Wayfaring Man might wonder how strong public opinion should be on the subject, let us say of bribing Supervisors or State Senators, before Mr. Herrin or Mr. Cross would consider it robust enough to hold them up.

THE WAYFARING MAN.

THIS TIME IT WAS A MULE.

While a civil engineer was overseeing a gang of men who were hauling loads of dirt with a mule team a friend of his, a ventriloquist, came up and stood by his side, watching the men at work. Presently a mule driven by a large, red-headed, fiery-tempered Irishman, balked right in front of the spot where the two lookers-on were standing. The Irishman soon lost his temper and began to scold the animal with his whip. Now and then the mule would turn his head and look reproachfully at the Irishman, but still refused to budge.

"Now just watch the Irishman," whispered the ventriloquist in his friend's ear.

At that moment Pat, losing all patience, gave the animal a kick in the ribs with his heavy boots.

The mule turned its head and looked the Irishman in the face, opened his mouth.

"Don't you do that again!"

The voice sounded as though it came direct from between the mule's parted lips.

The whip dropped from the Irishman's hand. For a moment he stared at the mule, and then, without uttering a word, he whirled about and bolted down the street.—*Youth's Companion.*

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH MEN.

(By AUNT DINAH.)

PARTISAN.—You take the matter much too seriously. Mayor Sutor is a man who would not, knowingly, wound the feelings of any one, much as he enjoys his little joke. When the eminent lawyer rose to speak the Mayor leaned forward and asked, politely, for the name of the speaker. Mr. Shortridge's surprise was naturally great, and when he attempted to respond his voice was inaudible from excess of feeling. Those who sat near our honored Mayor assert that there was an indisputable twinkle in that gentleman's eye when he placed his hand behind his ear and repeated with great earnestness (apparently): "What name, please?"

OBEDIENT.—It is worse than wicked for ladies to indulge in profanity in the presence of gentlemen. It is bad form. If your wife persists in the habit, in spite of your tears and prayers, you will be quite justified in leaving the room, always in a quiet and ladylike manner.

MYSTERY.—Dorothea Lummis's fable reads, in the original, as follows: "My husband is what is called a Humanitarian, and is concerned only with the sick or the sorry. I must endeavor to become either the one or the other." And so, finding herself in invincible health, she eloped with another man.

Now, the *Chronicle*, while it saw fit to reprint the fable, could not, of course, allow its fair pages to be discolored by a suggestion of immorality. Thus it left out the closing paragraph, and you are left to wonder where the point of the story is at.

CENSOR.—The discovery that "the lady in tight" who rode a bicycle at the bark was an elevator boy who wears his hair long has quelled the riot. Spruce the glad tidings wherever you can, that those were masculine legs and fully entitled to reveal their curves in the garish light of day if it pleased them to do so.

GRADUATE.—Gentlemen play polo who have the misfortune to be restrained, by lack of poverty, from engaging in more refined pursuits. It is said that highly-organized beings, English noblemen for example, derive no pleasure from the sufferings of beasts which the pleasure cannot expect to share. Hence polo, and the noble sport of hunting hares and birds.

PREFACE.—I should advise you not to deny yourself the positive necessities of life for the joy of owning a share in the new road. Even the enthusiastic projectors of the enterprise are not expected to do more than relinquish such luxuries as butter and Worcestershire sauce.

SERMON.—Our clergymen are simply trying to discourage those who neglect the sacred duty of church-going in order to attend to such trivialities as their own funerals. I agree with those who think we should have a law prohibiting people from being born, from dying and from being buried on the Sabbath day. A man should furnish a better excuse for staying away from church than that, being dead, he was unavoidably detained.

HOPFUL.—In my opinion the way to hasten the realization of the dream of the half-million club is to provide some method by which strangers can climb into the city without danger to life and limb.

AN UNLUCKY DRAW.

Don Simplico, to dispel the clouds of melancholy that cast a gloom over his spirits, has taken to theatre-going. Ernani was produced a few weeks back, and everybody spoke so highly of the performance, our hero among the rest.

"But there is one fault about it," he said, on coming out of the house one evening.

"What is it?"

"I'll tell you. In the third act, where the conspiracy takes place, they draw lots to ascertain which of them is to kill Charles V. Now, what was drawn the first night? Ernani. And the second? Ernani. And the third? Ernani again. Always Ernani—six nights running! Now, that's unlikely on the face of it. For the same name to be drawn a second or twice may pass, but six times running—that is too much."—*Italian Exchange.*

An eccentric feat is shortly to be attempted by a Frenchman for a wager. M. Wisniewsky, a gentleman well known in Parisian fashionable circles, has made a considerable wager that he will ride all the way from Paris to America on horseback. The thing sounds impossible, but he declares it is not so. He proposes to ride right across Siberia to the point where Behring's straits, which separate that country from a Russian North America, are narrowest, and then to ride across upon the ice. He will be glad, he says, of a companion.

MECAOUD AND MECAOUDA.

On the occasion of the marriage of his daughter to Hadj-Nait-Ali, Yamaoui-ben-Mohammed-Amar gave a wedding feast to which he invited all his friends. They had dined on *kouskous* with chicken, on the flesh of the sheep served in pumpkin gourd, on roast meats on wooden plates, on fresh dates and goats' milk.

The musicians, seated in front of the great tent, beat their drums with their hands; others whistled on their flutes made of reeds from the river's bank. After the "eucha" the women, weary of the banquet, came together to dance. All at once shrill voices rose upon the warm evening air in short interrupted cadence; for as they danced, with their soft palms they tapped gently upon their rosy, open mouths. The excitement and intoxication of the men found vent in quarreling, and their angry voices responded to the jerky treble "Yout you!" of the women as they danced.

Among the disputants, the Cadi Bachir-ben-Kouider and Ahmed-ben-Adda, a rich cavalier, became so infuriated that they were on the point of seizing each other by the beard, while around them the men gorged with meat, laughed and sneered.

They were disputing over the merits of their mounts. Ahmed became ecstatic in his praises of his mare. She was white, he said, as a prince's burnous; her feet shone like ivory, her fetlocks were transparent as the wrists of a new-born babe; her nostrils were rose-red, and her satin thighs were swept by her long impatient tail. When Ahmed laid his hand upon her mane, she understood without a word, and she sped forward with him upon her supple back, an eager, loving servant.

The horse upon which Bachir prided himself was black as a moonless night. The light shone and he danced in many kinds; his mane flowed in tumultuous angry waves; from his fierce, dilated nostrils fire and smoke burst forth. As soon as he felt Bachir upon his back, he rose upon his arching hind legs straight as a palm tree. His black hoofs beat the air, and he seemed a warrior with upraised club threatening an enemy.

As though Bachir and Ahmed had divined that some day their horses should be rivals, they had chosen similar names for them. But neither had thought, save to protect his beloved steed by some word of happy augury. The black stallion was called Meacoud, happiness; the white mare was called Meacouda, joy.

With Meacoud, Bachir had beaten all the horses of his tribe. If at the start he stood with them in line, he outran them, as a gazelle outruns the hunters; if he gave them a quarter's start, he overtook them as the hound slipped from leash overtakes the hare. Therefore he had dressed the stallion in the colors of his tribe. When the music came down the mountain side, he led his mare high up towards its immaculate summit that, divine as she was, she might pasture upon its pure freshness.

And now the Cadi and the Cavalier were hurling insults at each other in the midst of the feasted guests. Bachir said, mockingly: "Listen, Ahmed-ben-Kouider! Wilt thou do me a favor? I've promised my women to buy them a sure-footed, steady old nag; a woman's mare, thou understandest, to carry them to the mosque. They need, thou knowest, a horse grown wise with age and slavery, so that they can ride two at a time and be quite sure to believe they are mare, thy Meacouda, would be just the thing. Her gentle amble would reassure the women and her color would surely snit them."

Furious with wrath, Ahmed retorted: "Listen a moment, Bachir-ben-Kouider, Cadi of the Ouleds-Metoumnes, thou couldst render me such a service! My steward insists upon my getting him a little old mare to harness in front of the oxen, in the fields, next thou? He says the ass's colt is too lively for the plough; he wants a mare for our milk, a patient old drudge to keep the team in the furrow. One is not particular about beauty, nor speed, nor grace, thou comprehendest; now couldst not thou spare me that old black stallion of thine, thy Meacoud?"

These outrages stung like strokes from the whip, and one after the other the two rivals smashed their fists upon the mat and shouted: "By the Prophet, I will cut thy tongue out!"

But 'twas bed-time. The shrill piping of the dancers had ceased, their pretty limbs were still, their shone out, and the Cavalier and the Cadi each sought his couch.

But as Ahmed-ben-Adda stretched himself upon his carpet, he began to reflect:

"That Bachir," he thought, "is a man without honor. He would betray his own brother, and he has in his heart the daring of the thief. It would be like him to try to steal Meacouda."

So he got up, chose a cord and fastened it to the rope which tethered the mare. The other end he wound round his wrist. After this Ahmed went back tranquilly to his carpet and slept the sleep that follows the holiday. He dreamed that he had given himself to sleep, so biting, that the Cadi was almost bursting with rage; when, through his dreams, he heard Meacouda's neigh. With one jump he was on his feet, his eyes staring out in the night. Bachir had cut the cord, and on Meacouda's back was flying along the highway.

"Allah! Allah!" groaned Ahmed.

But he lost no time in idle despair. Leaving over the sleeping guests, he ran to Bachir's camp, jumped upon the stallion, and thrusting his feet deep into the golden stirrups, he lashed him furiously with the bridle ends. Meacouda gave so prodigious a bound that the Cavalier's eye-lids fluttered with fear. But he murmured:

"I have just escaped death, therefore Allah is with me. Forward!"

Ahmed's heart was sore with grief; it was split like a pomegranate, for he knew not whether he should ever again see his Meacouda, the pride and joy of his life. If he did not catch up to Bachir, his snow-white mare, his Meacouda, his darling, was forever lost to him; if on Meacouda's back he won the race, then was the stallion faster than the mare.

"So," thought Ahmed, bitterly, "in either case I must lose. That scoundrel steals my horse or my honor."

Meanwhile, if the distance between them did not grow greater, the rivalry of their flight became more keen, like storms that follow in each other's track. Divided between discouragement and joy, Ahmed mused:

"Like this we could make the tour of the world. Never will Meacoud overtake Meacouda." They entered a eucalyptus wood. When they emerged, to the light of the rising sun, the Cavalier could see that the stallion was gaining.

"Son of Satan!" he hissed into Meacouda's ear, "wouldst thou dare surpass a daughter of Paradise?"

He was perspiring with rage, nevertheless in the same second he had dug his silver spurs in the stallion's sides. The rivalry of their flight became alarming. All the landscape seemed to glide past them. Ahmed's lungs could scarcely bear the intense motion, and the tears of suffocation ran down his brown cheeks. When he had dried his eyes, he saw that Bachir and Meacouda were almost in front of him. He was so near that he could have touched the mare with the end of his lance. Then a transport of rage filled Ahmed's soul.

"Oh, Allah!" he moaned, "canst thou suffer his triumph? Thou knowest, by Mahomet, it is because this dog is not aware of the secret signal that Meacoud hath overtaken Meacouda. It is a lie, lie! Allah, thou wilt not permit it."

He opened his mouth to cry aloud, but the struggle between love and pride was not yet ended. How could he say the word that should forever separate him from his noble horse, even though that word should prove Meacouda's superiority.

Now, Bachir felt Meacouda's breath upon his back. He feared the charge of the stallion, and did not want till the polished hoofs should be lifted against him. Turning in the blue and silver saddle, he said, his lips trembling with fear and anger:

"Halt! The proof is here. The race is won, and by Meacoud. Thou art beaten, oh Ahmed-ben-Adda!"

Ahmed was standing in the stirrups. He had won a victory over himself. Never should Meacouda's pride be lowered. With a voice choked with sobs he cried:

"Bite her, Cadi; bite her on the ear, but gently, gently!"

"Thou wisest it?"

"—and cry 'Allah Akbure!'"

Meacouda waited in recognition of the magic word. Till now she had held back for love of her master, but she could not resist the signal. She gave a bound, a leap, another and another. Alternately joined and separated, her four slender feet carried her like wings. She did not gallop, she flew.

It was the twilight of dawn, the hour when an awakening shiver passes o'er the earth, when over the crest of the mountains appears the sun's golden globe. The stallion stopped exhausted. On the side of the road in the shadow of the trees stood a man. The Cavalier dropped to earth, and, guiding the black horse by the bridle, led him to a spring which ran between the tombs. Ahmed cast one long look behind him, but the snow-white mare had vanished. The dawn was nearer, and in the

holy half-light, he bathed his face and hands, stooping over the stream. Then humbly he bowed towards the East, and kissing the earth, he said:

"Allah is great. Glory to Him."
And in a whisper, he added:
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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Mrs. Lindon W. Bates, formerly of California, but now of Chicago, has written a volume of short stories which will soon be published. They are Californian tales. Her book will probably be called "The Great Concern," the title of her favorite story. The other stories are "Resurrection in Umpqua," "The Substitute," "How the Artist Found His Soul," "Taken In at Ours," "Chattering," "With the Argives," and "The Mavericks of the Trail."

"The Great Concern" is a story of the adventures of three young confederate officers just after the war, who came west to mend their fortunes. Her description of the west is entertaining. "It was early next morning that over against a hillside we beheld a low, rambling house whose rich and whiteness made it a beacon as far as eye could see it. It was the first habitation we had come upon in four days. This, then, was Gould's—this was the pass. We were beginning to appreciate the unique quality of western humor. We had met it all the way from the line of the Missouri. Behind us we had left the 'Hanging' Gulch. No one, they told us, had ever been hanged there, but members of the population were liable at any time to be hanged, and they had simply named the place in anticipation. Then there was 'Hope,' set on the very rim of despair, and 'Outlaw's Leap' at the bottom of the canyon. A tasty little tradition went with this place. It recalled that a band of being cornered here and finding no place to leap down, leaped up 200 feet—and landed upon the cliff. We had admired that story, Hading and I. It credited a man with being possessed of imagination. Now, as we looked over at Gould's pass, I felt immediately the appropriateness of the title. There was no pass. The place passed nothing and nothing passed it, so the name was not to be challenged." These three young adventurers finally land in San Francisco, where nothing else turning up, they hire an expensive suite of rooms and obtained a contract to pave the streets. "The Great Concern," as the partnership is called, finally becomes one of the mighty concerns of the city. The characters are said to be easily recognizable portraits of leading San Franciscans.

John Vance Cheney is not only about to publish another volume of verse, as the *Letter* stated last week, but has, as we learn from a correspondent, four volumes ready for the press, two of verse and two of prose. One volume of his poems will be selections from his two earliest works, "Thistlefruff" and "Woodhloom," the best only being preserved. His new poems are principally dramatic in form and longer than anything he has heretofore published. One of them, "Paris Wooing Helen," is a new treatment of the old love story. Both Helen and Paris are represented as strong characters, but at the mercy of the Fates, who drive them onward. Another of his longer poems is "Helen of Troy's Hair," and still another is entitled "Moses." The last describes the night before Moses went on the mount to die, while the tribes were resting at Abaila. The Jewish leaders discuss the departure of Moses on the morrow and review the strange happenings during the journey through the desert. One old woman who had followed with the Levites for many years thus describes the fear of the children at the strange sight of the pillar of fire:

"The girls, with bloodless faces,
Ran to me, and say the fire
Waves strangely in the dancing pillar,
And the voice is on the wind
Which mixes with the flicker
Through the uneasy palms. Their hearts see fearful things,
And terror chills them, and they say,
The gods are plaguing the Great God.
They cannot bear the silent shivers,
They shiver at the wind-sound
In the leaves; they look
To see if I, too, be afraid."

Mr. Cheney is delivering a series of Tuesday lectures on American poets.

Mr. A. Morris Bagby, whom the *New York World* considers a possible successor to Ward McAllister, has written a novel. Thus three leaders of society, Hobart Chatfield Chatfield-Taylor of Chicago, Douglass Shirley of Louisville, and now Mr. Bagby are "in literature." Although but a music teacher, Mr. Bagby arranges dinners and relieves members of fashionable society of many of the burdens which they must fall on them. He organized the brilliant entertainment at which the Count de Castelane bade farewell to bachelor life. Fashionable women are happy to pay \$10 apiece for the privilege of attending his morning musicales at the Waldorf. He was a pupil of Liszt at Weimar and his novel, "Miss Trauquerei," is chiefly devoted to descriptions of the master's person and method of work. The *matif* of the story is Schumann's "Trauquerei," and notes from that lovely

music are written out as headings to some of the chapters, and yet Schubert's serenade plays the most conspicuous part in the story.

James Sartin, who, in the forties, published *Sartin's Magazine*, for which Edgar Allan Poe contributed, has been telling a *Philadelphia Press* writer of his recollections of the great poet, the only one America has produced, so many say. At one time Poe came to him and offered a short article. He at first refused to take it without submitting it to his editor, but Poe insisted that he was in a hurry and was in great distress for money. The article was bought, and soon Sartin discovered that it had also been sold to two other publications. To Thomas Buchanan Read, who singularly thought himself a greater painter than poet, Poe once said that "The Raven" was the greatest of his poems and would live forever.

Mme. Alphonse Daudet is about to publish a volume of poems. This will be her fourth book and her first poetical work. Mme. Daudet is given to the worship of literary style, and it is said that to her is due much of the verbal felicity which is found in her husband's work. Her tender and ceaseless devotion to him during his years of illness and suffering has undoubtedly preserved his life as well as forwarded his literary work, one of which she is extremely proud. Her own prose is graceful and finished to a high degree. Style is with her an inborn quality, and it has been perfected and refined by persistent study.

The latest number of the *Philosophical Review* (Boston: Ginn & Co.) contains a scholarly article by a former student in the University of California, but now at the head of the School of Philosophy in the University of Texas, Dr. Sidney E. Mezes. The paper, "Pleasure and Pain Defined," is one that was read in Princeton before a gathering of the professors of philosophy from the various universities of the country. Such men as Professor Royce and Mezes are doing much toward giving the University of California a high standing among Eastern Universities men.

In February last Secretary W. R. Eastman of the New York Library Association sent a list of 237 leading books of 1894 to the librarians of New York and other States to obtain from them an expression of opinion respecting the best twenty-five books of 1894 to be added to a village library. When the lists were returned Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella" was found to be easily in the lead, followed closely by Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution."

"Lord Rosebery" writes the *London Spectator*, "has conferred a pension of £100 a year on Mr. William Watson, on whom, we think, he might well have also conferred the Laureateship without risking the condemnation of any judgment worth considering, unless Mr. Swinburne's earliest plays, 'Atalanta in Calydon' and 'Erechtheus,' should be set against Mr. Watson's noble lyrics and odes."

Lieutenant Totten, the prophet and religious crank, has compiled a chronological table by which he claims to prove that the ministry of Christ on earth was only sixty-two weeks in all, instead of about three years, and that with one exception every date of accepted Christian history is wrong. No one will disprove Totten, because no one will be able to understand his table.

Sidney Colvin is hard at work on an authorized edition of R. L. Stevenson's letters. It is much desired that Americans possessing letters from his pen should communicate with Mr. Colvin at the British Museum. Surely, there must be some interesting letters by Stevenson in the possession of his Californian friends.

Mrs. Frona E. Waite, well-known in San Francisco as a society reporter, has written a novel dealing with life in this city, which is said by those who have read it in manuscript to be an exceedingly bright piece of work. The novel is now in the hands of an Eastern publishing house.

"Fringilla" is to be the title of the forthcoming volume of verse by the author of "Lorna Doone." It is said that Mr. Blackmore published a book of poetry some years ago, but not under his own name.

Professor Moses Coit Tyler's book on the "Literary History of the American Revolution" is nearly ready for publication.

A story is told of Mr. Balfour's recent golfing tour. He had made an iron shot in which he had sent the ball almost half as far as the ball. "What did it do?" he asked his caddy, as he looked round to discover a hidden boulder or a decapitated stump. The only reply was about as crushing as could have been compressed into a single word: "Scotland."

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THE REVOLT OF WOMAN.

The phrase is Goldwin Smith's. He is not in sympathy with the revolt, and has given his reasons in his latest book, "Essays on Questions of the Day," published by Macmillan & Co., New York. As California is to undergo a campaign on the woman suffrage question, and vote on the pending constitutional amendment next year, perhaps it will be as well to consider Mr. Smith's arguments against granting women the franchise, especially as we are certain to hear abundant reason why the amendment should be carried by a unanimous vote.

But first a word or two as to the volume in which this essay appears, and its author. Goldwin Smith is a conservative, as may be judged by the fact that he highly approves President Cleveland's action in calling out troops during the Chicago riots, and, further, because he opposes Home Rule for Ireland. He calls himself a Liberal of the old school, and justifies himself for making his home in America rather than in England, where for many years he was the foremost publicist, by maintaining that America is to-day the political home of the old English Liberal. "In England that which cannot be the Liberal party is becoming the party of State socialism, is still a land of liberty, regulated and protected by law, in which every man is free to do his best for himself, which as a general rule he can hardly do without also doing what is best for the commonwealth."

It has been Goldwin Smith's business for many years to stand by and look on at the world's movements, and write of them. He has had no doctrine to uphold save that from the greatest liberty the greatest good will come. That which such a man writes on the "Social and Industrial Revolution," or the "Utopian Visions" of Bellamy and others, cannot be put by as the talk of a crank or an ignoramus. Neither are his arguments against woman suffrage to be treated as coming from one of little authority, and the only authority he has ever had has been due to the clearness of his thought.

Shall man make over to woman half of the sovereign power which he has hitherto been his, and which, if he chooses, he can keep? This is the question which Goldwin Smith puts at the close of his discussion, and in making the demand, he says, woman shows confidence in man's affection. "The rule by which the question is to be settled is the joint interest which the two sexes have in good government—not any abstract claim of right. For an abstract claim of right there appears to be no foundation. Power which is natural carries with it its right while it is subject to the restraints of conscience." Every member of a community is entitled to the largest attainable measure of good government. If this, or any other political change, says the author, would be conducive to good government, the community has a right to it; if it does not, the community has no right to it, including the women, have a right to a refusal of the change. The equality of the sexes argument is dismissed in a few words. "Supposing woman even to be superior, it does not follow that her field of superiority is public life."

The point of the whole argument in opposition to the amendment is this: "Let the evidence of the beliefs in this sentence. As moral and intellectual as you will, its foundation is the force of the community, and the force of the community is male." Goldwin Smith goes on to say that women have not yet thought of claiming the employment of policemen or deputy sheriffs—his book having been written before a Washington, D. C., woman had been appointed as a police officer, and an Oakland woman was appointed as a sheriff. "Laws passed by the women's vote will not be felt to have force behind them." If they should declare for prohibition of liquor and tobacco, would men obey such laws? Would they obey any laws manifestly carried by the female vote in the interest of the women? "What is the duty of the man? Man would be tempted to resist woman's government when it galled him, not only by the consciousness of his strength, but by his pride, which would make itself heard in the end, though its voice for a time might be stifled by sentimental declamation.

There ought to be some connection between the duty of defending the country and political power. That duty falls exclusively upon the men. "That some are old or disqualified for arms signifies nothing; political rules must be general and disregard exceptions. The women, it is said, or such of them as have private property, can contribute to the military expenses. But so do the men, in addition to the male duty of personal service." Not having to fight, Goldwin Smith thinks they would be apt to be warlike. In support of this contention he instances the spirit of the Southern women, and

reviews the list of bellicose female rulers, among them Catherine of Russia, Elizabeth of Spain, Maria Theresa, the Empress Eugenie. He would like to know what would happen if the women should declare a war which the men didn't want. Would they obey? He thinks not.

But these be piping times of peace! Force has had its day! "This is the age of Bismarck, of the Franco-Prussian war, of the war of secession. Piping times of peace, when America is paying the price of an enormous war, and Europe has millions of men in arms!"

Goldwin Smith thinks that the granting of the franchise to women would disrupt the family. "A change that throws the family into the political cauldron calls for special consideration" is his conservative statement, which surely will find grance on a man who prizes his home would probably say, that if it was thought fit that his wife should have the vote instead of himself, she might have it, but that he protested against any proposal to give the family more than one vote."

We have all heard much of woman's wrongs as well as her rights. The author asks that these wrongs which man refuses to redress be named. He solemnly declares that he has heard of none. In most of the States woman is treated more kindly by the law than man. Although the wife in many States may dispose absolutely of her own fortune, she still is a charge upon her husband. Those who boast that woman has been emancipated from the domination of man, and that she has gained that domination carries maintenance and protection, which will not be given without return. "Make the marriage contract too on ours to the man, and he in his turn will some day begin to think of emancipation. If he does, he is the stronger. Nothing can alter that fact, or its practical significance in the future. Of the many wrongs of the revolt of woman will do well to take note."

Treating of the marriage question, which is so much discussed these days, Mr. Smith says:

"Marriage may be described from one point of view as a restraint imposed upon the passion of man for the benefit of woman. It is the physical basis of sentiment, the most beautiful and refined. At all events it is in most natures imperious. Were it not, man could hardly be induced to take on him the burden of maintaining wife and children." Sarah Grand and her cohorts will be shocked at the directness of this speech.

In proof of woman's unfitness for politics the author first cites from Emma's letter a powerful passage on the female lobbyist at Washington. Next he reviews history, and is unable to find a single queen or empress who was wise, self-reliant, courageous, and honest. Not one in all history. Of Isabella he says: "That it was to her feminine instinct that the genius of Columbus was revealed, recent history has not yet made less certain than it is that her petty established the Inquisition in Castile and that great numbers of persons were burned by it in her reign." He quotes Queen Victoria's own words to show that her reliance for twenty years was on her husband's judgment, and that since his death she has been "at sea."

Let us wait and see how New Zealand, Colorado, and Wyoming get along before so daring an experiment is tried further. This is the conservative advice which Goldwin Smith, student of politics, gives. Those who wish to know the arguments against the amendment now before the people of California can find nowhere else so full and frank a statement of these as is presented in "Essays on Questions of the Day."

ANTI-CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.

Israel Zangwill, the young English Jew who has within a couple of years risen to high rank in the world of letters, calls the world's attention in an article in the April *North American Review*, to the fact that the literature of the day is thoroughly anti-Christian. "The higher mind of the world is being fed from non-Christian sources. The great movement of the modern mind is away from the Trinity. Of the writers with European reputations, Tolstoi alone maintains even the ideals of Christianity, and Tolstoi is accounted mad. In our own literature alone, the most conservative of all modern literatures, what trace of Trinitarianism is there in Browning, Swinburne, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, George Meredith, George Eliot, Carlyle, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, Lowell, Holmes, Rudyard Kipling, Stevenson, Hardy, Howells, Henry James, Mill, Spencer, Darwin, and a score of others who do the modern man's thinking? This part of Christianity is crumbling away even while Judaism looks idly on. History and science do not corroborate the episode on which it is founded, and the conception itself jars upon the modern mind. Its very professors are vague, and even Mr. Gladstone has been making heretical approaches to the Jewish view of atonement."

THE NEW WOMAN

versus

THE OLD MAN.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

I have just finished reading the sweetest little romance, and I want to advise every one else to read it—Crockett's "The Lilac Sunbonnet." Perhaps I am away behind the times; possibly it's an old, old story to most people, but it has given me so much pleasure that I felt in duty bound to go out upon the highway and tell every one I met to read this Scotch romance. I tell you it's a pleasure these days to get hold of a book that leaves a sweet taste in the mouth. I don't know why all the people who write books make them so horrible. I confess that I never read a book more without first finding out whether it deals with happy people or not; and the result is that I don't do much reading of up-to-date fiction, because the people are all so miserable—they are either leading double lives or they have a strain of insanity in their blood, or they want to be so much worse than they are, or they are being punished for being so much worse than they ought to have been—anyway they are miserable, and I don't like to read about misery. "The Lilac Sunbonnet" is my kind of book. Its sentiment is genuine, and its humor is not aggressive. The right people marry each other, and they have real children, not heavenly twins. The hero is a very possible human fellow, who isn't a bit cynical, and the heroine is a clean-minded, golden-haired, country girl.

They have sentenced a poor negress in Chicago to be hanged, and a San Francisco woman says that she doesn't see any reason why the same punishment shouldn't be given to women and men for the same crimes. That's a kind of equal rights doctrine that I don't believe in. But I suppose this San Francisco woman is logical. It needed this sort of a case to show women who are so bold for their rights, that the greatest blessing they can enjoy is not any right, but the sweet privilege of being thought a little scared by men. I imagine women, no matter what they are, and you destroy so much of the manly in man's nature, and chivalry to woman is the one thing we cannot afford to have men lose. For let them lose that and we are gone. The world will be a nasty place to live in when men treat women as they now treat each other. I don't care to be sworn at or knocked down; I don't care to surrender my chance of going to Congress and be given a seat in a crowded car. The nearer we get to the plane of equality with men the worse for us. There are a good many men who yet believe us a little superior to them; in the name of all that's good, let us keep up the belief, even if it is only a delusion.

Of course I don't know any of the merits of the controversy between Mr. Claus Spreckels and his son, but I think the whole thing shameful, no matter which one is to blame. There is a curse as well as a blessing that goes with money. If Claus Spreckels had remained a poor grocer or a very modest brewer, he might have had his boys around him to the end of his days. There would be no attacks in the papers, no suits for slander, no revealing of family relations in the courts. But because he became rich the trouble has come and the family is divided. There are a good many ways of comforting oneself for lack of wealth, and one of these is to see the bitterness that it breeds among very decent folk.

As I have read the papers each day I have expected to see that some poor father had gone crazy over the killing of his boy or girl by a trolley car and had put into action the Old Testament law and had put into action the Old Testament law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. There must be something wrong with the cars in this car system. Better no trolleys, better no cars at all, than this sacrifice of children's blood! We cannot afford rapid transit if mother's hearts must be broken as the price. I don't know much about law, but it seems to me if I were a supervisor, or whoever ought to attend to such things, that I must be doing something wrong when I am within an inch, yes, a quarter of an inch, of running over a white-haired old lady and a little girl. They were crossing the street when our car shot into them from Market street.

"Why don't they have policemen at such dangerous places?" I asked Jack, when I had recovered from my scare and could draw a breath.

"The city can't afford it; it's too poor," was the reply.

"Then why don't the street car people furnish them?" I innocently asked.

"They're too rich," was the reply.

It was explained to me that it was cheaper for the company to mutilate and kill people, and settle

the damages afterwards, than to guard against such accidents in the beginning. Then I wished that I didn't live in a place so very civilized. Jack laughed when I told him that if I ever was run over by a car he should refuse cash damages for his loss, but should, instead, turn motorman and hold his job until he had eased his conscience by running over the superintendent of the road. Betty.

POEMS BY EUGENE FIELD.

UNDERSTOOD.

Within the dewy morning's hush
There sang a mello-v-throated thrush,
And drop by drop the honeyed tone
Fell on white stars of bloom alone.

I know not all the flowers below
Hear all his secret; yet glow
With dawn the daisy turned her eye
To greet the daytime in the sky.

Then came two lovers hand in hand
On journey toward love's promised land;
And bird and blossom, life and tone,
Were understood by them alone.

THE OLD TUNE.

From out a windless realm it flowed
Fragrant and sweet as balm of rose;
Upon its breast soft sunlight glowed,
And still it glides where the jasmine blows.

An old, sweet tune of other days!
Full of the tints of the autumn time;
Scents of ransets and August haze
Gathered and fell like thoughts in rhyme.

May never again that once-loved tune
Fall in my heart as a stream that flows!
Let it run as it will like a vine in June,
Fragrant and sweet as a summer rose.

SONG.

My heart is the shore when the tide is gone,
And the argent feet of a lovely dawn
Walk far and near o'er the rocks and sand,
With a lovely space 'twixt the sea and land.
For thou art gone!

My heart is the shore when the tide has come
With yearning lips and songs, and some
Have waked a song in the shore's lush grass
Where the wild rose blooms and the curlews pass.
For thou art come!

—Chicago Record.

REDUCING TONS TO SILENCE.

A certain English commodore, who had the misfortune to lose a leg in a shark encounter, was beset wherever he went with questioners, eager to know how, when, and where he had met with his loss.

He finally invented an expedient for suppressing his tormentors. He would promise to answer them one question, but only one, on the subject. The question invariably was, "How did you lose your leg?" and the invariable answer, "It was bit off," which, of course, left his hearers ten times more curious than ever.

Francis Deak, the Hungarian statesman, used to rid himself of tiresome visitors in much the same way by telling them the following story:

Once, when in Paris, Napoleon paid a visit to a hospital for old soldiers. Among the inmates was an old man who had lost an arm. The emperor asked him:

"Where did you lose your arm?"

"At Waterloo, sire."

"But, no doubt, you earned the emperor and your country for your fate?"

"On the contrary," said the veteran, "for the emperor and my country I would sacrifice my other arm."

"I can hardly believe it," said the emperor.

The soldier immediately drew a sabre from its sheath and charged murder on the emperor's arm. At this point Deak would pause and look at the visitor, demanding: "What is your opinion of such an action?"

"A most sublime act of self-sacrifice," the visitor was always ready to declare enthusiastically.

"With, however, one flaw," would be the withering comment. "Pray, how could a one-armed man continue to cut off his only remaining arm?"

The story never failed to produce the desired effect.—Youth's Companion.

THE HONEST PHYSICIAN.

A certain man was hanged, that he died. And he left two sons, honest men.

Now, one of these sons was a blacksmith. But the other became a physician. And after that their father had been taken from them these brothers earned their homes in other lands.

And the blacksmith would have prospered. But it befell that one asked him how his father

made end. And the blacksmith, looking angrily upon him, answered: "He was hung." For the blacksmith was an honest man.

Howbeit, presently, when a horse was missing, men gathered and hanged the blacksmith, saying: "This man must take after his father." So the blacksmith did take after his father, but whether he caught up with him the tale telleth not.

And at the same time in his own city, one inquired of the physician by what means his father died. And the physician covered his face and wept.

But while he wept he considered, saying within himself: "If I say, 'He was hanged,' then shall I shock this man and give him pain, and it is my office to relieve pain. Nevertheless I must tell the truth."

He said, therefore, "My father died of heart failure." And again he wept, the questioner weeping with him.

Then, this being told, men said: "Doubtless, since his father died of heart failure, this good physician and loving son hath made study of kindred diseases." So they resorted unto him.

And the physician became a specialist. And he looked at them who came, and coughed once and succeeded twice and demanded one hundred dollars. And they gave gladly, for the physician was an honest man.—Kate Field's Washington.

AMUSEMENTS.

At Stockwell's Theatre, J. K. Emmett will open on Monday night with a two weeks' engagement in "Fritz in a Nuthouse." He will sing the new "Lullaby" and the "Jubilee Song." Emmett is a favorite in this city, and Friedlander, Gottlieb & Co. are fortunate in securing him as their first attraction.

The Baldwin has been closed for the past week. On Monday next it reopens for a week's engagement with the Whitney Opera Company in the new opera extravaganza, "The Bat-ling Girl." The theme of "The Bathing Girl" is the love of the native-born American for the imported British aristocrat. Ample sway is given and taken for a pleasant running satire on snobbery of all forms. The first two scenes are laid in Newport, introducing a bewitching array of feminine beauty in summer gowns, picturesque bathing costumes, and the latest creation in the way of dress for the girl bicyclist. The last act is supposed to take place in a New York dry goods emporium, where the managers have secured as a chief attraction a real live English Lord as their floor-walker.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" has been playing its second week at the California. Peter Dailey, May Irwin, and Ada Lewis are to follow next week in "A Country Sport."

The Equal Right's League will hold a public meeting on Tuesday, April 16th, at St. George's Church, 317 Mason street, near Grant, beginning at 8 o'clock. The public cordially invited. A musical and literary programme, including a lecture entitled "Woman" by Mrs. Mary Shepherd Singer, of New York City.

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DAVID STONE AND MRS. STEVENS.

Death of Two Notable People in Different Walks of Life.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1895.

A good man has died in New York. Several other good men have died here to be sure, but they were not editors of daily papers. For forty years David M. Stone was the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, and when he retired from active life in 1893 he was able to say in his valedictory that he had never written a word which he did not believe to be true, had never advocated a public measure which he did not believe made for the general good, and had never allowed personal feeling or partisan bias to cause him to write a word in criticism of any man which he did believe justified on the highest public grounds. That was truly something worth saying. As he threw down his pen and went into retirement to spend his last few days with his beloved flowers, he had but one regret, that he had not been able to make more people happy. All who knew him credit him with having lived true to the honest soul that was him. And that, too, in New York city as an editor and part proprietor of a daily paper, as the president for twenty-five years of the Associated Press. That he lived in that part of Greater New York called Brooklyn and spent more hours in his garden than in his club, may partially explain the editor's secret. He was a fine old, gray-haired man, and on his retirement from his paper, looked forward to many years of peace and quietude. He was a man of a fine physical man, being one of the noteworthy riders to be seen every bright day in Prospect Park. When Wm. Cullen Bryant was editor of the *Post* and Parke Godwin of the *Commercial Advertiser* the three were often together, and finer figures were rarely worthy of reverence. New York has never seen a better man, or a more devoted one, or one up to date. He believed more in maintaining the character of his paper than in using it as a thing of commerce, though I am glad to see that he left an estate worth over half a million. His rule as to news was first to be sure that it was news, and then to get it out by one of his staff; he allowed his paper to be beaten in most important cases by news because he could not have full verification of it. He was the old-style journalist, with a serious sense of the responsibility of his position, and a writer of personal opinion. He could write on many subjects, and well. No doubt his verses, of which I have a number, will be collected and made into a memorial volume, and it is likely would certainly be to let his valedictory editorial lead the book as introduction to the man,

I cannot but contrast the life of Mr. Stone with that of Mrs. Paran Stevens, who has also just died. Mrs. Stevens was a necessary woman, and she did her work well. It is necessary to have people who will give dinners and receptions, plan parties and promote marriages. At all these things Mrs. Stevens was a first-class manager. She made people happy by feeling them well, and there is no doubt that she added much to the gaiety of New York social life. But with the income from two million dollars and some principal which was not in trust, Mrs. Stevens gave few people reason to love her or to honor or revere her name now that she is gone. She had married a man nearly thirty years her senior, and on her wedding day she was risking a social name for herself with the money he had left. She accomplished her purpose. She was tactful, shrewd, adroit and pushing, and ambitious that our society should be as smart as any to be found in Europe; but having said this, you will not be about all. There is one class that will miss her—those who look to her for a guide. I doubt if there ever was a more persistent matchmaker than Mrs. Stevens. She dearly loved the credit often given her, even in the papers, of promoting marriage between members of the Four Hundred. I heard her once call "Society's Matrimonial Board." There was no word of getting into her old graces so long as she continued to be as a possible matrimonial ally. She was known for the honor of having engagements announced at her functions, and bitterly resented the world being given notice of an approaching marriage before it had been confided to her. One of the Havesmeyer's said to have taken advantage of "Ann's" position, and she was so angry at being asked to marry a young lady, and thus causing a sudden outburst of gorgeous entertainments and splendid dinners on her part. The young lady, who was party to the plot, revealed it eventually for self-protection against the stories that were being circulated regarding her prospective engagement, and she was so angry that she never again was asked. No doubt that there will be fewer marriages of American girls with English and other noblemen hereafter, for Mrs. Stevens dearly loved a lord, and

made herself the advance agent and manager of every one that came wife and fortune hunting. Peace be to her ashes. I hope she won't cut her husband when she meets him on the other side—he was only a hotel-keeper, and she learned not to like people who worked. FINDLEY.

"THE COMING REVOLUTION."

The best written and the clearest statement of the platform of the economic Radicals of the day is that made by Mr. Henry L. Call, and just published by the Arena Publishing Company. The title of the book gives its table of contents, "The Coming Revolution." The author takes as his text these words from the pen of Gen. Francis A. Walker: "A revolution is upon us. The fountains of the great deep are broken up. The bonds of tradition and barriers of authority have been swept away. Everything once deemed settled in economic theory is now audaciously challenged." There is a calmness about this book which greatly commends it. Its rhetoric is not of the turgid sort so common among writers of the New School, and the author deals with principles in a broad way, refusing to confuse his readers with a mass of facts and figures.

Starting from the postulate that it is not to any lack of wealth in the world, but, instead, to man's institutions, that the economic troubles of the day are due, Mr. Call proceeds to examine and criticize these institutions as they affect the distribution of wealth. He analyzes the means by which the very rich have obtained their wealth, finding that the vast fortunes of to-day have come to their present possessors either by inheritance, through monopoly of land, through the present banking system, through the building, operation, and wrecking of railroads, through the control and plunder of markets, or the corporate control of industry.

"Thus, under privilege, the use of the world given to man is denied to him, and man and his labor is rated as a mere chattel, a mere commodity, for sale in the markets to the rich who own the world, by the subterfuge and in the service of these. Human nature becomes, in consequence, grovelling and abject on the one hand, or insolent and debauched upon the other. It cannot be that these things are necessary to the progress of the world, unless men have yet the nobility to burst the fetters which enchain them, and hold a different language to privilege, we must, even as other peoples have done, give way and place to some newer and nobler civilization. These are the fruits of privilege. Whither are we drifting? What are we to do?"

To this question Mr. Call has a very direct answer—stop these privileges. The corporation, being a creation of law, he would so hedge about and condition that it would become a servant not a master; market jobbing he would stop by law; private monopoly of other public utilities he would put an end to by making them government enterprises; financial troubles would cease if the sub-treasury scheme were adopted and the producers given the benefit of government loans instead of the bankers; the single-tax, or the graduated income tax, would be adopted and monopoly, and all laws of inheritance should be abolished. Surely this is a radical enough program to please any revolutionist who stops short of socialism. It will be seen that the author is not altogether original in his plan of relief. He does not discover, however, a discovery. One of the boldest chapters in his book is on the question of inheritance, a few extracts from which will give the course of its reasoning:

“By the present institution of inheritance, the world with all its accumulated wealth descends to the few at the beginning of each generation. Less than thirty thousand people, it is said, own one-half the wealth of the entire country, and it is safe to say that less than one hundredth part of the population owns practically the whole of it.

“The world being given by inheritance to the few, the many are, of course, deprived of its use. But the world is made for man to live in, and in it he must live if he is to live at all. The world and its wealth held as the absolute property of any, less than the whole population, and man is denied the right to live in the world into which he is born. He then lives therein, not as a matter of course, but by the tolerance and consent of its owners. The right of property, that of exchange, and the owners of this wealth may make their own terms for its use, or altogether withhold it from use at their pleasure. This it is that makes labor a servant, for that wealth is capital, and labor has only its service to give in exchange,

“They who formerly owned this inherited wealth are now dead, and can no longer have any right in the world or power of command over it. Not the dead, but the living own the world. Former gen-

erations held possession of the world in their day, lived in it, enjoyed its fruits, and made such distribution of it among themselves as they saw fit. There came a time, however, when nature herself set a bound to their interest in the world; death ends all earthly enjoyments and all earthly rights. But that which is no longer theirs to possess or enjoy, is not theirs to bestow by deed or gift. Any such attempt is but to arrogate to the dead the right to govern the living.

"Inheritance is, indeed, the privilege of all privileges. If this one privilege be allowed to stand, the correction of all others will afford but partial relief. The tyranny of capital will still remain; the wealth bestowed by inheritance will draw to itself, by its inherent power over labor, the wealth created by society; and the concentration of the world's wealth will still go on, until it becomes more and more in each succeeding age the world of the rich, and society becomes more and more pauperized."

Mr. Call, therefore, argues for the necessity of putting a low limit on the amount that can be disposed of by will (he suggests \$100,000), the remainder of all estates to go to the community. The book is for sale at the Popular Book Store, 10 Post street.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Audleuer, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit to the undersigned their claims and demands against the said deceased, within four months after the first publication of this notice, in the said Administrator at his office, 819 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Audlauer, deceased
Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1896.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

LORD ROSEBERY.

Perhaps the most notable article in the April magazines—and what a library they do make!—is a brief review of Lord Rosebery's career, and an analysis of his powers, by Justin McCarthy, in the *Forum*. The task surely was a most delicate one. Justin McCarthy is the leader of the Irish party and is the ally of the Liberals. But he is also an historian. To eulogize the Liberal premier might imperil Mr. McCarthy's place as a man fit to write history. To criticize, on the other hand, would lay the Irish leader open to the question: "Why do you support such a man?" The McCarthy opinion of Rosebery is therefore something worth knowing. In a sentence, that opinion is that it depends only upon Lord Rosebery himself to become, in the true sense, a great English Prime Minister. "He has the strength for the place. Nobody doubts that. Will he put forth that strength?" There is the question Justin McCarthy cannot answer. To him Lord Rosebery is a puzzle. He really does not know what to make of a man whose indifference as to whether he is premier or not, and yet works harder than any other politician of the day. A remarkable man Lord Rosebery must be not to have satisfied any faction of his following that their programme is his, and yet to make all believe that he is their greatest hope. Justin McCarthy cites an instance of Rosebery's ability as a puzzler, his speech on the second reading of the House Rule bill in the Lords: "Every one agrees that the speech was admirably delivered and was brilliant with sparkling rhetoric. But as to the argument and the probable effect of the speech there was, even among Irish Home Rulers, the widest difference of opinion. *'Il n'est pas arrive cette fois!'* I must admit one of the whole was disappointed. 'Come—no—not yet—but he'll come another time,' was the answer. That indeed became my own impression from a comparison of differences of opinion. It was the old puzzle over again. It is a puzzle still. Why did he not put forth all his strength? Nobody said—or says to-day—that he has put forth all his strength and done all he can do."

It is a curious thing—this faith in a man who is not understood, this belief that he will do something really great one day, this confidence in a leader who gives no satisfaction. Men who have come much more lately than he into the field of politics have already given their measure. We know what we may fairly expect from them. Take for example the present Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith. Mr. Asquith was a sudden and great success. He is one of the foremost debaters in the House of Commons. Name the best six men we have met—and, choosing in that order, you must name Mr. Asquith among them. But it is not to undervalue Mr. Asquith if we say we know what he can do. Lord Rosebery has not yet shown all that he can do. He has a great game to play—most of us feel ready to put our money on his winning it; but he has not won it as yet: not so, even though he is Prime Minister. There is in him a high tribute to Lord Rosebery, for see what he has done. He has twice been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and achieved a complete success in that most difficult and delicate business, the conduct of foreign policy—a success acknowledged by political enemy as cordially as by personal friend. He is now Prime Minister—in succession to Mr. Gladstone. He is one of the best speakers that the two Houses of Parliament can put forward. He is powerful and persuasive as a platform orator; his after-dinner speeches are triumphs of easy brilliancy. What can we expect him to do more? What can any one expect him to do more? Yet the answer would be given in much the same words by everybody that who is interested in the question: we do expect Lord Rosebery to do more; we want more from him; we do not believe that he has yet given us the best he has to give; we shall be disappointed if even this that he has achieved is all he is to achieve."

All that most Americans know of Lord Rosebery is that when he was a boy he told somebody that he was determined on marrying the richest heiress in England, winning the Derby, and being Premier, all of which he has done. A few of the things that Mr. McCarthy says of him may therefore be interesting. "Lord Rosebery is forty-seven, but he looks never so many years younger. He has a singularly boyish face. The gravity of the face, when it is grave, is like the occasional and portentous gravity of an Eton schoolboy. When the face brightens into mirth, as it often does, the mirth is the roguish merriment of a schoolboy. This is one of the reasons why solemn and staid persons are especially puzzled about Lord Rosebery. He cannot be in earnest, such people often say. Look at

his face! He has not a serious thought in him for more than five minutes together."

For a long time he held the office of chairman of the London County Council. "I declare for myself," says Mr. McCarthy, "as a man not quite unused to hard work, that I think the chairmanship of the London County Council is business enough for anybody. It would be enough for me, without looking after studs and racing; without presiding over commissions and committees; without being Secretary for Foreign Affairs; without speaking at all manner of public meetings in all parts of the country; without delivering after-dinner speeches; without preparing rhetorical addresses to universities and without trying to reform the House of Lords. Lord Rosebery, however, continued to be for a long time one of the most regular attendants at the County Council meetings. Not a lazy nobleman of the traditional sort most certainly—no Lord Foppington was there. Yet to look at Lord Rosebery one might fancy him the very personification of bright, easy, elegant idlers. He does not seem to be energetic. He does not appear to have any great desire to do anything except emit a joke."

"I first heard of him as a brilliant after-dinner speaker at literary and theatrical banquets. He then appeared to be a young man given naturally more to literature and the drama than to the dry work of politics. He was looked upon as one who had more inclination for the pleasures than the business of life. He was a racing man, fond of the turf and of all that belonged to it. Now it is distinctly in favor of a man's popularity in England that he should be a votary of the turf. The people do not desire that their leading statesmen should be ascetics. It is an additional attraction in a public man that he should be a lover of sport in one form or another. Many a sturdy Tory softened toward John Bright because he was known to be an ardent lover of trout and salmon fishing. Mr. Parnell was once enthusiastically cheered by the Tory squires in the House of Commons when he declared, on the occasion of some discussion about hunting, that in Ireland he never saw a man in the field look out for a gap, and that if Englishmen came to his native county he would show them what was meant by straight riding across country. Much as the Tory squires detested his political principles, they thought there must be something in the man who thus entered into the spirit of the hunting field. Therefore Lord Rosebery's love of sport scored heavily for him with one section of the community, and his after-dinner speaking and his love of the theatre scored heavily for him with another."

"Then he was known to be a man of high culture. He was selected Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen in 1878, and Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh in 1880, and he was fond of the society of authors and men of letters. He had, indeed, a great many sides to his character. Savage Lador's words put it, he 'warmed both hands before the fire of life.'"

He has written a book, a life of the younger Pitt, which Mr. McCarthy considers so good that he speaks of it as a "considerable addition to English literature. It is, too, a most charming talker. 'It would be hard to find out the back of one's mind or of others about which he cannot talk. I can hardly imagine a conversation being started among educated people in which he is not qualified to bear a leading part.' Truly England's Premier, whose life was all but despaired of recently, is a most remarkable man whom the world cannot spare; not just yet, not till he has become less of a puzzle."

FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

She—"Tell me; when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool? I actually shivered!"—*Boston Transcript*.

"It seems," said Uncle Allen, who was looking at a picture of the finding of Moses, "he went early, but he didn't avoid the rush."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"I beg of you to pay me what you owe me." "Can't do it." "Well, just give me enough so that I can begin a suit against you."—*Texas Siftings*.

"Where be'test thee gwine, Jargs?" "Baint gwine nowhere!" "But thee must be gwine somewhere!" "Naw, Oi baint! Oi be comin' back!"—*Pall Mall Budget*.

Tom Singleton—"I hear you're engaged. Congratulate you, my boy!" Benny Dietus—"You didn't hear it quite right. I'm married." Tom Singleton—"Oh! Excuse me, old man."—*Puck*.

Caller—"Is Miss Sweetie at home?" New Girl—"Yis, sor." Caller—"Is she engaged?" New Girl—"Wull, from th' crushed-up look them big sleeves had phwn Oi wint in to stir th' fairs, Oi should say she wuz."—*New York Weekly*.



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 There'll be many wrongs corrected that are now
 appa-rant there.
 The sidewalks will be carpeted, the streets swept
 thrice a day,
 The alleys be as fragrant as fields of new-mown
 hay.
 What with parties and receptions and occasion-
 ally a ball,
 There will be a transformation around the City
 Hall.
 And each ward in the city will be represented
 then
 By lovely alderwomen instead of horrid alder-
 men.
 When Maria Jane is Mayor, none but ladies will,
 of course,
 Be appointed members of the city police force,
 And in their bloomer uniforms they'll look so
 very sweet
 The "gang" to be arrested will consider it a
 treat.
 The stores will be compelled to have a hargain
 sale each day,
 And for chewing gum and soda you will not be
 asked to pay.
 Oh, great reforms will be projected, all the wrongs
 will be corrected
 When Maria Jane's elected to the mayoralty
 chair.

—William West, in Chicago Record.

A CORRALFUL OF BULLS.

Here is a tempting announcement by a dealer in
 cheap shirts: "They won't last long at this
 price."

A man standing in the aisle of a theater was
 sarcastically asked if he knew he was opaque. "Sure
 I'm not. My name's O'Brien," was the answer.

At an English watering place appears the sign:
 "Visitors are cautioned against bathing within a
 hundred yards of this spot, several persons hav-
 ing been drowned here lately by order of the
 authorities."

In Moore's "Diary" there is a story of a man
 selling a horse. The would-be purchaser, anxious
 about his leaping powers, asked: "Would he take
 timber?" "He'd jump over your head," replied
 the seller; "I don't know what you call that."

A visitor to Niagara was watching the car start
 which is raised or lowered on the incline plane by
 steam power, but, not liking the look of the track,
 did not go down himself. After the car had started
 he turned to the man in charge and said: "Sup-
 pose, sir, that the rope should break?" The visitor
 was thinking of possible danger; the man only re-
 plied, "Oh, they all paid before they went."

The late Duke of Rutland, walking one morning
 in the grounds of Belvoir, met a gamekeeper's
 little girl. "Well, little one," he said, "what do
 you call yourself?" "For what we are about to
 receive may the Lord make us truly thankful," was
 the child's astonished reply, but its irrelevance
 was explained when it was discovered that the
 little one's mother had said to her: "If you meet
 the Duke be quite sure to say, 'Your Grace.'"

Miss Edgeworth and her sister had been staying
 with Lord Lansdowne at Bowood, and on the
 morning of their departure, as their host was hand-
 ing the novelist to the carriage, he said very courte-
 ously: "I am sorry you cannot stay longer," to
 which came the unlooked-for retort: "Oh, but
 my lord, we can!" There was only one course
 open. The trunks were taken down, the carriage
 sent away, and to the consternation of their guests,
 the ladies re-entered the house.

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VOL. III. No. 3.

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Though hell has ceased to be a reality to modern minds, belief in the existence of devils will survive as long as mankind does. They do not come from the pit, but walk about among us in our own likeness. We touch elbows with them, converse with them, do business with them, sit at table with them, and they appear as human as ourselves. Seemingly, they are ordinary men, and it is only when they choose to reveal themselves, or are driven by their devilish instincts into hideous deeds that they become known for what they are. Then normal men and women shrink in horror from them, as they would were they suddenly to encounter, at dusk, in a lonely place, a creature with a human body and the face of a pig or a tiger. There have been unfortunates physically so horrible to the sight that they have lived and died in seclusion, or gone abroad only when veiled. There are others whose deformity is moral, and their masks are faces as intelligent and pleasing as the average. San Francisco has had experience of one of these monsters the past week, and has been shocked and roused as a community seldom is; for, though the books familiar to medical men, and known to all students of the history of morals, record the strange and fearful deeds done by human fiends, this knowledge is not common, and when a glimpse of it is given by a crime of indescribable atrocity, the crime is regarded as unprecedented, and amazes as well as infuriates the multitude.

It is altogether probable that the man who murdered the two girls whose bodies were found in the Emmanuel Baptist church is an unnatural, a moral idiot. But it does not follow that a moral idiot is not to be held accountable. The second murder, though accompanied by outrage, was obviously done to prevent the discovery of the first. The monster, therefore, had a perfectly sane realization of the legal consequences of his acts. That is always the case with such beings, else they could not pass among us as normal men while undiscovered. The ingredients that make up human nature can be so mixed as to leave an individual devoid of the moral sense, and yet fully capable intellectually of recognizing the existence of that sense in others. A man born blind knows that those around him have seeing eyes. Thomassen, the dynamite fiend, who horrified the world a quarter of a century ago, lived in New York for years as a prosperous merchant. He had

a luxurious home, a lovely wife, and was an affectionate husband and father. Nevertheless, Thomassen's business was to ship over-insured goods, to inclose in one of his bales an infernal machine so timed that it would sink vessels in mid-ocean with all on board, and without an instant's warning. He was in Bremerhaven, arranging for one of his shipments, when a premature explosion on the docks blew off his mask, and he showed his appreciation of legal consequences by shooting himself before he could be arrested. Thomassen had passed middle age without exciting the faintest surmise that he was unlike other men in his nature. The revelation of the truth drove insane the unsuspecting woman who had borne his children. Jesse Pomeroy, the boy who loved to tie up and torture his younger playmates, was another monster of a different type. The slayer of the two girls in the San Francisco church is the kind of fiend in whom sexual passion and the impulse to kill are conjoined. Such creations differ from common criminals in that their crimes are not the fruit of depravity—of wickedness that results from the progressive descent of normal natures. Monsters, like poets, are born to be what they are. What to them is a temptation irresistible might not suggest the possibility of an evil deed to others, or, if the ordinary villain should think of the evil, either his humanity or his fear of punishment would give him self-control.

The philosopher may occupy himself with the question whether where there is no power of resistance there can be moral responsibility. The practical question is a social one. If the *Examiner's* grizzly bear at the Park should break from his cage and come sauntering down Market street, without any sense of moral responsibility, the philosopher, as well as other people, would be acutely conscious of the expediency of killing the bear. So long as society thinks it right to take human life in self-defense, the moral monster cannot be exempted from the galls. Even those partial lunatics, like Guiteau and Prendergast, who know what the law is and yet defy its penalties from motives that can be understood by, but would not actuate, sane men, are usefully hanged, since their punishment does unquestionably frighten and warn other homicidal cranks. When the murderer of the two poor girls whose dreadful fate has moved the hearts of so many thousands, is brought to trial, his attorneys, if his guilt shall be indisputable, will doubtless plead insanity, on the ground that no man in his senses could perpetrate deeds so frightful. The answer to that must be that on this principle, a murderer in order to secure immunity has but to add to his deed incidents of unusual barbarity. The lawyers and the doctors have long been at war on the

question of where responsible insanity ends and irresponsible insanity begins. Perhaps when we become more civilized we shall be rational enough to adopt the compromise of disposing of doubtful cases by substituting chloroform for the rope. Sane people have rights as well as the insane, and the right to protection from homicidal lunatics is one of them. No man who when out of his mind commits a murder ought ever again to be given his liberty. And a good man who in a fit of lunacy takes life must, on regaining his senses, feel that it would have been intelligent mercy to chloroform him ere he awoke to the fearful consciousness of what he has become. As for the monster of Emmanuel Church, the legal rule of knowledge of right and wrong and of consequences will fit his mental state as closely as the rope will fit his neck.

San Francisco, dismayed, horror-stricken, and vengeful, was in the mood for lynching, had that been practicable. That was natural, but not everything which is natural is right. There is upon the authorities always the duty of repressing lawlessness, and surely there is upon the press the concurrent obligation to do what it may to calm turbulent popular emotions, and so aid the authorities in preserving order. If the murders in the church disgraced human nature, some of our newspapers brought shame on San Francisco. On Sunday morning, the *Examiner*, for example, when the city was highly excited, printed an editorial article which opened thus:

The hideous crime committed yesterday at the Emmanuel Baptist Church is one of the things that lead a community to find merit in lynch law. If such a thing had happened in the South somebody would have been hanged before night. It might not have been the right man, but bestial savages would have had a warning, and the people of the neighborhood would have felt that they had purged themselves of complicity in guilt.

That is to say, when a hideous crime has been committed it is praiseworthy to lynch somebody, the guilty man preferably, but better an innocent man than nobody. Bestial savages are to be civilized by the example of a community committing murder in order that it may testify its detestation of murder. The morals and logic of the *Examiner* are all its own. I doubt if in the whole country another newspaper of equal standing could be found capable of uttering such ferocious idiocy. It is but fair to presume that the editor was off guard, and that a frenzied reporter was permitted to break into the opinion department—one of the large and detestable sort of reporters who in all the local journals have been displaying their mindless energies by piling up rubbish anent this crime. One of them, intellectual brother to the author of the *Examiner's* article, made the convicting discovery for the *Chronicle* that Durrant, the implicated medical

student, had been given to reading medical works. The *Examiner* should not permit reporters to carry keys to its editorial heltry. This is the second time within a short period that it has incited to riot. Its previous offense was when the appointment of Mr. Mose Gunst to the Police Commission had offended the city. A newspaper that becomes excited with the populace and clamors for mob law is, to speak moderately, not useful at home or a pleasant advertisement abroad. San Francisco is a civilized city and has a civilized wish to be known as one—at least, the intelligent portion of its population has that desire. The *Examiner* knows perfectly well that San Francisco's lynchings days are over. It knows that the police and militia are competent to protect any prisoner and to put down any mob. If it believed otherwise it would be much too prudent to do anything so daring, so criminal, as to urge a lynching. Its article of Sunday and its equally reprehensible nonsense about a Gunst vigilance committee signified no serious purpose or expectation, but in the light of the city's history those who live elsewhere are deceived by publications of the kind into thinking that San Francisco is lawless in spirit and ready to rise like a frontier camp at the bidding of its passions to do the work for which courts are designed. Moreover, the unreflecting at home are encouraged to regard violence as a possible remedy for evils that exasperate them. There are many men in San Francisco, as elsewhere, who, because they are unable to think, talk, like the *Examiner*, about lynching when they are angered by murders or by official misconduct. A few days ago a lawyer said to me, quite earnestly, that he believed the "solid eight" in the Board of Supervisors should be taken out and hanged. He ought to be disbarred. And in a town of this size and age, governed as it is by elected servants, any citizen who prattles of mob law deserves to be disfranchised.

The cure for bad government is good government, and good government is only to be obtained by a people sufficiently intelligent to create it for themselves. It assuredly is not to be had by furious outbreaks of speech, or by lynchings, or riots, or vigilance committees. If government in this country of manhood suffrage has become like other governments, a power outside the people, the cause is in the people. If their judges and other officials often act without any apparent sense of responsibility to the public, that is because the public has not been wise enough to devise means by which a continuous control over them may be maintained. How can this be done? The answer is a large problem that would profitably engage the thought of the *Examiner* and all who with it are prompted to cry out in rage, like savages, whenever the lawful power of the people to do justice is not adequate to the needs of the moment. We are governed by machinery which was made by men, and therefore it can be improved by men. Wisdom did not utter its last words in our constitutions and laws. When the existing machinery does not turn out results which satisfy, it becomes every civilized man to listen respectfully to any one of good intelligence who thinks he is able to better it. I suggest for the careful reading of the editor of the *Examiner* a book written recently by one of that journal's staff—Mr. S. E. Moffett's "Hints on Government." In that thoughtful book the author develops a scheme of government which leaves in the people's hands the authority to recall any public servant who proves unworthy. Under his system stupid or corrupt judges could not remain on the bench, boodling would be unknown because officials would have nothing

to sell, and lynchings would be unheard of, since the courts would be compelled to perform their functions expeditiously. It is true that Mr. Moffett, in his sane, quiet way, cuts out more work for the American people than they will be likely ever to do, but that is not his fault, any more than it is the fault of Mr. George that we go on suffering from the evils that flow from the appropriation of the resources of nature by a few on which all of us must live, when we might have the single-tax and be happy.

It is to be regretted that our newspapers are not giving more of their space to the lectures of the Rev. Dr. Herron, whose mission it is to urge the application of Christian principles to our political and commercial life. The scant reports do not enable one to judge of his intellectual ability to work out his general propositions in a manner to commend them to the judgment of the citizen who, though no enthusiast, yet acknowledges the obligation that is on every man to do right in all his relations, public as well as private. Dr. Herron's views are known to me mainly through the efforts of Rev. Dr. Brown to prevent them from being heard by the local association of Congregational ministers. Dr. Brown, who prides himself on being a conservative person, has denounced his brother from Grinnell College, Iowa, as an Anarchist because the latter holds that "property-holders are a prey on society," that "institutions are despotism," and that "the people should at once assume control of the instruments of production." This is not anarchism, but socialism. By the *Chronicle's* report of one of the lectures, Dr. Herron is credited with saying that "a Christian political philosophy will transform our conception of international relations; it will be based on no declaration of independence or cry of rights, but will begin with a confession of the mutual dependence of all men, and issue a call for the fellowship of sacrifice." And this: "Christianity must become political."

There is nothing very alarming in any or all of these utterances. I should judge that Dr. Herron, like a good many other Christian ministers, has awakened to the fact that the world in the conduct of its affairs makes no use of the Golden Rule, and that until it does so, it will be a hard place for the majority of men to live in. The Christianity that is kept in the churches, as if they were reservoirs without outlets, he sees to be unfruitful, and he would let out the waters of brotherly love to spread over the low plains where the masses are toiling with instruments of production belonging to others, and working not for their own benefit, but the enrichment of their overseers—the fortunate or clever minority. The Christian, according to this view, should not keep his Christianity for home use exclusively, but carry it into all his activities, and take the precepts of his Master in earnest. No matter into what errors of detail Dr. Herron may fall, his spirit is the right one, the only one that can give social value to Christ's teachings. Christ was the foe of selfishness, and it is selfishness that enslaves the world. Men are selfish because their neighbors are so, and their neighbors are selfish because they don't dare to be generous. Under existing conditions, the man who does not care for himself and his household regardless of others—who is not ready to go forth and prey, under the laws and the established rules of business—is, on the average, doomed to fall among thieves and be stripped, with small chance of being relieved by a good Samaritan. With changed conditions, men

would change, because, things being equal, men prefer right to wrong, helplessness to greed.

Dr. Brown is of the opinion that Dr. Herron is of a "menace to public order," and that would be true if Dr. Herron were advocating the overthrow of existing conditions by force, or if his listeners and followers were all of the *Examiner's* occasional mind, and disposed to regard riot as a salutary corrective of evils that the people, and the people only, have the power peaceably to remove. But Dr. Herron and his class of reformers, being Americans, and speaking to Americans, who know that they can make their government what they will, are preaching the real gospel of peace. They are enforcing the necessity of bettering conditions in order that men may not be ground down to a poverty that breeds ignorance, which, in turn, is the mother of violence. Dr. Herron would have laws that would procure a more equal distribution of wealth by making it impossible, or much more difficult than now, for some to appropriate the wealth of others. It is because our laws permit that to be done that we have great millionaires and tramps, wealthy employers and poor employees.

Dr. Herron's conception of what government ought to be, I take it, is society acting in an organized way for the general good—which is a strictly republican and American conception. And it is socialistic. All the good governmental tendencies of the time are socialistic; which is to say, republican and Christian. Golden Gate Park is a flagrant bit of socialism. So is every hospital, poorhouse, and asylum. So is every municipal water system and gas works and city-owned street railway. The government ownership of the defaulting overland roads is a socialistic proposition. Dr. Herron, evidently, cannot see why if some things may be legitimately done by community of action for the common good, others more beneficial still shall not be advocated. There are a great many who agree with him, who yet abhor the ideal socialistic State, in which the individual would be lost in the community. But in accepting things that are socialistic and good, it by no means follows that every socialistic proposal shall be swallowed. The single-taxer, for example, goes with the socialist the length of making land common property, and railroads and other public instrumentalities of exchange that are in their nature monopolies, but he believes in giving capital free play for enterprise otherwise, and leaving to the individual the fullest liberty to make all he can for himself with his own brains and muscles, and in securing him in possession of his earnings. Dr. Brown, who appears to be satisfied with things as they are—satisfied with an individualism which has produced a state of society rooted in unrestrained narrow selfishness, is a much better friend to anarchy, as he uses the word, than Dr. Herron is. Faith in the power of the government to give prosperity or inflict adversity is still nearly universal in this country. Dr. Herron contends that the people by possessing the government, and making it their instrument for good, can transform this into a Christian—that is, a helpful and brotherly—nation, and to this end advocates action for transferring from the ownership of the few to the ownership of all the machinery of production. Dr. Brown, who is typical of his time, and is an eminently respectable man, regards such proposals for profound changes in our system as threats against order. But the thoughtful know that the only permanent security against disorder must be profound changes of some kind. If we do not better things peaceably, the attempt will be made, as it always has been

made, to better them by violence. It all depends on how much brains the American people possess. If they do not grow in intelligence to the point where they can use their government for their benefit, they will come to regard it as their enemy and fight it. And in that event they will learn, as the railroad strikers did last summer, that this, like every other government, when opposed by force will maintain itself by force. The "sacred right of rebellion" in this country means the sacred right of attempting to make amends for want of political intelligence by resorting to blows. The only justification for rebellion is a reasonable chance of success; and a people with the ballot who take up the rifle, even if they succeed in war, are sure, after the war is over, to be cursed with a crop of evils as bad, and probably worse, than those they rose against. In a republic there is no substitute for brains. Rebellion is a confession of incapacity for self-government.

As I have said, I am very imperfectly acquainted with Dr. Herron's teachings, and only know that he seems to be a man of heart who understands that our commercial civilization has failed to do what any civilization worth having ought to do—increase the happiness of ordinary men and women by enabling them to live without a burden of toil that blights their minds and stunts their souls. The spirit shown by Dr. Brown is the spirit which if indulged by men in general will bring the republic to wreck. It is the old spirit of the House of Haves, which will not listen to the House of Wants. The Herrons, the Georges, the Moffetts, and all who come with offers to mend the social machinery, must be heard, and heard seriously, if we are not to have industrial armies, strikes, riots, lynchings—if we are not to have the poverty out of which these and most other evil things come. Christs were crucified before Jesus, and crucifixion is still in fashion. And until the fashion goes out, and social as well as electrical and mechanical Edisons are welcomed, we shall not be on the safe road to rational and kindly life. For the first condition of cure is to ascertain the nature of the disease which afflicts the patient. Neither medicine nor the surgeon's knife is pleasant in itself, but for health's sake they must be sought and applied. Even the excellent Dr. Brown, I think, will admit that the republic is badly in need of a doctor, though he so fiercely resents Dr. Herron and the Herron prescriptions.

While upon the subject of the clergy, good, bad and mixed, the Rev. Mr. Gibson, pastor of the Emmanuel Baptist slaughterhouse, should not be passed by. He is a mental and moral curiosity, and his like could hardly be found outside the ranks of the minor ministry. An exclusive devotion to one's own soul's salvation does not engender large sympathies any more than it does breadth of thought. When a lady rushed to the pastor's bachelor home to inform him that the body of a woman, either of wax or of flesh, had been discovered in his sanctuary, Brother Gibson did not throw up his hands in horror. His mind was not affected by the knowledge that perhaps a human being's life had been beaten out, a human soul gone to judgment. Not even the practical consideration that his church, and his pastorate would be imperiled by such a discovery occurred to him. It was Brother Gibson's modesty that instantly rose in alarm. The leading fact for him in the affrighted lady's extraordinary and gruesome announcement was that the body, wax or flesh, had its garments disarranged. He could not think of going alone with a female, how-

ever exemplary, to gaze upon nudity, even murdered nudity. So he sought a male friend, and, thus guarded, went to the desecrated church. It will suggest itself to persons of merely normal delicacy that a clergyman of such purity of mind as to think of sex at so startling and horrifying a moment is hardly suited to be a moral guide for the young, nor qualified for pastoral visits to the homes of a congregation. On the wall of the study of this leader and teacher hangs a set of maxims of his own composition. Their intellectual range is wide. One reads: "Never ask what so-and-so said about you, unless you want to reveal how small your mind is, that it thinks so much of self." Another: "Never ask a woman her age. It will make her angry, and anger in a woman means more than passion usually—confusion." Another: "Never spit on the floor." "In all my life," explained this accomplished thinker, to a reporter who asked why he hadn't dashed to the church, "in all my life I had never looked at the unclothed form of a woman, and that is the reason I wanted a man with me." There are several things that Brother Gibson obviously stands in need of. One of them is a wife, and the other is harder work than preaching. He is described as being "thirty years old and athletic." Card-driving might, perhaps, not overtax his mental powers, but wood-chopping would more perfectly suit his wants and talents. It is discreditable to the Baptist sect in San Francisco that it should be possible for a man of Mr. Gibson's brain and moral sensibility to hold a pulpit. There will be no surprise should we hear more of him ere the murderer of the girl on whose poor clay he was ashamed to look has been hanged.

The second, or Craven, Fair will, has been formally attacked as a forgery by ex-Judge Paterson; attorney for Herman Oelrichs, Jr., the infant heir, whose interests are opposed to those of his parents. I am informed by those who are so placed as to know, that the litigation is sure to result in exposures that must force arrests and criminal prosecutions. This information but confirms the inferences that nearly everybody has drawn from the situation. When so much money is involved Californians expect the commission of crime. Experience has taught them that in any lawsuit where money is plentiful, scruples are apt to be scarce. Governor Budd has not yet withdrawn from the case, though his connection with it is self-evidently scandalous. The *Letter's* remarks on this head some weeks ago have given rise to newspaper discussion of his position. The Fair will contest is one of the many subjects which the city press considers it unprofitable to debate. There are very few newspapers in California unfriendly to the Governor, but I have seen only one that has thought it well to defend his course in continuing to practice law while holding the chief office in the State. The *Los Angeles Express* is the exception, and it argues, with manifest sincerity, that his conduct is precisely analogous to that of Senator White, who is also a lawyer in active employment. But there is no parallel. A Senator has no such relations with the courts of his State as a Governor has. Mr. White cannot appoint judges when vacancies occur; he cannot veto laws passed by the Legislature; he cannot officially recommend the passage of laws; he does not possess the pardoning power. Governor Budd himself has manifested some appreciation of the impropriety of his behavior by announcing through the *Stockton Mail* that he will not appear during his term as an attorney in court, but will act as a consulting lawyer only. This is a matter of form merely. If it is proper

for the Governor to take fees as a lawyer, it is proper for him to do a lawyer's whole duty, and to do it openly. It is not probable that the contestants of the original Fair will, and the proponents of the second, felt that the legal advice of Counselor Budd was indispensable. Had he not been the Governor of California would he have been employed at all? That is the point which Mr. Budd must consider, and which the public has considered to his disadvantage. I have yet to hear a lawyer speak otherwise than in condemnation of the Governor in this matter. He has shocked his profession, which is something of an achievement.

Because Superintendent Daggett, with a frankness of which he now no doubt repents, owned that he had used the patronage of the Mint to secure votes for himself for the United States Senatorship, and means to punish the friends and relatives of the legislators who did not obey his orders, he has been whipped with the thongs of a virtuous press. He deserves the whipping, to be sure, but why should any one have thought Mr. Daggett capable of regarding office as anything save an instrumentality for serving himself? He affirms that he has bestowed the places in his gift with an eye single to his party's good, and this is doubtless true, but in Mr. Daggett's political philosophy what is good for his party must first be good for Mr. Daggett. Time was when he thought it good for his party to hitch it on as a cahoose to the Southern Pacific's political train, with himself comfortably installed as conductor, and his party banished him for a season because of his enthusiasm in this regard. The corporations have ever deemed Mr. Daggett a valuable man, and their opinion has received the high endorsement of Mr. Cleveland, who made him Superintendent of the Mint, though the President had to pass by many reputable Californian Democrats in order to favor Mr. Daggett. The President knew all about Mr. Daggett when he appointed him—knew that he was a hack politician, a parasite, a humble friend of the Southern Pacific. As Superintendent of the Mint Mr. Daggett has been true to his nature and antecedents, and it was not for purpose of advancing the cause of civil service reform that he was placed where he is. Mr. Daggett is a hanger-on of conventions, a hanger-on of Legislatures, and he is never a hanger-on for the public's benefit. It is as unjust to abuse him for being what he is as it is to revile a fox for being fond of poultry. The Democratic newspapers which object to the San Francisco Mint being in the hands of a petty jobber in offices should turn their attention to President Cleveland.

Various workmen, speaking for organized labor, have criticised Governor Budd bitterly for bestowing the position of Labor Commissioner on Mr. Fitzgerald, a young politician, who has not had to do manual work for a livelihood. Proper recognition of organized labor, they think, would have been given had a workman been chosen. The workmen are no larger in their notions than is Governor Budd himself. If the Labor Commissionership is to be of any service it should be filled by a man of good brains and the right kind of knowledge—an economist, in short. The detail of whether his hands shall be soft or hard is of no importance, though hard hands don't often go with the leisure necessary to acquire the fund of knowledge requisite for such a post. And an office-seeking politician is still less likely to be so equipped. Mr. S. E. Moffett, a man of learning, young, interested in the labor question as a student, and made practical by years of hard work as an editorial writer, was proposed for the office, but

as Mr. Moffett is not a politician, in Governor Budd's understanding of the word, he stood no chance.

While one of our leading local newspapers makes of itself an advocate of lynching, another—the respectable *Bulletin*—is moved to think that inebriety would be a good form of relaxation for our statesmen. This, too, in the face of Mr. Cleveland's denial of a clergyman's charge that he is given to drink. Brother Lansing did not go so far as Mr. de Young, of the *Chronicle*, who, at a public dinner where he was a guest, made himself responsible for the statement that Mr. Cleveland not only gets drunk, but when in that condition beats his wife. The leader of men who engages the admiration of the *Bulletin* is Robert Walpole, who brought parliamentary corruption to its highest state of perfection. He was, as the *Bulletin* avers, "one of the most successful statesmen whom England ever produced," being the Stow of his time. "During his long term of office," the paper which was formerly edited by Mr. Fitch approvingly remarks, "he never failed to pass a day or two every week at a tavern in the suburbs of London, surrounded by boon companions. His holiday was spent in playing ball, drinking, joking, telling good stories, and making fun of the gravest questions of state; but when it was over, and he reappeared in Parliament, no member was graver, more alert, or better equipped for battle than he." Nevertheless, the Puritanical American statesman is to be preferred to the Walpole of the *Bulletin's* joy. Lecky tells us of this jolly publicist that "the scandal and also the evil effects of his political views were greatly increased by that total want of decorum which Burke has justly noted as the weakest point in his character." The Lecky portrait is not like the *Bulletin's*:

In this respect Walpole's public and private life resembled one another. That he lived for many years in open adultery, and indulged in excess in the pleasures of the table, were facts which, in the early part of the eighteenth century, were in themselves not likely to excite much attention; but his boisterous revelries at Houghton exceeded even the ordinary license of the country squires of his time, and the gross sensuality of his conversation was conspicuous in one of the greatest periods of English history.

The historian goes into particulars that would hardly bear reproduction here. That Mr. Cleveland should have deemed it necessary and becoming in the President of the United States to take public notice of an accusation of a fondness for the bottle is one of many gratifying proofs of the advance which has been made in manners, and morals, too. The roystering statesmen who piloted England in the last century would not be eligible for official place of any kind in these more decorous days. And the same improvement has occurred in private as in public life. We are far decenter than our ancestors. Even a Supervisor of the present, who should live the life that Walpole led and that the *Bulletin* commends, would be cried out against in disgust and astonishment by the *Bulletin*. Drunkenness, gambling, and lechery have not perished from the earth, of course, but no public man can now practice such vices openly and be respected. That is a great gain.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

S. R. Crockett, whom the "Stickit Minister" made famous, has now an assured income of \$25,000 a year, and is said to have contracted to do enough literary work to keep his pen busy for the rest of the century. Only recently he occupied a pulpit in a Scotch village church on the salary of \$1,200.

Miss Brsdon intends to write no more novels. She has already given to the world more than fifty works of fiction.

THE TWADDLER.

Perhaps advancing years have something to do with it, but I notice myself that the number of things I object to increases as I get older. Time was, I confess, when I used to read the editorial articles in newspapers with much respect, their gravity impressing me, who am naturally volatile; but now, egad, they exasperate me, and if I had my way the editorial page should be abolished and the editor cudgeled. I won't go so far as that with clergymen who talk editorials, of course; but my reverence for the cloth does not prevent my seeing when there is an animal louder-voiced and less ferocious than a wolf under it. I do not hesitate, begad, to admit that these remarks apply to the Rev. Mr. Boynton, who, following the example of the editors, advocates the chaperone as a bodyguard. God forbid that I should utter a word in disparage of the chaperone! She is extremely useful, and her presence about her charge gives to that charge a social stamp that is not to be mistaken. Society could no more do without the chaperone than without me, or any other established institution, but as I said to my friend, Dr. Foute, the other day:

"I say, egad, Doctor, you will destroy the chaperone as an ornament, a mark of distinction, if you turn her into a policeman. Fancy Miss Featherleigh, for instance, going about with Madame Gorgon armed with a club and pistol. Could Miss Featherleigh look you or me, or any other modest man, in the face?"

"But, my dear Persiflage," said the Doctor, wagging his head, "men are men, and women cannot be too careful."

"Too careful of propriety, certainly not," I returned, "but because of what has happened, sir, is every gentleman to be under suspicion of being a possible murderer? Hang me, sir, it is time for our sex to assert itself and repel this preposterous notion. It is only this armed chaperone, the police, who can keep us in order. Are we not civilized? Is there no chivalry? Is there no respect for innocence? Well-bred men, Dr. Foute—"

At this moment Miss Scadsby, a charming young thing, passed, and in return for my bow gave me a glance which caused me at once to desert the Doctor and join her.

"I'm so glad," she murmured, "You'll see me home, won't you? Papa will be so glad, and mamma will be so glad. They've told me that when Mrs. Battleaxe is not with me I must not speak to gentlemen, but of course a nice old gentleman like you is different. Papa says his father used to think very highly of you. Have you been at Blingum lately?"

Thus we conversed as we walked, and had the Rev. Boynton or any of the brutal-minded editors been within earshot they would have learned, I trust, that the safest of all company for a lady is that of a gentleman. But I'm sorry I wasn't able to finish my talk with Foute. I had it in my mind to say to him—jocularly, of course—that while an armed constabulary in petticoats was not necessary to supervise the social intercourse of the laity of the upper classes, it would do no harm to reduce the privileges of the clergy, who, somehow, are not quite regarded as men by the ladies, to whom the sexes," said that light-minded clergyman, "men, women, and parsons." And it was good, too; deuced good. I really must annoy Foute by firing it at him as original.

I have been obliged to decline invitations to the Portia Club, the Suffrage Association, and to take tea with two literary ladies of advanced views. I think you who knows me needs to be told that I am in hearty sympathy with whatever tends to intellectual uplifting of the sex, but, damme, considering the utterances of the press and the pulpit, a man not credited with austere principles cannot be too careful for a time.

Great pressure was brought to bear on me to join the Half Million Club and participate in its Fiesta function at Los Angeles. But I resisted. As a public man, of course, I am solicitous for the welfare of the State, but I am unable to see how we can be disadvantaged by a great increase of population. "No," I said to the committee that waited on me, "I can be of no use to you. I could not in conscience ask any of the best people of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to come out here and settle. Society here is fair, very fair, but hang it, gentlemen, it is only modest to confess that we cannot offer social attractions superior to those enjoyed in the cities named."

"Good Lord!" cried Chairman Bunker, "you don't suppose we want to swell the ranks of the Four Hundred by immigration, do you?"

"Surely," I answered, giving him a stare, "else why did you come to me?"

"We've got duties enough now," sneered Mr. Bunker.

"And more than enough of vulgarians," I retorted. "Bless my soul, life is already nearly insupportable here as it is with the hordes of common people. I should be glad to aid in a scheme of emigration rather than one of immigration."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Bunker, "come along with us to Los Angeles, anyway; they'd like to see you down here."

"Doubtless, my good fellow, doubtless," I replied, rising, to indicate that the interview was closed. "I understood that Los Angeles is a pleasant enough place in its way, but I have no desire whatever to see it. In a few years, perhaps—in a few years. But a town that has not existed long enough to develop the ornamental side of life cannot in reason expect to be attractive to men like myself. You, Mr. Bunker, will be quite enough to entertain the villagers."

Egad, that put him out of countenance, and I heard the other committeemen laughing at him as my man descended the stairs with them to show them out.

It would have done my friend, the Rev. Dr. Brown, good had he been at the Pacific Union on Tuesday night. Everybody was praising him for the stand he had taken against that anarchistic parson from Iowa, Dr. Herron. We all agreed that it was the duty of the respectable clergy to stand up for property and the rights of the better classes.

"Let us have Dr. Brown up to dinner," said Rathbone.

"And we might attend his church in a body, and make him a member of the club," suggested Quay.

"I wonder, by the way," asked Ives, "if Christ would feel at home in the Pacific Union?"

"We're not talking about Christ just now," growled Fargo, shocked at this irreverence, "but I'll bet ten to one that Brown will like us. He's the parson for my money."

As for that Herron, said Jerome Hart, "he's radical to the point of disreputability."

"For my part," said I, "if I had my way, Herron would be in jail."

This sentiment was applauded roundly, and Herron walked over, and, after shaking my hand, ordered Cresta Bedamca for the whole party.

PERSIFLAGE.

FROM "THE LILAC SUNBONNET."

THE THURSN'S LOVE SONG.

There—there—there—
Can't you see it, won't you see it, can't you see it?
Love is the secret, the secret!
Could you but know it, did you but show it!

Hear me! Hear me! Hear me!

Down in the forest I loved her!

Sweet, sweet, sweet,

Would you but listen,

I would love you,

All is sweet and pure and good!

Twilight and morning dew,

I love it, I love it,

Do you, do you, do you?

RALPH'S LOVE SONG.

Sweet mouth, red lips, broad unwrinkled brow,
Sworn troth, woeen hands, holy marriage vow,
Unto us make answer, what is wanting now;
Love, love, love, the whiteness of the snow;
Love, love, love, and the days of long ago.

Broad lands, bright sun, as it was of old;
Red wine, loud mirth, gleaming of the gold;
Something yet a-wanting—how shall it be told?
Love, love, love, the whiteness of the snow;
Love, love, love, and the days of long ago.

Large heart, true love, service void of sound,
Life-trust, death-trust, here on Scottish ground,
As in olden story, surely I have found

Love, love, love, the whiteness of the snow;

Love, love, love, and the days of long ago.

A Writer of Nonsense.

A member of the French Chamber of Deputies found another deputy conversing in the lobby with a man whose face seemed familiar to him, but whom he could not remember. He fancied the man must be an intruding journalist.

"Pardon me," he said to the other man, "but whom have we here?"

"Allow me to introduce to you," answered the deputy, "the man who has written more falsehoods and stupidities than any other man living."

"Indeed!" said the great man. "Then my supposition was correct that he is a journalist?"

"Not at all; he is the official reporter of the Chamber."

Sign in front of clothing-store in Texas town:
"Owing to the low price of cotton, all-wool suits marked down to \$7.95.—Life.

Drumsheugh. 'Ye're the hardest lad in ten parishies.'

"Margaret passed that meenut tae the kirk, an' 'a' saw her look. Na, it wesna scorn, nor peety; it was sorrow. . . . This was a bichen horse in the auld day when she was on the fairm, an' she was wae tae see sic a change in me. 'A' hed tae borrow the money through the lawyer, ye ken, an' it was a fecht payin' it wi' interest. Ay, but it was a pleasure tae, 'a' that a' 'll ever live, 'Weelam, an' 'a' did ye never want tae . . . tell her?" And the doctor looked curiously at Drumsheugh.

"Juist since, Weelam, in her gairden, an' the day Georgie deed. Margot thankit me for the college fees and bit expenses 'a' had paid. 'A' father cudna ha been kinder tae ma laddie,' she said, an' she laid her hand on ma arm. 'Ye're a gude man, 'a' 'se it clear this day, an' . . . ma hert is . . . warm tae ye.' 'A' ran oot o' the gairden. 'A' micht ha broken down. Oh, gin Georgie hed been ma ain laddie an' Margot . . . ma wife!"

Margot waited a little, and then he quietly left, but first he laid his hand on his friend's shoulder to show that he understood.

After he had gone, Drumsheugh opened his desk and took out a withered flower. He pressed it again and again to his lips, and each time he said Margot with a sob that rent his heart. It was the forget-me-not.

IAN MACLAREN.

The writer of the above story is a Presbyterian preacher, John Watson by name. He has a right to the name MacLaren, because his mother bore it, and spoke the Gaelic tongue. He happened to be born in Essex, but was taken to Scotland while still a child. He studied at Edinburgh University, at the New College, and at Tealing. Among his fellow-students were Dr. Stalker, Professor Drummond, and Dr. George Adam Smith. Mr. Watson's first ministerial position was as assistant at the Barclay Church in Edinburgh, whence he was called to Logiealmond, which lies under the shadow of the Grampian Hills in northern Perthshire. His ministry of two years and a half in this little community not only endeared him to the spot, but furnished him with a rich mass of material, for it is Logiealmond which appears as Drumtochty in the now widely-known stories which bear the name of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush." After a further ministry of three years in Free St. Matthew's, Glasgow, Mr. Watson went to Liverpool, where, at the end of four years, he still remains minister of the Salford Park Presbyterian Church. He is, as the New York Outlook has said, a man of broad religious sympathies, catholicity of thought, geniality of temperament, and of deep human feeling. His command of pathos and of humor, and his fresh and genuine individuality as a writer have made him famous in the beautiful stories which have come from his hand. Next week the LITTELL will print another story by the same author, a sequel to the one now given. These stories were written for the *British Weekly*, and have not heretofore been published in the United States. A review of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" appeared in a recent number of the LITTELL.

JAPANESE PATRIOTISM.

The Japanese papers have been telling many stories of the Spartan quality of the Japanese mothers. On February 3, says the *Japan Gazette*, a telegram dated Yei-Ichi, said that the wife of Major Gen. Otsu Yasuzumi at her home in Yotsuma, near Yokohama. It announced the death of her husband, and added: "He met an honorable fate; you have nothing to regret." The woman read the dispatch and said, simply: "No, I feel no regret. A soldier must expect to die on the field of battle." She showed the message to a writer who had been with her mother and the tea read it unmoved. "What!" she exclaimed; "is Yasuzumi dead? We can never offer enough excuses to the Emperor that my son should have been taken away before he could be useful to the State."

At the battle of Song-hwan a bigger named Genji stood beside Capt. Matsuzaki, when a bullet struck him in the chest. Though knowing he was seriously wounded, he continued to blow until breath failed him, and he fell dead where he had stood. The so-called "Christian Patriotic Relief Corps" of his native village of Fumomura collected a few presents to send to his family, who were people in the humblest of circumstances, with a letter of consolation. The head man collected the people of the village, and the gifts were presented by the local member of Parliament; in reply, Genji's father spoke as follows: "It is the lot of all men to die; my son had to die some time. Instead of falling asleep in the corner of his house, unmourned save by a few chattives, he has fallen on the field of honor, and received the praise of a multitude of his superiors. Hence his mother and I cannot look upon this as a mournful occasion. We rejoice that our son has been loyal to Japan, even to the point of shedding his blood in defense of her honor."

POEMS BY H. V. SUTHERLAND.

LOVE SONG.

Thy love is like the soothing wind
Which sighs o'er dell and keep;
It ever calms my troubled mind—
It lulls me into sleep.

Thy love is like the star at night;
It softly falls o'er me
Like rays of that elusive light
Which woos the polar sea.

But oh, dear heart, my soul is lost,
Unless a warmer ray
Be sent by thee to melt the frost
That kills it day by day.

LYRIC.

At the gate of thy heart, O Beloved, I stand,
For my sine to atone.
I have naught but my love and my life in my hand,
It is thine—thine alone.

All the birds of the woods take delight in my pain,
E'en the stars smile above;
And the boisterous winds think my efforts are vain
To secure thy fond love.

Spare my tears and my shame! O Beloved, I wait
To atone for each sin.
I am weary and cold; open thou the small gate,
O my Love, let me in!

TOLD OF THE LATE DR. BLACKIE.

"As a boy," the late Prof. John Stuart Blackie once said, "I was always antagonistic to school fights; pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied, 'but I will knock you down,' and immediately did it, amid great applause." This method of non-fighting was rather characteristic of him throughout life.

You could not receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He put it on every envelope he found about the place, the servants' included. "Adopt it," he said, "and it will turn earth into heaven; it will revolutionize society in the twinkling of an eye." This motto was: "Speak the truth in love."

One of his old pupils states that in Blackie's class-room there used to be a demonstration every time he mentioned the name of a distinguished politician. Whether the demonstration took the Professor by surprise or whether he waited for it will never perhaps be known. But Blackie at least put out the gleam in his eye and looked as if he were angry. "I will say Beaconsfield!" he would exclaim. (Cheers and hisses.) "Beaconsfield." (Uproar.) Then he would stride forward, and, seizing the railing, announce his intention of saying Beaconsfield until every goose in the room was tired of cackling. ("Question.") "Beaconsfield." ("No, no.") "Beaconsfield." ("Hear, hear," and shouts of "Gladstone.") "Beaconsfield." ("The class for a day.") Eventually the class would be dismissed as (1) idiots, (2) a bear garden, (3) a flock of sheep, (4) a pack of numskulls, (5) hissing serpents. The Professor would retire apparently fuming to his anteroom, and five minutes afterwards he would be playing himself down the North Bridge on imaginary bagpipes. This sort of thing added a sauce to all academic sessions.

Blackie and Gladstone met at Pilechry, and they discussed their years, as old men do. "Ah, yes," said Blackie, in his own delightful egotistic style, "there were three great men born in 1800—Blackie, Gladstone, and Tennyson." A twinkle appeared in the old Parliamentary eye. "Ah, but," quoth the G. O. M., "Tennyson won't thank you for including him in our set. We are far too noisy for him."

A New One by Father Healy.

The late Father Healy and an Archbishop of the English Church were at a dinner party. Rightly or wrongly, the Irish priest became impressed with the idea that the Protestant clergyman adopted a rather patronizing tone towards him. To Healy this was intolerable. He turned Father Healy. Like Old Brer Rabbit, he "lay low and said nuffin." At last his opportunity came. Beaming with tolerance and magnanimity, the Churchman said, "Well, Father Healy, I've lived fifty years in this wicked world, and I have never yet been able to see the difference between a good Catholic and a good Protestant." "Faith," replied Father Healy, with sudden and crushing civility, "you won't be fifty seconds in the next before you'll know all about it."

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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Another free-love novel has appeared—the work of a woman and a “Miss” at that—“A Pastoral Played Out,” by Miss Mary L. Pendered. She is English, of course; it is quite English these days to rebel at marriage. The staid old home of conventionality seems to revel in the new found delights of abandonment. There is just one way of stopping the production of this sort of literature—to identify the novelist and the book, to take it for granted that the book is auto-biographical. This may be unjust in many instances, but the condition needs a cure and a cruel one. And it is to be doubted if very great injustice would be done the authors who are willing to attach their names to such books; certainly no injustice would be done a woman who is so bold, so lost to decency. Such books moreover are not written as works of art; they preach a gospel of dirt and the preacher should not be lost sight of. Miss Mary L. Pendered, judged by her book, is a morbid, sentimental, and passionate creature, who sees no sin in doing any wrong by which her weak nature is given the slightest gratification. Hell is the name given to a world of such women, with men to match. The story is of a young and innocent girl who meets a rouse. He declares his love and she wonders that he does not propose marriage. At last he tells her that he doesn't believe in marriage. “Love will not bear the words ‘you shall,’” it shrinks under the grinding dictum “must.” If a woman loves you, I want it to be in spite of everything, not because it is her duty. The moment a woman had a right to me I should hate her!”

At last the girl consents. Of course the man tires, and leaving her to starve he goes to Paris and marries a rich American. The girl takes to the stage and the man finds her, and their old life is resumed. The book is not at all an uncommon plot, but the especial offense of this book is that the author justifies the woman's conduct and does not even treat the man with contempt. No book could be written more dangerous to place in a morbid girl's hands, and it is written by a woman, and is to-day the sensation in England.

When Mayor Hopkins took office in Chicago, he was heralded as a “coming man,” a “possible president,” a “reformer of sturdy type,” a “fine representative of young America in politics.” Mr. Hopkins left office a few days ago if not in absolute disgrace, very near it. He disappointed everyone, and was humiliated. He was the Republican candidate for mayor the highest vote a Republican ever received in that city. Now Mr. Hopkins, in self-defense, has announced that he will write a book in which he will tell the story of his administration. In making his announcement of this book Ex-Mayor Hopkins says:

When I went into the mayor's office fifteen months ago I was a Democrat. Now, I am pretty near an anarchist. It is the experience I have had in that office which has changed me. I am going to detail those experiences in the book which I am going to write. My book will deal with facts entirely. Every statement in it will be backed up by the documents. It may not be a monument of every one's ability, but it will contain wholesome truths which will open the eyes of everybody who has not been mayor of Chicago. I will tell the real story of the great railroad strike and how Gen. Miles brought the soldiers to Chicago. The people will get the inside of some of the stories which Gen. Miles has been circulating since the strike. There shall be no sensational evils of the municipal government are taken advantage of by our best citizens, how they make money out of the evils which they condemn so roundly when they are talking for publication. I shall give the names and addresses of “representative citizens” who have come to me and asked me to do things for them. Then in parallel columns I shall tell what they said to me when making the requests, and what they said for publication when I refused to be made a tool of by them. My book will contain a list of the people who have submitted to “fine work” to have their assessments reduced, and it will contain names and all, the manner in which our taxes have been sold to the people. There will be a chapter in the book which will deal with public contracts. It, too, will contain names. It will tell the people of Chicago who are the men who make the money out of the public contracts, and how “our best citizens” are the ones who make a specialty of this sort of thing.”

There is a book at this one will certainly do a vast amount of good, and it will be looked forward to with interest. No book ever published on municipal affairs will be of so sensational a nature if the present promise of Mr. Hopkins is kept. It may yet prove a good thing for Chicago that John P.

Hopkins was Mayor. And Mr. Stead may find that he only skimmed the surface in his startling book.

The English papers are making much fun of the “Scottish farcical” novels. The *British Weekly* claims that the following are being written: “Ca’ the Yowes to the Knowes. By the Rev. Peter Stickit.”

Ma Love she's but a Lassic yet. By the Rev. Methuselah Blade.

Aw'm over Young to Marry yet. By the same author.

When the Kye come Hame. By the Rev. James Cant.

Abint the Ingle. By the Rev. T. Wobble.

We'll a' come Toddling Hame. By a Chiel.

A Peck o' Maut. By Kanting Robbie.

This is no Ma ain Hoose. By an Evicted Crofter.

Puckley Bodies. By the Rev. David Williamsen.

Miss John. By the Rev. Sanders Flaughter.

Where Gaudie Kins. By the Rev. Tearlach Vich Ian Duu Ho Iero.

The Minister's Man. By the Minister.

The Minister. By the Minister's Man.

The Federal. The Sumpth. The General. By the Author of “Hogmanay.”

The Clash o' the Kintra-side. By the Rev. Michael Tawpie.

Rogart Folk. By the Peat.

Hawick's Here! By Teribus.

Peebles at the Play. By M. MacTweedie.

Selkirk Bannocks. By James Baxter.

The next volume to be issued in the “Economic Classics,” edited by Professor Ashley of Harvard, will be a careful reprint, retaining much of the external appearance of the original, of “England's Treasure by Foreign Trade,” by Thomas Mun, 1664. It was this book which for the first time gave a clear statement in English of the theory of the Balance of Trade and the principles of the Mercantile System; and it undoubtedly exercised much influence upon the policy of England and her American colonies during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It has, however, been practically inaccessible to most students, and they have been obliged to be content with Adam Smith's account of it. Adam Smith, it may be remembered, spoke of its very title as embodying “a fundamental maxim in the political economy, not of England only, but of all other commercial countries.”

Dr. Max Nordau, the author of “Degeneracy,” which was recently reviewed in the *LETTER*, was born at Budapest in 1849. He is of Jewish extraction. He studied medicine, and since 1880 has practiced his profession in Paris. He has been the correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the *Vossische Zeitung* (the Berliner's favorite, *Tante Voss*), and the *Pester Lloyd*. He has published many books, one of which, “Conventional Lies of Society,” has been suppressed in Austria and Russia.

Chicago has gone New York one better. That is to say, the *Record* of Chicago offers \$30,000 in prizes for stories, whereas the *Herald* of New York only offered \$15,000. The *Record* wants only stories of mystery, and for these the following prizes will be given: First prize, \$10,000; second prize, \$3,000; third prize, \$1,500; fourth prize, \$1,000; fifth prize, \$800; two prizes of \$600 each, \$1,200; five prizes of \$500 each, \$2,500. Ten thousand dollars additional will be paid at space rates for stories of accepted value, but which may not be awarded any of the twelve cash prizes. All the stories must reach the *Record* before October 1st.

Prof. E. R. A. Seligman of Columbia College, has written a volume on taxation, which treats of the following subjects among others: 1. The Development of Taxation; 2. The General Property Tax; 3. The Single Tax; 4. The Inheritance Tax; 5. Double Taxation; 6. The Taxation of Corporations; 7. The Income Tax; 8. The “Betterment” Tax; 9. Recent Reforms in Taxation; 10. Recent Reports on Taxation.

A recent number of *Le Gaulois*, contained an interview with M. Emile Zola regarding his forthcoming work, “Rome.” M. Zola says that the idea of this work was suggested to him by the newspapers when he was writing his “Lourdes.” “Rome” will be about the same length as “La Débâcle.” It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say that the head of the Catholic Church will be one of the principal characters.

Tolstoi's new story is called “Master and Man.” It describes with pathos and simplicity the way in which a commonplace, money-loving man sacrifices his life in a great storm to save that of his servant.

“Social Theology” is the title of a new volume by President Hyde of Bowdoin.

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Estate of Charles Andauer, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within the term of (9) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

"Jack! Jack! There's an extra! Are you sleep?"

It was eleven o'clock Monday night. I knew Jack was asleep, but there was no time to be wasted if that extra was to be got, and have it I must. Moreover, I felt convinced (though, I confess, I didn't think of it at the time) that Jack would be as much interested in the extra as myself. The high shrill voice of the boy was like a scream of "fire," and I fairly quivered with excitement over the startling news that extra would bring.

The first thing Jack said on waking would not do for print. He was only half awake, poor fellow, so I forgave him. Moreover, that boy was rushing farther away every minute.

"Jack, don't you hear? The murderer has confessed. But I needn't say that, I can't sleep without reading this awful man's confession."

Jack arose, slipped on a dressing gown, and rushed down stairs and out on the steps.

"Here! Boy! Paper!" and then an attempt at a whistle which wouldn't come. "Boy! Extra! Tish there!" shouted Jack as he stood shivering on the stairs. "Here! Paper! Here! Paper!" he cried, the panting young chaff to the door. Jack grabbed a paper, and discovered that he had forgotten the nickel. Again Jack exploded. I had slipped to the window. I knew I'd lose the paper if I didn't promptly come to the rescue, for Jack never would climb the stairs after that nickel. So I shouted to him to wait, but I'd be back in a minute, and Jack took the paper and slammed the door.

Of course, there wasn't a nickel in the house. The smallest thing Jack had was a quarter. I stood hesitating. "I won't go down-stairs again!" said Jack. "Perhaps you'd like the boy to call tomorrow for the nickel?" So, grabbing the quarter, he went in to the waiting boy. It was reckless, it was absurd. I knew that, but the extra was really worth it. So I said to myself as I crawled into bed with the paper in my hand.

But where was the news? I read every top line in the whole paper. I looked carefully over all the advertisements. But there was not a single line that I hadn't seen before in some shape or other. The extra had been made on a statement that George King, the organist, had seen Durrant come out of the belfry—a fact which was in the morning papers.

How could I turn to Jack and tell him that there was no news! I was boiling with anger. I tore the paper into bits and rolled it into balls which I flung to the other end of the room. Through the corner of my eye I saw Jack smile a wicked but satisfied smile, and I knew that he was repaid for going down stairs.

"Why, my dear, aren't you going to read me the news?" Jack asked, in a most injured tone.

"There isn't any," I blurted out. "The man ought to be arrested for this paper, and he went on. 'He obtained money under false pretenses. And to think of it, we paid twenty-five cents for that paper! Oh, it's a shame!'"

Jack's only remark was that I owed him a couple of cigars. I stopped our subscription to the *Bulletin* the next day.

Of course, nobody is talking about anything but the horrible crime. As a result, I won't pretend that I've been reading romances while the papers have been so full of thrilling and horrifying fact. To me Mr. Durrant has been deeply interesting. On the day of her son's arrest she made his defense, which was of a kind very characteristic of a certain type of woman. She knew that her boy didn't commit the crime because he didn't "keep company with servant girls." The poor woman is to be pitied, greatly pitied, she is in sorrow and is to see much more, I am afraid. She is certainly to be excused for expressing indignation at the charge made against one whom she loves. Yet her fling at this poor murdered girl was heartless. Mrs. Durrant may not have known it, but her son, as has been shown, was not above associating with far worse people than servant girls. High social standing is no protection against the law, neither is low social position protection against young monsters.

What a disgraced exhibition of themselves women have made during the week—haunting the scene of the murders, begging to be allowed into the jail to see the prisoner, crowding the Morgue to read the dead girl, and in thousands to attend the funeral of Minnie Williams—oh, the thought of it is sickening! Why do women do these things? Is it mere curiosity, is it morbidness, is it out of a desire to gain a new sensation and revel in it? Will some learned doctor tell us why women push and crowd, and fight to get to the scene of every horror? At such times women lose all sense of decency apparently; they become bolder than men,

more eager for intimacy with the unclean and the horrible. What is the use in telling men that woman is a creature of sweetness, purity, refinement, and modesty, when men see such exhibitions of the reverse? I have no doubt that women will all shut their eyes with flowers, and some are certain to fall in love with him before his trial is over. It is not all to be accounted for on the ground of woman's tender heart. What is the explanation?

If there is a man in the city to be pitied he is Mr. Forsythe, the husband of the false woman who was missing for many days and was found in San Jose with her lover. The man was told by his wife that she was going to the beach. He believed her, and when she did not return home he went to the beach to find her, and day after day for nine days he patrolled that solitary beach that he might be the first to touch the loved one's form when the waves rolled it in. He was told that on the tenth day the body would come to the surface, and all the day spent at the Morgue, but his wife's body did not come. The police told him his wife must have run away with another man, but he laughed at those cynical police who have no faith in any woman's goodness and steadfastness. They told him she had been murdered after being decoyed into some place where she should not have gone, and had had proof in his report that no such thing could have happened. The man's faith was beautiful. And then to find that the thing he would allow no one to suggest, the thing more horrible to him than even death, had happened. Surely such a man may be allowed to doubt the residence of any virtue in the sex. BETTY.

AMUSEMENTS.

"A Country Sport" might have been called anything else; almost any name would be appropriate to the little farce-comedy which serves as a string upon which the performers hang their specialties. There are very few humorous situations; all the fun is manufactured on the spot and while you wait. But these specialties are clever enough to take the place of plot and action. The newest songs, the latest dances, and some good bits of character acting are the stock in trade of Peter Dailey's Company.

There is something wholesome about May Irwin. Her dry humor, her natural methods, the buoyancy of her spirits, her ease and unaffected bearing upon the stage, give a freshness and character to everything she says and does. And there is a sort of frank manliness about this good-natured, clever woman with her important, pedagogical voice, her wide smile, and hearty appreciation of the ridiculous. She is as self-unconscious as Peter Dailey is complacent, and she sings a negro melody with all the unconsciousness of a black-faced minstrel.

In Ada Lewis's song "Girl is the beginning of an excellent occasion," a woman who will make so complete a sacrifice of her personal charms, whose power of observation and expression are alike keen and capable, who can be as awkward or as graceful, as unlovely or as attractive as Miss Lewis, is too valuable to remain merely a specialty artist.

Emmet is so like his father that he seems the reincarnation of the Fritz, the memory of whose bright presence is still a very pleasant one to these tre-grogs. This new Fritz has not the sonorous, sympathetic voice which, in the famous "Lullaby," captivated all listeners, but there is the same familiar, expressive face and graceful figure, the same high-pitched, happy falsetto, the smile beaming with good-nature, and a laugh that seems delightfully spontaneous. But it is just Emmet's personality alone which makes him the successor of his father in the public's affections. He is full of humor, he is alert and appreciative, and loses no opportunities. His "Bubble Song" is very pretty, and he makes the crude little play with its inappropriate name interesting and enjoyable despite the fact that, with the exception of that song, the genius, Baby Simot, there is hardly a capable actor in his company.

"The Bathing Girl" does not contain enough music to be classed as comic opera, nor is there fun enough in it to warrant its being called a musical farce, so its authors compromise on "An Operatic Extravaganza." This title acts as a warning and one expects no sentiments, hardly any plot, and little music. What is left then? Burlesque, song, and satire.

If the members of the Whitney Opera Company were artists of distinguished ability they might make an evening's entertainment out of such material; it has been done; but they are only a very ordinary opera company with a good orchestra, a fair chorus, and a few good singers, among whom the prima donna is not.

A MOONLIT EVENING.

The Oakland ferry-boat steamed away from the city a few evenings ago into a scene of beauty and of peace.

The moon shone full overhead, and sent a gleaming track of light across the dimpling waters of the bay. The lights of three sister cities twinkled in friendly invitation; but, saving the strong heart-throbs of the engine, scarce a sound came to quarrel with sweet silence.

It was an hour for lovers, for tender memories, and for reveries of romance.

A tall and slender woman in a shapely gown of black rose from her seat and stood for a moment watching the moonlit path, glowing over its beauty one would think.

Suddenly she stepped upon the bench beside the rail, and then on and outward, as if she meant to walk that bright path stretched before her.

A dark shape struck the water, and disappeared beneath it as a leaden weight would do.

A woman screamed; "She's gone! I could have saved her if I had reached out my hand!"

Kind unconsciousness touched the self-reproachful one for a little space, and a hundred eager heads were stretched out to support and comfort her; yet when she spoke again it was to gasp, "Oh, I could have saved her if I had reached out my hand!"

When the life-boat was started back for the shore a wide stretch of water had swept past since the cry of "woman overboard" broke the stillness of the night.

Up above the humble deck-hands were, for once, prophets with their mouths duly represented, "Some sort that power for the life or death which had now to decide, which might yet signal by the ringing of a bell, whether or no the waters must give up the living woman."

Pale questioners gathered about the sailors, begging for hope: "They will save her, won't they?" "Will they not turn about to look for her?" "Can't they leave the boat behind, even if we go on?" And at last a man said, very slowly, as one who fears his words may have a meaning: "Well—no. When they falls over accidental we mostly saves 'em. But when they jumps over—, they're very apt to get drowned."

And incredibly soon, hatefully seen in that light brought no burden it had not carried out, the little boat was back again, slung in its proper place—rocking there gently, too, trim and idle, as one sees a woman sit with folded hands and saying that her work is done.

So the steamer went on her way, ploughing the white furrow all across the bay, and leaving no boat behind to ruffle the smooth, bright streak of moonlight on the water.

On the quiet deck men pressed their sweethearts' hands again, and husbands drew warm wraps closer about their wives, saying, in half whispers, that "it is strange, strange, strange, that a woman's mind will run that way."

Some of the young women asked each other, shudderingly to "think what she must have suffered before she could do that." But for once the women were more silent than the men, and I was afraid I noticed that none among them were moved to call the fatal action "strange."

On the Oakland shore the men and women whose hearts had but just been eased and lulped in white who had for a brief season, but one common hope and fear, separated forever.

An official wondered audibly and not without sadness that "that there ferryboat was full eight minutes behind time."

Other passengers, unconscious that anything unusual had occurred, tucked their heads under their wraps, and went on busily with their own concerns while the steamer ploughed again that vanishing furrow of foam.

One or two hours after the "accident" I was aboard another ferryboat, crossing from San Francisco.

As we approached the Island of Despair an irresistible impulse led me to look the place of those who were gone, and to busy with their own concerns while the steamer ploughed again that vanishing furrow of foam.

And to my horror—because I could not reach it and could never know—a little nearer to the city than I thought, there floated upon the smiling waters a gruesome thing.

I do not know if the boat I saw had ever been a woman, suffering, hoping, dying. I tried to think it had never been more than the insensate mass that had revealed itself, only to disappear in the swirling foam; but from within me or without a voice cried again, as it will cry many times more, "She's gone! And I could have saved her if I had reached out my hand!"

MARY CALKINS JOHNSON.

THE WORLD OF BUSINESS.

The Insurance Situation.

The system of the old Pacific Insurance Union was too complicated to have any chance for a long life. It was overburdened with rules and regulations. The commission rules, instead of being the most simple, were the most complicated, allowing in excepted cities salaried agents or contingents.

The rates were entirely inadequate; for example, the basic rate on dwellings in the protected parts in San Francisco was only 10 cents lower than the rate in the unprotected district or in other parts of the State.

The whole business was too easy for everybody, and the commissions too high. The rates and commissions should long ago have been lowered. As they were not, the system of rebating was resorted to, and was practically killed the Union.

The new Board has not made any move to abolish the evil, and, therefore, does not enjoy the confidence of either the public or the insurance men. It is governed by English capital, which will not give in. The Pacific Insurance Union enabled these large English companies to pay the high rates, and by paying a correspondingly high commission and giving rebates, carry off the lion's share of the business. Against these high commission concerns the fight of the "non-boarders" is generally directed.

The first move of the new Board should have been to reduce rates in the larger and well protected towns from ten to twenty-five per cent., according to merit. A temporary arrangement of this kind could easily have been made until a new schedule should have been agreed upon.

Of course this would not have prevented the present fight, but it would have secured a large number of friends for the Board companies.

The excessive high rates have been the conflagration hazard which undoubtedly exists in all large cities and towns. But if the building laws compel the employment of an electrical inspector, and the companies keep good watch on the fire department, such a hazard is reduced to a minimum. Cutting rates in districts which warrant such a cut would have taken place in the ordinary run of business, but such cutting as new is taking place, and especially in towns across the bay, is passing the boundary of all legitimate business, and is simply a gamble instituted by men who are greedy to make a commission, and will induce a policy-holder under the old rate to cancel his policy, promising him return money on the new policy in terms of his policy, and offering him a new policy practically on his own terms. Agents are employed to make a house to house canvass to induce policy-holders to deliver up their old policies, no matter how long they have to run, and accept a new policy at 60 to 75 per cent. reduction, and even more where competition is threatening to secure the business. All this canceling and re-writing of policies throws an additional expense on the managers, and unless the home companies take a hand in the fight, put a stop to it and agree, the insurance business in California will go to the dogs, and a large conflagration will show the result.

IMPAIRED INSURANCE MAN.

The Real Estate Market.

Not in several years have there been so many real estate auctions as within the past month, and the prices realized have been, as Mr. Luddington of Easton & Eldridge says, as good as any obtained in boom times. The market is certainly stronger than it has been for five years. It is the belief of such men as Mr. Shainwald, Mr. Magee, Mr. Unhisen, and Mr. Fisher that this summer is to see a lively real estate market and a greatly increased demand for both city and country property. Mr. Sutor has instructed O. F. Van Klein & Co. to offer preemptory, without limit, 75 lots on Ashbury street, between 16th and 17th streets, and on 16th street (continued) where it intersects Ashbury. The view that can be had from these lots is grander than any that can be had from the choicest part of Pacific Heights. While the land is only a few blocks south of Haight street, yet few people have seen it, because only lately that section has been tapped by street cars. Now the 18th street branch of the Jost Electric Railroad passes the lots every few minutes, while the Haight and Eddy street roads run only a few blocks north of it. Spring Valley is now leaving its place in front of the lots. The sale being preemptory and only one-fifth cash required, it will be a chance to give the poor man an opportunity to acquire what ordinarily is reserved for the rich only—a home with a magnificent marine view.

The Los Angeles Excursion.

At last San Francisco has discovered that she has neighbors. It has taken her some time to make

the discovery, and the delay has cost her much. Portland, the Puget Sound cities, and Los Angeles have gradually been taking off the business that should have belonged to San Francisco. The first evidence of the awakening is the excursion to Los Angeles, a city concerning which the most of San Franciscans know less than they do of Chicago or Denver. Who would have thought ten years ago that a trainload of San Francisco business men going to Los Angeles for no other reason than to cultivate friendly relations with their Southern neighbors. Know thyself, was the Greek philosopher's advice, and he might have added that one of the best ways of knowing yourself is to go among your neighbors.

THE BICYCLE JOKE.

The consternation with which even the most distant approach to the apprehension of consorting royalty is still regarded in some parts of Europe is amusingly shown in an incident which is said to have occurred at Copenhagen.

A well known wag and cyclist was summoned to answer for the offense of riding on a footpath leading to Lyngby Church.

"You are here cycling on the Lyngby Church footpath," said the judge, severely.

The cyclist admitted it.

"You are fined four kroner."

The offender took out the coins and laid them down.

"May I ask, your worship," he inquired, meekly, "whether Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie have permission to cycle on the path in question?"

The judge looked uneasy. "I'm—no; certainly not. Is this your first offense?"

"It is—and will be my last."

"In that case," said the judge, "I will let you off with a caution this time."

The culprit picked up his money, bowed, and walked off. As he reached the door the judge's curiosity overcame discretion.

"Wait! Did you actually see Prince Waldemar and Princess Marie riding on that path?"

"I, your worship?—certainly not," replied the wag, with a mild look of surprise; and then, with a twinkle in his eye, he disappeared, leaving the judge to what must have been queer reflections.

Youth's Companion.

Julian Ralph, in a letter to the *Providence Journal*, says: "I was out bicycling the other night and my lantern blew out in a dark street. Just then a man came along on a wheel and I called out: 'I say, can you give me a match?' 'Certainly,' said the softest of feminine voices; and she lady remounted and took from her trousers pocket a man's matchbox and plenty of matches. 'I left my matches and cigarettes at home,' said I, as a subtle feeder; but she did not offer me a cigarette. Perhaps she also had left hers in her other clothes—in her fencing trousers, perhaps."

To the Business and Professional Men of San Francisco,

GREETING:—There is promise of brighter days in this city than we have seen for many years. The new California is to be a reality, no longer a dream. In preparation for these good times we have laid in a stock of chairs, some especially adapted for the offices of business and professional men. The one here pictured is a solid and handsome piece of furniture with an embossed leather seat, suitable for the office of doctor, lawyer, dentist, insurance agent, real estate man or business house. The price is worth remarking—

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PROTECT YOUR LAND TITLES.

The sudden appearance of Colonel W. H. Allen as claimant to lands in San Francisco worth millions of dollars has given an uneasy feeling to most people who own real estate. Allen explains his long absence by saying that he has been in a mental maze, resulting from injuries, and now, in his old age and restored to reason, he wants his own again. For thirty years he has been supposed to be dead. Among the pieces of property which are affected by the Allen claim are fifty acres occupied by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, at the corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, and lots scattered all over the city. The landowner is always in some danger of surprises like this, and from the many ways in which titles may be attacked, honestly or dishonestly. The history of California is made up in considerable part of troubles growing out of disputed land titles. The records of thousands of cases fill our law books. Such litigation has enriched two generations of lawyers, and impoverished thousands of men. The citizen who for profit invests his capital in land, or who puts his savings into a home, has a right to assure the law the very security of possession, but that security the law cannot give in perfection. The return to life of Allen is an instance in point of that uncertainty inseparable from everything human. Of late years the principle of insurance has been applied as a remedy for the evil. The landowner needs protection from the chances of fate just as the owner of valuable property needs protection from loss by fire, or the shipowner from the perils of the sea. Throughout the country companies have been developed to meet a very real necessity. The real estate owner who has title thus insured is safe, no matter what happens. And he gets his security at small cost. For one payment, which covers the cost of search and all other fees, he purchases an immunity from all claims against his title, sound or unsound. If, for example, Allen should make good his claims, any owner dispossessed by him, if insured to the full value of the property involved, would have his loss made good to the last dollar by the company. His neighbor, in like case, who had left his title unprotected, would be as badly off as if a fire had found him uninsured and swept his buildings away. Nowhere more than in California is it prudent to guard against assaults on land titles, and, therefore, nowhere is there a better field for the new species of insurance. The California Title Insurance Company, which has its offices on the ground floor of the Mills Building, and of which Mayor Ellis is the manager, is filling a want that has long existed here. The security which it supplies is so obviously required that the custom is growing among purchasers of real estate to demand of the sellers that, no matter how clear the titles may seem to be, the safeguard of insurance be added. One heavy loss, he is as unwise to leave his real estate uninsured as he would be to take the risk of being impoverished by fire. Every home, particularly, should have the solid protection of a title absolutely secured.

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THE PASSING SHOW.

So Nellie Bly is married—married to a millionaire of seventy. There is in this announcement an intimation of a deal of comfort for the newspaper reader for it is to be expected that Mrs. Scammon will not write. This marriage should also bring hope to every New Woman in the land, not excepting the lately bereaved Miss Phoebe Conzema, for millionaires, it appears, are to be had for the asking. There must be something fascinating about the New Woman after all, for the first of her kind in America, Victoria Woodhull and Tennessee Claflin, also captured wealthy and old men. The rule seems to be: The newer the woman the older the man.

Paul Schulze, who killed himself in Tacoma last week, was a friend of many eminent men. James Bryce, Henry Villard, Major Powell, Senators Maudsion, Dolph, Davis, and Sherman among others. When he first came to this coast he was a bartender for a time, but later he became the editor of a small German paper in Portland, and thence stepped into the land office of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Three years later he was rated as worth nearly half a million dollars. He killed himself because he was bankrupt and owed over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which he had no means of paying. No other man in the Pacific Northwest was as well known, and few men had equal power. He was hated intensely by many, equally loved by some, and feared by nearly all. He it was who first discovered the agricultural possibilities of the great desert in Eastern Washington, and he built a canal seventy-eight miles long to water several hundred thousand acres of it. Four or five months ago a San Francisco law firm threw this canal project into the hands of a receiver. He owned all but one street-car line in Tacoma, and a girl of fifteen forced the thirty miles of road into a receiver's hands by securing a verdict of damages against the company. While Henry Villard was in control of the Northern Pacific, Paul Schulze was the most powerful man at the western end of the line. But Brayton Ives, the new president, was his enemy, and it surprised all who knew the circumstance that Schulze remained in his position as Land Agent as long as he did. At one time Marie Wainwright spent several months in Tacoma, and her manager announced after she had returned East that she and Mr. Schulze were engaged to be married. This was later denied by Miss Wainwright. Paul Schulze aimed to be to Washington what Wm. C. Ralston was for a time to California, and in many personal qualities they were alike. They were alike too in this, that after spending large fortunes neither had the courage to face the world a poor man.

[From the Examiner April 20, 1901.]

The Supreme Court, yesterday, reversed the decision of the jury in the Durrant case. The District Attorney says he will dismiss the case, as there is no possibility of getting a conviction that will stand. The case has already cost the city and county \$30,000, and two of the most important witnesses for the prosecution have died since the second trial. Durrant, it will be remembered, was charged with killing two girls in the old Emanuel Baptist church building, which was burned down several years ago after being deserted for some time.

At the last meeting of the Congregational Club a stranger appeared, poorly dressed, wearing a shaggy and unkempt beard upon his face. He was, quite evidently, one of the unemployed. When opportunity was given for general discussion the stranger arose, and in a mellow but authoritative voice said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also."

"The man's an Anarchist," exclaimed the Rev. C. O. Brown.

With flashing eye, the stranger turned and said: "Think not I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." Then without further notice of the insult he proceeded: "And if any man sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

"Are no property rights sacred to this man?" asked the Rev. C. O. Brown, with indignation.

In a voice of pity, the stranger answered: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

"The man must be crazy," interrupted the Rev. C. O. Brown. "How are we to live?"

"Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves, for the workman is worthy of his meat. Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself," was the stranger's quiet response.

"The man's a dreamer," exclaimed the Rev. C.

O. Brown. "A nice figure we'd cut in society if we followed his advice!"

"Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake," said the stranger. "It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master."

"Gentlemen," said the Rev. C. O. Brown, "this man is an assailant of all our most sacred institutions, a defier of the law, a destroyer of society, a preacher of anarchy. You may listen to him if you please, but I, gentlemen, I shall preach against this man in my church next Sunday," and he went out.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

All Great.

H. C. Bunner, Laurence Hutton, and Frank Stockton, according to the *Buckeye*, lately entered Delmonico's for a lunch. Finding two young men at the only table for four available, they asked them to exchange and take one of the smaller tables, which they readily did. From some overheard conversation it appeared that the two young men were Harvard undergraduates, and as he went out Mr. Bunner in the goodness of his heart felt moved to tell the young man whom they had the privilege of obliging. It would be an experience in their life history, something to tell their grandchildren about in after years. So he introduced himself, saying: "I am Mr. Bunner, the editor of *Puck*, this is Mr. Laurence Hutton, and this is Mr. Frank Stockton." A faint smile came over the faces of the young men. Then one of them slapped the poet on the back. "My dear fellow," he said, "so glad to know you all. And it gives me the pleasure to make myself known to you. I myself am Kaiser Wilhelm, and this is my friend, Fuerst Bismarck."

"Mamma, do liars ever go to Heaven?"

"Why, no; probably."

"Has papa ever told a lie?"

"I suppose not; he may have."

"And, mamma, have you ever told one? Uncle Joseph has, and I have, and almost everybody."

"I don't know but I have sometimes."

"Well it must be lonesome up there with only God and George Washington."—*Life*.

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

VOL. III. No. 4.

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 27, 1895.

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The murders in the Emmanuel Baptist Church have undoubtedly worked great harm to the cause of religion, as religion is understood by the clergy. Only a coarse and malignant mind could seek to shoulder responsibility for those awful crimes upon the church. That would be as unfair as to hold the Fire Department blameworthy had one of its extramural men been arrested on a charge of arson. What has hurt the churches has been the use made of the Emmanuel horror by the pulpits of the city. It has afforded many of the preachers an occasion to exhibit their brains, and as a result of the exhibition the Rev. Mr. Gibson, pastor of the Emmanuel Church, does not appear to such disadvantage as might have been reasonably expected. Under the very kindest scrutiny Brother Gibson is seen to be a feeble-minded person, unmasculine in thought and instinct—a creature for whom men of average endowments cannot but feel contempt, and healthy women repulsion. It would task all of Brother Gibson's power to discharge the duties of a dry goods clerk, a barber, or a waiter, and such mind as he has is so dirty that the first thought which occurred to him, when the body of the Williams girl was discovered, was that it would be unseemly, or dangerous, for him to look upon her body with its clothing disarranged, in company with a woman. Men not much given to the society of ministers were not to be condemned for supposing that a pastor so unclean in thought, and so limited in understanding, was singular—an imbecile who had got into a pulpit by mistake, and would not be permitted to occupy another when revelation of his quality and calibre had been thus made. A reading of the reports of the sermons delivered in San Francisco on Sunday last astonishes. Aside from a general inability to appreciate the enormity of the murders, there seems to be among the brethren a pervasive incapacity to see anything wrong with Pastor Gibson, joined to a selfish solicitude for professional interests, and here and there a perversion of the moral sense which shocks. It is certain that no man of average intelligence and sensibilities, who has a wife and daughters, would now invite Brother Gibson to his home—not because he is under suspicion of having had a hand in the murders, or even of possessing a guilty knowledge of their commission before they were disclosed, but for the reason that he is foul within. A man not fit to associate with pure women assur-

edly is not a proper person to be shown honors in a church. The doors of the sanctuary should be open to him, as to all sinners, but there human charity should stop until some years of hard physical toil for a livelihood had given him a moral bath. The Rev. Mr. McClish, of the Grace Methodist Church, has no such feeling, however. At his invitation Brother Gibson sat in the Grace pulpit during service, and was actually permitted, at the close, to stretch his hands over the heads of the congregation (which shuddered, let us hope), and pronounce the benediction. It is creditable to the Baptist clergy that, in extending the hospitality of their meeting houses to the people of Emmanuel Church, they did not express any special sympathy with Brother Gibson. It will be still more to their credit if they shall take concerted measures to have him removed from his office because of mental and moral deficiency.

None but coarse and malignant minds, as I have said, will seek to make the church responsible for the murders; but, on the other hand, nobody of sense will think them advantageous to the church, which seems, on the whole, to be the Rev. Dr. Dille's view. He said:

Among all the accessories of horror to these murders, there is nothing that has more accentuated their hideousness than the place chosen for the deeds of darkness. This feeling is creditable to our people, and is an involuntary expression of the innate reverence of the human mind for sacred things and sacred places. * * * Who believes that the murderer would have committed these crimes in Emmanuel Church if he had believed that he should meet his victims at the judgment bar of God and there answer for the deeds done in the body? Such crimes as this show a fearlessness of the future which only atheism can justify.

It is to be presumed that Dr. Dille believes, with everybody else, that the murders were done by a member of the Emmanuel Church. And of what efficacy are churches, in the Dille philosophy, if they do not inspire that dread of judgment which Dr. Dille says deters from crime? Does his reading of the world's moral history convince him that the ages in which belief in hell was most general and sincere were the purest? And if it is no reproach to a church when its members commit crime, why the frequent sermons to the brethren on their duty to abstain from conduct that may bring scandal upon the household of faith? The Borgias were devout Christians, and surely the world never saw more pious fighters than those who, the sword in one hand and the cross in the other, came from Spain and Portugal to the new world and destroyed whole nations, and watered a continent with the tears of their victims. "The brute who tortured those poor girls," says Dr. Dille, "was not only a brute in his bestial instincts, but he had no more sense of his responsibility to God than a brute." But why not? He had the inestimable spiritual advantage of sitting under the ministrations of Brother

Gibson, and was doubtless well instructed in Baptist theology. "If infidelity," continues Dr. Dille, "could induce all men to believe that no matter how we live or die we shall bring up after death either in an oblivious nowhere or a glorious somewhere, such crimes would be too common to startle us as this has done." Were this really Dr. Dille's conviction, he, with Brother Gibson, should be excluded from the society of good men and women. If the fear of punishment or the hope of reward hereafter is the only restraint on a man, he is of a breed too low to be trusted in the presence of a sudden temptation to play the brute. Dr. Dille's teaching is to the last degree revolting and vicious. He has but to use his eyes to learn that all around him are men without either this fear or hope whose lives are as clean as his own—men with minds and hearts superior to such selfish motives for conduct; whose consciences, and self-respect, and manhood are better monitors than the promise of celestial sugar-plums or threats of the eternal whip. The educated, the intelligent in the modern world, are not affected at all by the considerations which, according to Dr. Dille (and doubtless according to Brother Gibson, also) alone insure against crime. That these considerations do affect many people is no doubt true, but they are not the sort of people a rational and civilized man would care to know. Their existence explains the need for Dr. Dille and the spiritual police force of which he is so conspicuous a member. I doubt if all of the pew-holders in Dr. Dille's sanctuary would be willing to say that the upright men and virtuous women among them are kept upright and virtuous by their dread of perdition, or their expectation of eternal bliss in payment for having been decent here below. They know better, and, if their pastor will permit me to think better of him than he thinks of himself, so does Dr. Dille. I am quite sure that he denies himself the happiness of being a criminal for other reasons than the desire to avoid the penalties provided by law, human and divine.

But such utterances as Dr. Dille's do incalculable harm to the churches, for they disgust and repel all men and women who know the difference between right and wrong, and feel that knowledge to be mandatory on their acts—all men and women who shrink from gross conduct, to say nothing of crime, as they do from fire and filth. Dr. Dille has many more such fellow creatures than he dreams of, though it is not strange that he does not come into conscious contact with them. There were good men and bad men before heaven and hell were discovered, and ere the source of moral perceptions, whether innate or utilitarian, was debated. Dr. Dille is a rather satisfactory explanation of

the divorce between intellect and theology. He is an heirloom, handed down from a godly but not elevated past.

The Rev. W. C. Merrill, associate pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, is another. "The awful cloud of shame that hangs above our city's roofs and church spires," he thinks, "is the inevitable product of our city's life and the education of the age in which we live." The murder of the two girls, normal men are disposed to believe, was the work of a human gorilla, of a sexual psychopath, a freak of nature, which is as innocent of morals as it is devoid of mercy. But according to Brother Merrill the city's life is to blame, and the things in that life which logically produce crimes from the thought of which humanity draws back in horror, are "an utter disregard of the Lord's day," the absence of religious instruction from our public schools, the theatre, and the novel. "Only what could reasonably be expected," he says, "has come upon us, and we may make up our minds that no expression of horror on our part will change the drift." From this it follows that the sole way in which we can avoid more murders and outrages, even in Christ's temples, is to lay aside the Sunday bicycle, eschew the Sunday picnic, abandon the Park to lovely loneliness, and go to hear Brother Merrill expound the Word on the Sabbath—not the Sabbath decreed by Jehovah, but the Lord's day, which has superseded it without divine authority. The theatres should be closed on all days, and novels that "have either a rake for a hero, or for a heroine a Trilby or a Katrina who has lost her virtue," be burned by the hangman by order of the fathers of the church. What Brother Merrill conceives to be necessary is a restoration of the Puritan Sabbath, which had the sanction of neither Luther nor Calvin, and a Puritan manner of life that made abstinence from everything cheerful the highest proof of sanctity and virtue. The world of Brother Merrill's fond dreams is England as it was under Cromwell. Macaulay gives this pleasing picture of what Puritan England was like:

Morals and manners were subject to a code resembling that of the synagogue when the synagogue was in its splendour. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect were regulated on principles not unlike those of the Pharisees, men, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a winebibber. It was a sin to hang garlands on a Maypole, to drink a friend's health, to fly a hawk, to hunt a stag, to play at chess, to wear lovelocks, to put starch into a ruff, to touch the virginals, to read the Fairy Queen. Rules such as these, rules which would have appeared insupportable to the free and joyous spirit of Luther, and contemptible to the serene and philosophical intellect of Zwingle, threw over all life a gloom of stern discipline. The learning and eloquence by which the great reformers had been eminently distinguished, and to which they had been in no small measure indebted for their success, were regarded by the new school of Protestants with suspicion, if not with aversion. Some precisians had scruples about teaching the Latin grammar because the names of Mars, Bacchus, and Apollo appeared in it. The fine arts were all but proscribed. The solemn peal of the organ was superstitious. The light music of Ben Jonson's masques was dissolute. Half the fine paintings in England were idolatrous and the other half indecent. The extreme Puritan was at once known from the boldness, bristly poetry of a roan, his lank hair, the sour solemnity of his face, the upturned whites of his eyes, the nasal twang with which he spoke, and above all by his peculiar dialect. He employed on every occasion the imagery and style of Scripture. Hebraisms violently introduced into the English language, and metaphors borrowed from the boldest, bristly poetry of a roan, his age and country, and applied to the common concerns of English life, were the most striking peculiarities of this cant, which moved, not without cause, the derision both of both prelatists and libertines.

When England revolted and brought back Charles II., the nation went mad with self-in-

dulgence, and gave a hue to moral ideals which has colored Anglo-Saxon thought down to this day. It will take further centuries to leach from our common sense the taint of the Restoration, which was the legitimate outcome of the reign of the Puritan. But while England rioted New England remained austere, killed all natural joy in life, kept the Sabbath, persecuted Quakers, burned witches, and left us a heritage of Merrills. If the assistant pastor of the First Presbyterian Church is conscious of a disinclination for the mode of life as a whole described by Macaulay, it is because he is affected by the spirit of the time in which he lives. To the extent that Puritanism is in fashion in the churches he is a Puritan. I fancy he felt deeply the sin of keeping open the World's Fair on Sunday, and would close libraries and museums as well as theatres on that day. If men like Dr. Dille, with their medieval notions of the origin of morals, offend the intelligent, men like Brother Merrill insult the good sense of the masses, and the churches find themselves deserted both by the educated and the body of the people.

Clergymen of their ways of thinking are endlessly hurtful to good morals, because they discredit the churches, which should be fountains of good, not havens for the intellectually indigent, such as Brother Gibson, nor refuges for tattered remnants of an outlived past, such as Brother Merrill, nor intrenchments for insulters of average human nature, such as Dr. Dille. There is gathered into the churches a large proportion of the men and women who acknowledge the validity of a code superior to selfishness, and it is of the first importance to the welfare of the world that the moral standard to which they adhere should be high. Preachers who have no sense of moral proportion—who can see little or no distinction between a Sunday baseball game and a Saturday murder, between billiards and burglary, euchre and seduction, profane swearing and embezzlement, criticism of a clergyman and sacrilege—such preachers do much evil, for they confuse and deaden the natural power of naturally good people to discriminate between right and wrong. They are not fit to teach, and it is to be feared, are past learning. Their minds are dominated not by the precepts, the spirit, of Christ, but by the social traditions of their sects, handed down from a time when their sects became sects because men were in earnest about theology, and fought, as if for their salvation, over what the practice of their successors proves their successors to regard as non-essentials. The grandfather of the Rev. Mr. McClish, Methodist, would not have invited the Rev. Mr. Gibson, Baptist, to share his pulpit and pronounce the benediction; yet the chances are that the grandfathers were quite as good men, and, let it be hoped, had far more sense. In theology, the fruits of ignorance, indifference, or latitudinarianism are not always to be distinguished from those of a broad Christian charity. But it takes brains and heart to be a broad and charitable Christian, and San Francisco's pulpit, so far as it has spoken of these murders, which have so harrowed and excited the community, has not shown itself to be rich in either respect. In most of our churches there is much more sense in the pews than in the pulpit. Which is fortunate. And it is because the pulpit either will not or cannot broaden its forehead that it becomes more and more difficult to get men of good abilities to enter the clerical profession.

Last week a commission of physicians was appointed by the court to inquire into the

The Fix: Cure for Alcoholism never fails.

sanity of the Rev. J. C. Reed, a Baptist minister, who, masked and accoutered like the lay bandit, entered a Portland (Or.) bank and attempted to rob it. Brother Reed was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The report of the physicians set forth that he was given to reading dime novels, and then proceeded:

He is a man forty-nine years of age, with the impulses and judgment of a boy of thirteen to fifteen years, who, with his head stuffed full of the garish fiction of dime novels, emulates the conduct of the heroic "Seven-toed Pete," and sallies forth armed with a sharpened caseknife to lift the scalps of imaginary redskins in the persons of ineffective small children, and the degree of his criminality at the time of the robbery is to be measured by that of the boy. He occupies the border line of mental soundness, and, conceding the commission of the robbery, the proper punishment, or rather treatment, did the law but permit it, would be a long term in the reform school.

How came it that a man with this sort of brain was received into the ministry? How came it that, like Brother Gibson, he was permitted to hold a pulpit for years? As a lawyer, a doctor, a journalist, or in any calling requiring a decent intellectual outfit, he could not have earned his bread. Yet he passed muster in the ministry. He could not have done that were the mental qualifications ordinarily required as high as those which are obligatory in other professions, or even in mercantile counting-rooms. It is for the churches to explain why so few of the young men graduated from the universities can be persuaded to become clergymen, though they are offered support at the theological seminaries. Perhaps it is because belief in the current theology is incompatible with the scientific and historical knowledge imparted at the colleges; perhaps it is that the age is commercial and sordid, and the material prizes of life are valued above others. But may not one of the determining causes be that ambitious and vital and self-respecting young men feel a natural aversion to a profession which gives welcome to Reeds and Gibsons and Merrills, and in which a Dille is able to shine by contrast?

Not being a military character, I am unable to follow the strategists of the *Examiner* in their fierce condemnation of Governor Budd for his reappointment of General Dimond to the command of the State militia. I know that I saw photographs of the scene at the Sacramento railroad depot at the time when he is held blameworthy for not having opened fire on the general public there assembled. Men were sociably standing about among the militiamen, women were leaning on the gatings, and everybody was staring and craning in the direction of an orator (Marshal Baldwin, I think) who was speaking from the platform of a car, the top of the coach being covered with sightseers. To have fired on that crowd would have been a murderous infamy, and the *Examiner* said so at the time. I know that that journal congratulated the militia on being better men than soldiers. That sentiment remains with me. It seemed then, as it does now, that it is not desirable that we should have a state of society from which a militia can be drawn that by the putting on of a uniform shall get rid of every good human feeling and forget every duty except to obey orders, right or wrong. Even the regular troops, who meet with the admiration of the newspaper captains, scarcely, as a matter of fact, come up to the journalistic military ideal, which is identical with that of Germany's young War Lord, who would have his soldiers instantly shoot anybody at the word of command, preferably their brothers and mothers. If the clerks and mechanics in uniform at Sacramento were so human as to be disinclined to slay the clerks and mechanics out of uniform, together with their women and

children, the regulars were also so human as to take savage revenge for the murder of their comrades who went to their death through the trestle. I know these remarks in defense of the militia are scandalously un-military, yet I rejoice, as all the people of California did in July last, that the amateur soldiers did not deal out destruction on the right hand and left hand and cause the gutters of Sacramento's streets to run with blood. And I cannot but marvel that the newspaper martinets have not found food for criticism in the ferocity and wanton cruelty of which the regulars were guilty while under the influence of revengeful passion—a state of mind quite as unworthy the soldier as the entertainment of the sentiments of kindness and mercy. It is true that a militia which cannot be depended on to shoot regardless of the identity or desert of the persons shot at is not of much use for domestic service. That, to my mind, is a better argument for dispensing with the militia as a domestic force than it is for punishing the militia for not being heartless machines. No one questions that the same soldiers who shrank from slaughtering their friends, and neighbors, and fellow citizens, would cheerfully open and keep up a fire on a foreign enemy. One does not like to think of the responsibility which the newspaper militarists are taking on themselves by inspiring the militia with a hunger for an opportunity to show that they are superior as soldiers to sentiments which do them honor as men. General Dimond, it appears to me, acted with equal prudence, humanity, and sense in withholding his fire from that great concourse of Sacramento's people at the depot, and I am glad that Governor Budd has reappointed him. As to his skill as a tactician, his merits as a deputy War Lord, I know nothing, and I care as little. The quarrel, though it necessarily came to bear the complexion of one between the forces of order and the forces of disorder, was in reality one between a law-despising, stupid and defiant corporation and its equally lawless and defiant workmen. The militia had sense enough to discriminate between the apparent and the real, and every man of heart in the State applauded them for not fighting in such a cause. The *Examiner* did, which now in the retrospect becomes as military as General Salomon, and lays stripes on the Governor for his want of soldierly acumen, though it remained entirely silent when Mr. Budd broke his pledges to the people by appointing railroad editors to important offices. The role of a *beau sabreur* is much more dashing and picturesque than that of a mere anti-monopolist, and Editor Hearst is entitled to liberty of choice.

Sir Edwin Arnold has reached the conclusion, now pretty generally held, that Japan has entered the family of civilized nations as a full-grown member. Sir Edwin, who is a gallant soul, attributes all of Japan's merits—military as well as others, it is to be inferred—to her women. The new power is to be great commercially, and her navy is to command the Pacific. Industrially she is to cut into the prosperity of England and America. "The Japanese are a noble people," he says. "That is ever true of a nation in which the women lead. It is the women who govern Japan, despite the infernal laws in which they are surrounded. They are the masters and will make Japan into a magnificent nation." As Sir Edwin is a poet, much is to be forgiven him, even the grave utterance of hosh. The women of Japan, like the women of every other country, are but the reflection of the men. I have yet to meet the Caucasian male who isn't charmed by the Japanese women, or

their photographs. They seem gentle, sweet, submissive, and content to be women. This argues that Japanese men are brave, intelligent, and considerate, and when that can be said of the men of any race a great nation has been described. It can be said of the men of Japan. They have proved their valor on the Chinese, and though at Port Arthur, in reprisal for the torture and murder of some of their comrades, they displayed a spirit like that shown by the regular American troops at Sacramento after the murders of the trestle, on the whole they have borne themselves mercifully toward a barbarous enemy. The terms of peace dictated to China have puzzled, and therefore alarmed, the Christian nations of Europe. A conqueror exhibiting concern for the general interests of civilization, instead of selfishly grabbing everything for himself, is something new in war and diplomacy. China is now to be opened to modern influences, and it is felt that great changes, of world-embracing import, are in store. The Christian nations are forced for shame's sake to utter words of praise, but there is fear that China, as well as Japan, may become a competitor in manufacturing. That is the spirit of Protection. Any advance of civilization that promises good to others is regarded with dread and disapproval. This is a satisfying proof of how little Christianity, of real civilization, there is in Protection. If Japan and China are to become competitors they will also become better customers, so the soul of the tradesman may be at rest. The more people sell the better able they are to buy. If Asia is best suited to some industries which are now monopolized by Europe and America, their proper place is in Asia, and legislation that seeks to keep them from their natural home disturbs trade injuriously, at great and useless cost.

To Japan belongs the honor of bringing Asia back into the world. She has slept so long that modern men have come to think she never was awake. But Asia, if she shall walk again into the front ranks, will take a place that was once familiar to her. To quote Winwood Reade:

In China senility is supreme; nothing is respectable which it has created a thousand years ago. The ideas of the Chinese are barbarous and property is insecure. In this one phrase the whole history of Asia is contained. * * This, then, is the secret of Asiatic apathy, and not the heat of the climate or the inherent qualities of the race. * * It should not be forgotten that Asia was civilized when Europe was a forest and a swamp. Asia taught Europe as A. B. C. Asia taught Europe to cipher and to draw; Asia taught Europe the language of the skies, how to calculate eclipses, how to follow the courses of the stars; how to measure time by means of an instrument, which recorded with its shadow the station of the sun; how to solve mathematical problems; how to philosophize with abstract ideas. Let us not forget the school in which we learned to spell, and those venerable halls in which we acquired the rudiments of science and of art.

A generation ago Japan was as unknown to the West, as secluded from the world, as China herself. One generation has served to show what an aroused Asiatic people can do. We have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the new civilized power. It all depends upon ourselves whether she shall be a friend or an enemy. California has been given a wide-awake, progressive neighbor in place of a sleepy Silurian. The state of mind of any one—even of Major McKinley—who can consider such an exchange disadvantageous, is to be envied only by a Chinaman. It will become Californians to change their tone toward the Japanese. Hitherto, they have been classed with other Mongolians, precisely as the Chinese make no distinctions among white foreigners. If we attempt to deal with them as though they were

The Fittz Cure, Room 7, Flood Building, S. F.

Chinamen, the chances will be good for our receiving a lesson in manners. The Japanese have earned the right, by force of arms and civil achievement, to courteous treatment from all the peoples of the earth. California's course, under the dictation of right feeling and self-interest, should now be to study how more intimate and profitable relations can be established with Japan, rather than to give thought to how the Japanese may be brought under exclusion laws, such as those which have reduced our Chinese population.

The press, in its modesty, makes claim to having taken the place of the pulpit; also, it is given to asserting that its reporters are better detectives than the professionals. The pulpit that allows itself to be superseded by the ordinary daily newspaper is not worth preserving, and the detective who is not more than a match for the customary reporter has mistaken his calling. He should go into journalism. It is true that reporters have occasionally distinguished themselves as discoverers of criminals, unravellers of mysterious crimes; but those of San Francisco have made a lamentable show of themselves during the past two weeks. The murder of the girls in the Emmanuel Church furnished an ideal opportunity for independent investigation. The police early, and probably rightly, committed themselves to the theory of Durrant's guilt; yet in cases where there is only circumstantial evidence, the field is wide for research. The possible becomes the probable, and the apparently improbable may be the truth. The local newspapers have sought to outdo one another in the quantity of space given daily to the crimes, but not one of them has added a single fact to those gathered by the police. Ten lines of real evidence against or for Durrant would have been of more value to justice than all the pages that have been printed. It is truly surprising that among the multitude of active young men employed on the case, not one has been developed with imagination or ingenuity enough to strike out for himself an original path of inquiry. So long as Durrant's innocence is thinkable, a hunt for others is legitimate. And even on the supposition that he is guilty, much valuable evidence could be gathered as to the character of his associates. The whole life of Pastor Gibson, for example, should be laid bare; his tastes, amusements, and vices, if any, ascertained and disclosed. Organist King should be investigated in like manner, and the sexton of the church, and everybody who carried a key to the building or consorted with Durrant. If it could be proved that the prisoner was of evil life and had evil companions who bore reputations as good as his own, the fact would tell hardly against him. To show this, or the contrary, is proper work for the reporters. The newspapers which can afford to print a book daily concerning what the police have found out, can afford to make this inquest, and to use the wires to learn what is known of Gibson in other cities and towns where he has lived and preached. If they have done this and ascertained nothing to his discredit, it is discreditable to them that they have not made it public. Newspapers intelligently enterprising would have evolved a dozen theories and worked them out to their conclusion by this time. The San Francisco police have shown all the brains that have been used in this case.

That, by the way, was an infamous thing done by the *Chronicle* the other day, when, under glaring headlines, it attempted to show that the hapless Lamont girl met her death while undergoing a criminal operation in the church belfry. Immediately following its statements, the paper was obliged to

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give proof of their falsity by quoting the surgeon who made the autopsy. His evidence on the point is conclusive, and not affected at all by the difference of opinion between himself and some other medical men as to whether the wounds on Marian Williams were inflicted before or after death. In the Lamont case there was no room for opinions. It was a matter simply of the scalpel and the eyes. To dishonor a murdered girl's memory without cause was an act worthy of the murderer himself. Such density of feeling, such brutish stupidity, disgraced the *Chronicle*, and, by necessary correlation, the press of the city, and San Francisco through its press.

There is a steady increase of signs that the next Presidential campaign will be a battle for the free coinage of silver. Mr. Cleveland and his followers in both parties talk smugly of honest money, meaning gold; but money based on a metal insufficient in quantity and appreciating in value is not honest money. It is a money naturally in favor with the lender, but it robs the borrower, and business in these days is done largely on credit. The great majority of the people of the United States are bimetalists, who would prefer remonetization of silver by international agreement; but the number is growing, and growing rapidly, of those who are willing to take the chances of remonetization by this country alone rather than remain upon the gold basis. It is proved that that basis is too narrow for our circulation, and that it has brought great evils upon us. In order to escape these real evils by risking problematical ones—nearly all predicted by the monometallists—the people are about ready.

Mayor Sutro has done right to veto the franchise given by the Supervisors to the Southern Pacific over the three blocks of Church street which it forcibly stole. For that outrage the company should be punished, not rewarded. It should have been compelled to take up every rail laid, every spike driven, and to replace every inch of the pavement torn up. Instead of that, the Supervisors, always servile, confirmed the corporation in possession of what it had secured by violence. If it is practicable to prosecute Huntington & Co. for their crime, that ought to be done. The Mayor by his veto has upheld the dignity of the city and made proper reprisal for the assault on law, which the Southern Pacific must be taught to respect. If Mr. Sutro had a majority of the Board of Supervisors to support him in his efforts to protect the public from the aggressions of corporations that are as rich in money as they are poor in conscience and regard for the rights of others, we should have a municipal government worthy of a self-respecting people.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

Referring to Mallock's "New Republic," "W. B. H." in the *Critic* informs us that he considers "Luke" to be Matthew Arnold; "Rose," Walter Pater; "Lord Allen," Lord Rosebery; "Sugden," Dr. Pusey; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Norton; "Miss Fane," "Stockton," Tyndal; "Jenkinson," Professor Jowett; "Saunders," Professor W. K. Clifford; "Leslie," Mr. Hardinge. "Lawrence" seems to have represented one who tells the account of the meetings, etc. The other characters are "Lady Grace," Mrs. Mark Pattison; "Donald Gordon," Carlyle; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Singleton; "Miss Fane," to whom the book is inscribed; and "Miss Merton," Miss Froude.

Thomas Garthwaite, of Ecclefechan, Scotland, has just died. "They tell me that Tom was a great man in London," he used to say, "but he never was thought one muckle o' here. He winnae ill to please. He just wrote for a euit and I sent it, and he wore it till done, and then he sent for another, and never a word about fit. He was a gude man that way."

Crime is to be deplored by all classes, but by none more than Society, for its worst consequence is to distract attention from the serious business of life. The press becomes absorbed in the horrid details of a murder, for example, and gives only the slightest notice to functions. During the past two weeks, for instance, I have attended several evening affairs, and assisted at numerous dinners, any one of which ordinarily would have been given a column, but, begad, only one or two have been honored with as much as half a dozen lines. Much as we object to the publicity which the press usually forces on us, with its incurable bad taste, yet it is not to be denied that when the press lets us alone we suffer a diminution of our sense of importance, which is far from pleasant. I was grieved—yes, hang me, angry—at the perfunctory manner in which the newspapers treated the Leiter-Carzon wedding at our nation's capital. Here was the daughter of an American millionaire married to the son of an English lord. The people at the scene of the event expressed their appreciation of its importance by breaking down an iron fence and trampling on one another, yet none of our newspapers here devoted more than four or five columns to it. Had the minds of the editors not been engrossed by murders, as many pages would have been filled, and our young women encouraged to go forward in their work as Americans. So unfortunate as to be murdered belonged to the aristocracy, there would be some excuse for the disproportionate interest shown, for then Society would be excited, and whatever excites Society is properly material for journalism. But Society really does not care particularly for the murder of persons beyond its immediate circle, to illustrate the need of a column of the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Gibson, a free Baptist preacher? Had the clergyman been the Rev. Dr. Foute, now—But it is unnecessary to expand. Confound me, if our drawing rooms haven't come to seem like penitential chambers, so exceedingly dull are they. In sheer self-defense a man has to turn to the clubs and politics to fight off boredom.

Speaking of politics, I had a long conference with Governor Budd the other day, and after refusing again the captaincy of the dredger Edith as compensation for my disappointment as to the Labor Commissionership, I said to him—and I own I was not in the sweetest of Persiflage, "do you mean by sandwiching good and bad appointments together the way you do? No sooner have you made an appointment that causes the newspapers to applaud you, than you make another that causes them to bite their lips and wish they felt free to denounce you?"

"Persiflage," said his Excellency, solemnly, "you ought to comprehend the elementary principles of statesmanship. The essence of politics is compromise."

"That's what Macaulay says," I remarked.

"Who's Macaulay?" inquired the Governor, with interest. "What office is he a candidate for? What ward does he live in? Is he a friend of the Administration or a kicker?"

"I refer," was my freezing answer, "to Thomas Babington Macaulay—Lord Macaulay, the historian."

"Oh," returned the Governor, contemptuously, "one of those eky-scrappers. But he's right about parties being a compromise. You've got to try to satisfy everybody."

"Yes," I retorted, "when you are the arbiter between contending forces—when there's a crisis."

"There's nearly always a crisis," replied his Excellency; "nearly always."

And when there isn't, you make one," I said, dryly. "Mr. Budd, I make me tired." I actually said this colloquialism, I am ashamed to say.

"That's all very well, Persiflage," returned the Governor, hotly, "but when you've got patronage to bestow, you can't be too careful. I've placed the patronage of the waterfront where it will do the most good, and if I hadn't been turned down, I'd have strengthened the party at San Quentin."

Every man that gets a job naturally becomes devoted to me. If a Governor hasn't a machine, how can he expect to be re-nominated? And," he cried, suddenly, "who the devil are you to criticize me? Confound you, you're nothing but an old dude, and you're sore because you didn't get the Labor Commissionership, for which you're about as fit as—as—"

"As you are to be Governor," I interrupted; and turning on my heel, I walked off in a cold fury. I shall never speak to Budd again.

from our sister republic. We shook hands warmly, and I said I was delighted to see him.

"For," I remarked, "we need a man with some brains to guide the Administration."

"What Administration?" inquired the Colonel.

"Why, Budd's Administration."

"You're right, Persiflage, that I am a Republican and that the Governor is a Democrat."

"That doesn't matter," I assured him. "John D. Spruckels is a Republican, too, as you perhaps know, but he is very thick with the Governor and has got a lot of offices from him on the waterfront."

"Yes," said Burns, shaking his head, "but Budd and I aren't personally friendly, you know."

"That's of no consequence," I urged, "Spruckels fought him as hard as you did in the campaign, and was one of the leaders in the movement for a recount."

"Ah, but Budd and I had a personal quarrel."

"So much the better. Budd is a good Christian and loves his enemies. He talked of shooting George Knight for using that Oregon business on the stump after he had promised to hire a hall and defend him, as they were school-mates, you know. Now George has got him into the Fair will case, and they're clumsy again. You never laid hands on Budd, did you?"

"Laid hands on him?"

"Yes; punched him, or anything of that kind?"

"No; of course not."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, "deuce-dly sorry."

"Good Lord, and why?" cried the Colonel.

"Because if you had you might be Prime Minister," I answered, and went on my way in the lowest spirits.

I'm afraid, begad, there's small chance of the Colonel getting into high favor. He seems to have fought Budd rather decently on the whole. Still, since the Southern Pacific and the Spruckels have fallen out, the company may press Burns's claims. In that case, I may look for something better than the captaincy of the Edith, for the Governor is more disposed to like his friends than his foes. He looks remarkably well, and is richer than ever, I am told. We have had our differences, I acknowledge, but I need not assure Colonel Burns that I have ever had for him a sincere respect and admiration.

At the Bohemian on Wednesday night the conversation—such is the ghastly taste of the moment—was exclusively of the church murders, and everybody expressed the extreme detestation for the pastor, Dr. Gibson. He was denounced in every form, with the greatest vehemence, and I myself held the opinion that for a man of his age his modesty was shocking.

"You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves," said Senator John Beard, to the general assemblage, and I saty that for the Governor of you likes to jump on a person when you get a chance. The reason is that a person usually is a living reproach to you. He doesn't do the things you all do, and know you shouldn't do. So when one of them trips, or you think he has tripped, all hands rejoice and cry, 'Ha! ha! So this is the chap that got so good for doing for the poor.' Even so, we're as good as he is." And you take another drink, and feel comforted, and in a manner justified in your sins. Brethren, we're a bad lot, and it pleases us to get a chance to drag a person down to our own level."

The company was stunned, and remained silent. Of course I could easily have ridiculed the Senator's sophistry, but it happens that I am negotiating with him to do a little something with his claret, along with Cresta Bedanca.

PERSIFLAGE.

A SERMON ON ZACCHAEUS.

The late Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands, containing the text of a sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment.

On one of these occasions the student, on opening his paper, found this subject and direction given him:

"Apply the story of Zacchaeus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry."

And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacchaeus and my qualifications."

"Well, the first thing we read about Zacchaeus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now."

"In the second place, we read that he was up in a tree, which is very much my position now."

"And, thirdly, we read that Zacchaeus had haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."

An Irish church contains this notice: "All kneelers should be hung up at the end of the service."

DRUMSHEUGH'S REWARD.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

People tell us that if you commit a secret to a dweller in the city, and exact pledges of faithfulness, the confidence will be proclaimed on the house-tops within twenty-four hours, and yet no charge of treachery can be brought against your friend. He has simply succumbed to the conflict between the habit of free trade in speech and the sudden embargo on one article. Secret was engraved on his face and oozed from the skirts of his garments, so that every conversational detective saw at a glance that the man was carrying treasure, and seized it at his will.

When one told a secret thing to his neighbor in Drumtochty it did not make a ripple on the hearer's face, and it disappeared as into a deep well. "Ay, ay," was absolutely necessary as an assurance of attention, and the farthest expression of surprise did not go beyond, "That wesa chancy." Whether a Drumtochty man ever turned over secrets in the recesses of his mind no one can tell, but when Jamie Soutar, after an hour's silence one evening, withdrew his pipe and said "Sall," with marked emphasis, it occurred to me that he may have been digressing at an event. Perhaps the lack of silence was never broken except once, when William Macleure indirectly let out the romance of Drumsheugh's love to Marget Howe, and afterwards was forgiven by his friend.

Marget had come to visit the doctor about a month before he died, bearing gifts, and after a while their conversation turned to George. "Dinna speak aboot ma traivelin' tae see ye," Marget said; "there's no a body in the Glen but is behadit tae ye, an' a' can never forget what ye did for ma laddie yon lang summer-time."

"A' did naethin' an' nae man can dae muckle in that waesome tribble. It aye taks the cleverest laddies an' the bonniest lassies; but a' never led a bonnie heart than when a' saw Georgie's face that afternoon. There's nae fechtin' decline."

"Ye mak ower little o' yir help, doctor; it wos ye 'at savit him frae pain an' kept it his mind clear. Without you he couldna workit on tae the end o' seen his friends. A' the Glen can tap tae speil for him, and say a cheery word tae their souls."

"Did a' ever tell ye that Posty wud gang round a guile half mile oot o' his road gin he bed a letter for Georgie, juist tae pit it his hands himsel? And Posty's another man sin then; but wha div ye think wos kindest after Donsie an' yerself?"

"Wha wos't?" But Macleure lifted his head, as if he had already heard the name.

"A' ye're richt," answering the look of his friend; "Drumsheugh it wos, an' a' that summer he wos sae gentle and thoctfu' the Glen wudna hae kent him in oor garden."

"Ye've seen him there yersel, but, wud ye believe it, he cam three times a week, and never empty-handed. He'd dae the laziest tasy bit o' work. Mairtoun wad see Georgie-ate, another it wud be a buke the laddie bed wantit tae buy at College, an' a month afor Georgie left us, if Drumsheugh didna come up ae Saturday w' a parcel he bed gotten a' the way frae London."

"Whata place is this George? an' he taks aff the cover an' holds up the picture. It wud hae been ye gude man, but the laddie wos a bonnie bit o' een." "Athens!" he cried, an' then he reached out his white hand tae Drumsheugh, but naethin' was said.

"They were at it the hale forenoon, Georgie showin' the Temple the Greeks set up tae Wisdom, an' the theatre in the shadow of the hill whar the Greek prophets beaded their sermons; an' a' had not an' if Georgie wud read a bonnie bit, an' Donsie himsel cudnae hae been mair interested than Drumsheugh. The deen' scholar an' the auld fairmer."

"Ay, ay," said Macleure.

"Ae story Georgie tell me never ran dry wi' Drumsheugh, an' he aye askit tae bear it as a treat. He wud liddle grow ower o' the love he loved, but the auld days, that were divided by an arm o' the sea, whar the water ran in a constant spate, and the lad bed tae swim across tae see his lass. She held a light on high tae guide him, an' at the sight o' he'd be cared naethin' for the danger; but ae nicht he could, peettless water gied ower his head, and he wudnae be gude o' her. Her faithfu' lass, she lung herseel into the black flood, and deith joined them whar there's nae partin'."

"He likit that, did he?" said Macleure, with a tone in his voice, and looking at Georgie curiously. "Best o' a' the ancient things Georgie gied him in the garden, an' ae day he nearly gang, but it wesa for their deith."

"Na, na," he said tae Georgie, "a' coont him happy, for he bed a reward for the black crosin'";

laddie, mony a man wud he wullin' tae dee gin he wos luv'd. What think ye o' a man fichtin' through the ford a' his life wi' nae kindly litch'?"

"Georgie wos for him, an' tell me in the gloamin', an' it set me thinkin'. Cud it be that puir Drumsheugh micht hae luv'd an' been rewarded, an' naebody kent o' it? Na, but a' nae nitchy sees the sorrow in ilka hert, an' them 'at suffers mair aye least."

"It cam tae me that he must hae luv'd, for he wos that condescendat wi' Georgie, sae wummanlike in his manner wi' the pillows and shawls, sae wile in fichtin' oot wud wad please the laddie; he luv'd yon in mair than a' his life, but a' nae let ket. Did ye . . . ever hear anything, doctor? It's no for clashin' (gossip) a' wud ask, but for peety an' his gudeenes tae ma bairn."

"Is't likely he wud tell ony man, even though he be his freend?" and Macleure fenced bravely, "did ye hear a' naethin' in the auld days when ye wos in Drumsheugh?"

"No a whisper; he wos never in the mooth o' the Glen, an' he wesa the, the same then; he wos quiet and couthy, ceevil tae a workin' folk; there wos nae meanness in Drumsheugh in thae days. A'eften thoct nae man in a' the Glen wud hae made a better husband tae some gude wumman than Drumsheugh. He wos a gude man, he luv'd tae turned sae hard and near for thirty years. But dinna ye think the rael Drumsheugh hes come out agin?"

The doctor seemed to be restraining speech. "He's no an ordinary man, whatever the Glen may think," and Marget seemed to be meditating. "He wos wummanlike in his manner, an' he wos that agitat that aince when a' thoct him his tea he let the cup drop on the grayel. Be sure there's twa folk in every ane o's-ae Drumsheugh 'at foctit wi' the dealers an' lived like a miser, an' anither that gied the money for Tammas Mitchell's wife an' nursit ma laddie."

Macleure would have been sadly tried in any case, but he wos a wale aye Drumsheugh had made his confession. Besides, he wos near the end, and his heart wos jealous for his friend. It seemed the worse treachery to be silent.

"There's juist ae Drumsheugh, Marget Hoo, as ye're a leevin' wumman, him yae saw in the garden, wha wud hae denied himsel a meel o' meat tae get that far for yir freend."

"The Glen dinna ken Drumsheugh, and never wud this side o' the grave," and the doctor's voice wos ringing with passion, and something like tears were in his eyes; "but gin there be a judgment an' . . . books be opened, the'll be ane for Drumtochty, and the bravest pair in it 'ill be Drumsheugh's."

"A' wos astonished, an' it's nae wonder"—for the look in Marget's grey eyes demanded more—"but what a' say is true. It hes never been for himsel he's pinched an' bargained; it wos for . . . for a freend he wantit tae help, an' that wos aye in tribble. He thoct 'at it micht . . . hurt his freend's feelin' and pit him tae shame in his parish. He wos a gude man, an' a' thoct the shame o' himsel. A' daurna tell ye mair, for it wud be brakin' bodie atween man and man, but ye've herd enouch tae clear Drumsheugh's name wi' ae wumman."

"Mair than cleared, doctor," and Marget's face glowed, "far mair, for ye've shown me that the Sermon on the Mount is no a dead letter the day, and ye've cleared the name o' a gude man. Noo a' 'ill juist hae the rael Drumsheugh, an' Georgie's Drumsheugh," and again Marget thank'd Macleure. For the moment the heroism of the deed had carried her away, but as she went home the pity of it all came over her. For the best part of his life had this man been toiling and suffering, all that ane might have comfort, and all this travail without the recompence of care. What patience, humility, tenderness, sacrifice lay in unsought people. How long? . . . Perhaps thirty years, and no one knew, and no one said "Well done!" He had veiled his good deeds well, and accepted many a jest that must have cut him to the quick. Marget's heart began to warm to this unassuming man who had done more for Georgie's chair.

The footpath from the doctor's to Whinnie Knowe passed along the front of the hill above the farm of Drumsheugh, and Marget came to the cottage where she had lived with her mother in former time. It was empty, and she went into the kitchen. How home-like it had been in those days, and warm, and bright. The doctor, for Drumsheugh had made the fire, and he had been sitting at the table. Her mother wos never weary speaking of his kindness, yet they were only working people. The snow had drifted down the wide chimney and lay in a heap on the hearth, and Marget shivered. The sorrow of life came upon her—the mother and the son rushed to a young in the kirkyard. Then the blood rushed to her heart, and she ended her life in triumphs. But sorrow without love . . . her thoughts returned to Drumsheugh, whose heartstone wos cold indeed. She wos now looking down on his home, set in the midst of the snow. Its cheerlessness appealed to her—the grey, sombre house where this man, with his wealth of love, lived alone. Was not that Drumsheugh himself crossing the laigh

field, a black figure on the snow, with his dog behind . . . going home where there wos nae one to welcome him . . . thinking, perhaps, what might have been? . . . Suddenly Marget stopped and opened a gate. . . . Why should he not have come? . . . for once in his lonely life . . . if the woman he loved had whom he had not loved take her place for one half hour?

When Drumsheugh came round the corner of the farmhouses, looking old and sad, Marget wos waiting, at d was amazed at the swift change upon him. "Ye didna expect me," she said, coming to meet him with the light in her eyes, and the soft, sweet curves of her lips. "an' maybe it's a lecherly a'm takin'; but ye ken kindness breaks a' barriers, an' for the sake o' Georgie a' cudna pass yir hoose this nicht without tellin' that ye were in ma hert."

Drumsheugh had not one word to say, but he took her hand in both of his for an instant, and then, instead of going in by the kitchen, as all visitors were brought, save only the minister and Lord Kilspeidie, he led Marget round to the front door with much ceremony. It wos only in the lobby he found his tongue, and still he hesitated, as one overcome by some great occasion.

Ye sud be in the parlour, Marget Hoo, but ye wos no becomin' me, an' I'm mony a year; wud ye come intae ma sin bit room? . . . like tae see ye there," and Marget saw that he wos trembling, as he placed her in a chair before the fire.

"Ye were aince in this room," he said, and now he wos looking at her wistfully; "div ye mind? it gied aye."

"It wos when a' came tae pay oor rent afore we flitted, and ye hed tae seek for change, an' a' thoct ye were angry at oor leavin'."

"No angry, na, na, a' wesa angry . . . it cuist me half an oor tae find some siller, an' a' the time ye were sittin' in that vera chair . . . that wos Martin Macleure's ma mither deid . . . ye 'ill no leavin' without yir."

After he had gone to tell Leezbeth of his guest, Marget looked round the room, with its worn furniture, its bareness and comfortlessness. This wos all he had to come to on a Friday night when he returned from market; out and in here he would go till he died. A mere touch of tenderness there wos in the room, for Marget, wha her mother aye the mantelpiece, and Marget rose to look at it, and had known her, a woman of deep and silent affection. A letter wos lying open below the picture, and this title, printed in clear type at the head, caught Marget's eye:

"Macfarlane and Robertson, Writers,
Kilspeidie Buildings,
Muirtown."

Marget's heart suddenly stood still, for it wos the firm that sent the seasonable remittances from Whinnie's cousin. This cousin had always been a mystery to her, for Whinnie could tell little about him, and she wos refused an information what he wos, and she wos supposed that he wos in America, and chose to give his aid without communication. It had occurred to her that very likely he wos afraid of them hanging on a rich relation, and there were times when she wos indignant and could not feel grateful for his generosity. Other times she had longed to send a letter in her name to Whinnie's cousin, for she wos sure he had lightened their life and kept them in peace and honesty at Whinnie Knowe; but the lawyers had discouraged the idea, and she had feared to press it.

What if this had all been a make-believe, and there had been no cousin . . . and it had been Drumsheugh who had done it all . . . Was this the object of all his sacrifice . . . to keep a roof above their heads . . . and she had heard him miscealed for a miser and a miser, how could she look him in the face . . . she wos sure . . . although there wos no proof . . . A grey light had been gathering all the afternoon in her mind, and now the sun had risen, and everything wos light.

Any moment he might come in, and she must know for certain; but it wos Leezbeth that entered to lay the table, looking harder than ever, and evidently seeing no call for this outbreak of hospitality.

"The maister's gaen upstairs tae clean himsel," said the housekeeper, with a suggestion of contempt. "A' saw naethin' wrang wi' him masel." But Leezbeth wos not one that could move Marget for a miser and a miser, and now she wos waiting for the sight of Drumsheugh's face.

He came in twenty years younger than she had seen him in that dreary field, and, speaking to her as if she had been the Countess of Kilspeidie, asked her to pour out the tea.

"Drumsheugh," and he started at the note of cheerfulness, before a' sit down at yir table thoct he wos a question, and ye man an' a' wos. Ye may think me a forw-ard wumman, an' na question may seem like madness, but it's come intae ma mind, an' a' 'ill hae nae rest till it's settled."

Marget's courage wos near the failing, for it struck her how little she had to go on, and how

wild was her idea; but it was too late to retreat, and she also saw the terror on his face.

Drumshough stood silent, his eyes fixed on her face, and his hand tightened on the back of a chair.

"Is't you . . . are ye the freend at hee helped man an' me through a' our troubles?"

Had he been prepared for the ordeal, or had she opened with a preface, he would have escaped somehow, but all his wiles were vain before Margaret's eyes.

"Ye were wi' William Maclure, and Drumshough's voice quivered with passion, 'an' he telt ye. A'll never forgie him, no, never, nor speak a word tae him again, though he be the best man in a' the Glen, an' ma dearest freend."

"Dinna blame Doctor Maclure, for a' he did was in faithfulness an' love," and Margaret told him how she had made her discovery; "but why sud ye be angry that the founk ye blessed at a sair coat can think ye face to face?"

Margaret caught something about "a pund or twa," but it was not easy to hear, for Drumshough had gone over to the fireplace and turned away his face.

"Many punds; but that's the least o't; it's what ye paid for them a' thae years o' savin', and what ye did wi' them, a' ma remembrance." Weelum might never hev had a hoose for me, an' a' might never hev hed na man, an' he might hae gaen oot o' Whinnie Knowe and been brokenhearted this day hed he no been for ye!"

"Sie kindness for this hee's never been kent in the Glen, an' yet we're nae blinde tae you, nor nair than cyubody in the parish. Ye'll lat me thank ye for ma man an' Georgie an' naeal, an' I'll telt me hoo ye over theicht o' showin' us sic favour." Margaret moved over to Drumshough and laid her hand on him in thanks. He lifted his head and looked her in the face.

"Marget!" and then she understood. He watched the red flow over all her face and fade away again, and the tears fill her eyes and run down her cheeks, before she looked at him steadily, and spoke in a low voice that was very sweet.

"A' never dreamed o' this, an' a'm not worthy o' sic love, wheroof I hev hed much fruit o' ye hev only pain."

"Ye're wrang, Marget, for the joy hes gien over the pain, an' a've hed the greater gain. Luv roosed ne tae work an' fecht, wha micht hae been a' ne'er-dae-weel. Luv save me frae greed o' a' an' a' liard herd. Luv kept me clean in theicht an' deed, for it was her, Marget by night an' day. If a'm a man the day, ye did it, though ye might never hae kent it. It's little a'd did for ye, but ye've dune a' thing for me . . . Marget."

After a moment he went on: "Twenty years ago a' culna hae spoken wi' ye safely, nor taken yir man's hand without a grudge; but there's nee sin in ma hie this day, and a' wdna be ashamed though yir man heard me say, 'A' luv ye, Marget.'"

He took her hand and made as though he would have lifted it to his lips, but as he bent she kissed him on the forehead. "This," she said, "for yir great and faithful luv."

They talked of many things at tea, with joy running over Drumshough's heart; and then they spoke of Georgie all the way across the moor, on which the moon was shining. They parted at the edge, where Margaret could see the lights of her home, and Drumshough caught the sorrow of her face, for him that had to go back alone to an empty house.

"Dinna peety me, Marget; a've hed ma reward, an' a'm nair than content."

On reaching home, he opened the family Bible at a place that was marked, and this was what he read to himself: "They which shall be accounted worthy . . . neither are they given in marriage . . . but are as the angels of God in heaven."

Everts in Self-Defense.

Ex-Senator Everts paid a visit to the scene of his many former triumphs during the late session. He took a seat on the floor of the Senate and was soon surrounded by a small host of Senators. It may not be generally known that the possession of a veritable fund of dry and ready wit. He was given, in the preparation of his speeches and opinions, to exceedingly long and involved though perfectly lucid sentences. This gave rise to more or less of a local criticism on the part of the press. Some one mentioned it to Everts one day. His eye twinkled as he said: "Yes, I know there are some classes of people who are very much opposed to long sentences; one is telegraph operators and the other is criminals."—*Washington News.*

Contractor—"Did you offer the councillor the \$10,000 as I told you?" Clerk—"Yes, sir." "How did he take it?" the clerk highly offended. "And what did he say?" "He said I ought to be pitched into the street." "And what did he do?" "He put the money in his purse."—*El Nictorio Billiano.*

SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

A Biography by His Life-Long Friend, John Bigelow—President Cleveland's Ingratitude.

When Samuel J. Tilden died he made John Bigelow his literary executor. Mr. Bigelow had been his close personal friend for fifty years, and into more capable hands Mr. Tilden could not have left the trust. The result is a life of the great Democrat, just published in two volumes by the Harpers.

Mr. Bigelow charges Mr. Cleveland with ingratitude to the man who made it possible for him to become President. In June, 1884, Daniel Manning, then the editor of the *Albany Argus* and a warm friend of Mr. Tilden, called upon Mr. Bigelow and asked him to go with him to see Mr. Tilden at his home on Granary Park.

"After briefly referring to the political situation, he said that on the Sunday previous he had called upon Gov. Cleveland, laid the whole case before him, pressed upon his attention the necessity of doing something at once to prevent the friends of Mr. Tilden getting heedlessly pledged to other candidates at their second choice, and that the danger was imminent so long as a hope of Mr. Tilden's yielding to the wishes of the party was indulged, and, finally, that the only way of defeating such a scheme was for Mr. Tilden to signify, before the election of any more delegates, most of whom were to be chosen within the next eight or ten days, that he would not be a candidate."

"Mr. Manning then went on to say that Gov. Cleveland promptly expressed the desire that Mr. Manning would go down to Greystone, represent the situation to Mr. Tilden, and consider himself authorized to give Mr. Tilden any assurances he required in regard to the naming of Mr. Cleveland's successor should he be elected, and in regard to the conduct of his administration upon the lines of reform which had been traced by Mr. Tilden during and since his election as Governor. Mr. Manning said his object in coming to me was to ask me to accompany him to Greystone, and assist him in persuading Mr. Tilden—no persuasion should be necessary, but to longer day a formal announcement of his intentions, already well known to Mr. Manning and myself, not to accept a renomination."

"In point of fact," adds Mr. Bigelow, "Mr. Tilden was not consulted about his Cabinet by President Cleveland until nearly or quite every place but one had been filled, when his advice about a Secretary of the Treasury was invited. He recommended Mr. Daniel Manning of New York. Mr. Manning was reluctantly appointed to that position, but never welcomed to it nor in it."

"Whether Mr. Cleveland underrated the value of Mr. Tilden's judgment, or overrated his own, it is quite certain that Mr. Manning did neither, for he appears to have rarely, if ever, taken any important step while he consulted in the Cabinet without trying to secure Mr. Tilden's approval of it."

"It had by this time become manifest to Mr. Tilden not only that he was not a *persona grata* to the President, which he more than suspected before, but that it was anything but a recommendation in the President's eyes to be a friend of his. Mr. Tilden early in 1885 concluded that his health was too poor to allow the strain of another campaign. Mr. Bigelow says: "I had been trying to assist him one day, early in the spring of 1880, in one of his vexatious litigations. I observed that he did not seem to have the full command of his resources. At last he arose from his seat, and with an air of discouragement in his face, said there was in the tone of his voice, said: 'Let us go and take a ride.' As we rode up the avenue and after a protracted silence he spoke of the decline of force and intellectual endurance, of which he had just experienced such unequivocal evidence, and then added in a rather querulous tone, as if responding to some unwelcome pressure from within, 'I am no longer fit to prepare a case for trial, I am not fit to be President of the United States.'"

Here is a pen picture of the great Democrat as he was in 1874: "He was now in the sixty-second year of his age, 5 feet 10 inches in height; of what physiologists would call the purely nervous temperament, with its usual accompaniment of a fine figure, blue eyes, and fair complexion. His hair, originally chestnut, was partially silvered with age. His head was large, and in its shape recalled to the most casual observer the circular form and well rounded proportions so much admired in the typical head of the Caesar. His health, unfortunately, was not as firm as his will. He paid little attention to the monitions of nature, and never allowed them to interfere with his work. It never seemed to occur to him in those days that, however intemperately he labored, his strength in reserve would ever be less than at the moment he was drawing upon it. If there be any truth in the old proverb, that a man is his physician on a footstool, Tilden was a fool, for I never met a man of average intelligence who had reached Mr. Tilden's

age with a feeble comprehension of human physiology or of the elementary laws of health."

"Tilden never married, only because he never felt the need of a wife. His health was always so uncertain; his mind so full of care, upward was so constantly absorbed with large affairs, public or private, most of the time with both; his temperament was so purely nervous, and women were, so far as he could see, so unimportant to his success in any of the enterprises upon which his heart was set—that marriage never became the subject of thought in his mind. For a time at least, with most men, whether they marry or not; in fact he never knew any woman intimately enough to fall completely under the influence of sexual charms. He seemed to have been betrothed in his early life to his country, and the Democratic party occupied with him the place of offspring until it was too late to think of having any children."

"He had no particular charm of person; he always looked the invalid he was; he had no special graces of manner, nor was he eloquent of speech. The effect of his oratory was due exclusively to the things he said, not to the way he said them. He had a feeble voice; his elocution was utterly ineffective, and he never spoke with any force or power, which he never spoke without having something to say which no other speaker was likely to say with equal authority. He would have passed as a dull and tedious speaker."

"He liked praise, but it never seemed to mislead him, for he judged his own achievements most impartially. He liked praise when he felt himself entitled to it, but he did not purchase it for more than it was worth."

"He liked to get his exercise by riding or driving because his horses did most of the work. He always had fine horses; for one span he paid \$10,000; for one of his saddle horses he paid \$1,500, and \$1,000 for another. He was but partially acquainted with the uses to which his hands were capable and for which they were provided. He probably never whittled a stick, tossed a ball, climbed a tree, ran a race, or pulled an oar, nor even carried a cane, except for a few days in Paris, under the advice of his physician, as a check to certain arthritic tendencies. He could not be prevailed upon, however, to continue its use. He enjoyed massage because it gave him exercise."

"At the end of his second volume, Mr. Bigelow says: 'Whatever may be the judgment which history is to pass upon the career of the hero of this imperfect narrative, it will search in vain to find in the political annals of this Republic the names of many who ever rendered it such effective and enduring service, nor of those any whose service cost it so little.'"

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,

For you the bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, the eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From a fearful trip the victor ship comes in, all object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

In a recently published volume of essays Sir Herbert Maxwell tells a tale of a former Earl of Mayo who had imported some emus, and, going to London, left strict orders that he was to be informed when they began to lay. In a few days he received the following letter from his bailiff: "My Lord, I have the honor to inform your lordship that the emus have begun to lay. In the absence of your lordship, I have put the eggs under the biggest goose we have."

Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased.
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit to the undersigned their respective claims, in writing, under oath, within the time limited, to-wit: four (4) months after the date of publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
 Administrator of the Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased.
 Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1895.
 J. B. SELLERS, Attorney for said Administrator,
 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

MRS. VANDERBILT—MR. BELMONT.

They Have Been Friends for Years and Their Marriage Would Be No Surprise.

New York, April 18, 1895.

I am altogether at a loss to understand why the press and the public should be so shocked at the announcement that Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt and Mr. Perry Belmont are shortly to be married. Certainly to those who have spent even the briefest period at Newport during the past five or six years, the announcement seems not only natural but commendable. If Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mr. Belmont love each other, what can be more fitting, happy, and proper than their marriage? To be sure it is but a couple of months since Mrs. Vanderbilt procured her divorce, and at the time she assumed the air of one who had been grievously wronged. Her husband was declared a monster by every woman, and considerable of a fool by every man. The innocent, trustful wife had suddenly discovered that another establishment was being supported by her husband, another set of servants wore his livery, another woman occupied the gold and white state-room on the yacht, another jeweled hand and arm extended the Vanderbilt louis d'or at Monte Carlo, and on this awful revelation the innocent and trustful wife with becoming indignation fled from the scene of her husband's revelries and sought release at the hands of the courts. The world applauded Mrs. Vanderbilt for her spunk, the world even thought her unselfish, and she was called for a "Woman's Page" said it was probable that Mrs. Vanderbilt would "not only withdraw from society for a season, but, on her daughter's marriage, would retire from the world."

It is now realized how very generous Mr. Vanderbilt was. He not only gave to his wife the evidence on which she procured her divorce, but he allowed her story to be published without complaint or adverse charge. When she demanded a share of the Vanderbilt property far greater than Mr. Vanderbilt or his lawyers thought reasonable, a hint was given that Mr. Vanderbilt would oppose the suit and bring in a counter-charge, and it was comparatively easy thereafter to arrive at a reasonable settlement. Shortly after the divorce I was talking with one of Mr. Vanderbilt's friends, a society man of prominence who had been one of a small party to make the trip to Europe on the Vanderbilt yacht, and by him a new light was thrown on the scandal. "It is the best stroke of business Mrs. Vanderbilt ever did," was this gentleman's statement. "If I had been in his shoes I would have made it necessary for Mrs. Vanderbilt to procure the divorce years ago. It has only been very lately that William K. has taken to any excesses, or has led a life which could be at all remarked upon. The word to me is that he held out as long as he did." I asked the reason for this latter-day breaking out on Mr. Vanderbilt, and he said, "I was told that Mr. V. is one of the Smith girls." "To be sure," I replied, "she was a beautiful Georgian and her sister married Yznaga, but what of it?" "That is one way of saying that she is self-willed, imperious, moody, and filled with a temper that is anything but saintlike," he answered. "I never knew a man more devoted to his wife than Mr. Vanderbilt, and I never knew a wife who appreciated devotion less. She took every opportunity to interfere with his plans and make his friends feel as if they were always in the way. After standing this sort of thing for years, Mr. Vanderbilt decided to find whatever pleasure there was in the world for him away from home, and it was no wonder that his New-York business was done so boldly that notice had to be taken of it, otherwise Mr. and Mrs. V. would still be married, I fancy."

Since Perry Belmont left Congress little has been heard of him, excepting as he moved in society. He formed one of a most brilliant coterie of young men who were much in evidence in New York politics in the early eighties, and of the lot he was farthest in advance, and gave greatest promise of a long life of political activity and usefulness. He was, so I have heard it said, the youngest Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations the House of Representatives ever had. But Perry Belmont formed no such alliance with William K. And did a year or two later, though not for the same reason. One of the closing events of his political career was the giving of a dinner to himself in Louisville. The banquet was ostensibly given by prominent Democrats of the West, but it was discovered that Perry paid the bills and was the chief promoter. He had been solicited several times to accept a Congressional nomination, but has declined, and no one knows just why. His business interests are large, but they leave him abundance of time for sports and society, into which he enters with much gusto. He is now a man of middle age. His public life made him easy of approach, and he commends himself at once on meeting him by the

practical common sense of his talk and his freedom from affectation or pretension of superiority. Mrs. Vanderbilt is the only woman to whom he is known to have been seriously attached, and for years they have always been spoken of as very warm friends. The breach in the Four Hundred, of which I wrote in my last letter, will without doubt, be widened by the marriage of Mr. Belmont and Mrs. Vanderbilt, unless both choose, which is not unlikely, to spend most of their time in Europe, though Mr. Belmont has not been of those who have found America a disagreeable place in which to live.

FISLEY.

THE MODERN POET.

He came; I met him face to face,
And shrank amazed, dismayed; I saw
No patient depth, no tender grace,
No prophet of the eternal law.

But weakness fretting to be great,
Self-consciousness with sidelong eye,
The impotence that dares not wait
For honor, crying "This is I."

The tyrant of a sullen hour,
He frowned away our mild content;
And insight only gave him power
To see the sights that were not meant.

—W. H. Benson, author of "Dodo."

THE CALLOW BOOK.

Robert Bridges, the literary critic of *Life*, who signs himself "Droch," is writing a series of satires upon *fin de siècle* literature of the morbid and sensual sort, his latest being the following very clever and pointed fling at Aubrey Beardsley's "Yellow Book" which he has entitled "The Callow Book."

"I'm tired of everything," said Henri du Bodéhead, as he stretched himself on his pale green divan, and placed his noble head on a saffron-colored pillow.

"Then, my dear Henri, you are in the right mood to become a contributor to 'The Callow Book,'" said Rosamund Newera, his mental affinity, who had dropped into his study to smoke a cigarette with him.

"I've thought of that as a last resort," said Henri. "I've tried every respectable magazine in London, but they all return my stories and poems with the remark that they are 'overcrowded,' etc., which means that they are afraid of the British Matron."

"You know, of course," said Rosamund, "that 'The Callow Book' is meant to defy that prudish old lady. And the publishers have discovered that she likes to be defied. So all of us are doing our best to keep shocking her. It's great fun!"

"I'm afraid I should tire of that also," yawned Henri. "One can't always interest oneself in simply being shocking. It isn't art you know. After all, I've lived these awfully long twenty-four years simply for art. I'm hoping it will keep me alive till I'm twenty-five. Then I'll die happy, like a lot of other geniuses."

"Don't die," pleaded Rosamund. "There is plenty for you to live for yet. Beardsley has never yet illustrated one of your stories. You can't die happy without that."

"I've often thought of that also," said Henri, pensively, "but I can't think of a plot wicked enough to appeal to so great an artist. Oh, my dearest Rosamund, why can't I be as wicked as the really great writers of France! I've tried to make my good old Yorkshire name look like something French; I drink absinthe, I read Maeterlinck and Verlaine, and occasionally I smoke opium. But it's no use. Way down in my heart I know that I'd rather be playing cricket, or riding a good hunter, or reading Thackeray. I can't lie to you any more, Rosamund, and that's the solemn truth."

"Poor, dear fellow," said Rosamund, stroking his fair curly hair, "I did not know that your case was as hopeless as that. I fear that after all 'The Callow Book' editors would discover that you are a hollow sham, and keep you out."

"My last hope is in you, dear Rosamund," whispered Henri. "Teach me what true wickedness is, and I will try to acquire it."

"I think that I have put our creed in a poem," said Rosamund, "and if you really grasp its meaning you are saved. Listen:

"To hate virtue, to despise truth, to love another's wile,

To doubt your bosom friend—yes, that is best in life!

To write as though the world were evil at the heart,

And full of hypocrites—yes, that is ALTH!

"It's a hard creed," sighed Henri. "Perhaps, I'd better remain a despised British Philistine, and go back to the old Yorkshire farmhouse."

"Then," said Rosamund, severely, "our love is

at an end. You need never hope to be a contributor to 'The Callow Book.' Farewell, false one! Farewell!" and she swept through the turquoise portieres and vanished in the fog.

Modern Society.

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which included a "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf, and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

All the punishment for the Emmanuel Church murders is not being visited upon young Durrant. The whole class of medical students is under suspicion. Up to these awful crimes, medical students have been regarded as quite reputable persons, with whom it was no disgrace, at least, to be seen—indeed, I have known many mammae who looked upon these coming doctors as very eligible *partis*. But now all this has changed. The mother with daughters gathers her brood under her wings on the approach of a medical student, and is not at rest until he is out of sight. Some time ago a man in the country, for whom Jack does business, sent his son here to study medicine. The young man was to draw his monthly allowance through Jack, and so their acquaintance began. One evening he called, and I met the bright young fellow. Since then he has occasionally paid us a visit, especially when he wanted either advice or money. Tuesday evening he came, and asked if we didn't know of some nice house where he could get a room. He wanted a place pretty near the college. I asked why he didn't stay where he was, on Van Ness avenue.

"Oh, I've been fired out," was the answer.
"What for?"
"Because I'm a medical student, I guess."
And then I learned that the good lady with whom he boarded had suddenly given him notice that she had a cousin coming from the East, who would want his rooms.

"But that isn't the worst of it," the boy continued. "I thought it would be no trick to get another place, perhaps a little handier to the college. So I had afternoon tea at the college, and found just the sort of quarters I wanted, out on Sacramento street. The rooms were well furnished, and the landlady was a fine-looking, motherly person, with gray hair and a most benevolent smile. Although the price was a trifle steep, I decided to take the rooms, trusting to the old lady's kindly face to get a little more room-renting, when my remittances weren't prompt. So I made a deposit of five dollars, and was going out of the door, when I turned to take a last look, and, being pleased, said in an off-hand way, 'This will make a first-class den to study in.'"

"You are not a preacher, are you?" asked the landlady.
"I hastened to deny the charge, and told her that I was only a medical student. If I had said I was a train robber, the dear old lady wouldn't have been more scared."

"A medical student!" she exclaimed. "What college?"

"The Cooper," I answered.
"You should have seen her. She positively was afraid to be in the same room with me. I stood open-mouthed, amazed at the woman. I saw that she was really frightened. I turned at the head of the stairs to let her precede me, but, bless you, if she didn't insist on my going first. As we came to the foot of the stairs, she thrust out the hand containing the five dollars, and said:

"You're a nice looking young man, and you seem like a very proper young man, but I really can't let my rooms to a medical student."

"I just had sense enough to ask the reason."
"Well, you see," she said, "I've got two daughters, both of them just growing into young womanhood, and I somehow don't think it's quite right to have a medical student in the house. It may be foolish, but it's always best to be safe."

"With as much calmness as I could summon, I told her very squarely that all medical students weren't murderers. But I saw it was no use to argue, so I grabbed my money and got out into the street as fast as possible. And now I want a room where there isn't a girl within ten blocks."

Jack comforted our young friend by telling him that the women, old and young, would stand in no dread of him as soon as he got his diploma. "Then," said he, "you will be able to practice your profession without being called a murderer."

I have heard it advanced by a very clever man, that the man's fall in the physician and her apparent reverence for him was one proof that she was still very much of a barbarian. She looked upon the doctor as a sort of magic worker, a dealer with things supernatural, a chosen and intimate friend of the Great Spirit—this, he held, was woman's idea of her physician, and it was a pitiable revelation of her superstitious ignorance. I suppose there are women who regard their physicians as Indian squaws look upon the medicine man of the tribe, but there are better reasons than woman's ignorance for her faith. To her physician a woman must make confidences of the most sacred character. Her life is to him an open book. At times of

crisis in her life she is forced to rely solely upon his good sense. Upon his skill and knowledge she is forced to rely when her own abilities and resources have been exhausted. Her husband, the one man to whom she looks at all other times for guidance, is farther at sea than she is herself when sickness has to be dealt with. The lawyer is her husband's confidant. The clergyman is to-day more of a social figure than a friend; you are proud of him, but you haven't much every-day use for him. The doctor you see often and you somehow feel that he doesn't tell things to his wife, which is another great advantage he often enjoys over the preacher. You are not fooled by the little pills that he gives; you know that the weak's rest in bed is the real prescription. But he pulls you around all right in the end, and for that you are grateful. The physician is woman's confessor and stand-by in times of trouble and it is no wonder she esteems him so highly.

There are some women who boast much of their physicians because they are old. At least I have never been able to find any other reason for their boasting. It is esteemed a mark of respectability to have an old family physician, but it is more often, it seems to me, a sign of good sense to have a young one. There are old doctors who have in reality been dead many years, and there are young doctors who are so very clever that they are dangerous for even a well woman to trust. There are old doctors who are up to date, but there are more young ones of that kind, I am thinking.

BETTY.

THE ANGELIC HUSBAND.

There are husbands who are pretty
There are husbands who are witty,
There are husbands who in public are as smiling
as the morn;
There are husbands who are healthy,
There are famous husbands and wealthy;
But the real angelic husband, well, he's never
yet been born.

Some for strength of love are noted,
Who are really so devoted
That whenever their wives are absent they are
longing and forlorn;
And while now and then you'll find one
Who's a really good and kind one,
Yet the real angelic husband, oh, he's never yet
been born.

So the woman who is mated
To a man who may be rated
As "pretty fair" should cherish him forever and
a day.

For the real angelic creature,
Perfect, quite, in every feature,
He has never been discovered, and he won't be,
so they say.

—T. B. Aldrich in Boston Budget.

W'EN MA'S AWAY.

W'en ma's away it seem's though
Th' sky gits dark an' folks must know
'At sumpin's wrong; an' 'nen it's chill
'An dreary home—th' house is still
An' creepy-like—
W'en ma's away.

W'en ma's away they aint no fun,
I jest set rou'n' an' can't eat none,
An' feel my heart begin t' sink
At all th' accidents I think
Has happened sure—
W'en ma's away.

W'en ma's away up to that place
Where nary angel's got a face
'S kind's hers I b'lieve I'll die
An' foller her, 'cause I can't try
Her live alone—
W'en Ma's away.

—Arthur Chapman in Chicago Record.

If you are fond of giving advice study law and medicine, and charge for it.
If a man is big and fat, and keeps his mouth shut he can bluff nearly anybody.

There never was a woman so religious that she did not think about her Easter hat during Lent. Misfortunes are like wild geese; a man never knows when they are going to come along, and is seldom prepared for them.—Atchinson Globe.

Conductor—"That's a Canadian coin, sir; I can't take it."

Passenger—"The deuce you can't! You gave it to me in change this morning."

Conductor—"Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are."—Smith, Gray & Co's. Monthly.

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GEORGE W. TYLER.

His Memory Defended by His Widow.

To those who knew the late George W. Tyler as he was, no word is needed either as a tribute to his memory or a defense of the same. And had his death been simply recorded without comment, my loss would have been my own, to bear as best I might by myself. But since the feelings that might well have been held sacred at such a time have been wounded by willful perversions of the truth, sent broadcast throughout the land by at least one prominent daily paper, I cannot but feel that I should be false to my trust as wife and mother did I fail now the man who has been so much to me for more than two-thirds of my life.

The facts were well known by every one. He appeared in a case prearranged, with the knowledge and consent of all concerned; it was understood that it was a test case, and so stated by the Court, to enable him to put himself in the position he desired before the Supreme Court. The fine was a nominal one, and could have been satisfied at any time, if necessary. He did not even know the time had arrived. No contempt was intended, and it was so understood. Yet the statement was boldly made that his condition was learned through the appearance of the Sheriff at his home to take him into custody, where he would have been at the time of writing but for his precarious condition. As a matter of fact, no person came near his home except those who came to tender aid or to ask solicitously for the sufferer. And friends were not wanting, although no human power was of any avail at a time when all that loving hands could do, and the best medical attendance advise, was being done to ease his pathway to the rest that came as a welcome end to his painful and troubled efforts. No one ever lived and died who bore his burdens more manfully, more uncomplainingly, and with more true fortitude than did this same man.

I suppose no one doubts that, had he been desirous of enriching himself by abandoning his client, he need never have been in the position in which he was placed in the latter years of his life; and, with a wife's privilege, I asked him if he had ever regretted the stand he had taken. Without a moment's hesitation, he said: "It is a great deal to me to be able when I meet my fellow-man to look him squarely in the face; and I would rather think well of Tyler, and have all the rest of the world think ill of him, than to think ill of Tyler and have all the rest of the world think well of him."

His friends have always believed, knowing him as many did, that the time would surely come when he would be set right in this life; and only a few days before his last sickness, when he seemed so full of faith and confidence that there was even yet time enough before him to recover what he had lost, I asked what he would do if the decision should be adverse to him. The reply was characteristic:

"I shall never rest under the stigma until the highest court in the land passes upon it—the Supreme Court of the United States."

To use his own words during the early part of his illness, significant now, but thought little of at the time: "And this is the end." He has gone where all living must follow sooner or later, and by the same path. The man who fought single-handed for his good name, who endured privations, known only to himself, rather than accept the aid that was freely tendered to satisfy the judgment held by those who had no wish to see it paid, has appealed his case to a higher court, where neither influence nor prejudice will avail, and where he will surely find some one brave enough to champion his cause, and give him the aid he has so often given to the oppressed.

One look at his grand, noble face, as he lay in the sweet repose that must have been so grateful to the overburdened brain and the weary body, suggested the remark, repeated again and again by all who saw him, "The good, he is at rest at last." And I can leave him with perfect confidence in His hands who doeth all things well.

ALLA F. TYLER.

British Writer—"Really, some of our later society scandals are so bad that I can't write about them." His British Editor—"Well, then, use the space in roasting those confounded Americans for their infamous social barbarisms."—*Chicago Record*.

The Columbia University Press announces for publication early in May an important book, entitled "Municipal Home Rule," by Professor Frank J. Goodnow, who holds the chair of Administrative Law in Columbia College.

YALE AND HARVARD.

"Four American Universities" is the title of a volume just issued containing sketches of Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia, by Charles Eliot Norton, Arthur T. Hadley, William Sloane, and Brander Matthews. The object has been to tell what these universities are now, and wherein they differ, rather than to tell what they have been. The last twenty-five years, says Prof. Norton, have been for Harvard a period of transition from the traditional narrow academic system to a new, liberal, and comprehensive system, in which the ideal of an American university—a different ideal from the English or the German—has been gradually working itself out. The ideal is not yet realized, but the progress towards it is steady. One of the new departures of Harvard is the policy, firmly established now, of treating the students as capable of self-government and responsible for their own conduct. It has resulted in improved order, increased industry, and readier submission to authority. "Harvard is not the place for a youth of weak will, or of convictions in regard to right and wrong that rest on artificial supports. Parents who wish their sons to be constrained to virtue by external observances and formal penalties should not send them hither."

According to Prof. Hadley the fact that Yale and Harvard followed different lines of development was due primarily to the difference between the Congregationalism of Massachusetts and of Connecticut. The lines of conflict in the latter State were social and political, rather than intellectual, and there was almost none of the awakening and ferment which filled Eastern Massachusetts for two generations. But the absence of intellectual controversies gave Yale broader political sympathies and affiliations. The fact that Massachusetts was always ready to take an advanced position carried her too far for the rest of the United States to follow. By contrast with Harvard, Yale had a national character. It did not move too fast for the people of the United States as a whole. It drew its students from all parts of the country to a far greater degree than Harvard. Another characteristic of Yale which brought it closer to the national life has been its comparative poverty. Professors and students both had to work for a living. Unfortunately there has been no opportunity to cultivate the literary tastes and graces as Harvard has done. But hard work without the graces fostered a democratic spirit among the students. Poor and rich were associated together in their work and their play. Men were judged by their strength and efficiency as men, rather than their social or pecuniary standing in the outside world. This brought Yale into closer contact and fuller sympathy with the nation as a whole, and in educating the students themselves in moral standards.

Teacher—Do you understand the meaning of the terms capital and labor? Small Boy—Yes'm. If a boy has a sled, that's capital; if another boy rides down with him and then pulls the sled up, that's labor.—*Good News*.



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MISS PHÆBE COUZINS.

An Old Schoolmate Writes of the Late Senator Fair's Affianced Bride.

A writer on the New York Sun, who signs his articles "The Man from Brooklyn," rejoices that he knew Miss Couzins in her youth, and is grieved that Senator Fair did not live to marry her. Indeed, it is the Sun man's notion that because Senator Fair wanted to marry Miss Couzins, he was a hero and a patriot. But let him speak for himself:

"YOURSELF AND 1,000 KISSES."

This, as she tells it, is what ex-Senator James G. Fair of California came seeking of Counselor Phæbe Couzins, now or late of St. Louis. She is taking some proceedings or other in consequence, the nature and drift of which are a trifle obscure at this distance, but which must be serious, at least to Senator Fair's people, since they have resulted in the publishing of much correspondence of his in St. Louis newspapers. Probably the letters will not be amusing to his children and grandchildren, and probably they will cause others who have nothing else or better to be amused at. The Q. E. D. of them appears to be that the parties of the first and second parts by those presents covenanted, promised, agreed, and engaged to get married, and pending that devoutly wished ending the little epigram of the thousand kisses popped out.

Incidentally and from habit of mind it strikes the ear very queerly to think of somebody vehemently seeking to kiss a lawyer 1,000 times. Doubtless lawyers have been deeply desired in marriage ere now, and may even—after the wedding, of course—have been kissed as often as above earth, but the other party has always been of that coy sex, grossly misnamed the weaker, which with a hydraulic press power of modesty crushes down its feelings until proposal unlocks the flood gates of love. The legal mind is not used to the reverse case, and doubtless 10,000 unmarried lawyers all over the land blushed at that item—perhaps their first blush—before their second thought came to the rescue. But why should not any one, who is able to afford it, wish to marry a lawyer, and why should not that lawyer be Counselor Couzins?

I could tell Senator Fair one thing if I knew his present address, and that is that he wasn't the first man that wanted to marry Phæbe Couzins, or else the boys in St. Louis grew up into bigger fools than anybody ever took them for. I went to school with Phæbe Couzins at the old St. Louis High, at Fifteenth and Olive street.—A sort of disremember the year; it's nobody's business, anyhow—when her father was Chief of Police (and a very good Chief, too), and the family lived in part of a house somewhere on Chestnut street. I was in the St. Louis High was a big school, and the best school then in the city, and the nicest and prettiest girls in town went there; and Phæbe Couzins was far and away the prettiest girl in the whole outfit, with lovely, dark eyes and dark-brown hair, and a complexion like a Missouri clingstone peach—and there are few girls like that now. I was in the next year's class above mine, and therefore to me a somewhat superior being; indeed, I don't think I ever had a speaking acquaintance with her. But I worshipped from afar, as children will; and on Fridays, when the whole school went up into the large hall for its singing lesson, I used to put in a large part of the time in that occupation. I invited St. Louis, and she was about to come, and never saw her again, but schoolmates of ours tell me that she grew up as handsome a woman as her girlhood promised, and she certainly was one of the half dozen real beauties I ever met in my life. Moreover, she was intelligent and well educated enough to be a successful teacher in the St. Louis public schools, and she would be one of the most attractive class of our countrywomen, who captured, or are captured by, far the largest proportion of the brightest men of America.

Now, it is a well recognized principle of law, of very wide application, that a state of facts arising naturally is, when once proved, presumed to continue. Applying that principle to Counselor Couzins's case, I can only congratulate the late Senator Fair, his executors and administrators, upon the good taste in selection which underlay the somewhat ardent and hyperbolic phrase that she now quotes in memory of him. The man who marries a good American woman is a good citizen in the first degree, and the man who dies trying, as Senator Fair seems to have done, is a close second. Bene meruit de patria.

"They tell us," he said dreamily, "that women are extremely susceptible to flattery." "I've heard that," replied his friend. "Well, don't you believe it! I tried this morning to tell my wife she was so good-looking she did not need a new spring dress." —Washington Star.

CISSY VERSE.

Justin Huntley McCarthy, author of a history of the French Revolution, son of the leader of the Irish party in Parliament, and writer of plays for Augustin Daly, is also distinguished among men by the fact that he is the husband of Cissy Loftus, the wonderful imitator, who was a sensation in London, and later in New York.

Before their departure from New York for London recently, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy each had a volume of verses printed for private circulation. Mr. McCarthy's verses are called "Songs for Cecilia," which in stage English means "Cissy," and here is one in which he addresses her as "My Star":

If it were possible to love you more
Than I have loved you since the day we met—
I then your lover; if my heart could set
Upon your girlhood any greater store
With the sun's changes; if I could adore
Your soul and body more than ever yet
I have adored them; if love's alphabet
Could spell words sweeter than the vows I swore
When I first wooed you—if such wonders were,
Child, I should hold you dearer from this day,
More worth the noblest pulses of my life.
Brave heart, fair soul, true lover, do not stir;
Rest in my arms, give back my kisses, lay
Your face on mine, my sweetheart and my wife.

Miss Cissy's pamphlet is called "First Verses," and is dedicated "To Justin." Here is a sample:

Oh, the gray day,
When the world is cold!
Oh, the gray day,
When the world is old!
Oh, the gray day,
When our youth is fled!
Oh, the gray day,
When our love is dead!
Oh, the gray day,
For you and for me!
Oh, the gray day,
Till eternity!

On the last page are these lines:

I write upon this last white sheet
A message. I can rhyme no other:
"I send my love and kisses sweet
Across the ocean—to my mother!"

WHISTLER'S ADACUTY.

Lawrence Abbott, once a reporter on the papers of San Francisco, is now associated with his father, Rev. Lyman Abbott, on *The Outlook*, the broadest and most Christian of all the religious weeklies. To this journal he recently contributed the following story illustrative of the artist Whistler's splendid egoism:

Mr. Leland was a wealthy London merchant who became the owner of Whistler's "Princess of Porcelain," the picture of a Japanese girl. He took Whistler into his dining-room—a magnificent room in its woodwork and Cordova leather—to see how the picture looked placed at one end. Whistler complained that the tone of the room did it injustice. So Mr. Leland told him to do the room over to please him. This Whistler did. He repainted the room—Cordova leather, woodwork, and all—a peacock blue. The wooden shutters he adorned with magnificent peacocks, their tails full spread. When at night the shutters are closed these birds flame out in great brilliancy under the light. There was some dispute with Mr. Leland over the matter, especially as regarded the Cordova leather. So Mr. Whistler painted two peacocks in a panel at the other end of the room, opposite the picture. One is a heavily built bird, of most important bearing, his breast blazing with gold, which, when closely scanned, is seen to consist of sovereigns. This bird represents the wealthy Mr. Leland. The companion is a small, alert peacock, not at all saucy of mien. This bird represents the artist. Could there be any conception more typically representative of Whistler's doing?

General (in the near future)—"Quick! What news?"

Aide (breathlessly)—"The enemy's pneumatic bicycle brigade is attacking our flank."

General (promptly)—"Tell the gunners to load with tacks." —Pearson's

Witherby—"When we get our new house, I want to have a room by myself—a room that no one else will think of entering."

Mrs. Witherby—"That's easily arranged, my General. I'll let you select the wall paper for it yourself." —Puck.

Old Skrooge—"Do you think, young man, you could support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Her Suitor—I could, but I'm not mean enough to do it." —Chicago Record.



Yale's Hair Tonic

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It affords me great pleasure to call the attention of the public to my Hair Tonic, which is the first and only remedy known to chemistry which positively turns gray hair back to its original color without dye. I personally indorse its action and give the public my solemn guarantee that it has been tested in every conceivable way, and has proved itself to be the ONLY hair specific. It stops HAIR FALLING immediately and creates a luxurious growth. It is not sticky or greasy; on the contrary, it makes the hair soft, youthful, fluffy, and keeps it in curl. For gentlemen and ladies with hair a little gray, streaked gray, entirely gray, and with BALD HEADS, it is specially recommended.

All druggists sell it. Price, \$1; six for \$5.

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SHORT SHOTS.

At Appomattox, General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, met a young fellow running away at the top of his speed, and stopped him. "What are you running for?" he demanded. "Because I can't fly," and away he went.

One day, during the recent street railway strike in Brooklyn, a workman whose sympathies were evidently with the strikers was heard to ask another workman: "Mike, was ye in the fight wid the sojers last night?" "Was I in it!" repeated the other in a tone of aggrieved surprise; "sure, I'm doin' nobthin' ever since but pick the bayonets out o' me back."

An old Scotch lady, who had no relish for modern church music, was expressing her dislike of the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul." "Weel! weel!" answered the old lady, "I noo for the first time understand why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."

A farmer once visited a Scotch schoolmaster, accompanied by his son, whom he presented as a pupil. "What do you intend to make of the lad?" asked the pedagogue. "Weel," said the farmer, "if he gets grace we'll mak' him a minister." "Ah, and if he gets no grace, what then?" "Then," said the other, looking firmly at his questioner, "he maun jist become a schlemistler like yerse!"

At the funeral of a man who died extremely poor, the usually cold-blooded Squire Lightfoot was much affected. "You thought a great deal of him, I suppose?" some one asked him. "Thought a great deal of him? I should think I did! There was a true friend! He never asked me to lend him a cent, though I knew well enough he was starving to death."

Mr. H—, a lawyer, was trying a case for slander before a well known judge of Massachusetts. His principal witness was an impetuous Irish woman. She talked so fast that the judge could not write down her testimony, and he attempted in vain to check her. "Stop! stop!" he cried again and again, rapping sharply on his desk; but the torrent of words went on. "Old woman, hush up!" he shouted, in exasperation. But it was useless. At last he threw down his pen, exhausted, and cried out: "There, Mr. H—, you set her going; now stop her!"

Mr. Sala tells the following story of his departure for America, at the time of the Civil War, as correspondent of a London paper. "My wife was bitterly opposed to my going to America at all, and the idea of my traveling in a country convulsed by so preyed upon her mind that she became positively ill. Still, she insisted on coming to the railway terminus with me, and a party of friends were on the platform to give us a parting cheer. It was a desperate moment. I had parted from all that was dear to me, and had flung myself in a very limp and boneless manner in a corner of the carriage. I slumped feebly at the burly, bearded carrier who thrust his head into the window. He leaned toward me, and in a voice of earnest sympathy whispered: "Excuse me, sir, but you have another three-quarters of a minute before the train starts, and you can get out and give the lady another hug."

The following puns occur in Mr. J. T. Codman's "Brook Farm Memories," and may be attributed to some of the first thinkers of New England, who were members of the Brook Farm community:

Some little children were chasing one another on a very warm day. "Why are those children like native Africans?" one of the philosophers asked. And he answered his own question—"Because they belong to the hot and hot race."

"Have you seen my umbrella?" asked a member of the community. "What sort of an umbrella was it?" "It had a hooked end." "I have not seen it, but I had a nice one once, and it was exactly like yours. It was hooked, too."

Passing a rosy but unkempt little boy, a young lady remarked to a friend, "Isn't he a little honey?" "Yes," was the reply; "honey without the comb,"—*Youth's Companion*.

Hypnotism and Crime.

A New York burglar raised the plea when brought to trial that he had committed the crime unconsciously under the influence of hypnotism. The judge in sentencing him said that he would give him the full benefit of the law and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to ten years in State Prison, but told him he could, if he choose, send for the hypnotist and have himself made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment. "The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment, with hard labor, and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

AMUSEMENTS.

The ninth concert of the Harmony Choral Union took place at Old Fellows' Hall last Tuesday evening. The programme was a very interesting one, the choruses were fresh and spirited, and their rendition showed strength, training, and musical ability. The soprano parts were particularly well sung. The large audience was enthusiastic, and insisted upon the repetition of several numbers, among them "The Violet Loves a Sunny Bower," written for the Choral Union by Robert Lloyd, director. The society was assisted by Mrs. John Madden, and by W. V. Stunz, who sang the "Armorer's Song" from Robin Hood.

The Baldwin will remain closed till May 15th, when Yeasie, the celebrated violinist, with his company, will give a series of concerts in this city.

Grattan Donnelly's "American Girl" will follow Peter Dailey at the California, opening Monday, April 29th.

Emmett's engagement at Stockwell's closes Saturday evening. The Italian Philharmonic Society will give one performance at this theatre, and there will also be a benefit performance, after which Stockwell's will become a chrysalis from which the Columbia will emerge Monday, May 13th.

Le Figaro proposes the following method of avoiding further difficulties between bicyclists and pedestrians:

"Every pedestrian is to be supplied with a bell and a signal horn, which he shall sound on crossing a street whenever he espies a cycle on the horizon. "At night the foot passenger shall carry on his breast a lantern containing a lighted candle."

"France shall be entirely leveled, in order to save cyclists the annoyance of hill-climbing. "The tax on cyclists shall be abolished, and a tax on pedestrians shall be substituted."

"Any foot passenger who, by his awkwardness and want of attention, shall occasion the fall of a cyclist by allowing himself to be run over, shall be liable to a fine of a hundred francs, and for a repetition of the offense shall be transported to a mountainous region."

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Estate of Harry Brown, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place of residence for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 28, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

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The situation in Nicaragua is disgraceful to England, and more disgraceful to the United States. Had Nicaragua not been a small and feeble power England would not have dared to treat her as she has done, and had we a man of quick mind and high spirit in the White House, England would not have been permitted to play the bully. It is nothing new for Great Britain to forget justice and magnanimity when dealing with the weak. She has tramped round the world, bludgeon in hand, in the interest of her tradesmen, acting the ruffian when it has been safe to do so, and becoming a model of decorous propriety and exalted morality when she has encountered opposition strong enough to command respect. But it is something new to have a President of the United States so dull as to allow England to overreach him in diplomacy by arts so open as to make them contemptible, and so wanting in Americanism as to incense and humiliate his countrymen. Nicaragua is more foreign to us than any part of Europe, and her affairs, except as they are connected with the projected canal, are of no importance to Americans. The little republic might be wiped off the map by her neighbors, and the people of this country would not be disturbed in mind or touched in pocket. She is no nearer to our minds and hearts than is Patagonia, yet the landing of British soldiers and the seizure of Corinto has affronted all America, or at least all America that is not covered by the White House. Nicaragua is part of the New World, and therefore comes properly under the protection of the Monroe doctrine. That doctrine is not a written law, but it is an expression of the desire, the pride, the genius, of the United States. If it is vague in its definition it is perfectly well understood. It means simply that the Old World shall keep its hands off the New. In its terms it commits the United States to prevent the overthrow of governments or the acquisition of new territory on this hemisphere by European powers, but its spirit is broader than that. If President Cleveland thinks its spirit has not been violated in Nicaragua because England appears there in the guise of an attaching sheriff and not as a conqueror, the American people are not sharers in his mistake. The forcible taking of Corinto is in flagrant, insolent defiance of the Monroe doctrine. That doctrine is a sentiment which does not need lawyers or diplomats to interpret it to the commonalty. As Governor Budd has no

offices to give in the little republic, or in the British navy, he is free to show the qualities of mind and feeling which made his friends enthusiastic for his election last fall. In the *Examiner* of Sunday last he said:

The United States of America should never have allowed the British marines to set foot on the Nicaraguan shore. In the beginning we should have demanded that England submit her claims to arbitration, and we should have forced her to do so. If diplomatic protests were not heeded there should have been American marines in Corinto to prevent the invasion. The Monroe doctrine expresses the policy of the United States, as it does the sentiment of its people, and this is a violation of the spirit of that doctrine. The landing of British troops is the entering wedge; the next demand will be for a territorial indemnity for some alleged outrage. No European country can be permitted to get into a position to control the Nicaragua Canal, and it would have saved trouble in the future if our government had drawn the line there. The nations should have been given warning that the United States will see that its weaker sister republics receive justice, and we should stand jealously on this ground. Let a war with the United States be the consequence of aggression on this continent, and there will be no aggressions.

That is spoken like an American. It is well said, and gives voice to what is in the heart of every citizen who appreciates the effrontery of England and the unmanly indifference of the Cleveland Administration to a gross affront to this country.

There is no comprehending Mr. Cleveland. The man changes with the days. But a little more than a year ago he had the courage to face popular disapproval and commit his Administration to an attitude positively romantic toward the fallen Queen of the Hawaiian Islands. Had he and Mr. Gresham been a brace of youthful knights-errant under vow to give succor to all damsels in distress or die in their behalf, these two grizzled old lawyers could not have been nobler in their contempt of practical considerations. It was only when the very verge of impeachment had been reached, and an otherwise complaisant Congress flatly refused to sacrifice everything, including common sense, in the cause of the deposed Queen, that Mr. Cleveland desisted from his efforts at poetry in politics. A less deserving royal lady than Liliuokalani is seldom seen off the stage. But for her complexion, one might be persuaded that she is of the blandly cruel, faithless, and thankless house of Stuart. Yet there is no doubt that Mr. Cleveland would have been delighted had he possessed the power to lift her again to her throne on an cushion of American bayonets. But when it comes to the case of an American republic, held up by the British government as a defenseless stage-driver might be by half a dozen armed highwaymen, he remains calm and unsympathetic. It is probable that he is surrounded by the same "safe advisers" who counseled him not to be in a hurry about reforming the tariff, which he was elected to reform, and so ruined his Administration. Mr. Cleveland during his four years of retirement from office was brought

into intimate relations with the very wealthy men of the East, who quite sincerely mistake their own immediate financial welfare for the "business interests of the country." Being rich, they are satisfied with things as they are, and dread the unknown consequences of action. They made a fortune for him and palsied his mental energies. Believers in the gold standard, they induced him to let the tariff go, and to call an extra session of Congress to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman silver law, under a promise of a return of prosperity, which promise the country is still waiting to see fulfilled. These advisers saw no danger to the "business interests of the country" in the President offering his knightly sword to Queen Liliuokalani, for there was only the Dole government to oppose, and the Dole government would be as helpless against the United States as the government of Nicaragua is against Great Britain. When it came to a possible quarrel with England, however, the safe advisers doubtless rallied again, and the President suffered another shock of moral paralysis.

It is not meant, of course, that the immensely wealthy and oppressively respectable gentlemen who exert their influence upon Mr. Cleveland, are banded together for that purpose, or consciously divert him from the straight path of manly resolution. Great as money-getters, they take themselves to be as superior to common men in other things as in acquisitiveness, and the President, seeing their tremendous power over financial markets and industry, has fallen into the error of regarding them as the leaders of the American people. To him they seem to be the brains, the wisdom of the country; he feels their pulse and fancies he ascertains the heart-beat of the body politic. This, I think, gives the clue to Mr. Cleveland's strange change of character within the past few years. No statesman could have worse advisers than very rich men. Engrossed in their own concerns, which are large enough to tax all their powers of thought, they are necessarily narrow in judgment as to matters outside of them. They are the cockneys of affairs. Very rich men are like very poor ones, on the principle that extremes meet. The beggar is worried about his next meal, the millionaire about his next million. The Londoner, the Parisian, the New Yorker, is essentially a villager, to whom the place of his residence is the world. The advisers, the intimates of Mr. Cleveland, could afford to feel a generous thrill of sympathy with the dierowned dusky Queen of the island kingdom. In no event could that sympathy lead to interference with business. But a quarrel with England! That is another matter. The business men of the North, who had commercial relations with

the South, were the bitterest of Copperheads, until it was learned that money was to be made from army contracts, transactions in bonds and greenbacks—until business had accommodated itself to a war footing. Mr. Cleveland is himself a millionaire now, and he lives in an atmosphere of millions. That is why, I think, he is so much less of a man than he was—so excessively "safe" and "conservative" when to be otherwise threatens possibilities of war.

Unhappily for Nicaragua, unhappily for the Monroe doctrine and the prestige of the United States, we are in the slack water of politics that lies midway between Presidential campaigns. Time was when Mr. Cleveland was as ready as another to give the lion's tail a twist. In 1888, when the Irish-American vote was drifting toward Harrison, it may be recalled how fierce a front Candidate Cleveland turned upon Canada, and in reprisal for discriminations against American commerce threatened to close our railroads and canals to Canadian bonded goods in transit; how for the Murchison letter he sent Sackville West, the British Minister, packing. Those were brave days. Had England then attempted what she is now doing at Corinto, the imagination shrinks from the thought of the roar that would have gone up from what is now the lamb of the White House. Were Mr. Cleveland a candidate now, and the election but a few months off, even the envying millionaires would see the businesslike expediency of the President's truckling to the mob by insisting on fair play for Nicaragua. It is curious that the mob is always given the credit by its masters for being sympathetic with generous sentiments. When one grows old, and well-to-do, and wise, he rises to the better state of cynical selfishness. But though the Presidential campaign is a long way ahead, this Nicaragua business will not be effectual. Its history will be revived to plague the hapless democracy, which is doomed to vicarious atonement for the sins of the Cleveland Administration.

There is little likelihood that the President will have better fortune in his policy of evasion as to Nicaragua than he has had with the tariff. He was compelled to meet the McKinley issue ultimately, under circumstances far more trying than would have been the case had he faced it frankly and courageously in the beginning. England is as old in craft as she is hoary in brigandage. She has got into Nicaragua, and it is certain that she will make use of the precedent hereafter. England imposed a fine for alleged mistreatment of a consular agent. Nicaragua was willing to arbitrate the justice of the fine, and the United States offered its services. England took the stand assumed by Mr. Pullman last summer, and declared she had nothing to arbitrate. It was beyond the power of our free government to compel Mr. Pullman to submit his quarrel to disinterested judgment, and so avert the rioting and blood-spilling that shocked and dishonored the country. But the United States had power to compel England to arbitrate, and, as Governor Budd says, "we should have forced her to do so." In yielding at this point the President has merely put off the day of arbitration, or of war. England is bold when she has to deal with weakness or folly. Though now she professes willingness to leave on the payment of the fine, at any moment the question may cease to be one of dollars merely, and become one of honor also. On the point of honor no nation able to fight will listen to a suggestion of arbitration. What would have been easy for Mr. Cleveland to do last week without the slightest danger

of war may presently be impossible to do without the threat of war. England could have been kept out with a little firmness. The flaccid course of the administration may cost the United States very dear, sooner or later. England has shown her ability to enter with arms the country through which the inter-oceanic canal must run.

Two deep-seated feelings are stirred by this situation which would have been kept at rest had we in the President a man of half the dexterity in keeping out of holes that he has of stubbornness in staying in them after he has been trapped by his blundering. One of these feelings is that if any power is to play the policeman on this hemisphere it ought to be the United States. It stands to reason, of course, that the Spanish-American republics must keep their financial and other engagements with European nations, and it is not to be thought of that they should be permitted to repudiate their just obligations, or fail in customary international politeness, and then crawl behind the United States for protection against the consequences of their dishonesty or discourtesy; but the United States could very well assume a protectorate over her sister republics to the extent of acting in permanence as arbiter between them and foreign powers. Blaine had the imagination, the grasp, to desire for his country this commanding position, to which her greatness entitles her, when he conceived the Pan-American Congress. He wished to free the New World wholly from the Old, and to give this half of the earth a solidarity of sentiment and interest. Had he been in Mr. Cleveland's chair England would hardly have been allowed to impose a fine on Nicaragua like a despot and proceed against her like a bandit to enforce its payment. Business sense, as well as statesmanship, sides with the broad policy of Blaine. Sentiment, the maxim of the narrow tradesman to the contrary, has much to do with business. Friendly political relations with the other republics of the hemisphere, the position of guardian in case of need, would assuredly result in commercial benefit. To be liked and respected is better than to be hated and despised, all other considerations aside; but it is human, also, for men to go to the shops of their friends rather than to those of their enemies.

The second deep feeling that has been awakened is the longing which most Americans are conscious of to see their country give England a thrashing. The spirit which England is exhibiting toward Nicaragua is the spirit which has made her detested throughout the globe. When it is not safe for her to swagger and browbeat she emulates the meekness of the saint and professes a horror of injustice and war that would become a Quaker; but a victim incapable of striking back being supplied, she is as terrible to him as a vengeful giant to a pigmy. England is not singular in this respect, to be sure. She is treating Nicaragua no worse than we were ready to treat little Chili when a lot of our sailors went ashore at Valparaiso and got into a drunken row, out of which they came second best. We had made ourselves disliked by supporting the unpopular cause, refusing recognition of the rebels as belligerents, by chasing the Itata, by making a sanctuary of our embassy for Balmacedists, and otherwise behaving in a manner certain, no matter what its justification, to arouse the hatred of any people. Chili was in all the turmoil of a revolution, and her new government had to contend with the problems that come of sudden changes and an inflamed, revengeful soldiery, and proletariat. But President Harrison was a candidate for re-

election, his war sword was drawn, his visage painted red, and John Bull himself, with an African tribe for a foe, could not have been more dreadful to the view. So he hectorcd Chili, and stamped upon her, and was as brave as brave could be. And the nation, to its shame, as a whole applauded. There is never much magnanimity where there is national strength. But, being a new nation, the tale of our bullyings is short, whereas England's is long, proportioned to her age. She is a conqueror, and insolent in the pride of her achievements. She is insolent to us. She does not approve of the republic, and when she thought she saw her opportunity to destroy it, she was not backward in seizing it. The people of the South do not love her, for in her prudence she disappointed their expectations of aid, and the people of the North have not forgotten her eagerness to see the rebellion succeed. We owe England one. She is the mother country, her literature is ours, her language ours, our institutions have their roots in hers, her after-dinner speakers are effusive in admiration of "Greater England," and her press is polite when politeness is servicable. But we owe her one. In common with all the peoples of the earth we resent her patronage, her air of moral superiority, her consciousness of exceptional excellence. The individual Englishman goes about the globe exasperating it. He is an islander. His home is a dot on the map, but he carries with him the measuring stick of his small home. Whatever he finds that is like what he is accustomed to he judges as good; whatever departs from that high standard is not only inferior, but is to be despised and openly condemned. His English birth is a patent of nobility. His contempt for what is not English is as unadvised as it is profound. His spirit everywhere is the spirit that his government is manifesting in Nicaragua. I am not speaking of the English gentleman, but of the typical Britisher, who outnumber the other as ill-bred men outnumber the well-bred in every land. It is the typical Britisher who is a grain of sand in the American as in most other eyes. He is loathed on the Continent of Europe as deeply as he is over here. The nearest American approach to him is the "Southern gentleman," who is not a gentleman at home in the South, but who when away from where he is known models himself on what he fancies a great planter should be; and in his view the chief supports of the dignity of that character are to take the name of his Maker in vain, and drink frequently. The English satirists from Thackeray to Gilbert have been powerless to abate the Britisher who goes on his travels and offends mankind with the conviction that it is greatly to his credit that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remains an Englishman. He needs a drubbing, his nation needs a drubbing, and Americans cherish the hope and faith that it is reserved for the United States to administer it. The hostility is traditional. It has come down to us from the wars of the Revolution, of 1812, and the rebellion. When we have whipped England again we shall be very good friends, but not before. The score which the Irish in America have against England is a matter altogether apart from the feeling that is in the American blood; but when the time comes for compelling England and Englishmen to comprehend to a nicety their true place in the general scheme of things, the Irish enthusiasm in the good work will not be a trifling element of strength.

Some weeks ago, before the Nicaragua affair came grave, I advocated the transformation of the Monroe doctrine from a negative to a positive principle. That is to say, instead of contenting ourselves with forbid-

ding European aggressions upon American soil, we should order all European powers off the hemisphere—give Cuba her freedom, tell England and France to quit the West Indies, and instruct Canada either to set up for herself or come into the Union. The proposition has been favorably received by the press. It is thoroughly American. The Nicaraguan trouble gives new force to it, and if we shall be compelled to draw the sword, or to threaten to draw the sword, to enforce the Monroe doctrine, I am mistaken if the American people will not be ready to insist that all Old World tenants shall be required to vacate the premises. This hemisphere should be reserved for republicanism, and the Atlantic ought to roll between European politics and the New World. Only usage reconciles us to the insolence of colonies and monarchical interference. Europe should be commanded to keep within her own boundaries. Naturally, it is not to be expected that President Cleveland will rise high enough to father such a policy, but he is in the second half of his term, and two years is but a tick of the historical clock. The Monroe doctrine is greater and more authoritative than any President.

Henry H. Scott was not a rich man, he was not famous, he had no shining talents, but his death has deprived San Francisco of a citizen of the like of whom she has too few, and from the lack of whose like she suffers much. Mr. Scott was honest. He had a keen sense of the duties of the citizen, and his zeal for the general welfare made him enemies and kept him poor. As an official in the Federal service he was not content to discharge his own functions creditably, but was moved by his hatred of rascality to make war upon it wherever he saw it. Smugglers and the official confederates of smugglers, the officers who made money by helping the Chinese to evade the Exclusion law, and all scoundrels, detested him. He gave them ample reason. Their revenge was to picture him as a restless busybody. That also was the revenge of the villains in local politics, and the bosses whom they served, and with whom they divided. Men of ordinary common sense—the common sense which dictates that one shall keep out of trouble unless he can see his personal advantage in disturbing the peace of wrong-doers—were not drawn to Mr. Scott, for they could not understand him. The sight of villainy was to him a challenge, and he would have felt dishonored not to have accepted it. A temperament such as that is not usual, and it is not wonderful that it was misunderstood. In casting about for an elisor to draw a grand jury that would have the courage and intelligence to attack high-placed scoundrelism and break the "pulls" that have befuddled politics and corrupted justice in San Francisco, Judge Wallace selected Mr. Scott. He was the man of all others for the task, and the resulting jury gave the associated villainies such a shock as they had never had before. His work did not stop with the drawing of the jury. To its investigations he gave the aid of his knowledge and great energies. Only the intervention of the Supreme Court saved the corrupting corporations and millionaires of the town from the reckoning which they have so long staved off. Of course Mr. Scott met with ingratitude. The people admire and applaud the Scotts, but the enemies of the Scotts have longer memories and are a concrete active force for vengeance. As a candidate for office Mr. Scott was beaten, and the bosses to whom he had given battle saw to it that he got no nomination from the conventions of his party. Age came on, and with it private affliction, loss of property, and cruel aspersions upon his character. The good and

brave man succumbed. It is creditable to the city's press that it recognized Scott's high qualities and saluted him when he had gone. I knew the strength and weaknesses of his composition. It can do him no service now to refer to either, but natural feeling prompts to speech of a man who had in him so much that was sterling. He hated wrong. It was in his fibre to do that. And to say this of him is to set down that he was a rare man, for he acted on his hatred, to the blighting of his own material prospects. His reward was in his own approval, his self-respect, and the respect of all capable of appreciating a man of honor.

The Baptist Ministers' Union of San Francisco has done itself the discredit of "standing by" the Rev. Mr. Gibson, of the church in which the two girls were outraged and murdered. The other day the brethren adopted resolutions setting forth that Brother Gibson had "ever been worthy of their confidence," and that he had been cruelly ill-used by the "entirely gratuitous and unfounded accusations of the press and insinuations of the court in a manner intended to seriously reflect upon him as a man and a minister." From this it is apparent that Brother Gibson is not singular among the local Baptist clergy. The presumption is that it was his manifest want of ordinary intelligence that saved him from arrest on suspicion of being concerned in the murders. Had his head contained the quantity of brains necessary in a layman to take care of himself and his affairs, he certainly would have followed Durrant to prison, for his conduct, had he been of normal mental power, would have been deemed eminently suspicious. No man in San Francisco had more reason to be horrified at the crimes committed in his church than he, and none would have been more anxious, had he been at once innocent and of average mind and heart, to throw all possible light on the murders. But from the beginning he has acted the part of one who felt under no obligation to assist justice, and has held his tongue with a persistence that would be fitting in one who feared that to speak would be to put a halter round his neck. He took the position that it was not his business to "aid either the prosecution or the defense," and has made a spectacle of himself whenever he has been forced to appear under the public eye. Neither the police nor the reporters—not trustful classes of men—think that Brother Gibson was the murderer, or the accomplice of the murderer, but their reason for so thinking is that he is as near being feeble-minded as a person can be and remain at large. They and the lawyers have harassed him with questions, because there is no telling what knowledge may be startled out of a secretive simpleton. Moreover, Brother Gibson's moral sensibilities are of an order that has revolted everyday men and women. The chief thought in his mind when the discovery of the body of the murdered Williams girl was announced to him by a frightened and excited lady was that he must not look upon it alone in company with a woman, even though it might be of wax, because its clothing was disarranged. White people—people who are reasonably white within as well as without—shrink from such modesty as that, for it is much more shameful than nudity. No virile man could have had such a thought at such a time. What mind Brother Gibson has is not clean, and notwithstanding the endorsement of the Baptist ministers, the police are making a mistake if they do not inform themselves of his career from boyhood up. It is reasonable to believe, further, that he

could tell a good deal more than he has done about Durrant's characteristics and habits. It is the privilege of the Baptist ministers to like and respect Brother Gibson, but there are not many to share their queer taste. Let it be hoped that they will not have reason to repent them of their resolutions of esteem and sympathy. We may also hope, for the sake of the community, that the Baptist Ministers' Association does not represent the intellect and morals of the denomination in San Francisco. Such clergymen as Gibson bring religion into contempt, and contempt is the one thing that religion cannot stand up against.

Poor Lord Sholto Douglas is not being treated well in California. As became the traditional nobleman, he was free with his money, and fell in love with a girl of the stage, down in San Bernardino; whereupon the astonished aborigines jailed him on a charge of lunacy. Freeing himself, his lordship came to San Francisco, and, as was seemingly in the son of the sporting Marquis of Queensberry, attended the races. To the reporters he said that in his notion a man should marry the woman of his choice, regardless of her social position. This view is also his father's, as has been cabled from London, and it amuses the republican journalists who have been following and baiting his lordship. They have also been amused because the young man is poor, for they have carefully noted for print that his coat is shabby, his trousers frayed, and his hat ridiculously out of date. Lord Douglas is, perhaps, not a very wise person, but it must astonish him somewhat that poverty and democratic social sentiments excite ridicule in a republic where rank is unknown. It seems to me that this nobleman ought to be encouraged instead of being tormented. Had he come here with full pockets, put up at a fine hotel, and let it be known that his mission was to exchange his title for a wife and fortune, he would have been received with respect and invited to our best houses, for we are accustomed to such noblemen. If Lord Douglass shall marry his variety hall charmer, his caste in England will be neither astonished nor greatly scandalized, for it is quite the thing for men of rank occasionally to take their wives from the music halls of London. Surely our American girls of this degree are the equals in all respects of their British sisters. And if the Californian singer and dancer marries a boy who adores her, and has only a foolish heart and no purse to offer her, she will be as agreeable to think of as a rich girl who should sell herself for a title no older or better than that of Douglas. What makes unpleasant the international marriage over which a patriotic press rages, while it plays the part of Jenkins, is their mercenary character. Douglas cannot be accused of making merchandise of his title, and, if a fool, he, in wishing to make a penniless actress his wife, is certainly a far more manly fellow than Count Castellane, or Lord Beresford, or the Duke of Marlborough, his predecessor, or the Prince Colonna. Douglas may be an ass, but he is rather fine in his boyish folly.

General satisfaction has been expressed at the act of the jury in giving Dick Heath a verdict for \$2,500 against the *Examiner* for libeling him. Technically the verdict was right, for Heath was not present in the saloon where he was described as having been in a brawl. But the reporter's authority was the clerk of the hotel of which the barroom is a part, and that was warrant enough for writing the story. Nobody supposes that Heath's reputation was injured in the least. Like as good and better men, he has taken a

hand in saloon fights in his time. Perhaps the grudging correction made by the *Examiner* had something to do with the verdict. It recited unnecessarily the history of Heath's trials for the murder of McWhirter at Fresno. Doubtless, also, the talents of General Barnes assisted the prosecution in gaining the victory. He worked with a will, for not long ago the *Examiner*, being under no necessity to make the fact known, published it to the world that his poverty had obliged General Barnes to mortgage his library to M. H. de Young. All these things contributed to the verdict, but the main reason for it, I take it, was the desire of the jury—which reflected public opinion—to teach newspapers the responsibility of the pen. It is known that the *Examiner* is rich, and that \$2,500 is nothing to it; the verdict, therefore, was given not to impose financial punishment, but to inflict correction and humiliation. Any other newspaper in the city probably would have escaped. The *Examiner* is distinctly unpopular, though it has a much larger circulation than any of its rivals. It is immeasurably the best newspaper in San Francisco; it spends more money for news than all its competitors put together; it has many men of talent on its staff; it is enthusiastic in good works—unquestionably it has done more for charity than any other one agency in the city; its proprietor is a young man of education, generous in instinct and the reverse of malignant. Yet the *Examiner*, through sheer carelessness, or indifference to the feelings and prejudices of the best part of the community, so frequently offends against taste that it is resented while it is read. With ten-fold the ability of either the *Chronicle* (whose proprietor these twenty years has had the doors of society shut in his appealing face) or of the *Call* (whose proprietor is an ebullient rustic), Mr. Hearst (whose social standing is what he chooses) publishes a paper that is considered disreputable in comparison with the *Chronicle* and *Call*. He does not fail in enterprise, or expenditure, or wilfully in any way. He is simply cursed with a quality of judgment inferior to that of Mr. de Young and Mr. Shortridge. I observe that the country press is belaboring the *Examiner* for its manner of reporting the Durant case. The able interior editors do not specify wherein the paper has done amiss; they only feel that it has gloated on the horrors of the Emmanuel Church. As a matter of fact, the *Examiner* has done excellent work as to these murders. Its verbatim reports of the testimony at the inquest and preliminary examination have been invaluable. But it made its customary blunder in printing large pictures of the clothing of Blanche Lamont. There was no reason for doing that except to be sensational, and therefore all its legitimate work has been blemished. The public felt the uselessness of the pictures, the straining after effect, the reveling in the terrible, and, not being discriminating, has carried its disgust over to the admirably done reports. But for the *Examiner's* want of judgment, which so often traps it into such mistakes, such affronts to delicacy, it would be one of the great journals of the country, as it is now one of the great newspapers. As it is, it gives an impression of irresponsibility, and that is why a jury found a verdict against it in the Heath case, and why the public was gratified by the verdict. When years shall have tamed and matured Mr. Hearst, he will publish a paper that will be respected and relied on by its readers. Its subscribers will become friends instead of critics, and it will lead the people as well as interest and entertain them.

The dollar limit has done good service in San Francisco by putting a curb on extravagance and a check on thievery, but we are

now suffering from its disadvantages. The lawful authority of the city government to provide food for prisoners and paupers, fuel and feed for the engine houses of the fire department, and to furnish other needed supplies, has been exhausted. Of course, the prisoners, and paupers, and horses, will not be allowed to starve, for San Francisco is peopled by human beings, and private generosity will do what the Supervisors cannot. It is plain that the day of the dollar limit has ended. The city is no longer in a dollar-limit state of mind. This artificial famine has but given emphasis to the demand for a more liberal policy. While the Half-Million Club is marching around the State accepting hospitality, and making arrangements to give feast for feast, and everybody is expectant of the good times that are to come from the building of the competing San Joaquin railroad, and the Merchants' Association is sweeping our streets as they never were swept before, and the Harbor Commissioners are planting the water-front with trees, and the town is eager to wash and be clean, it is inevitable that an era of public improvements should set in. We shall have to take our chances with official wasters and rascals. San Francisco has run as a narrow-gauge city long enough, and is anxious to try the broad gauge. Therefore, we are having the last of the dollar limit.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

"THE SPRING EXHIBITION."

A few weeks ago the Woman's Portrait Exhibition was to be seen at the Hopkins Institute, and, with the exception of the black and white room, which was excellent, a worse collection of pictures would have been hard to find notwithstanding the fact that some bore the signature of world-renowned artists. To-day in the same building there are about three hundred pictures on view by local artists and art students. And the result cannot fail to be gratifying to the pride of Californians. It is doubtful whether any other American city could do better in an exhibition of the same kind. There have been many Eastern exhibitions in Boston, New York, and Chicago, which contained much more gloriously bad work and less that showed decided artistic ability. Aside from the work of those who have already become famous, this exhibition contains many sketches by art students who, to judge by what they have already done, are not wasting their time.

Among the well known artists, Keith, of course, stands first. He is well represented by three pictures: "Sunset," a harvest scene, with the last rays of the setting sun reflecting a golden glory over the fields, a most aptly named landscape. "After the First Rains," and a misty, poetical "Twilight" scene, in which serene-eyed cattle calmly browse by the side of a stream, while from behind dark trees a pale moon throws its subdued light. To the latter picture it would be hard to give too much praise. To those who know what Mr. Keith can do, it is enough to say that it is one of the best pictures. The pity is that it is so badly hung. Where it now hangs it is impossible to get a good light on it or to see it as it should be seen.

John A. Stanton has several pictures on exhibition, two of which are particularly pleasing. After careful study of the values of reflected light and color, he has painted as "A Pastoral" and "The Fishing Village, Brittany," he produced. Mr. Stanton is not so fortunate, however, in his portraits. There is a hard, wooden quality about the latter that is distressing after having enjoyed his wonderful skies and beautiful pastures or beaches. Mr. Yelland's two pictures, "The Haunted Wood" and "At Atriville New," have proved a surprise to his friends who had quite despaired of seeing him produce anything broader than his usual elaborately finished landscapes. They show a marked advance over anything which he has heretofore exhibited. I am sorry, however, that he did not exhibit the Arkville landscape as I saw it in his studio a few weeks ago. It is a most dainty piece of coloring as one could find, and painted in a thoroughly impressionistic style. His passion for detail seems to have carried him away again, however, and not to the improvement of the picture.

And Tom Hill—why does he not turn his attention to the truly wonderful eye for color to some simple country scene and leave the Yosemite and the snow-capped mountains in peace for a while?

One cannot but admire his work while one depletes his selection of subjects. It seems a prostitution of talent to waste it painting scenes whose beauty and grandeur are suggested to the mind by a canvas, when there is so much in Nature which by so skillful an artist could be so reproduced that it would give the keenest delight.

Miss Helen Hyde's "Young Mother," which was exhibited at the Sketch Club some weeks ago, is a strong piece of work—a Dutch interior with a young mother sitting on the cradle of her child. A charming red-headed boy polishing brass is sent by Miss Lon Wall. Mary Curtis Richardson has a couple of portraits which are said to be good likenesses. J. E. H. Partington's portrait of Sigmund Beel shows a not over-pleasing, beefy violinist—a libel on Mr. Beel. And Miss Evelyn McCormick's "The Girl in Pink" standing before a strange and wonderful green mirror—a picture which hardly reflects credit on the judgment of the jurors.

Among the water colors, Chris. Jorgensen's "Genoese Beggar" is conspicuous both for beauty of coloring and strength of execution. Manuel Urnuella has several sketches of the interior of the studio. Miss Helen Hyde's "Old women" are excellent. Miss Clara Curtis has three very clever impressionistic landscapes. A bit of brown marsh, overhung by gray sky, is the best of several good sketches by Miss A. F. Briggs, and it is excellent. Florence Lundborg's pasture, in which sheep are grazing, shows artistic feeling, but little technical skill. A delicate and delicate bit of coloring. A sketch of marsh, overhung by gray clouds, through which the sun is breaking, by Mrs. L. C. Kelley, is a clever piece of work. "In Alameda," by the same artist, deserves special mention for skillful and delicate manipulation of color. Gertrude Partington sends a sketch of "The Girl in Pink" standing before a strange and wonderful green mirror—a picture which hardly reflects credit on the judgment of the jurors. A. W.

Wilbur A. Reaser has brought from France a style of painting quite general there but not followed here. The exhibition of his work at Vickery's at once established Mr. Reaser as one of the best of the half-dozen of local artists. Pictures such as Mr. Reaser's "Opal Light," "Sand Dunes in Holland," "A Nocturne in Green and Gold," and not a few others in this collection, reveal a man of unusual talent. The seven years spent abroad by Mr. Reaser have manifestly been put in to the very best advantage. He is to give another exhibition shortly.

LILY OF TROY.

On Tuesday the Duchess of Marlborough became Lady Beresford. This lady has had a remarkable career, interesting from many points of view. When some eighteen years ago a certain young lady, Miss Lily Price, from Troy, N. Y., appeared at the Patriarch's ball in New York, none present thought of her as a personage who would become in London and New York society. She was merely a tall, elegant, blonde young lady, dressed in white. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, which fact always checks the belated of any young girl, for, in a New York ball-room (observes the *Times*), a plain, rich girl, with bad manners and a sour disposition, is more likely to attract the eye than a young girl of beauty and charming manners and disposition. One day New York was surprised to hear that the Troy maiden had won the affections of Mr. Louis Hamersley, a bachelor conspicuous for his wealth and mannerisms.

The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Hamersley was of brief duration, for, after several years of wedded life, and left a very wealthy widow behind to wear attractive mourning. Then, as every one remembers, came the very extraordinary lawsuit, in which a faithful servant, one Becky Jones, a type Wilkie Collins would have embalmed in some strange story, established former woman's ability when interested in her own property. Some reason or other, while the widow Hamersley's comings and goings were noted, her carriage observed in the park, and her presence scanned as she sat at the opera, the widow herself was not a popular personage. Things went on in this sort of way for a time, when that sprightly young buck, the late Duke of Devonshire, held then a young English divorcee court, landed at the North River dock. Soon finding themselves as "two hearts with but a single thought," they sought the seclusion of the Mayor's office, and the news was called across the sea that Blenheim had a new mistress.

After many thousands of the Hamersley fortune had been expended in retaining Blenheim, the Duke followed the shade of the late Mr. Hamersley.

Again the widow returned to her native land, and her republican kinsmen of high and low degree hastened to bend the knee which, oiled by the title of Duchess, allowed them to do what they would not do when they knew their wife was Hamersley. And now, as stated above, the relic of the republican Hamersley and the aristocrat Marlborough begins a new life as my Lady Beresford.

CROCKETT'S LATEST STORY.

A San Francisco Newspaper Tale Furnishes the Plot.

The case of the Russian exiles, who escaped from Siberia and were brought to San Francisco a year or more ago, has been taken as the basis of a thrilling story of adventure by S. R. Crockett, the Scotch romancer, who is to-day the most popular author in England. A few years ago—not more than five—the Rev. Mr. Crockett was a very hard working preacher, drawing a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. To-day he enjoys an income of twenty thousand dollars, and he has contracted at high prices for all the work that he can do for the next five years. There are those who believe that in him another Stevenson has been found. The fact that the story of these Siberian exiles had to travel across the continent and the Atlantic before finding a man to give it the necessary literary touch emphasizes the position taken in the *Letter* last week, that America is sadly lacking in authors who know what a good story is. It will be remembered, by the way, that these exiles, after some trouble in the courts, and becoming the subjects of much international correspondence, were exhibited in a local museum. Their story, "North to the Arctic," is in a new book of short stories, entitled, "Bog-Myrtle and Peat," published by the Messrs. Appleton. Here is an outline of—

NORTH TO THE ARCTIC.

"It was bad enough in the *Free Command*," said Constantine, leaning back in his luxurious chair and smoking his cigars easily before him as though he were measuring the stretch between thumb and middle finger; "but, God knows, it was Paris itself to the hell on earth up at the Yakut Yort."

The conversation opened in this striking manner was held in a London drawing-room, and Constantine, a tall and slender man, was talking to the Russians caged up together at all Kazan University men, and exiled to Siberia for reading Herbert Spencer, who is regarded as a dangerous teacher in Russia. Arrived at Siberia, they were separated. Nicolai, because his friends paid for it, was allowed to have a tent all to himself.

"One day," he says, "I had a letter stealthily conveyed to me from Big Peter to say that he and Leaf were resolved on escaping. They had a boat, he said, concealed about eight miles up the Lena under some willows on a stagnant backwater. They intended to try for the north as soon as the water opened, and hoped then to go towards the west and Wrangel Island, where they felt pretty sure of being picked up by American sealers by the month of August or September."

"This letter stirred all my soul. I did not believe rightly in their chance. It is seldom, I knew, that whalers come that way or enter far enough through the Straits of Behring. Still, undoubtedly, a few did so every year. It was worth risking my way, if only to get a letter better than that ghostly wearing out of body and fatty degeneration of soul. One or two more letters passed, stimulated by the tobacco money, and the day of rendezvous was fixed."

"Leaf and Big Peter were to make their own way down the river, hiding by day and traveling by night. I went finally to the country to meet them at the tail of the sixth island above Bulun. So, very quietly, I made my preparations, and laid in a store of frozen meat and fish, together with a fish-spear, which I cached due south of my Yort, never by any chance allowing myself to take a walk towards the north, the direction in which I was finally to go. I was alone. It was very lonely, for I had no one to consult, and no friend to whom to intrust any part of my arrangements. But the suspicion of the Yakuts was now very considerably allayed, for, said they, he is now well fed. A dog in good condition does not go far from home to hunt. He will, therefore, stay. They were something about dogs, for they tried their hunting conditions by running him down and about the spine sharply. If that member was not cut, the dog was in good condition."

"At last, in the dusk of night in early summer, when the mosquitoes were biting with all their first fury and it was still broad day at 10 o'clock, I started, walking easily and conspicuously to the south, finding my way occasionally in the direction of enjoying the night air before turning in, lest any of my hosts should chance to be awake. Once out of sight of the Yort, I went quickly to my cache of provisions, and, shouldering the whole, I turned my face towards the river and the Northern Ocean."

"I had not gone far when I struck the track which had already been made in the direction of Bulun. There, to my intense horror, I saw a man sitting still in a Siberian cart within a few hundred

yards, apparently waiting for me to descend. I gave myself up for lost, but, nevertheless, made my way down to him. He was a young man with an uncertain face, and weak, shifty eyes."

But he served, and Nicholas was taken a good distance on his journey. Soon he found his two friends, and they pressed on to the north:

"Specially were we safe in that we had chosen to go to the north. Had we fled to the east, we would have been pursued by swift horses; to the west, the telegraph would have stopped us; to the south, the Andaman Islands, to say nothing of the Malay and miles, barred our way. But no escape had ever been made to the north, and, so far as we knew, no attempt."

"One evening, while I was rowing, bending back, far too weary to be conscious of any additional fatigue, Leaf, who happened to be resting, cried out suddenly, 'The Arctic Ocean!' and there, blue and clear, through the narrow entrance of a channel half filled with drift ice, lay the mysterious ocean of which we had thought so long. The wind had been due from the north, and therefore in our teeth, so that not till now had we any chance of sailing. Now, however, we rigged a sail, and, pushing over the bar, we felt for the first time the lift of the waves of the Polar Sea."

"Day by day we held on to the eastward, coasting along almost within hail of the lonely shore. Often the ice threatened to close in upon us. Sometimes the growling of the pack churned and crackled only a quarter of a mile out. One night as we lay asleep, in my watch, but in the great silence I, and also fallen asleep, was wakened by a loud, in his strong, emphatic fashion, he rose to take the oars. But there before us were three boats' crews within half a mile, all rowing towards us, while a mile out from shore, near the edge of the pack, lay a steamer, blowing off steam through her escape valves, as though at the end of her day's run."

"And we, who our first thought was, 'Lost!' For we had no expectation that any vessel save a Russian cruiser could be in these waters. But out from the stern-sheets of the leading cutter fluttered the blessed Stars and Stripes. My companions did not know all the happiness that was included in the sight of that ensign. Leaf had reached for his own flag, and I, too, a signal that I was at home. From him ere I told him that of all peoples the Americans would never give us up."

"We were taken on board the United States search-vessel Concord, commissioned to seek for the records of the lost American Polar expedition. There we were treated as princes, or as American citizens, which apparently means the same thing. This is all my story. The Czar's army is long; but it does not reach either London or New York. 'And Leaf and Big Peter?' I asked, as Constantine ceased speaking. As though with an effort, he recalled himself."

"Big Peter," he said, "is at St. Louis. He is in the pork trade, is married, and has a large family."

"And Leaf?"

"Ah Leaf! He went back to Russia at the time of the former Czar's death, and has not been heard of since."

"And you, Constantine, you will never put your nose in the lion's den again—you will never go back to Russia?"

"That was the first time throughout the long story, Constantine looked me fixedly in the eyes. The strange light of another world, of the fatalist East, looked plainly out of his eyes. Every Russian carries a terrible possibility about with him like a torch of tragic flame, ready to be lighted at any moment."

"That alas may be," he said, very slowly; "it is possible that I may go back—at the time of other deaths, and—also—not—return—any—more."

A Prussian officer quartered in Alsace one day visited a chapel in the outskirts of the town. Greatly surprised at seeing a silver mouse among the votive offerings, he demanded an explanation from an intelligent game warden who was showing him round. "An entire quarter of the town," the Alsatian proceeded to relate, "was once visited by an army of mice, which constituted a veritable plague. Then a kind-hearted lady took it into her head to get a silver mouse made and to present it to the Virgin. A week afterwards all the mice had disappeared. The officer burst out laughing and exclaimed: 'What are the people in this country so stupid as to believe such things!' 'Oh, no,' promptly responded the Alsatian, 'for if we did we should long since have offered the Virgin a silver Prussian.'—*Le Petit Parisien*.

A friend met Francis Parkman one day walking along the street leading a street-boy with either hand. "What in the world are you doing, Parkman?" asked his friend. "I found that Johnny here had eaten all of the apple, instead of dividing it with his little brother. I am going to buy another for the younger boy, and make Johnny watch him while he eats it."—*Youth's Companion*.

TRAVELING NEWSPAPERS.

The Colorado silver men are about to inaugurate a novel style of educational campaign. W. E. Godfrey, a newspaper writer well known in San Francisco, where for several years he was engaged on the local dailies, is the chief promoter and the manager of the enterprise. Mr. Godfrey's scheme is nothing less than the publishing in all the cities and towns of the United States, Europe, and Asia of a weekly paper devoted to the preaching of free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. This journal is not to be published simultaneously in all these cities. It will one week be published in one city, and the next week in the next on the route, and so around the world. That is the plan at present, though of course the Colorado hope is that bi-metalism will triumph in the United States before Mr. Godfrey leaves this continent, thus saving the expense of going farther and depriving Mr. Godfrey of a pleasant journey.

The literary and business forces are now being gathered in Denver, and it is likely, so Mr. Godfrey writes to the *Letter*, that at least one other former San Franciscan will be on the staff of "Around the World." It must not be thought that Colorado mine owners expect to turnish all the capital necessary for the publication of this paper all the way from Denver to Boston, and from Boston to Constantinople, and thence to Yokohama and San Francisco, and back to Denver again. The expectation is that the expenses of publication at least will be met by the local advertising and subscriptions obtained in each place. Mr. Godfrey expects to introduce Cairo and Calcutta to the glit and persuasive American advertising solicitor.

The idea of publishing a paper en route is not altogether new, though this is the first time a political movement has made use of the scheme. Two Paris reporters are now traveling around the world paying the expenses of their tour by a tour de force. They started from the office of *Le Figaro* on January 8th with pockets empty. At a cafe where they were known they made five francs by drawing caricatures, one of the two being an artist. They sent back letters to the Paris papers as they traveled, and thus made money enough to carry them to Nice, where the first of the *Embassy* was published. At the heads of its columns the following address is given: "Editorial and Business Office: The World." The principal club of Nice gave them a banquet, after which the two travelers lectured upon their journey, and concluded their entertainment with songs and monologues written by themselves, which were well of "local hits" and were as enthusiastically appreciated as they were richly rewarded. They found themselves possessed of so much money, in fact, that they purchased two bicycles, and on the evening of their departure gave a champagne supper to their friends.

They reached the Italian frontier at last, but it cost them nearly a hundred francs to cross the border for the customs officers to take a heavy duty on their bicycles, to pay which again brought them to the verge of penury. At last, however, they reached Genoa. There two Genoese papers, the *Scalo Decimano* and the *Caforo*, ordered articles from them, and they were presented by the editorial staffs of the two journals to the students of the city university, who were to give a lecture and entertainment at the Jardin d'Italia. Up to the latest heard from them they have published but one copy of their paper. They promise others, however, before they reach San Francisco.

Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the Sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker's guide-book. A sheik looked at him sadly and shook his head. "Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?" "No, no," Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen; "why do you object to Baedeker?" The sheik crossed his hands and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker had book," he repeated; "Murray very good! Murray say, 'Give the sheik half a crown; Baedeker say, 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"

An interesting insight into the ways of the ultra new woman was furnished by the testimony in a London court of Mrs. Baedeker, a stock broker. Mrs. Baedeker testified that she employed her husband in her office, but that she dismissed him from her employ last August because of certain derelictions of duty. Whenever she went out she used to lock the door of her private office. "Do you mean to say," asked the Solicitor-General, "that if you saw the man you had sworn to honor and obey in a private office, that you would be so heart-breaking as to say, 'Out you go?'" "I should, certainly," was the answer.

THE GOSPEL OF EFFORT.

Review of a Book by a Scientist Who Agrees With the Rev. Mr. Herron.

Had the Rev. Mr. Herron been a man of science instead of a man of theology, he might have written a book which has just appeared from the press of D. Appleton & Co., "Evolution and Effort and their Relation to Religion and Politics," by Mr. Edmond Kelly, of New York. Those whom Prof. Herron has interested in the bringing about of a more equitable economic system from the standpoint of higher Christianity will find in this book a reason outside of inspiration for the same work. Though Mr. Kelly is quite evidently a man of unorthodox belief he appeals to all church men to do the reform work which is necessary, and he points out the best way of going about it. The book is worth careful reading by every student of practical politics and economics.

The author asks himself that question which all have some time asked: What is the use of effort, why struggle to improve the condition of the world, if the laws of evolution will not permit rapid advance? To this his answer is that the gospel of evolution has been misinterpreted; rightly understood it rescues the destiny of man from his environment in order to restore it to himself. For evolution is playing a very different part in the development of the human race from that which it played in that of the lower animals. Before its processes were interfered with by human faculties of intelligence and choice, environment was everything; the animal and vegetable kingdoms were as completely subject to what was pernicious in it as to what served slowly to select and favor the individuals least fitted to survive; and though certain environments contributed to the survival of usually higher types, others permitted only of the survival of continually lower types; so that while one set of conditions produced man, others destroyed all life save that of the sage brush in the desert or lichens in the arctic zone. If we attempt to contrast the process of evolution in the world before the advent of man with the process since the advent of man we shall be struck by the fact that in its first phase it encounters no conscious or intelligent opposition anywhere, whereas man is today opposing it strenuously at every step. Moreover, we shall also be struck with the fact that the more intelligent and strenuous the effort of opposition, the higher the type of man produced. And so the role of human effort in evolution becomes the determining factor in human destiny. If this be the case, it becomes a matter of importance to distinguish which forms of nature are on our side and which on the side of the enemy, so that we may favor the one and resist the other.

Mr. Kelly counts religion among the great forces in the world. We tend, he says, to regard religion too little as a force, too much as an institution. And yet regarded as a force religion is probably the greatest ally man has; regarded as an institution she has been sometimes in the past, and doubtless still is to a large extent, his greatest enemy. The author's purpose, therefore, is to rescue the force from the institution; to establish its place in the new process of evolution in man as contrasted with the old process which preceded man; to determine the limits of human effort—how they are determined by environment and how far they depend upon choice. Mr. Kelly opposes Herbert Spencer's law of the survival of the fittest, the "gospel of effort," and he proves the one to be far truer to the highest scientific truth of the day than the other.

In the course of evolution man became different from the lower animals more by virtue of his moral than by virtue of his actual qualities. Gradually the pleasure that attends the exercise of a self-improving faculty converted the arduous exercise of self-restraint, under the compulsion of fear, into a willing exercise of self-restraint, under the stimulus of love of approbation. Meanwhile he gradually developed in man's mind a faculty of attaching abstractness to the actual, and hereby sprang speculation regarding his origin and mission. These and other kindred questions have been defined as religious. Religion created a new set of motives. Human effort has been directed against the animal instincts—that is to say, against those very qualities which, through the process of evolution, had put man at the head of the predatory system. Man learned, too, how to utilize the very forces of nature which tended to destroy him, and has succeeded in violating some of the fundamental principles of Evolution without as yet exhibiting any fatal symptom of degeneration. On the contrary, not only does he still maintain his place at the head of the animal kingdom, but his supremacy seems to be more and more finally and absolutely determined. To-day man's whole exist-

ence is a tribute to what human nature can do in its battle with Nature.

As already said, Mr. Kelly lays strong emphasis on the point that religion must not be confounded with the institutions that have grown up out of it. Religion fighting Christian civilization with the sword of Mahomet was a scourge; religion fighting the advancement of knowledge with a parol ball was equally a scourge; but neither of these attacks upon the progress of man is to be attributed to religion; both are to be attributed to the human institutions which grew up in the name of religion in spite of it. It must be recognized, moreover, that to a large part of civilized life the church is religion; and so long as this is the case the church must not only be tolerated, but respected and maintained, even by those who denounce its superstitions and deplore its error. There has grown, however, and is growing daily, a conviction that the church is not doing the work which it should do in the world; and nowhere is this failure more conspicuous than in those countries where monarchical or aristocratic institutions have given way to popular government. Christian ethics, the author holds, are out of touch with the needs of humankind. Christ preached to the inhabitants of a conquered province. Obedience was the cardinal virtue of public life not only the time of Christ, but for fifteen centuries after him. As a guide to individual conduct Christ's teaching is a potent factor for good; as a guide to public conduct it is entirely without force or effect.

Mr. Kelly reviews the course of politics in the United States and comes to the conclusion that only through religion as he understands it can the work of regeneration, so much needed, be accomplished. Ambition and self-interest are not enough. They have been tried and have not been sufficient. The religious spirit—remembering always that by religious spirit is meant the desire for resolution to fight animal instincts in as far as it clashes against spiritual instincts, essential to social life—pervades the people. This must be used to overthrow the political machine and allow the people to control their own affairs and work out the reforms so much needed.

If the clergy were persuaded that the duty of a citizen to study social problems and organize for the purpose of solving them was as paramount as that of charity and unselfishness, it is difficult to conceive how priests and ministers could fail to urge this duty upon their parishioners. Nor should their words consist of vague exhortations to public spirit. The clergy do not confine themselves to vague exhortations when the life of some charity or mission is at stake. They organize societies, they raise subscriptions, they appoint times and places for meetings, they select committees, and they take all steps that are necessary to put the machinery in operation to obtain tangible results. He would have all religious people, whether Jews or Gentiles, Presbyterians or Catholics, working together. He would not have the churches as social interludes in politics, but he would make them the centres for what he might have called good government clubs, and he suggests that the churches could do no better work than give up every Sunday evening to the holding of meetings for the education of the citizen on the questions of the day and in his duty to the state.

The daily press Mr. Kelly considers almost worthless as an educating influence. Exposed as it is to commercial competition, the press perpetually tends to descend to the level of the newspaper which appeals most successfully to the lowest tastes of the community. It is apt to be a mere sentiment that establishes private hospitals and universities to subsidize an independent weekly press of high tone and broad spirit in which the information on public affairs and men, that the commercial press would not publish, should be given to the public.

The practical part of this book is not nearly so satisfactory as the theoretical. Mr. Kelly will not find the churches adopting his grand plan of reform, not until there are many more Herrons in the pulpits at any rate. He has nevertheless made a most valuable contribution to the reform literature of the day, one taking new ground and answering as those who read his book will be convinced, the foolish doctrines of those who cry "Hands off! Leave evolution to take its course." [This book is for sale by the Popular Book Store, 10 Post street.

"Didn't you say you were an Episcopalian?" "Oh, yes," said the old man; "I'll tell you how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went ter church, and it happened to be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd 'sposed they'd 'sposed they'd 'sposed they'd done them things they hadn't oughter done and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix, too,' and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."—*Chicago News.*

A' OUTRANCE.

(France, XVII. Century.)

"Heigho! Why the plague did you wake me—it's barely an hour after four?
My head, too, is—ah! I remember
That little affair at the shore.
Well, I had forgotten completely;
I must have been drinking last night—
Rapier, West Sands, and sunrise—
But whom, by the way, do I fight?"

"De Genlis! Ah, now I recall it—
He started it, did he not?
I rank to his wife—but, the devil!
He needn't have gotten so hot.
Just see what a ruffler that man is
To give me a challenge to fight—
And only for pledging mildly
A half-dozen times in the night."

"Ah, well, it's a beautiful morning,
The sun just beginning to rise—
A glorious day for one's spirit
To pilgrimage off to the skies—
God keep mine from any such notion—
This duel and all choice at all, I see,
I haven't confessed for a month back,
And haven't had breakfast, *tant pis!*"

"Well, here we are, first at the West Sands!
The tide is well out—and how red
The sunrise is painting the ocean—
Is that a sea-gull overhead?
And here come De Genlis and Virron—
Messieurs, we were waiting for you
To complete, with the sea and the sunrise,
The charming effect of the view."

"Are we ready? Indeed, we are waiting
Your orders, Marigny and I—
On guard then it is, we must hasten;
The sun is already quite high.
Where, now, would you like me to pink you?
'I've no choice at all, do you see,
And any spot you may desire
Will be *convenable* for me."

"From this hand-shake, I judge I was drinking
Last night, with the thirst of a fish—
I've vigor enough to die, and I'll you,
Mon ami, and that's all I wish;
Keep cool, keep your temper, I beg you—
Don't fret yourself; now by your leave,
I'll finish you off—help, Marigny!
His sword's in my heart, I believe."

"God! God! What a mortification!
The Amontillado last night—
Was drinking, you know, and my hand shook;
My head, too, was dizzy and light.
And I the best swordsman in Paris!
No priest, please, for such as I am—
I'm going—good-bye, my Marigny;
De Genlis, my love—"
—Robert Cameron Rogers.

CAN THE ENGLISH SEE A JOKE?

A practical joker in Chicago telegraphed to England on April 24th that a Dr. Wheeler had discovered the microbes of death, and by its destruction hoped to guarantee the perpetuity of human life. This proposition is reverberated back to us in the London *Spectator* through two heavy columns of serious review, in which it is pointed out that Dr. Wheeler's discovery, if true, will be a curse to the race, for death is a benevolent provision. This calls to Nym Crisp's mind that some years ago there was in Brooklyn a jubilee of colored men in celebration of the Emancipation Proclamation. Our festive friend, Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., wrote a graphic account of this jubilee for the *New York Times* and ended his report with these words: "And everything was lovely and the goose hung high." In the course of the week the *New York England* the *Pall Mall Gazette*, containing an elephantine review of this celebration, touching upon the world-wide benefits of emancipation and the progress humanity was making towards universal freedom. But the grave and beautifully written article ended with the words: "But why a goose try to keep the truth down, for I am ugly and I do tell pretty stories."

There is a new anecdote current in England about Maria Edgeworth's excessive plainness of feature. Once, when she was calling on Mrs. Crofton, that lady's little daughter said: "Mamma, is it that ugly lady who tells such pretty stories?" "Hush, hush," said her mother, when Miss Edgeworth laughingly remarked: "Now, Fanny, don't try to keep the truth down, for I am ugly and I do tell pretty stories."

OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

I dropped into a bookstore, a fashionable one rather, and looking over the new books met with a great pile of yellow covered literature which caused me at once to exclaim: "Hello, what new sensational novel have we here?" But on looking closer I found that these brilliant books were works on finance—"Coin's Financial School." Surprised at finding so many volumes of such a character in a store so largely given up to novels and magazines, I asked the clerk if they sold any of these free-silver books, and to my astonishment, he replied: "We sell more of these just now than anything else. That's a new lot we got in this morning. At eight o'clock we had on hand quite as many as there are there now and before noon they were gone," which means that the gospel of free silver has found a prophet in a young man named W. H. Harvey. Gold standard men will not be pleased to learn that over three hundred thousand of Mr. Harvey's "Financial School" have been sold, and this is but one of several books he has written on the same subject. The personal history of this young man is interesting. He was described by *the Economist* as a small, nervous man, forty-two years of age. He was born in Virginia, and was educated for the law. He practiced for a while in Cleveland, O., where he was a partner of Attorney-General Brown. This was in 1878. He married into the McCormick family of reaper fame, and was for some time the attorney-at-law for the company. He came West and tried ranching and silver prospecting. He made money, which he invested in property. The last panic cleared Mr. Harvey out. He managed to get a few thousand dollars from the wreck, and went to Chicago. Mr. Harvey started to publish a weekly paper in the autumn of 1893. He called it *Coin*. It lasted two months. Then came his first and his best financial conundrum, "The Coin of Two Nations." It didn't succeed. Then came "Coin's Financial School," which has made Mr. Harvey a comparatively wealthy man.

The American woman who wishes to know how a cultured Frenchman regards her has an opportunity to read much that will be pleasing to her, in a book just published by Dodd, Mead & Co., "The Women of the United States," by M. C. de Varigny. He met with only one class, evidently, for it is of those who live in fine houses that he writes. M. de Varigny attributes much of the peculiar position of American woman to-day to the fact that she is allowed to make her choice of marriage independent of sordid considerations. The utter absence of the dot as a feature of social life has in his view been in great measure responsible for this. "American independence," he says, "could not submit to the restless anxiety of parents and friends, their matchmaking and discreet arrangements. The absence of the dot removed the chief element in the affair and left only a question of personal taste. Moreover, the hearts of the lovers being alone at stake, the intercessors became useless, and the simplest thing was to leave the young people to their own devices. So it fell to the young girl to form her own choice; to make her own choice; to do what she seemed best for her, and to admit to the number of her suitors only those who seemed to her to combine the traits which she desired in a husband."

He knows a certain type of millionaire very well. "He loves money because money is the visible and tangible stamp of success. For himself, however, he uses but little and asks for but little of it. He is the man of the luxury, as she is the man of the instrument for spending money, and a millionaire though he be, or may become, his life is one of incessant labor and overwhelming cares. One can with difficulty imagine the great display which the wife of the wealthy banker or well known merchant makes in her palace on Fifth avenue, while from his manner of life it is a sure passport to the favor of the editor. "Chimnie Padden" wins as many admirers as Endymion. Ouida, with her brilliant gallery of immoral lords and doubtful duchesses, has gone into the court of bankruptcy, while George Moore, with his servant girls and jockeys, is an autocrat to cringing publishers. Even George Meredith yields to the new taste, and the American

publishers of his latest serial announce with modest pride that the next installment will include a realistic description of a prize fight in the White-chapel district. There is doubtless a certain morbidity in the new eagerness of the more comfortable classes—for as they are the book buyers and diagnosis of their taste guides the publishers—to learn how the other half lives. Perhaps it is another evidence of that degeneration which a profound German critic discovers alike in a taste for bric-a-brac and a fancy for Wagner. Yet there is in it a note of hope for society, if not for literature. If man be a humane being, knowledge of such conditions as are depicted in Arthur's "Tales of Mean Streets" will surely impel him to toil for their amelioration. If selfishness, rather than altruism, be his dominant force, he still must be moved to action by recognition of the power for danger that rests with the wretched denizens of a city's slums—a power that will be used if patient endurance be pressed beyond its limits. Dickens abolished imprisonment for debt and reformed the Yorkshire schools by weaving reality into romance. Besant's dream of a people's palace in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" has been realized in brick and mortar. Perhaps the new school of writers in exploiting the slums for literary purposes may hasten the abolishment of an era, not wholly Utopian and which would remove the most threatening obstacle to the continued rule of the forces of law and order.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins is himself dramatizing his novel, "The Prisoner of Zenda."

It is said that the Hon. Mrs. Norton is the original from whom Mr. Meredith drew his "Diana."

Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun* is about to publish a volume on "The Art of Newspaper Making."

Swinburne is fifty-eight years old, is five feet high, and has a ghastly face and a head of unkempt hair.

The title of the volume upon which M. Alphonse Daudet is now engaged is reported to be "Le Soutien de Famille" (The Family's Mainstay).

Walter Besant won't write a line under the settled rate of 10 guineas (\$52.50) per thousand words, and none of the publishers have struck against it.

The forthcoming subscription edition of Richard Realf's verses will contain one hundred and sixty poems. A biographical sketch and three portraits of Realf will be included in the volume.

Rudolph Hemings, of London, is writing an epic poem which, when completed, will contain 200 stanzas of from 500 to 700 words each. It is a history of England from the time of William the Conqueror up to the time of James II.

Mrs. Marie Robison-Wright, the Mexican traveler and writer, received the highest price ever paid for a newspaper article—\$30,000, in gold, paid her by the Mexican Government for an illustrated article on Mexico in the New York *World*.

Another book of Napoleonic memoirs is announced by the Appleton. It will embody the recollections of an aide-de-camp of Napoleon, the General Count de Segur, who saw much service under the empire, and is said to have put a great deal of interesting anecdote into his narrative.

Horace White, of the New York *Post*, has written "Money and Banking," the object of which is to show "how the laws of money, universal in their nature, have worked themselves out on the American continent." The argument, therefore, is pointed with historical accuracy, and the chapters include special references to the subjects of the gold, legal tender, the gold standard, and the Brussels monetary conference.

The Spaniards claim the dramatist Echegaray as the chief of their own mathematicians; they further claim for him the honor of being one of the first mathematicians of the world. Long before he ever thought of writing plays he had become Professor of Mathematics at the Escuela de Caminos, at Madrid, an institution where he had achieved remarkable triumphs as a boy. He was forty-two before his first drama was produced. That is twenty-one years ago. He is now the author of fifty plays.

Mr. Crockett, the Scotch novelist, is thus reported in a contemporary: "Every morning, summer or winter, I've had my cold tub and am ready to begin work by half-past four. I should feel I'd missed one of the keenest pleasures of life in missing the sunrise. I always go out to look at it, no matter how busy I may be. I seldom see the world recreated then, and to share in the sense of being newly born myself. Perhaps I've gone to bed discouraged, feeling it is not—never can be—in me to do the work I would do. But in the dawn everything seems possible to me. Six hours' sleep is all I take, because it is all I need."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of the said deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREISE,

Administrator of the Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1906.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Theodore Roosevelt has resigned from the United States Civil Service Commission to accept a position on the Board of Police Commissioners of New York City.

I know of no American more to be envied than Theodore Roosevelt, and few equally worthy of emulation. He is a sportsman of splendid achievement and of the true instinct, the author of a history that is already a standard work, a public official of exceptional capacity and of rare patriotism. Though born to wealth and of an old and honored family in his community, he is more truly a self-made man than most of those who boast of their own creation. It required character of an unusual strength to hold the boy and the young man from following that path which has led so many of his fellows into lives of useless dilettantism or worse degeneracy. As John Bach McMaster, when a student at college, resolved upon a course of historical reading which should be useful in writing a history he was to publish, so young Roosevelt early pledged himself to a life of action, of writing, and of public affairs, and to that promise to himself he has been true. He has led the life of a man. The tact that made him successful as the champion of reform measures in a New York Legislature, when he was only a year or two past his majority, would have made him shine in society, were a man of such family name, wealth, and exceptional virility would have been gladly welcomed, but he took his own way, and is not of the Four Hundred. He found no temptation in his wealth to spend his life in making the pile greater. Because he saw that it was impossible to correct all the evils of bad government and wrong policy, he did not retire into his library and live with the past, as the cultured so often do.

He has led various lives. He has been a hunter. In one of his articles on sport, he has said that he has hunted every kind of game, great and small, to be found in the United States, from the wild goat of the Rockies to the alligator of Florida. He is not a hunter of the kind sort that goes about with an establishment. When on one of his hunts he lives the life of the native sportsmen, often spending weeks out of doors and traveling through unpeopled districts with but one companion—his gun. Of all Americans, Theodore Roosevelt is regarded as the authority on hunting big game, and for a New Yorker to have acquired this reputation is certainly not a small achievement.

His chief literary work is his "Winning of the West," the third volume of which has been published within the past month. In this work he has evidently taken Francis Parkman as his model, having made himself thoroughly acquainted as Parkman did with the history and the facts of the West, starting with the colonization of the Atlantic States, his purpose is to follow the emigrants as they have come West until they reach the Pacific. His literary style is the simple statement of the scholar. Roosevelt has written much for the magazines on questions of practical politics, and his occasional lectures and addresses have been widely cited by the press and much commented upon.

His career in the Legislature of his State brought him at once national fame. With one or two young men of his class, such as Robert Ray Hamilton and Hamilton Fish, he forced an unwilling Legislature to pass several reform bills touching especially the government of New York City. He retired from legislative work, and a year later, against his own judgment, but being stimulated somewhat, no doubt, by Seth Low's success in Brooklyn, he accepted the Republican nomination for Mayor, and was defeated. Since then he has refused to be the candidate of his party for any office, though he could several times have been nominated for Congress, for party man Roosevelt is, but not a partisan. His purpose in life is not success for himself so much as the advancement of such legislation and administration as makes for good government. No man of strong personal ambition would have identified himself with the Civil Service Reform movement as he did, and hidden himself away from ridicule, and, to some extent, a ridiculous commission. His purpose was good work to be done there, and he was called upon to do it—this was his answer to his friends when they objected to his accepting such a position. When President Harrison violated the spirit of the law, he took him to task, as he has President Cleveland when the law was violated under this administration. It is not his party's success, nor his own, that he is anxious for, but the country's welfare. What higher praise can be given a man?

Now he goes to New York to accept an obscure position on a board which has been a source of scandal since its organization, and on which he will have no opportunity to extend his reputation—another surrender to his sense of duty.

Practical, courageous, honest, cultured, patriotic,

rich, Theodore Roosevelt is a very notable figure in our political life. He is the American counterpart of Mr. Balfour, the English Conservative leader.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF THE NEW WOMAN.

The latest manifestation of the "new woman" is presented to us in Muriel Dowie's new novel, "Gallia."

It is the other side of the shield as compared with "The Heavenly Twins." Sarah Grand's thesis was that men must be held to the feminine point of honor as rigidly as women are, but without any release from their obligation to observe the masculine point of honor also. Men were still to keep their word, pay their debts, and face the world with unflinching courage; but they were also to suffer for any breach of propriety precisely the same relentless ostracism that women visit upon women for like offenses. Nothing was said in that book to suggest that women, in their turn, were to comply with masculine standards, that cowardice or flinching or any lack of integrity was to be to them as great a shame as it is to men. It was men, and not women, that Sarah Grand set out to regulate.

Muriel Dowie preaches a different gospel. We understand her properly (says the *New York World*) the new woman's morality is to be purely masculine. Her heroine looks with even larger allowance than men do upon those very offenses in men which Sarah Grand condemns, and she even looks forward to a perfect time when neither in men nor in women will such things be accounted wrongs at all, provided truth is told and courage shown. She fixes upon fifty years as the time that must elapse before the woman who wants to be a mother may be so without the inconvenience of marrying.

It would be unjust to hold Miss Dowie (Mrs. Norman) responsible for the opinions of her heroine. She is possibly writing dramatically, as she is certainly writing very truthfully. She may be showing Gallia to us, not for our admiration, but as a warning of what the new woman is coming to if she goes on "developing" upon her present lines.

Whatever the author's purpose is, this is the effect of her writing. The new woman, as she pictures her, is thoroughly morbid and disgusting. In her imagined "progress" she is relapsing into the ideas and status of barbarism. In her eagerness to study something profound, coupled with her in disposition to hard work, the new woman has taken up "sociology" as a science in which she may exploit herself without fear of being tripped up by any exact scientific fact, for the reason that there is nothing exact in sociology.

The book is not only a discreet young woman will permit their mothers or young brothers to read. But its publication and the popularity which undoubtedly awaits it will probably be altogether advantageous. It reveals this whole "new-woman" movement for what it is—a manifestation of morbid discontent, a revolt against the moral law, an attempt to break down the barriers of purity, a feverish purrancy of mind that has no health in it.

"Do you believe in original sin?" "No; most of them are plagiarized."—*Puck*.

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AMUSEMENTS.

Grattan Donnelly's "American Girl" has melodrama's vice without any of its virtues. It is improbable and sentimental, but it lacks in interest and in situation. The plot is the old one of a secret marriage, followed by an apparently causeless hurried separation, and a quite theatrical failure of postal communication. Jaanaine, the heroine, finds herself in London after eight years, and by means of a landscape, painted by her husband, and with the help of those twin wonders, Roy and Virginia, her children, she is reunited to their father. The other people in the play are a villain, who forecloses the regulation mortgage, a very charitable, very, very kind-hearted English baronet, a maid-servant who becomes a music-hall songstress, twin cruel, well-bred English ladies to contrast with the noble, simple American girl, and—Rose Bolter.

Rose Bolter is a theatrical manager, and a successful one, despite the fact that he is so unbusiness-like as to offer a hundred dollars a week for the services of Roy Devon, a child who has never been on the stage. In the first act, Rose Bolter was a tramp, but a clever, artistic tramp, with a wonderful eye for color and marvelous skill with the brush, so that his little finishing touches make Philip Devon's picture admirable enough to please a great London art critic. Rosa Bolter might easily have been left out of "The American Girl," but let us be grateful that he wasn't, for what little simplicity of expression and naturalness of manner there is in the play is due to the tramp-artist-manager.

George Osborne, who plays the part, is an intelligent, experienced actor. He can be relied upon to do his work faithfully and with a professional correctness, but it is altogether out of his power to create a role or to give it original treatment. He has been a useful member of many stock companies, and he is well liked in San Francisco, but his popularity and the general kindly feeling for him cannot make theatre-goers overlook the non-sensical play and the crudeness of his company.

The two children, Jamie Horn and Nina Cook, are interesting little people, bright and self-possessed. They have much to say, and say it well, too; but Baby Sinnott with "Fritz" was a more sympathetic, realizable young woman, because she had hardly a line to speak, and conscious art has nothing to do with looking childlike. So she is in harmony with her environment. With very, very few exceptions, the child actor is out of proportion with the stage. He—it is usually she—must strain his voice and he otherwise unnatural, for it is impossible for a child's mind to conceive theatrical art and make it stage nature.

Messrs. Friedlander and Gottlob will break the silence reigning in the local theatres by opening the Columbia Theatre a week from Monday next. The house has been refurbished and redecorated, and will take its place henceforward as one of the neatest and most comfortable places of amusement in the city. The Columbia opens with the Frawley Dramatic Company, a comparatively new organization made up, for the greater part, of former members of the Daly, Palmer, French, and Frohman companies. The Portland Oregonian of last Monday spoke of the company as "by long odds the most complete and evenly balanced organization" that had been seen in that city for several seasons. Writing of the performance given by the Frawley Company the Oregonian said: "It was difficult to regard it as only a portion of an extensive repertoire. It appeared as if the company had touched no other characters for a year, so perfect was every detail of reading, acting, costuming, and staging." The prices at the Columbia will be from 15 cents to 75 cents for evening performances, and from 15 cents to 50 cents for matinees.

"Humpty-Dumpty Up to Date" is said to outdo anything those wonderful little people, the Lilliputians, have yet appeared in. It is said to be gorgeous in the extreme, presenting a wealth of rich and handsome costumes, scenery, electrical effects, etc.

The sale of seats for the season of four concerts, to be given by the famous violinist, Ysaye, at the Baldwin, opens at the box office of that theatre on Monday for the season ticket sale, and on Thursday for the single concert sale.

An orchestra of thirty-five musicians, under the capable direction of Mr. August Hinrichs, is to appear in connection with the Ysaye concerts.

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Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 22, 1895.
J. D. SELLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
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The State Supreme Court no doubt appreciates the deference to it implied in the postponement of Durrant's trial for murder to the middle of July. Of course, there will be further continuances; the lawyers for the defense know their business and understand the value of delay. It is more than a year since Murderer Fredericks walked into a San Francisco bank and assassinated the cashier. Fredericks is yet unchanged. There was no question of his guilt, but the comparative expedition with which he was tried and sentenced shocked the Supreme Court and called forth from it a rebuke in defense of the dignity of the law, which, like other majestic things, the Court thinks should move slowly. Durrant, Fredericks, and every other man charged with crime, is entitled to a fair trial, but why, in the name of good sense, should the Judges of the Supreme Court, or anybody else, associate waste of time with fairness? It is right that courts should be uninfluenced by popular excitement and desire for vengeance—as right as that courts should be uninfluenced by the pressure of wealth or the pull of politicians—but there is a medium between fiery, revengeful haste and mindless torpidity. Custom, which should sanctify nothing, sanctifies everything in the law's administration. That is what is the matter—that is what renders the courts of America so inefficient to meet the needs for which they exist. In their methods they are survivals, in an age of steam, of the age of the circuit, ridden on horseback. Amid the brisk movement of modern life they are as incongruous in their sloth as a Mexican arrastra would be in the American mining camp with its tremendous stamp-mills. Dead men have in many ways too much to do with the government of the living; in the courts their dominance is supreme. What dead judges have decided, not what living judges think, determines contests. A member of the California Supreme Court said to me once that it would be well for the world if every book of precedents were burned, so that reason and not authority should render decisions. I need not say that this revolutionary jurist is not now a member of the court—the court which has in solemn earnest reproached the quick disposal by lower tribunals of the case of a mercenary murderer whose guilt was manifest. It is comprehensible enough how men may, against their own judgment of what is best, fall into the dull, and lazy, and harmful

ways of a long line of predecessors on the bench, yet one cannot but marvel at the order of mind that holds those ways to be good and sacred merely because they are old. Minds like that should be serving at the altar and not in American courts.

It is remarkable that in the profession of the law, which engages so much of the intellect of the time, there should not now and again arise a man of genius with a spirit too high for the dead level of custom and fees—a man of public virtue, willing to forego success at the bar in order that justice may be given a fairer chance in the courts. There has been some progress, but how very little! David Dudley Field has left a name that will be long honored because he gave some of his later years to a battle for simplification. Simplification, celerity, and common sense, those are the three things wanting in our laws and their administration. Reform will have to come from without—from the press and not the bar. The bar does not breed martyrs, and in this cause, happily, martyrdom is not required of the press. The warning that it is presumptuous in a layman to criticize the law does not terrify the laity any more. If the layman is not highly competent at least he is willing, which cannot be said of the profession. By this time every principle of the law should have been applied and settled. The Mills Building, with the population of a town, and nearly all the inhabitants lawyers, is a monument to the incapacity of the bar and bench to apply and settle principles. Every new lawyer who takes an office there is a new advertisement that the present methods of practice serve to delay the coming of the millennium when lawyers will no longer be needed. That should be the ideal of practice, as of preaching; but attorneys are no more disposed to work themselves out of employment than are clergymen. The object for which law and courts exist, to secure justice, is clean forgotten by the bar in the mass, as it is by the sort of judges who stickle for form as if it were an end and not a means.

In criminal practice reform should be easier than in civil, for the interests of property are less potent. That we have not had sweeping reform long ago is due to the mere inertia of conservatism, and the interest of criminal lawyers, whose capital is their knowledge of the law, and their skill in employing its forms to pervert it from its purpose. The rules of evidence have become the rules of a cheating game. The reason for their being should be the ascertainment of the truth, and all means that accord with fairness and humanity obviously ought to be made legal. There is excessive tenderness for the accused. The spirit in which the law goes at him is similar to that of a

sportsman, who takes no pride in bagging sitting birds. Not how to make conviction of the guilty easy, but difficult, is what pleases the legal mind. The judge of to-day may be an attorney again to-morrow, and the prosecutor in one case is sure presently to be the defender in another. A common professional interest, backed by a reasonless respect for custom, stands in the way of change. The procedure and the rules of evidence which render it so hard to bring home guilt to the guilty were of real use, to innocence once. They come down to us from a time when the subject had reason to fear the king, and the judges dependent on his favor and subservient to his will. They had their just birth in the resistance of the commons to the extension of the royal prerogative and the privileges of the nobility. There are no such dangers threatening innocence in the United States, but the bulwarks set up against them in old England remain with us, and these bulwarks serve to protect criminals from the penalties of their evil deeds and not guiltless men in their rights.

These are commonplaces, but that fact makes the evils all the more disgraceful. To permit a universally recognized evil to exist says less for the intelligence and morals of a people than were there any doubt about the evil being an evil. The mystery and complexity of the law are its shame, and the shame of the people who tolerate in its administration the technicality that is revered for its own sake, and not for the sake of the general principles that are best preserved by technical severity of interpretation.

What is wanted to be known about Durrant? Simply, did he, or did he not, murder Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams? Any rule or custom which increases the difficulty of learning the truth as to that, or as to the truth in the case of any man charged with crime, is in itself at once nonsensical and criminal. The instant Durrant was brought into the presence of the Chief of Police, the bad and imbecile work of arming him for a conflict with justice was begun. The Chief's first act was to put the excited prisoner on his guard by informing him that whatever he might say would be used against him. Why did the Chief do a thing so preposterous? Because the warning is customary, and because he went upon the assumption that a man must be considered innocent until he is proved guilty. That is the law's theory, but the officers of the law, in their conduct, necessarily proceed upon the reverse assumption. If a man is not presumed to be guilty, why is he indicted; why is a warrant issued for him; why is he arrested? In a trial it is necessary to assume some starting point in order that there may be orderly progress of inquiry, and it is but right

that the burden of proof should be upon the accuser. But until the trial begins, the actual assumption is that of guilt, and it is absurd that the accused should be helped by the accuser to conceal his guilt. Every opportunity should be taken, every art of ingenuity employed, to surprise him into confession. The French set us a good example in this respect. And at the trial there ought to be such rules of evidence as would bring before the jury all the facts, and not a part of them only, in order that the jury may use in court their common sense in arriving at judgment, as they do in every-day life in their own affairs. Much of the railing at the stupidity of juries is unjust. Men are placed in the box and required to give a verdict on testimony which compels acquittal of prisoners whom they would convict were they allowed to have the knowledge that is presented in the court of the press—which is in everybody's possession, but is excluded from the trial under the rules of evidence. Hearsay testimony is forbidden. Why not admit it as hearsay testimony, if no better is to be had? It is on hearsay testimony mostly that we make up our minds as to men and their acts. And what reason is there in the rule that the failure of a prisoner to take the stand shall not tell against him with the jury? In ninety-nine cases in a hundred the failure is, to common sense, a proof of guilt. The accused should be forced to go upon the witness-stand and be subjected to questioning. No one can be compelled to testify against himself? Why not? The law should not be a shield for the guilty. Innocence is ready to exhibit itself and explain. Who would suffer that does not deserve to suffer if Durrant were made to mount the chair and undergo examination by the prosecution? And if he should refuse to answer on the ground, now permitted, that to do so would tend to convict him of crime, or on no ground at all, why should the jury be told from the bench that they must wash from their minds the inference irresistibly drawn from such conduct? Rules in court whose practical effect is to confound sense as well as baffle justice, help to keep Judge Lynch on his unofficial bench. General rules that in the long run are found to be serviceable to society must not be broken to fit exceptional cases, but general rules inherited from a state of society that has passed away, and are of use now chiefly to save criminals from punishment and to keep lawyers busy, are as idiotic as they are harmful.

There are many bright young lawyers in San Francisco whose practice leaves them leisure, and whose studies fit them for criticism of their profession as it is practiced, and the law where it hinders justice. Among these many, there ought to be a few who can think as men as well as lawyers, and who can use the pen. The newspapers and the magazines are open to them, for such criticism as theirs would have expert value. They could not do their time a better service, or put themselves to a nobler use, than to make war on the abuses of which they are aware, and on that conservatism which protects abuses—a conservatism that is endlessly discreditable to a learned profession, since it is founded on the respect of mediocre brains for the established, bad or good, and on the less respectable determination to make use of knowledge of abuses and anomalies for personal gain.

It is not possible to admire too much the courage of Mr. Oppenheimer, the Dupont-street pawnbroker, who, of his own motion, appeared at the preliminary examination of Durrant, and told how the latter had, after the murder of Blanche Lamont, come to hi-

shop and offered one of the girl's rings for sale. It was Mr. Oppenheimer's duty to do this, as it is every man's and woman's duty to assist the law in doing justice; but the chances are against Mr. Oppenheimer's doing his duty in like manner again. If he has ever had business troubles, the attorneys for the defense will endeavor to show to the jury that Mr. Oppenheimer acted toward his partners or his creditors in so villainous a way as to render him unworthy of belief in a murder trial, the outcome of which can neither benefit nor hurt him. If he has any relatives who have disgraced themselves in their domestic life, Mr. Oppenheimer will be exhibited in the shadow and taint of their misbehavior. If Mr. Oppenheimer is a convert from Judaism to Christianity, can an attorney for the defense refrain from showing his aversion and contempt for a man who, doubtless from the most mercenary motives, deserted the faith of his fathers, a faith venerable and lofty enough, surely, to satisfy the religious yearnings of any good man? If Mr. Oppenheimer has remained true to the faith of his fathers, he will be asked as to his hereditary bias against Christianity, and if any grudge remains with him for the ill treatment of his ancestors by ours in a dark age, now happily succeeded by one in which all religious prejudices have passed away. Can an enlightened jury place the life of a young and earnest Baptist at the mercy of the word of an old and vengeful Hebrew, thirsting for the blood of the innocent descendant of benighted, though pious men, who in centuries past inflicted cruel wrongs upon Israel? If Mr. Oppenheimer is of an unprepossessing manner, or unbeautiful countenance, or his intellect is not of the very highest order, the jury will be urged to consider his embarrassed, evasive air, his sinister visage, and his imbruted mind—the proper home for evil passions, and therefore incapable of appreciating the holy obligations of an oath. In short, Mr. Oppenheimer, to the extent of the ability of the lawyers for the defense, will be placed on trial, and not Durrant. So will every other witness whose testimony is important, and who may safely be thus attacked. If bullying and slanderous insinuation may be indulged in without too great danger of winning the sympathy of the jury for the victim, there will be bullying and slanderous insinuation. And the attorneys who do this will be but following the custom of generations of lawyers.

The effect of this custom in deterring men and women from volunteering as witnesses against criminals must be very great. A drunkard, a man whose wife or daughter has gone astray, or whose personal or family history in other ways may be such as to give him cause to wish to avoid publicity, or a woman who, though fully capable of seeing happenings and telling the truth about them, may not be all she should be, or who has been the innocent subject of painful experiences, naturally hesitates to come into court as a witness at the cost of being made an object of insult and ridicule by gentlemen who are masters of the art of verbal torturing. Within the past twenty years only one local attorney has been shot down in a court-room for thus exercising his professional talents under his professional privilege of being an irresponsible blackguard, and that one fell shrieking, "Murdered for doing my duty!" He was not murdered, however, and is now a judge on the bench, which he adorns; but the man who shot him escaped the punishment which he deserved under the statute. The young lawyers who have the time, and ability, and inclination to write of

the reforms required in the law and the practice of their profession, could profitably give thought to this privilege of the attorney to behave in court as he would not dare to behave out of it, where men are still natural enough to use their fists. It would be useful to the laity to know to just what extent the law permits the attorney to harass and insult witnesses, and how much of his privilege he owes to the "professional courtesy" of the bench. I am persuaded that a judge who is a man of sense, and a gentleman, has large discretion in determining how far ruffianism at the bar may go, and that he can give some consideration to the rights of the witness to decent treatment, as well as to the privileges of the attorney to browbeat and libel in the interest of a fee-paying client. Most men with sensibilities will suffer much wrong rather than appeal to the courts and get the customary "ripping up" there, and see it all reported in the newspapers. A good many men prefer to take the law into their own hands when they are injured, in preference to subjecting themselves to the intolerable treatment which attorneys are privileged by custom to give them. It often requires more courage to appeal to the courts for redress than it does to seek it with a cudgel or a pistol. As for Durrant, he, like other men charged with murder, and able to employ counsel, will walk to freedom or the gallows over the lacerated feelings of men and women whose sole offense is that circumstances have placed them in a position to know something of him and his acts.

The mass meeting held in this city on Tuesday night, and addressed by Congressman Sibley, of Pennsylvania, and Congressman Warner, of Ohio, in behalf of the free coinage of silver, is one of the many symptoms of the rising tide of popular feeling against monometallism. There is no mistaking these symptoms. The new books which are read most eagerly by those interested in public affairs, the speakers most earnestly listened to, are those that deal with the silver question. We are to have it discussed throughout the country as generally and as passionately as was the tariff from the time of Cleveland's message in 1887 up to the date of his re-election. Essentially the same classes and interests as were on the side of protection are now on the side of gold. Speaking broadly, the rich, the well-to-do, the conservative, are for gold, as they were for high duties; and the masses were brought over to the side of free trade largely by the consideration that that which was good for the comfortable could not also be good for the uncomfortable. That consideration will likewise convert immense numbers of voters, with no clear ideas on finance, to partisanship for silver. The most powerful individual force against the gold standard is President Cleveland. He is intensely unpopular, and his advocacy of any cause is its greatest injury. This may not be rational, but it is true. Besides, he has utterly discredited himself as a financier. Ten years ago he arose as a prophet of the evils that must ensue upon legislation favorable to silver; less than two years ago he dragged an unwilling Congress into stopping the purchase of silver as authorized by the Sherman Act. In one case the calamities did not befall, in the other the predicted blessings did not come. His late transactions in bonds have emphasized his failure. As a man of finance he is without authority. Messrs. Sibley and Warner are endeavoring to organize public sentiment into party action. Mr. Sibley is spoken of as a possible Presidential candidate on the money issue. Both he and Mr. Warner declared in their addresses that this issue is more important than any the country has known—more im-

portant than the issue of 1860, which was the preservation of the Union. Either enthusiasm or demagoguery can account for that view. Mr. Sibley is also in the state of mind which made it seem wise for him say that "if we lose the fight in 1896, the fetters will be riveted so tightly that, within constitutional methods, it is doubtful if they can ever be broken; we must solve this question in a constitutional way in 1896, or I fear it will never be solved." Which is nonsense. The American public's capacity for not solving questions in a hurry is apparently limitless.

The silver men will stand a far better chance of success in 1896 if one of the old parties takes up their fight than if they go into the battle with a third party. The mindless vote is a tremendous factor at the polls—the vote that subscribes to its party's platform whatever it may be, and so escapes the pain of an effort at thinking. This vote is pretty equally divided between the Republican and Democratic parties. It is useless to expect that the Republican party—which represents the wealth, the respectability, and the desire for respectability, and so contains the bulk of the gold men—can be induced to do more than muddy its financial plank. The real democrats, and the clear-headed politicians of the Democratic party, are aware that Mr. Cleveland and a cowardly Congress have about ruined it—that if it is to have any prospect at all at the next Presidential and Congressional elections it must repudiate Cleveland and hitch on to some new issue. In all important particulars, and in his general sympathies, Mr. Cleveland has become a Republican. The pleasant Democratic duty of repudiating him is being gone at with fervor, Illinois leading the way. Should the national Democratic convention declare for free silver there will be a split in the party, which is the best thing that could happen to it. The secession of Cleveland and his followers could not but popularize the Democrats again, and the loss of the Cleveland wing will be supplied by the accession of the Populists, if the Populists have more regard for free silver than they have for a party name.

The greatest need of the United States is a democratic party—one that will stand for the rights of the common people as against the greed of the wealthy minority; not a party that will assail the sacredness of property, but maintain it, even when the property belongs to people who have very little of it, and who are in danger of having it stolen from them by legislation, such as the McKinley law, procured by people who are rich enough to sway the action of Congress. A real democratic party would make an end of the single gold standard, restore the money of the constitution, take away tariff props from the manufacturing trusts, free commerce and shipping, attack land monopoly, bring corporations under control, and in general legislate for the whole country instead of for the opulent, who least need government's help. Wealth always and everywhere is able to take care of itself; there is no fear that in a country like this, if it will behave itself with the smallest degree of circumspection, it will be dealt with unjustly. Though we have manhood suffrage, and poverty may go to the ballot-box and vote against wealth's security, wealth has no such fear. What it dreads is not injustice but the curtailment of its power to do injustice. Whether it is possible to get a real democratic party in the United States during this generation it would be rash to affirm. We have seen how the party calling itself Democratic won a victory at the polls, and

was afterwards captured in Washington by the enemy, and made to do the enemy's will through the President and Congress. It is more than probable that should a new party spring up, and under promise to do everything that a democratic party ought to do, the same powers that took the Democratic party's President and Congress captive would still be influential. It is human nature for the beneficiaries of a protective tariff and the gold standard to endeavor to retain possession of these benefits. But it is also human nature for those who are not beneficiaries, but sufferers from privilege, to keep on protesting and fighting. That is the hope of the republic, which was not designed to be a soft thing for the rich, but a land of plenty and of liberty for the commons. The struggle will not end in 1896 whether silver shall be restored to the currency or not. The war to decide whether men or money shall rule in the United States is destined to be a long one, and its battles will be fought on many fields, under many banners. In California the war for the past quarter century has taken on the guise of a conflict between the Southern Pacific and the people. On the national field the next battle is to be over silver. The gold men are in the minority, but they usually have the brains, the money, and the skill requisite to divide the forces of their antagonists. That fact makes the issue of the contest in 1896 very doubtful. If the Populists and Democrats refuse to unite, the Republicans can count on victory.

Meantime, it needs to be remembered, that as to a question on which men of equal intelligence may sincerely differ, the cause of silver is not advanced by the assumption that every believer in the gold standard is necessarily a scoundrel or a fool. That sort of campaigning should be left to the eminently respectable press of the Far East, which is seemingly unable to understand that one may be opposed to monometallism and yet not be qualified for the jail or the asylum.

The Rev. Dr. Walkup, captain of the Congregational mission ship *Hiram Bingham*, and general superintendent of the denomination's efforts to convert the heathen in the South Seas, spoke his mind in seamanlike fashion to the Congregational clergy of San Francisco on Monday last. Said the reverend sailor:

"I am ashamed to bring the native Gilbert Islanders to this city and have them see how civilization and vice go hand in hand. There is a great deal of agitation among Christian people about sending missionaries to foreign fields, but I tell you plainly that there is greater need of missionaries right here in San Francisco than there is in the Gilbert Islands."

Captain Walkup came at an unfortunate time to make an impression. The Congregational brethren are too much occupied at present with Dr. Herron to have time to consider the effect on the imported Gilbert Islander of the discovery that there is a difference between Christian theory and practice. Dr. Herron has been preaching a new gospel to them—a gospel that would attempt to fit in with modern needs by recognizing and dealing with modern industrial and social conditions. And Dr. Herron has offended most of them, who prefer the good old-fashioned gospel that makes converts in the South Seas and is quite ineffectual to keep vice and civilization from going hand in hand. The islanders have returned the benefit done them by the Captain, for they have enabled him to see things as they are. The position of a foreign missionary must be most uncomfortable. His chief anxiety, one can't but

think, is to keep from his converts knowledge of how the religion he teaches them works at home.

Mr. Claus Spreckels, it is published, has been much offended by Mayor Sutro's efforts as a member of the Board of Harbor Commissioners to insure the new San Joaquin road from falling into the hands of the Southern Pacific. If in his solicitude to do this—to make sure that the Valley road shall continue to be a competing one—Mr. Sutro has gone too far, at least he has erred on the right side. He has been treated with discourtesy by some of the other Commissioners, and offered insults by the attorney of the new road—all of which will tend to convince the public that Mr. Sutro knows what he is about in this matter. If Mr. Spreckels is the fervent anti-monopolist he desires an applauding people to believe him to be, and has not gone into the railroad business to make money simply—even if he has to sell out to the Southern Pacific in order to do it—he should be the last to take offense at Mr. Sutro's endeavors to give California guarantees of Mr. Spreckels's good faith. On the whole, the judicious would prefer an iron-clad lease of China Basin drawn under Mr. Sutro's direction to the most eloquent professions of competitive intentions from Mr. Claus Spreckels. Everybody wants the new road, if it is to break the Southern Pacific's monopoly, and most of the capital contributed to its building has been given on that understanding. If it is to be merely a speculation, as Senator Fair's narrow gauge was, which he sold to Huntington & Co. in due season, it would still be welcome, but it would cease to excite the enthusiasm of anybody except Mr. Spreckels and his co-investors in a speculative enterprise. The more safeguards that can be placed between Mr. Spreckels and the temptation to abandon the people and go over to the Southern Pacific at some future time, the more confidence will be felt in the durability of his desire to rescue California from the clutches of Mr. Huntington.

Mr. Hearst, proprietor and editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, is apparently suffering from remorse for the position which he took during the railroad strike of last summer. Then his sympathy was with the strikers, and that sympathy brought him the reward of many subscribers, and, as it seemed to me, the approval of his conscience as a man. I was editing his paper for him at the time, and he was in full accord with what I wrote for him. Now, in his repentance, he lets his dog loose at the shins of gentlemen who venture to think and say in May what he thought and said in July and August. Mr. Hearst, who is responsible for whatever appears in his paper, accuses me of being a demagogue, because I have not joined the *Examiner* in blaming Governor Budd for his "infamous reappointment of that military caricature, General Dimond." I have said that it is more desirable to have a militia that shall act as it did at Sacramento on the Fourth of July, when it refrained from firing on the crowd of strikers and sight-seers that packed the Sacramento depot, than it would be to have a state of society from which a militia could be drawn that would behave like regular soldiers, to whom "orders" are supposed to be everything and humanity and common sense nothing. That was Mr. Hearst's own view at a juncture when the whole State was in a condition of dangerous excitement, and words from the press were weighted with a heavy responsibility. Here is what the *Examiner* of July 6th said of the unsoldierly but natural behavior of the militia:

Events at Sacramento have again brought into high relief the fact that militia are not to be relied

on for military duty in domestic wars between capital and labor. The theory of the National Guard would be as ready to fight as any regulars were they called on to oppose a foreign enemy, but when it comes to shooting down their fellow-citizens they decline the work. The California militia have had to make the choice between being good soldiers and men of heart. They have preferred to be poor soldiers; and such is the non-military spirit of California that popular approval would probably be withheld were General Dimond, from his headquarters in San Francisco, to issue orders for the execution by wholesale of his mutinous troops. It is disappointing to the law-revering Southern Pacific, doubtless, that in the sacred cause of the corporation the people of California refuse to slaughter one another.

I am not, as I have said before, a military character, and am therefore disqualified from passing judgment on General Dimond as a tactician. My view of his conduct is well expressed by the following article, which is taken from the editorial columns of the *Examiner* of August 28th, and, of course, it would not have appeared there had it not been in consonance with the opinions Mr. Hearst was then pleased to hold:

However great the interest that military men may feel in the handling and behavior of the militia at Sacramento during the strike, it is not probable that civilians will become excited over General Dimond's report to the Governor, now given to the public. No one doubts the courage of our officers or men, and that they did not act with all the stern promptitude of regulars is no discredit to them. It is preposterous to blame either General Dimond or Marshal Baldwin for not shooting down the concourse of strikers and sightseers, including women and children, who filled the Sacramento depot on July 4th. As the General in his report says, "We have fired upon such a mob would have been murder." Dimond insists that he was dependent upon the orders of Marshal Baldwin. The latter need have no qualms about accepting all the responsibility that this implies, so far as the abstention from shooting is concerned. Allow for the mistakes consequent upon the novelty, gravity, and excitement of the occasion, Mr. Baldwin acted like a man of sense and humanity.

As for the warlike Markham, let us be thankful that his headquarters were in far Pasadena and not at the capital, where, doubtless, had he been present on that critical day, he would have performed prodigies of valor. It is far better that more peaceable men were in command; better that the gutters did not flow with blood; better that no widows and orphans were made. The Southern Pacific and the fiery Governor may not take this view, but the average Californian is glad that nobody was killed at Sacramento on the Fourth of July.

Mr. Hearst is a young man, and, perhaps, that accounts for the slight bold convictions have upon his mind. When he is older he will know more, think more deeply, and be firmer in his beliefs. He will learn, I trust, not to be ashamed of having let his heart and natural common sense influence him during those trying days when an insolent and bowdler railroad company was tying up the commerce of California, needlessly subjecting her people to great loss and inconvenience, and wishing for nothing better than that its striking employees would, in their folly and anger, go outside the law by attacking its property—which they did, and were punished accordingly, by the failure of their strike. I thought that Mr. Hearst's stand in July and August was sensible and manly. I still think so, if he does not.

If Mr. Hearst has retrograded in one direction, he should be given credit for progress in another. The *Examiner*, which has so frequently offended by its indecency, is becoming positively delicate. It has opened a contest which will decide to its satisfaction who is the "most beautiful girl in all California," the prize being that the most beautiful shall have her portrait painted free of charge. The taste shown in opening such a contest is doubtful, but there can be no doubt at all about the taste of the females who send in the photographs of their charms to be copied and printed. The *Examiner's* advance, however, is shown in the modesty which induced it on Sunday to suppress the names of a page of beauties, and

publish only their initials and places of residence. I congratulate Mr. Hearst. This is a long way in the right road from the belles in their bathing suits, with their names beneath, and the exposure of female nudity under pretense of exhibiting the evil effects of lacing. The *Examiner* is a good newspaper, by far the best in San Francisco, and it is a pleasure to see it ridding itself of an indifference to ordinary propriety that has done much to give it a tone of disreputability, from which its rivals, otherwise much its inferiors, are free.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

On Tuesday last I wired my felicitations to my honored friend Huntington at New York over the decision of Judge Brown, of the United States District Court there, which was that though the law forbids interstate riding on free passes, it is no crime to issue such passes unless they are used. This result is a great relief to my feelings, for I own I have been greatly concerned about the case against Huntington. I argued that if it is criminal in railroad companies to give free interstate transportation, and as free interstate transportation is impossible without free passes, the issuing of such passes must have been contemplated when the inhibitory law was enacted. That is the way it seemed to me, and I feared that in the present deplorable condition of the public mind, when demagogues are rampant and so many hands are raised against the rich, it might go hard with my friend—that California might afford the insufferable spectacle of a millionaire in jail. But, thank God, the Federal courts, whose judges are not dependent for their offices on the favor of the mob, always come to the rescue and stand between property and its foes. Judge Brown's decision is a timely vindication of the majesty of capital, and though I myself am a poor gentleman, demme if I don't rejoice as greatly as if it had been I, and not my friend and patron, who had escaped prison. I must say, and begad, a vindication of the majesty of capital, and shows that there are some privileges still left gentlemen in this country, swarming as it is with ill-rons, Gronlunds, Georges, and other infernal agitators. If, however, any person not of distinction thinks he can take advantage of the principle taught by Judge Brown (to whom, I must say, I bow), let him try it. The masses must be kept in order. Why, when Huntington hims'lf was poor, and kept a Sacramento grocery, if he had sold whisky to Indians, what respect would have been paid to his contention that he should not be convicted unless it could be shown that the redskins had drunk the liquor. Or, when poor Huntington was in hardware, he had sold burglars' tools, would he have been listened to had he contended that the sale was no offense unless the burglar had used the jimmy and bit? It is because Huntington is rich that Judge Brown has made over the law to suit the convenience of the eminent accused. That is why the decision is so gratifying. It teaches a needed lesson to disturbers who would bring society down about our ears in ruins by insisting that all men shall be equal in the eye of the law. That, of course, is mere fudge, useful only in campaign times, and at other seasons most dangerous and reprehensible. If wealth did not give a man privileges, he should strive to acquire them. Everybody has an instinctive perception of the justice and expediency of placing wealth on a different footing from poverty. If money is not entitled to respect, how should it be that the best among us, the most dignified and virtuous—I refer to the judiciary and the clergy, of course—should expect the others in their reverence for wealth? As for the women—who, after all, are what we live for—who gets his pick when he determines to take a wife? I need not say that there are exceptions to this rule. Sometimes manly beauty, joined with brilliant talents, supplies the place of money, and the single state has been voluntary in many such cases. When one should strive for wealth, but when he is older he likes his club and his bachelor ways. I do not say, however, that I shall never marry. But I am past the age of romance, and would now look more for solid advantages than mere transitory charms of face and form. Huntington has not yet answered my telegrams of congratulation, and I wish to see him a little, but no doubt, as he will be out here soon, he is reserving to himself the pleasure of thanking me in person.

Only those grow old who permit the age to pass them. In order to keep young, be young. I have

for some months been urging these maxims upon my friend Colonel Andrews. Several months ago I said to him:

"Colonel, Society has taken to the bicycle, and we really must learn to ride. Not to do so will place us in a position as absurd as not being able to dance at a function."

Andrews evidently felt the force of my argument, but for some reason, which he would not explain, he declined to join me.

Since then I have taken a course of lessons, and am now almost ready to make my appearance in public with the gay and flitting throng. On Monday last, arrayed in my knickerbockers, I called on Andrews at his apartments. He gazed on me with envy and admiration, and at last broke out:

"Perseus, I am dying to do it, but hang me if I can get my courage up."

Then he confessed. Though his figure is still excellent, his torso exceptional, and his complexion as good as my own, he admitted that he did not dare to put on knickerbockers because time had told on his legs.

"Pooh!" I said, "be damned; and, drawing my pen-knife, plunged its blade a full inch into my calf, withdrawing it bloodless."

Andrews embraced me, with tears in his eyes. He is now taking lessons, and we shall make our debut together.

I learn with equal astonishment and pain that Lord Sholto Douglas is arranging for what may be called a secular marriage with Miss Addis, the concert-hall young lady whose acquaintance he made in Bakersfield. My natural impulse would be to object to this match on account of the social position of the lady, but so many of England's nobility have chosen to marry beneath their rank, and I have thought it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to retain a prejudice that is, I presume, proof of provincialism. What the nobility do establishes the rule, precisely as good authors by their usage dictate to the grammarian and the lexicographer, and even to Society itself. It is obviously unpleasant to venture upon criticism of a nobleman in any particular, but I am told that Lord Douglas contemplates a wedding on the stage of the concert hall in this city where his talented bride has been engaged to sing and dance, and I cannot but register my protest, as a representative of San Francisco Society. If the report be true, it shows that his lordship has lost his religious principles. Surely he might do us the honor of attending Grace Church and Dr. Founte on the happy occasion. I entreat his lordship to do so. It would be more seemly on his lordship's part, I assure him, as one who might be his father, and it would make us all happy. However, should his lordship persist, I certainly shall not refuse an invitation to the ceremony. A man of his lordship's rank may do as he pleases. Yet, while I admit this, I shall feel it my duty to do what I may to prevent his concert-hall wedding from becoming a precedent for the members of the untitled aristocracy of my own nationality.

I was approached on Wednesday by a person whose acquaintance I made in the days when it was the vogue for men about town to patronize the ring-side and the fighting clubs. He extended his hand, which I refused to take. It is one thing to admit the fist of a pugilist as a pugilist's fist, but quite another to accept it on the boulevard.

"Have you forgotten me, mister?" inquired his person. "Or are you too high-toned to talk with Dublin Pete?"

"Really, sir," I returned, distantly, "one of your profession can hardly"—

"Oh, that's all right," he interrupted. "I ain't a slinger no more, but I've got a job on the waterfront." Governor Jim gave it to me."

This, of course, altered the situation. As a member of the administration the person was entitled to respect.

I spoke to His Excellency next day concerning the matter, in a tone of expostulation, and the Governor replied:

"We can't all be dudes, Persiflage. Poor old Pete taught me to box up in Stockton a dozen years ago, and he's broken down and hard up. When he tackled me for a place I reminded him that he had held on as a Republican in the Custom House in the eighties. 'Oh, I can square that, Jim,' he says. 'I'm Irish, you know, and there's so many of us here that we've got to divide up and there won't be half enough places for us.' Now, he's as good a Democrat as yourself, Persiflage. And by the way, I hope you've reconsidered your determination not to accept the captaincy of the dredger Eld?"

I gave the Governor an evasive reply and left with a better opinion of him. Dublin Pete is unpleasant, and as for myself I certainly should give him no recognition, but, confound me, if Budd isn't a man of heart, and I like heart in others. The dredger, however, is quite impossible.

PERSIFLAGE.

A WOMAN WHO WAS NOT NEW.

That Ian MacLaren can write stories of city life that are quite as touching as any of his "Briar Bush" tales he is now proving by a series of London stories. One of these, entitled "What She Could," appears in *McClure's* for May, extracts from which are here given. Trevor, a literary man, has returned from a continental trip to find his wife dead. He has regarded her as a good little thing, but not up to date. On looking over her wardrobe he finds her diary from which he reads:

"January 25. Was at Mrs. Chatterby's—how strange one does not see anything of her husband, yet he is the nicer of the two—and I think it will be better not to go again to dinner. One can always make some excuse that will not be quite untrue.

"The dinner is in honor of Mr. Fynical, who is leaving his college and coming to live in London to do literary work," as Mrs. Chatterby has been explaining for weeks, "and to give tone to the week-ends."

"The younger men are quite devoted to him, and we ought all to be so thankful that he is to be within reach. His touch reminds one of 'I don't know the French writer, but she does not always give the same name.' We ought to be a little more of him. So delightfully cynical, you know, and hates the bourgeoisie."

"I was terrified lest I should sit next Mr. Fynical, but Mrs. Chatterby was merciful, and gave me Jamie Godfrey's father. Edward says that he is a very able man, and will be Lord Chancellor some day, but he is so quiet and modest that one feels quite at home with him. Last summer he was yachting on the west coast of Scotland, and he described the sunset over the Skye hills; and I tried to give him a Devonshire sunrise. We both forgot where we were, and then Mrs. Chatterby asked me quite loud, 'So, so, so, every one looked, what I thought of.'"

"The dinner seemed to need my answer, and I wish that the book had never come from the library; but I said that I had sent it back because it seemed so bitter and cruel, and one ought to read books which showed the noble side of life."

"You are one of the old-fashioned women," the young replied. "You believe in a novel for the young people," with a chuckle, and I told her that I had been brought up on Sir Walter Scott. It was trying to say something about his purity and chivalry, when I caught Mr. Fynical's eye, and blushed red. If I had only been silent, for I'm afraid every one was laughing, and Edward did not say one word to me all the way home."

"February 1. Another order, but not so unfortunate as the last. The Brown-Smythes are very kind friends, but I do think they are too much concerned about having clever people at their house. One evening Mrs. Brown-Smythe said she was happy because nothing had been talked about except translations of Homer. A certain guest was dismissed, but on the occasion she begged Edward to leave me at home this time, but he said it would be Greek again. It was science, however, and when we came in Mrs. Brown-Smythe was telling a very learned-looking person that she simply lived for fossils. A young lady beside me was talking about gases to a nervous man, who grew quite red, and tried to escape behind a pillar, but I overheard some of his words, and he was too polite to correct her. To my horror, he was obliged to take me in to dinner, and there never could have been two people more deserving of pity, for I was terrified of his knowledge, and he was afraid of my ignorance. We sat in perfect silence till a fatherly old man, quite like me, came on my left, and then we must not pleasantly that I described our country people, and was really sorry when the ladies had to leave. Edward says that he is one of the greatest discoverers in the world, and has all kinds of honors. We became so friendly that he has promised to take tea with me, and I think he does not despise my simplicity. How I long to be a lover, but I have no hope, for I'm sure he must be ashamed of me among those brilliant women. I cannot blame him; I am proud of my husband."

"May 15. I am quite discouraged, and have resolved never to go to any charitable committee again. Miss Tabitha Primmer used shameful language on my left, but I was not so pleased. Mr. Wood-Ruler showed me that I had broken Law forty-three by giving a poor girl personal aid. It seems presumptuous on my part to criticise such able and diligent workers, but my mother never spoke about certain subjects, and it is agony for me to discuss them. When the vicar insisted on Sunday that thoughtless women were required for Christian service the day, and that we must read all kinds of books, and know all kinds of painful things, my heart sank. It does not seem as if there was any place left for simple folks like me."

Perhaps it would be better to give up going out altogether, and live for Edward and Bertie. I can always do something for them, and their love will be enough reward."

"November 30. I have not slept all night, for I made a dreadful mistake about a new book that every one is reading, and Edward was so angry. He did not mean all he said, but he never forgives me a fool before. Perhaps he is right, and I wish on him, who is so bright. Sometimes I wish—And then there was no writing, only a tear mark."

"Afterwards he opened the letters that had come since her death, and this is what he read: 'The intelligence of Mrs. Trevor's death has given me a great shock of regret, and you will allow me to express my sympathy. Many men not given to enthusiasm had told me of her face and goodness, and before I had seen your wife I knew she was a very perfect type of womanliness. The few times I met her, Mrs. Trevor cast a spell over me—the nameless grace of the former days—and I felt myself unworthy in her presence. Once when a silly woman referred to one of the most miserable examples of decadent fiction, your wife spoke so nobly of true literature that I was moved to thank her; but I gathered from her face that this would not be acceptable. I asked her to tell me that the mask had fallen from a beautiful soul, and one day, at least, in which there is too little reverence, took the shoes from off his feet. Pardon me if I have exceeded, and believe me, Yours faithfully, "BERNARD FYNICAL."

The next was from the F. R. S.:

"MY DEAR SIR: It is quite wrong for me, a stranger, to intrude on your grief, but I am compelled to tell you that an old fellow who only spoke to your wife once had to wipe his spectacles over the *Times* this morning. It came about this way. The lady I had taken in to dinner at the Browne-Smythes gabbled about science till I lost my temper, and told her it would be a good thing if women would keep to their own sphere. Your wife was on the other side, and I turned to her in despair. She delighted me by confessing utter ignorance of the *Times* this morning, and I asked her to tell me of the loveliest stories of peasant life in Devonshire. I ever heard, so full of insight and delicacy. If the parsons preached like that I would be in church next Sunday. She put me in mind of a sister I lost long ago, who had the same low, soft voice, and honest, true eyes. When she found I was a lonely man, and that she had pity on me, and asked me to call on her. But I had to go to America, and only returned two days ago. I intended to wish her a Happy New Year, but it's too late. I cannot get you out of my mind, and I thought it might comfort you to know how a fossil like myself was melted by that kind heart."

"Believe me, my dear sir, Yours obedient servant, "ARCHIBALD GILMORE."

There was neither beginning nor end to the fourth letter, but it was written in a lady's hand:

"I am a clergyman's daughter, who left her father's house and went astray. I have been in the Inferno, and have seen what I read in Dante while I was innocent. One day the old rectory rose up before my eyes, the roses hanging over my bedroom window, the birds flying in and out of the ivy on the battlements, the garden, aged and brown through my sin, and I resolved that my womanhood should no longer be dragged in the mire. My home was closed years ago; I had no friends, so I went in my desperation to a certain institute, and told my case to a matron. She was not unkindly, but the committee were awful, without any sympathy for atomists or materialists. When an unmarried woman wished to pry into the details of my degradation—but I can't tell a man the shame they would have put upon me—my heart turned to flint, and I left the place. I would have gone back to my life and perished, had it not been for one woman who followed me out and asked me to go to her home for a moment or two. Here she said one word about my past, I had fung myself away, but because she spoke to me as if I were still in the rectory, I could not refuse. Mrs. Trevor never once mentioned my sin, and she saved my soul. I am now a nurse in one of the hospitals, and full of peace. As long as I live I shall lay white flowers on her grave, and surely was the wisest and tenderest of women."

Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had ever been hidden.

An old crofter, who had two cows, one night had one of them stolen. He repaired to the minister and sought his advice. He advised him to pray earnestly for three days and three nights to the Lord to send back the thief. A few days later he met the minister, who asked him about the cow. "Veel!" said the crofter, "I prayed for three days and three nights to the Lord to send back the thief. My prayer was answered, he cam' back, but he stole the other cow."

COUNT TOLSTOI.

Isabel F. Haggood, who has translated all of Count Tolstoi's works into English, has written a most interesting book, "Russian Rambles," in which she gives the hand of the Czar a better name than does any other late writer. Miss Haggood paid a visit to Count Tolstoi, of whom she has much to say.

One day the Count happened to hit upon a couple of Mr. Rider Haggard's books for discussion, and, for the benefit of those in the company who had not read it, gave the chief points of "She" in particularly lively style. He pronounced "She" and other works of Haggard "the lowest type of literature," and said that "it was astonishing how so many English people could go wild over them."

It seems that Tolstoi reads everything, good and bad, and possesses not only an omnivorous literary appetite, but a wonderful memory of books, even in small details. Among the innumerable things which he peruses are Mormon publications, sent to him regularly from the headquarters of the sect. He told his visitor that he thought the highest of the doctrines of the Mormons, as set forth by themselves, and could not understand why they were "persecuted" in America. "It is a shame," he said, "that, in a great and free country like America, a community of people should be so oppressed and not allowed that liberty of which she boasts." Count Tolstoi's latest book, on the writers of that time was "What to Do?" In the final chapter of that work he had argued that woman's whole duty consists in marrying and having as large a family as possible. Nevertheless, in speaking of Mr. Howells' "The Undiscovered Country," he remarked in connection with the Shakers that "it was a good idea that they should have had a little more than once, and at some length. Subsequently, when the visitor seized an opportunity to ask his wife how he could reconcile that remark about the Shakers with his former creed that all women should marry. She answered that it certainly was not consistent, but that her husband changed his opinion every two years."

During a period of illness, he was persuaded by Miss Haggood to read "Looking Backward." We are told that at first he was very favorably impressed, and said that he would translate the book into Russian. He believed that this was the true way of ordering human life; that people should live literally all things in common, and so on. Our author suggested that he should write under arrive at the state described in "Looking Backward," unless this planet were visited by another deluge and no Noah was saved to continue our selfish species. She declared that nothing short of a new planet and a newly created race of Utopian angels would ever get as far as the personalities in the book. Tolstoi disagreed with her, and an argument ensued. In the course of it he said that his only objection to "Looking Backward" lay in the degree of luxury in which the characters of the perfected scheme of society lived. "What harm," asked his visitor, "is there in comfort and luxury to any extent, provided that all enjoy them?" "The luxury is all wrong," he answered, severely. "You perceive the awful luxury in which I live, waving his hand towards the excessively plain furniture, and animadverting with special bitterness on the silver forks and spoons. "It is all a fallacy that we can raise those below us by remaining above them. We must descend to their level in order to have intelligent life; they will rise to us together." And again: "We certainly must change the position of a thing unless we go close enough to grasp it; unless we are on the same plane with it."

"Another day Count Tolstoi praised Dickens. "There are three requisites which go to make a good writer," he said. "First, he must have something worth saying. Secondly, he must have a proper way of saying it. Thirdly, he must have sincerity. Dickens had all three of these qualities. Thackeray had not much to say; he had a great deal of art in saying it; but he had not enough sincerity. Dostoevsky possessed all three requisites."

At still another time he got upon the subject of English things and ways. We are told that, while speaking of those, the Count's eyes flashed. "The English are the most brutal nation on earth," he exclaimed. "Along with the Zulus, that is to say. Both go naked; the Zulus all day long, the English women as soon as dinner is served. The English would strip their men naked, and they would strip it. If I had time, I should like to write a book on their ways. And then their executions, which they go to see as a pleasure!" The American visitor asked which nation was a model, in his opinion. "The French," he answered, which, to the author of this book, seemed inconsistent, for he proceeded to tell of an execution which he had witnessed in Paris, where a father had lifted up his little child, and it might have a good view of the horrors of the guil-

LIMITED SOCIALISM.

To this We are Surely Coming—Henry Dyer's "Evolution of Industry."

boline. "Defective as is Russian civilization in many respects," he said, "you will never find the Russian peasant like that. He abhors deliberate murder, such as an execution." "Yet," objected the visitor, "he will himself commit murder; there has been a perfect flood of murders reported in the newspapers every spring. Those perpetrated in towns were all by men of the peasant class, and most of them by boys under twenty years of age." Tolstoi insisted that his visitor must have misread the papers. So she proceeded to inquire "What will a peasant do in case of an execution?" Tolstoi answered: "What he will do in case of an execution I can illustrate for you by something which occurred in a Russian prison. There, some years ago, the mental secretary of a regiment stationed at Z— was persecuted by one of his officers, who found fault with him continually, and even placed him under arrest for days at a time when the man had only obeyed his own orders. At last the secretary's patience failed him, and one day he struck the officer. A court martial followed, and was ordered to defend him. He was sentenced to death." Tolstoi went on to say that when the time for the execution came "the Adjutant's hands trembled so with emotion that he could not apply the bandage to the prisoner's eyes. Others tried and gave it up. Well, as soon as that man was buried, the governor with several aides, and some of the soldiers, went with the peasants, who came many versts from all directions as to the grave of a martyr. Masses for the dead were ordered there in uninterrupted succession by these poor peasants. The feeling was so intense and appeared to be spreading to such an extent that the authorities were forced not only to prohibit access to the grave, but even to level it off so that it could not be found. But an Englishman! If he were told to cut the throat of his own father and eat him, he would do it."

Count Tolstoi complains, in a letter to *The Daily Chronicle*, that the teachings of his latest writings, "The Kingdom of God Is Within Us," and "Fatherism and the New Order," have been misunderstood. He is not in favor of active anarchism. He does not propose to abolish governments, but he would have Christian men stand aloof from them altogether. "If you would not be made to work ten hours at a stretch in factories, or in mines, if you would not have your children hungry, cold, and ignorant, if you would not be robbed of the land that feeds you, if you would not be shut up in prisons and sent to the gallows, or hanged for committing an unlawful deed through passion or ignorance, if you would not suffer wounds or be killed in war—do not this to others. A sufficient aim for my life is either my immediate personal gain, which I can never obtain, or the fulfillment of measures and improvements, or the fulfillment of the will of God, which also not only cannot be conciliated with the requirements of governments, but is quite opposed to them. The vital question, not only for a Christian, but, I think, for any reasonable being, when he is summoned to take part in governmental acts, lies not in the prosperity of the state or government, but in this question: Wilt thou, a being of reason and goodness, who comest to-day and mayest vanish to-morrow, wilt thou, if thou believest in the existence of God, act against His law and His will? Wilt thou, at the request of thy government, take others, defend by compulsion, the owners of the land, who will then pay taxes for keeping policemen, soldiers, warships; wilt thou take part in parliaments, law courts, condemnations and wars? And to all this—I will not say for a Christian, but for a reasonable being—there can be but one answer: 'No; I cannot, and will not.' But, they say: 'This will destroy the state and the social order.' If the fulfillment of the will of God is destroying the existing order, is it not a proof that this existing order is contrary to the will of God, and ought to be destroyed?"

The *Chicago News* tells this story of a young woman who entered a railway train with a poodle clasped tenderly in her arms:

"Madam," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It's against the rules." "I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb any one." "That makes no difference," said the conductor. "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage-car. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young woman, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one!" And, with indignant tread, she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog, and returned. About fifty miles farther on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely; "but you tied him to a trunk, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

Senator Fair may not have had a strong will, but he had a good many of them.—*Buffalo Express*.

Those of us who were educated in the belief that Socialism was some sort of monstrous scheme by which men were to be dragged down to a common level and the ruin of all accomplished, find reason now to reform this old notion, for it is quite evident to those who see at all that the present age is socialistic, and the next is to be more so. We still dread the idea of a society in which the individual will be a mere machine, and the Bellamy idea of having as individual capital only so many time-checks is repulsive. But it is seen now that Socialism does not have to go to that limit. The world, even the scholarly world, is anxious for some one to point out the road which we may have the advantages of a limited Socialism. To such I commend a new book, just issued in London and New York by Macmillan & Co.—"The Evolution of Industry," by Henry Dyer, a man of much repute for learning and ability throughout England and Scotland. The publishers whom I have mentioned were, by the way, the first to whom Henry George offered "Progress and Poverty." They declined it as "a little too revolutionary," but now almost every month they are publishing works of a far more radical character. That was fifteen years ago, however, and things have changed since Mr. George was forced to privately print his epoch-making book.

The title of Mr. Dyer's book is a table of contents. As a scholar he traces the growth of industrial conditions up to the present day, and at the end presents his idea as to the inevitable result of our trend. He is an evolutionist, and his prophecies are based upon the working of laws which he now sees in force. He is not a Socialist in the full sense of the word. He believes in socialization. He would put the municipality in command of that which is municipal in extent, and the nation in control of that which is national. Out of the trades unions he can see the inevitable growth of modern industrial guilds. A combination of state and municipal socialism with co-operation in the larger industries, the author maintains, is already surely promised.

The main lines of the evolution are being very distinctly marked. The machine and its productive power are gradually being organized for economical service in all that relates to the necessities and the conveniences of life. Beyond this, however, there is a growing demand for free scope for individual development and the exercise of individual capacities in such a manner as to give real pleasure to the workers and stamp their work with their personal characteristics. Indeed, it is to the reorganized workshop that we must look for the most efficient school of individual and national character. The organization of industry is, therefore, not only economic in its nature, it is also ethical.

Mr. Dyer holds that he is safe in assuming that irresponsible capitalists and millionaires will disappear, and that limited liability companies, rings, and syndicates, which have become so numerous, will be utilized in the public interests. There is considerable truth in the socialist saying that "the modern captains of industry are simply running the machine till we are ready for Socialism." The trusts and syndicates of America are all steps in the process of evolution towards socialization in some form or other. No great change is what at present exists need take place in the general arrangements or personnel of the public concerns. The directing and working staff would simply become public instead of private servants.

At the present time it is quite evident that a gradual transformation of our industrial system is going on, and that it will continue with increasing speed. Municipalities are extending their activities in the same directions as those in which for some time they have been spreading, and the supplies of water, of the means of lighting, of local communication, of education and recreation are all being obtained from public sources. Probably in some form the hygienic training and the business of fire and life insurance, will in the not very distant future be brought under public control, if not public management. Moreover, all these departments will have the majority of their requirements supplied from public and not from private undertakings, an arrangement which in itself will cause a great extension in the organization of industry.

In addition to those departments already in the hands of the State, there is little doubt that the railways and the mines, and probably the shipping, will ultimately come under State management, or at least under a greatly extended State control. The rate of progress of the evolution will just be as fast as the slow, but sure, experience may justify and public opinion demand.

The legislators of the future will not attempt to deny the rights of private wealth; they will simply insist on the performance of the corresponding du-

ties, and leave the results to work out. They will make it increasingly difficult for people to live upon unearned incomes. On the other hand, the equalization of opportunities will reduce the rewards of extra ability. These two tendencies will cause all, save the young, the physically unfit, and the old, to be usefully employed, and at the same time bring about a considerable equalization of social and economic conditions. No doubt as these improve the young will be allowed proper time to develop both physically and mentally before being set to work; while those above middle age, having done their fair share of production, will gradually reduce their share of labor, and pass the other part of their days in peaceful and healthful enjoyment, both intellectual and physical. It is impossible, the author thinks, to say exactly what shape the ownership of property will take in the future, although some of the main lines of the evolution are very evident. The resumption of the ownership of the land, in some form, by the community is, in Mr. Dyer's opinion, a first essential to equality of opportunity.

Mr. Dyer's contribution to the great subject of the day is worthy of thorough reading by all.

L.

SHORT BITS FROM "LIFE."

A QUEER.

If a man who waits is the waiter,
What then is the man who waits
And waits and waits for the waiter
To wait on him while he waits?

OUR MEETING.

We met—'twas in a crowd;
We ne'er may meet again;
My heart with grief is bowed—
He stole my watch and chain!

A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

Our Willie passed away to-day,
His face we'll see no more;
What Willie took for H₂O,
Proved H₂SO₄.

HIS CULINARY ANIMUS.

"I feel that I could live on love,"
Said the sentimental maiden sighed.
"D, lord, let me be your caterer,"
The gallant youth replied.

FAME.

Fame is a fakir in the public street,
Blocking the pavement with a gaping crowd,
Playing down's tricks to stay the passers' feet
Catching their ears with clamor harsh and loud

While through the throng, with sad and downcast mien,
Elbow'd their way the poet and the sage,
Passing unmarked, unnoticed and unseen;
Only the fakir interests the *—Harry Romaine.*

PATIENT AND HOPEFUL.

My sweetheart is a treasure
And I love her beyond measure,
And each day I have discovered some new and charming trait;

But it made me feel the saddest,
When I found she was a faddist,
And that I must be neglected for caprices up to date.

At one time it was Browning,
Then, First Aid to the Drowning,
Then Trying to Discover why Cats Land on their Feet;

Then, Eric-a-brac Collecting,
Then Views on Viricising;
Then a dainty kind of slumming in a very dainty street.

Goodness knows what next it will be,
For a long time it was "Tribly,"
Until until Napoleon she became a devotee;
Now it's Joan of Arc and her age;
And I try to keep up courage,
For I hope the time is coming when she'll make a fad of me. *—Puck.*

An old woman living some distance from Manchester, Kentucky, was summoned as a witness to tell what she knew about a fight at her house several nights before, in which three or four people were killed. She mounted the stand with evident reluctance and many misgivings, and, when questioned by the court as to what she knew about the matter, said: "Well, judge, the first I know about it was when Bill Sanders called Tom Smith a liar, en' Tom knocked him down with a stick of wood. One of Bill's friends then hit Tom with a knife, slacin' a big piece out of him. Sam Jones, who was a friend of Tom's, then shot the other fellow, en' two more shot him, en' three or four others got cut right smart by somebody. That caused some excitement, judge, and then they commenced fightin'."

OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Mr. Gladstone has run up against no less a personage than Mr. Eugene Field. The Chicago poet with delightful naïveté patronizes and pities Mr. Gladstone for his inability to translate Horace, it being known, to Mr. Field at any rate, that Eugene Field is Horace's own chosen translator. "The trouble with Mr. Gladstone's Horace versifications seems to arise from the fact that when he undertook those versifications Mr. Gladstone suffered himself to be overcome by a sense of the solemnity of his job. The consequence is that the versifications are unsatisfactory, as being neither Horace nor Gladstone. The work would have been better done had Mr. Gladstone started in upon and pursued it with a determination to give the spirit of Horace and to let the form go to the bugs. We must despair of having any satisfactory rendering of the Venetian's work until the old-school college professor has passed away and until the poets-in-embryo are made to understand, as youth, that Horace was not a demi-god or a bugaboo, but simply a mortal man, armed with the pen, the quill, the quill, and the passions, as well as the stronger, nobler qualities of humanity. If he were upon earth to-day, how Horace would sear at the solemn asses who, with no sympathy for those kindly, genial qualities which make his verse immortal, plane and saw and hammer at his genius like so many job-lot carpenters. We think that old John Milton with his atrocious translation of the Pyrrhic ode is largely responsible for the mutilation, distortion, and desecration to which the carmina of Horace has been subjected by British scholars for the last 200 years."

A very interesting little pamphlet has been written and published by Mr. James L. Onderdonk of Chicago under the title, "Our First Poet." The subject of the essay is Philip Freneau, of whom Mr. Onderdonk says: "He is still frequently referred to as the poet of the revolution," although his patriotic verse constituted his sole claim to distinction. Though his contemporaries failed to realize it, Freneau's best work was of a different order. His songs and satires kept him prominently before the public, who cared little for the artistic value of the performance, while his imaginative works were overlooked. This young poet, discarding conventional types, was able to look into his own heart and write, to tell of nature as he found her and not as others had described, and to sing with clear notes the songs of freedom without rhetorical fustian. His lifetime from 1752 to 1832 covered an important era in our literary history. When Freneau was born, the renegade American, James Ralph, had not yet closed his adventurous career. Byles and Green were in the flush of their fame. At the time of Freneau's death Bryant had an established reputation. Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, and Poe had already entered upon the scene. Lovell and Whitman were hatched in 15." The excerpts Mr. Onderdonk makes from Freneau's poetry, as "cries of the nation's first poet," show the command of a capacity for a rather austere but elevated expression, and have a tinge of the patriotism of Whittier.

Mr. Doxey of this city has had printed for private circulation a *fac simile* of the following memorandum found among the papers of Robert Louis Stevenson after the death of the author at Samoa:

I think now, this 5th or 6th day of April, 1873, that I can see my own life. I think it will be shorter and sadder year by year; a very quiet, desultorily studious existence. If God only gives me tolerable health, I think now I shall be very happy; work and science calm the mind and step gnawing in the brain; and as I am glad to say that I do now recognize that I shall never be a great man, I may set myself peacefully to amuse myself, not without hope of coming to the inn before nightfall.

O dass mein leben
Nach diesem zeil ewig wandeln sey!

DESIDERATA.

- I. Good health.
- II. 2 to 3 hundred a year.
- III. O du lieber Gott, friends!

AMEN.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A neat little pamphlet in the style of the *Chap Book* is to be issued by Mr. Doxey, the publisher, to be called *The Odd Number*. It will not be a regular publication. The first number will contain a valedictory address delivered by Robert Louis Stevenson before the Speculative Society of Edinburgh in 1871. It is a happy bit of Stevenson humor and has not yet seen print.

Besides editing the *New Review*, of which he took charge after resigning the conduct of the *National Observer*, Mr. William Ernest Henley is putting forward a series of "Tudor Translations," works

translated into English by writers living in the days of Tudor. The latest of these volumes is Thomas North's "Plutarch," of which Mr. Henley says that it "is done in the noblest manner of the noblest period of England." The other volumes of the series include Adlington's "Apuleius," Florio's "Montaigne," Underdowne's "Heliadon," and Mabbie's "Celestina." Other works are in preparation, and promises to make the series when completed one of the most valuable records of the English literature of an early period.

Miss Laura E. Richards, the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, has written two charming little stories in the volume entitled "Jim of Hellos." "Jim of Hellos" is a Greek sailor who is cast away on a little New England island, where he comes into curious contrast with the humble villagers, who abbreviate his long Greek name to "Jim." The other story, "The Troubling of Bethesda Pool," like the first, has the charm of pleasant description of quaint country life and manners, and is admirably told, with grace, humor, and a careful avoidance of mock sentiment.

Mr. Samuel Leavitt has written a book containing some useful information, entitled "Our Money Wars" (Arena Publishing Co.) It is a review from a flat money standpoint of the financial history of the United States, written in exceedingly unshowy style and largely made up of extracts from newspapers and speeches by public men. It is valuable as a compilation of what some men have said at various times in our history on the money question. For sale at the Popular Book Store, 10 Post street.

The MSS. prepared and arranged by George Ticknor Curtis for use in the proposed second volume of his "Constitutional History of the United States," were found among his papers after his death and have been carefully edited by Mr. J. C. Clayton. They cover the period from the adoption of the Constitution to the close of the Civil War. The volume, which is on the Harper press, will be published in a style uniform with the first volume of the "History."

A correspondent from Florence describes "Onida" (Louise de la Ranee) as a little woman, with a seamed and wrinkled face, overhung with grey ringlets, and with a distinctly lively temper. Her grandfather was a Frenchman, but her mother was English, and she was born in Suffolk. She took her name of "Onida" from the childish pronunciation of her real name, Louise.

The wife of Thomas Hardy acts as his amanuensis, what time she is not sketching, painting in water-colors, and playing hostess to her many guests. During the winter the pair live in a beautiful home, "Max Gate," at Dorchester, a house of which the novelist himself was the architect. They stay in London during the season, and the rest of the year spend in travel.

Not satisfied with his books on Homer, Horace, theology, and church polity, Mr. Gladstone is now engaged on a new edition of "Butler's Analogy," one of the half-dozen books which, he says, have influenced him profoundly. It is reported that Mr. Gladstone's notes are so lengthy that the edition will fill two octavo volumes.

Why is it, asks *The Realm*, that the man of literary genius who invents him in a novel, is nearly always a prig, or a snob, or a cad, all three together, or a combination of some two of the series? Are men of genius never gentlemen as well?

Owen Wister's first book, "Dragon of Wantley," is coming out in a new and cheaper edition. His latest story published in the *May Harper* is a realistic and well worked up bit of Western life. Mr. Wister is the Bret Hartle of the day.

One of the newer men in fiction is Mr. Guy Boothby, who belongs to group of Australians who have lately become somewhat prominent. His story, "On the Wallaby," is now to be followed by "The Marriage of Esther."

James Whitcomb Riley declines to make any platform engagements for next season, it being his purpose to remain quietly at his home in Indiana, finishing the novel upon which he is said to be engaged.

G. W. Smalley's personal sketches of celebrated men which he has contributed through the years to the *New York Tribune* are to be published in a volume entitled "Studies of Men."

It seems almost incredible that Mr. George Meredith, the friend of Richard Feverel, was published the same year with Thackeray's "Virginians." Yet such is the fact.

According to a London rumor, Mrs. Edmund Yates carries about with her the ashes of her husband in a casket fitted into a little traveling-bag of special design.

Aubrey Beardsley, it is said, has written a play in which the characters are to assume, as far as possible, the forms and features of his drawings.

Professor Freeman's "Life and Letters" has been edited by Dean Stephens, of Winchester, and will shortly be published.

The Rev. Dr. James Martineau, the great philosopher and theologian, has just celebrated his nineteenth birthday.

It is said that Mr. Thomas Hardy is dramatizing "Pass to the D'Urbervilles" for Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

Macmillan & Co. have done the unusual thing for them in printing a paper edition of "Marcella."

Frederic Remington has called his Western sketches "Pony Tracks."

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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of Eleanor K. Bonham, Deceased.

Samuel E. Moffett having filed his petition hereto, duly verified, praying for an order and decree of this Court, that the administrator of said estate be directed and authorized to convey to him, said Moffett, that certain real estate of said estate situated in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, and more particularly described in said petition, it is therefore ordered, that on or before the 10th day of June, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. on said day, be and hereby is the time, and the Court-room of said Superior Court, Department No. 10, hereof, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and hereby is the place, appointed for hearing said petition; and that notice thereof be published at least four successive weeks before such hearing in the ARTHUR McWEN'S LETTER, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

It is further ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court at said time and place aforesaid, to show cause why such order and decree of this Court should not be granted to said Moffett, directing and authorizing the conveyance of said real estate to said Moffett.

Dated May 3, 1895. CHARLES W. SLACK
Judge of Superior Court.

BEATTY & BEATTY, Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Harry Brown, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 21, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of the said Charles Andlauer, deceased, to all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California

THE ARTIST.

Extracts from a Lecture by J. McNeill Whistler.

Art is upon the town!—to be chuckled under the chin by the passing gallant—to be enticed within the gates of the householder—to be coaxed into company as a proof of culture and refinement.

Listen! There never was an artistic period. There never was an art-loving nation.

In the beginning men went forth each day, some to do battle, some to the chase; or others, again, to dig and delve in the field—all that they might gain live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, whose pursuits attracted him not, and so he stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon a gourd.

This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brethren—who cared not for conquest, and fretted in the field—this designer of quaint patterns; this deviser of the beautiful; who perceived in nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire—this dreamer apart was the first artist.

And when, from the field and from afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd and drank from out of it.

And presently there came to this man another—and, in time, others—of like nature, chosen by the gods, and so they worked together; and soon they fashioned, from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd. And with the power of creation, the heirloom of the artist, they presently went beyond the slovenly suggestion of nature, and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion.

And the toilers tilled, and were athirst; and the heroes returned from fresh victories to rejoice and to feast, and all drank alike from the artists' goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other.

And time, with more state, brought more capacity for luxury, and it became well that men should live in large houses, and rest on couches, and eat at tables; whereupon the artist, with his artifices, built palaces and filled them with furniture, beautiful in proportion and lovely to look upon.

And the people lived in marvels of art and ate and drank out of masterpieces—for there was nothing else to eat and drink out of, and no bad building to live in; no article of daily life, of luxury, or of necessity, that had not been handed down from the design of the master, and made by his workmen.

And the people questioned not, and had nothing to say in the matter.

And the Amateur was unknown, and the Dilettante undreamed of!

And history wrote on, and conquest accompanied civilization, and art spread, or rather its products were carried by the victors among the vanquished from one country to another. And the customs of cultivation covered the face of the earth, so that all people continued to use what the artist alone produced.

And centuries passed in this using, and the world was flooded with all that was beautiful until there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the future of the shams.

Then sprang into existence the tawdry, the common, the gewgaw.

And the taste of the tradesman supplanted the science of the artist, and what was born of the million went back to them, and charmed them, for it was after their own heart; and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination that was tendered, and preferred it—and have lived with it ever since!

And the artists' occupation was gone, and the manufacturer and the huckster took his place.

And the people—this time—had much to say in the matter—and all were satisfied. And Birmingham and Manchester arose in their might—and art was relegated to the curiosity shop.

Nature contains the elements, in color and form, of all pictures, as the key board contains the notes of all music.

But the artist is born to pick, and choose, and group with science, these elements, that the result may be beautiful—as the musician gathers his notes and forms his chord, until he bring forth from chaos glorious harmony.

To say to the painter, that nature is to be taken as she is, is to say to the player that he may sit on the piano.

How dutifully the casual in nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset. The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to re-

cognize the traveler on the top. The desire to see for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the high buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campaniles, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heaven, and fairy land is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and nature, who, for once, has sung in time, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master—her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

SALVETE MILETES!

BY RICHARD REAL.

Welcome! and when we say it, we pack our hearts in the saying.
Just as we did in the days war-crested, flaming, and thunderous,
When half the people were fighting and half the people were praying,
And slowly from crimson quags the granite of Peace grew under us.

Ah, those were lofty days then, straight through our mincing and canting,
The Soul of the Nation flashed, and gripped the bit of its brand,
And drained its aloes like wine, and strode forth, kindled and panting,
Hewing, in forests of Lies clear space for the Truth to stand.

Ah, those were mighty days! mighty for stress and for sorrow,
And mighty for regnant Manhood that turned them to glory and gain;
What would have been the cast of humanity's crowned to-morrow,
Save for our yesterdays of turbulent passion and pain?

Save for the vivid swords which our reverent hearths are keeping,
Save for the eloquent guns that held high faith with the Stars,
Save for the heroes that sleep, and those who pass to their sleeping,
Save for the dead that are shrined and the living who wait?

This is our time of thrift, of Commerce, and Art, and of Science,
And Nature, our nursing-mother, healeth the hurts of war;
But the luster-lights of our years are the sacrificial glants
Who clave our blackness asunder and beacons us where we are.

Thomas, poised Titan of battle, and Sheridan, Wrath's Archangel;
And Grant, whose Cosmic purpose not Chaos itself could shake;
And lance-like Sherman, who spurred with the century's sharp evangel
Into our centuries drowse, and clarified Sloth awake.

And Hooker, climbing the clouds when his quarry perched above him;
And Meade, Disciple of Duty (our hearts bend over his grave),
And plumed McPherson the splendid, the true Heavens guard him and love him;
And the sceptreless kings of the ranks—the vast unlabeled brave—

Living or dead, Earth thrills with their luminous fervor of spirit,
Living or dead, their blood hath entered into our veins;
Their voice—the nebulous stars of the pinnaled firmament hear it;
Their work—in nethermost pits its august influence reigns.

For what are our times and spaces? Leonidas greeted Warren;
Under our scarlet fields great Marathon's secret ran:
Nothing is past or Future—Nothing is hidden or foreign;
The speech of Freedom is one—and one is the Soul of Man.

The Bookman tells a story of Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, who had been long in conflict with both British and Egyptian authorities on the question of irrigating a certain district, and found them almost equally conservative. After a time he met Lord Cromer, just arrived in the country, and was received with a chilling coolness. "I really cannot get into these matters with you," said Lord Cromer, "because I hear that you treated my pre-

decessor with great discourtesy." "Discourtesy? Discourtesy of what nature?" "Oh, I am informed that you accused him of er—in fact, that you insinuated he was untruthful." "I? Oh, dear me, no! Not at all. The truth of the matter was just this: I had to characterize his attitude in some way. Now, you see, I couldn't speak of his simplicity, because it would not be exactly complimentary. Of course, I couldn't speak of his multiplicity, because that wouldn't be true, you know. So, naturally, I had to call it duplicity, don't you see? It really was forced upon me, you understand."

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

I see that certain of our young society girls and women are to exhibit themselves as living pictures. It has even been said by some of the wicked papers that there was talk of bronzing the young women, after the style recently declared artistic and proper in New York. But, of course, that is merely the imagination of some wicked-minded youngster on the press. Living pictures are, no doubt, all right. There is nothing worse in a girl posing as a statue of some Grecian goddess than in her appearing in a tableau. But the modest young woman is greatly handicapped in such an entertainment. She may be fair, and she may catch the pose and fit the setting perfectly, still she will not be so much admired as the young woman who is less beautiful, less graceful, and altogether unlike the picture she is supposed to represent. If the young woman dresses in such a manner as to particularly attract the men. The degrees to which this living picture craze has been carried in other cities, in which the young women are quite as modest as here, makes excusable the advice that only such pictures should be chosen for representation will require no greater innovation than the loose Grecian robe and flowing hair, for beyond that lies danger.

Did it ever strike you that bicycles are saving the divorce courts considerable business? It is a fact. I know husbands who have re-established relations of companionship with their wives because both of them enjoy the bicycle. I have met girls who tell the story of one woman's experience in virtually her own words:

"While we were sweethearts, Harry and I took long walks, and spent many an evening together reading. But it wasn't long after we were married that I found Harry slipping off in the evening to a club, and I saw some one in the evening alone. On Sunday he would go fishing or hunting, and really the only time I saw him was at meals. I felt that I was out of his life altogether. I asked to go fishing and hunting. But he laughed at me. I told him I could get through brush and walk as far as he could. But he laughed at me. I felt, what I guess was my first misgiving, that my husband was getting further and further away from me; that we had little in common, and that I was really not his companion at all. Of course, he'd take me to the theatre occasionally, and once in a while we'd make a call together; but theatres are expensive luxuries, and I'd always regret I had taken him calling, for he'd be in a bad humor for the next two days. I felt, you see, I was feeling very unhappy and not a bit pleased with myself, for it always seemed to me that if I couldn't be Harry's chum it was my fault, not his. Well, he caught the bicycle craze. He took lessons and learned to ride, because he heard the boys in the office talking of the fun they had. Then he caught a wheel, and after that, for some time, I actually saw less of him than ever of him. He was up early in the morning to wheel, and out late at night, and away from Saturday until Sunday night. I saw no reason why I shouldn't learn to ride. If it was great fun for Harry, it would be certainly as great fun for me. I didn't let him know that I was learning. The next day he went to work, and I was starting out, I asked him why he didn't get me a wheel.

"Oh, you could never learn to ride," he answered. "But I know how," I replied.

"Know how! Nonsense! It's a good deal harder than it looks."

"Yes, I've found that out," I said.

"Then I told of my lessons, and I begged for a wheel.

"The next Sunday we went out together, and, do you know, we've had a better time since we took that first bicycle ride together than we've had for four years. We have something to talk about. My trips, you see, I've been down to Haywards and back three times, and down to San Mateo twice. Now we're talking of a run to San Jose. You see, I'm always handy when he wants a run, and we have an awful jolly time."

The experience of that woman, I have no doubt, is the experience of tens of thousands in the country. I know it has been the experience of several. The bicycle will prove the salvation of many a household.

I know another little woman who has planned the most delightful summer outing with her husband. She is a bicyclist too. They are to go down the Alameda valley to San Jose, through the Santa Clara valley, across the mountains to Santa Cruz, up to Pescadero, and back through San Mateo to the city. They will take at least a week for the trip, stopping at farm houses when they can, and perhaps spending a day or two at a resort in the Santa Cruz mountains and another day at Pescadero. In the fall they are to go up through Sonoma valley, Mendocino, and Lake counties, and

back through Napa on their wheels, incidentally stopping at various resorts along the route and having a right good time for very little money.

I have heard of several such trips being planned, and I shouldn't be surprised if most of the resorts found more transient than steady customers this year, and how the railroads will suffer! Poor railroads!

To be initiated into Eden isn't quite so pleasant as I thought. Perhaps you know all about the Edenic diet craze. Well I hadn't, and when I was asked to an Edenic dinner I accepted with great promptitude, and Jack went with me to the feast. The dining people who gave the dinner were living to think to the value of the diet and I felt no danger in partaking of "an ideal meal" with people who lived on this primitive fare and flourished robustly. But the Adam and Eve style of living is not to my fancy, and as for Jack he puts a new interpretation on scripture by declaring that the kindest thing possible was done to the first pair when they were driven out of Eden.

The first course was strawberries and cream. Jack thought that the serving of desert first was rather a joke, and was quite prepared for the roast to follow when he was asked if he would have some figs. From figs we passed to dates, and thence to marmalade, and nuts, and raisins, and olives, and cheese, and whole-wheat bread, and milk, and honey, and sweet peas—no, I forgot, the peas came in somewhere towards the first—and, as a climax, hot water! The things were good and we all made a hearty meal. But such a meal! Jack said he didn't feel "as if he had anything to smoke on." I felt as if I had been playing squirrel. That the diet is good for some people there can be no doubt. Indeed, I am told that there are several hundred people in San Francisco alone who out of choice have taken to this diet. But I agree with Jack, who now solemnly avers that the particular article which Eve discovered and Adam ate was a nicely broiled beefsteak. They felt that they had stood the Edenic diet long enough. BETTY.

WOMEN AS GAMBLERS.

Of the 6,000 and more suicides which have taken place at Monte Carlo and in its vicinity during the last decade—the entire population of the principality of Monaco not exceeding 4,000—one is startled to find an extraordinarily large percentage of women, each successive year showing an increase in the number of these feminine victims of roulette. It is only natural that there should be a large number of women among these Monte Carlo suicides, for there is no more reckless nor passionate gambler than the daughter of Eve. She rarely kills by the stop playing, or to distinguish the point beyond which it is dangerous to tempt fortune.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, in writing of the mania for gambling now prevalent among the women of Europe, says that it is no longer restricted to women of a certain age, as in days past, when the old Countess of Buckinghamshire, after having been given up by the doctors and having made her peace with the church, played cards with her undertaker until she expired, the stakes being her funeral expenses. It is rapidly spreading among young married women, and even among girls. And, what is worse, they no longer restrict their ventures to the card tables, but take "flyers" in stocks and on the turf. Thus, Mrs. "Dick" Russell, of Wilmington Hall, the daughter of Lena, Lady Scott, and the elder sister of the Countess of Russell, was shown by the legal proceedings which she instituted against Mr. Arthur Sebright, of the Stock exchange, to have squandered nearly \$150,000 in speculation while still a young girl and unmarried, and it was none the other day that, in a suit brought by a Bond street jeweler against the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fitzwilliam, testimony was produced to show that prior to her marriage this popular woman, who, as Miss Edith Lane-Fox, was one of the celebrated beauties of three seasons ago, had incurred losses on the turf amounting to the extent of about \$60,000.

The celebrated baccarat trial that resulted in the social disaster of Sir William Gordon-Cumming shed a curious light on the extent to which the gambling mania prevails in country-house life, at least four of the players seated around the historic card table at Tranby Croft having been unmarried girls, and at the country seat of one of the peer not a thousand miles from Sandringham a young girl managed to lose over \$500 at the card table there during her four days' stay.

But it is not only in England that one finds great ladies figuring in the bankruptcy court as a result of speculation, or young girls buried at the time their marriage with thousands of pounds' worth of debts incurred at the card-table, the same inexplicable rupture of many an engagement being due to the discovery on the part of the bridegroom that the liabilities of his fiancée are beyond his power to assume. At St. Petersburg not alone

the card-table is an indispensable article of furniture in every salon, but likewise the roulette wheel, the latter having been rendered fashionable by the Grand-duchess Vladimir, an inveterate gambler, and by Princess Betsey Barlatinski, whose salon is, perhaps, the most exclusive and socially influential in the Muscovite capital. Nor is this practice so countenanced at the Russian court; far from it. One of the chief causes of the animosity of the late Emperor against his dashing sister-in-law was that he held her responsible for the alarming increase of gambling among the ladies of his capital, while it was on the same grounds that the now widowed Czarina absolutely declined to confer upon the very worldly and cynical Princess Betsey the office of Grand Mistress of the Imperial Household, which she was most anxious to secure.

At Vienna and Berlin, too, the same rage for speculative risks prevails among the fair sex; while in the Austrian capital all have seen the Princess Ypsilanti, widow of the Greek envoy of that name and daughter of the celebrated banker, Baron Sina, bankrupted to the tune of \$8,000,000, squandered on the Bourse, although her dowry was \$15,000,000. At Berlin the Princess George Radziwill was deprived of the control of her fortune and placed under curatel, which is equivalent to being declared insolvent, after having lost upon the turf a sum bordering upon \$1,500,000.

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NEWSPAPER PATTTER.

I hear from Los Angeles that the *Herald* has changed hands once more, or is about to. Stephen M. White is the backer of the new management, and the paper is to be his organ. Young Bradbury, who entered the journalistic field with such a beating of tom-toms, has grown tired of playing newspaper proprietor—it cost too much. An estimate has been made by one who knows the field that Bradbury has lost not less than \$50,000 in the few months he has had the *Herald*. The *Herald* has had a hard time of it, and for no reason under the sun except that the city and country round about it have changed politics within a few years. Los Angeles and the tributary territory are hopelessly Republican, and Col. Otis of the *Times* and Col. Osborne of the *Express* reap the benefit. And no matter how large Los Angeles grows to be there is no likelihood of any change in the condition of things.

The journalist is no longer the newspaper proprietor. As the Marquis de Castellane in his essay on the United States truly said, the newspapers of America are commercial institutions. This struck the Frenchman as very peculiar, because the papers of Paris are so largely the creations of a few brilliant writers. Parisian editors, however, proved that they had the commercial instinct highly developed when the truth of the Panama scheme came out. In this country, much less than in others, the proprietor is not expected to be a writer, but a keen man of business. Most American newspaper proprietors would make first-class wholesale grocers or railroad men. And the man who succeeds in business is justified in believing that he can succeed in the newspaper. The case of H. H. Kohlsaat, who recently bought the *Chicago Times-Herald*, is in point. He was a successful Chicago baker, who from running a very small bakery developed an enormous business by shrewd advertising. When he had made a fortune he decided to become a factor in politics and bought the then struggling *Inter-Ocean*, and within two years made it a fine paying property and an influential factor in the Republican politics of that part of the West. Having proved his ability in the newspaper line he turned his eyes toward New York and sold out his controlling interest in the *Inter-Ocean* to the man from whom he had bought it at a figure almost double what he had paid for it. On looking over the New York field Mr. Kohlsaat thought it best to remain at home, and on the death of J. W. Scott, who himself was merely a first-class business man, he bought the control of the *Times-Herald* and now Chicago has three great Republican papers, the *Tribune*, *Inter-Ocean*, and *Times-Herald*. Mr. Kohlsaat must have expected to lose a very considerable proportion of his circulation, as the *Herald* built itself up as much by its political policy as by its enterprise in gathering news. But the man's experience has been such that he believes he can make up his loss by taking away a portion of the business of both his Republican rivals. Chicago now has better Republican papers than New York, and this means that in time Chicago will become the centre of Republican politics. One of the main reasons which induced Mr. Kohlsaat to again go into Chicago journalism was his desire to see Gov. McKinley the Republican nominee for President. Mr. Medill, of the *Tribune*, is said to favor Senator Nelson, and Mr. Nixon has a strange liking for Big Tom Reed, so that it was necessary to have someone to make the fight for the Ohio Major. Kohlsaat is a very narrow protectionist and McKinley is his warm friend. It will be remembered that when McKinley lost his fortune a couple of years or more ago, Kohlsaat started a subscription list for the Major's relief and thereby made him as rich as ever.

A printer is my authority for the statement that inside of two months two hundred and fifty or three hundred typesetters, some of whom have been working on the papers of San Francisco for thirty years, will be thrown out of work by the increasing of typesetting machines. The *Post* and *German Democrat* already have the new machines, according to my informant, the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Call*, and *Bulletin*, have ordered machines, which will all arrive within a month or two. One machine, handled by a competent operator, will do the work of four men, and where an office employs twenty or eight men, the *Examiner* does, and sometimes more, the saving to the paper is great, for the machines cost but twenty-five hundred dollars a piece, San Francisco is the last city in the country to adopt the typesetting machine, strange to say, for since the incoming of Mr. Hearst, the papers of San Francisco have been ahead of the rest in and much better than any other papers—I am speaking of morning papers only, of course—published in a city of this size in the country.

Buffalo, a bustling city, which has been less affected by hard times, perhaps, than any other large city in the land, has no paper that can compare with the *Examiner*, though it has at least 41,000 more population. But was writing of San Francisco being behind the times in getting typesetting machines. It is true. All the papers in Los Angeles have them. The Portland *Oregonian* has used them for a year. So with the papers of Seattle and Tacoma. Even Grass Valley and Marysville have papers set with machines, and little Pasadena. I presume that for a long time the papers here were held back from introducing machines by the fear that the paper so bold would lose heavily in circulation with the working classes by reason of throwing so many union men out of work. Indeed, I am told that an understanding was arrived at between Mr. Hearst and Mr. De Young that both should get their machines at the same time.

The type-setting machine is bound to do the work of all newspapers in a very short time, and the printers sensibly recognize this and are not opposed to it. In this office so much a day is paid the operators, though a very general practice is to give a certain wage and an allowance per thousand ems for every thousand set over a certain number. The latter plan has proved the better, as it gives special reward to special ability.

There are two kinds of machines in general use—one that sets type and the other that casts a solid line of metal type from matrices. The latter is the kind of machine generally used in newspaper work and is called the Mergenthaler. In this machine D. O. Mills and Whitelaw Reid are large stockholders and for several years the machine was used on the New York *Tribune* alone. Two large plants are now engaged making the Mergenthalers, and the demand is so great that orders have to be in at least six months before they can be filled. The other machine—the kind that sets type—is the Thorne. This is used on nicer work as a rule. It requires more men to operate it, but it is simpler and gets out of order less frequently than its rival. The *Post* is set on Thorne machines and two of the Los Angeles papers use them.

One of the reasons for Mark Twain's financial collapse of some time ago was his interest in a type-setting machine. He is said to have put nearly a quarter of a million into the invention and so far but one machine has been produced. It was exhibited a year ago and worked perfectly, having much greater capacity than any machine yet produced, but it was so intricate and delicate that it could not be sold for less than fifteen thousand dollars.

NEWSPAPERMAN.

BACHELOR LYRICS.

The fog outside is thick to-night;
The street looks dark and drear;
My little room is snug and light
But, oh, she is not here.

I lean against the window pane
And hear the cobble's whirr;
The wind is wooing me in vain,
I only think of her.

The skull upon my table grins;
Did he, too, and I, wait vain?
Yet gladly would I bear his sins
Could he but bear my pain.

11.

My fire is brightly gleaming;
I kneel beside my chair,
And let my thoughts go dreaming
To find my loved one there.

My fire is slowly sinking,
The flames begin to die;
And I—still kneeling, thinking—
Can hear the poor wind sigh.

My fire has turned to embers,
The cheerful flames are flown;
My heart the dream remembers,
But, oh, I wake alone!

H. V. SUTHERLAND.

When he was a young man, Bismarck was for some time an official reporter for one of the courts of justice. In those days his temper sometimes got the better of him, but, upon one occasion, at least, his wit saved him from disgrace. This was when questioning a witness. The latter made an impudent retort, whereupon the embryo Chancellor exclaimed, angrily: "If you are not more respectful, I shall bring you before the court." "Young man," said the judge, interrupting the proceedings, "I would have you understand that this is a dignified court of justice, and that if there is any kicking to be done, the court will do it!" "Ah, you see," said Bismarck to the witness, "if you are not more respectful to me the court will kick you out of the room. So be careful, very careful, sir!"

A GENIUS IN JAIL.

Jabez Spencer Balfour, who has just been landed in a London jail, and of whom the papers have been so full during the week, was a land boomer and real estate sharp, of a type quite common in this Western world, though this country has not yet produced so grand a hypocrite, pharisee, and rascal, for Mr. Balfour was a genius in his line. Scarcely since the bursting of the South Sea Bubble has there been a financial scheme so widely rumoured to confound English investors as his operations. The losers through the collapse of his companies were literally to be numbered in thousands. There were largely the very people who could least afford to lose—widows and orphans and aged people of small means. They had been induced to invest because "Mr. Balfour was such a good man!" His father and mother had been temperance lecturers. He was a temperance lecturer. He was a leader in church affairs, particularly eloquent in public prayer and exhortation. He looked with the strongest disapproval upon theatres, music halls, cards, dancing, and all such worldly things. He was, moreover, a Member of the House of Commons, where he was one of the most enthusiastic followers of Mr. Gladstone, one of the staunchest champions of Home Rule, and one of the sternest reprovers of the House of Lords for its plutocracy and its contempt for the common people. He was, in brief, the one Simon-pure, all-wool, warranted-to-wash Friend of Humanity. Surely such a man was to be trusted.

The good man was an organizer of building and loan associations, and of other such schemes to deceive people. Having previously had some experience in the office of a firm of Parliamentary agents, he came modestly before the world in 1867 as the virtual founder of the Lands Allotment Company, from which, seven months later, was developed the Liberator Building Society. The basis of the organization was expressed in its motto: "Liberate urban liberum facit"—free home makes free man. Its name was a success; hundreds of Congregationalists were attracted by its prospects, from a vague idea that it had something to do with the Liberator Society, and possibly trading on this belief an appeal was made to Nonconformist preachers and others connected with temperance and religious societies all over the land to promote its beneficent objects. In the first year they received one per cent. commission on the shares and deposits, and subsequently one-half per cent., and in the end a round sum of \$705,000 was paid in this way. How thoroughly the moral idea was present in these proceedings was shown when, in 1871, on the society removing to its new office, a resolution was adopted, "That on the occasion of taking possession this day of our new premises, the directors desire to record their own sense of thankfulness for the prosperity with which, as they believe, God has hitherto blessed their efforts in the establishment of this society."

But the total ruin brought upon investors through the final crash may be reckoned thus: Liberator Society, stockholders, \$8,335,322, and depositors, \$8,261,460; Lands Allotment Company, capital subscribed, \$3,831,050; House and Lands Trust, stockholders, \$560,725, and depositors, \$7,906,756; Building Securities Company, capital subscribed, \$1,313,675, and Holdings Company, capital subscribed, \$335,810. These aggregate \$30,284,770—a colossal sum. But there are various other items which, if added, would bring it up to nearly or quite \$35,000,000.

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THE RACONTEUR.

The late Prof. Thorold Rogers, the celebrated English political economist, was contesting Southwark, a London division, and personally canvassed many of the electors. He called on one man who was a butcher. "I've called," said Thorold Rogers, "to ask for your support at this election." The man was a furious Tory, and he answered instantly, "I'd sooner vote for the devil," Rogers smiled and said pleasantly, "Exactly, but in case your friend doesn't go to the poll, may I ask for your vote?" When he called at the residence of another voter, the man happened to be in bed. The wife called up the stairs: "My dear, it's Mr. Thorold Rogers called to ask you for your vote." The reply came, accompanied by a volley of oaths, "Ask the—?" (about six words are thus expressed) "whether he believes in compulsory religious education for all children. If he doesn't, he won't have my vote."

The late Dr. Yandell was fond of telling the following joke: A lady patient one morning greeted him with a remark, "Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night." "Indeed, what was it?" "Why, I dreamed that I died and went to Heaven. I knocked at the golden gate, and was answered by Peter, who asked my name and address, and told the recording angel to bring his book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry, when he did find it, that I was terribly afraid something was wrong; but he suddenly looked up and asked, 'What did you say your name was?' I told him again, 'Why,' said he, 'you've no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet.' 'Well,' said I, 'Dr. Yandell said'—"

"Oh, you're one of Yandell's patients, are you? That accounts for it! Come right in! That man's always upsetting our calculations in some way."—*Viv. Medicatrix.*

When Mr. Gladstone was addressing a great meeting at Manchester, in 1868, during his candidacy for the seat of Lancashire, a curious incident occurred. The room was densely packed with an enthusiastic audience, whose patience was severely tried by one man. This individual at short intervals shouted, "Tell us what you said in '58." At length the meeting could bear with him no longer, and a general cry of "Turn him out," arose. The man was seized, raised on high, and passed on, what roughly over the heads of the audience, until finally he was landed in the street. Then some curious person went up and asked him to explain what he meant by saying, "Tell us what you said in '58." The disturber laughed. "I didn't mean anything," he said, "only I was roasted and stifled in there, and I knew the only way I could get out was to make a row and be turned out. That's all."

This story used to be told of Blackie's election to the chair of Greek in Edinburgh. The professorship was in the gift of the Town Council, and one of the censors was Dick, the principal of a veterinary college in the city. Dick, like most of the electors, knew no Greek, but, unlike his colleagues, he possessed a solitary Greek book—some medical treatise in an edition of the sixteenth century or the seventeenth, nicely peppered with contractions. This volume he presented to all who called to solicit his vote, and requested them to translate a passage. Most of the candidates declined to be examined; Dr. W. Smith rashly made the attempt, but he failed to unravel the contractions, and came to a standstill. Blackie was more adroit. Guessing the qualifications of his examiner at their true rate, he gave him a most fluent translation, entirely the offspring of his imagination, and won the principal's vote.

The engineer was seated in a chair in a Denver barber shop, undergoing a shave at the hands of a barber who, although an excellent craftsman, sometimes committed the mistake of becoming too familiar.

The talk turned on the case of a man who, being on trial for murder, had been recognized by visitors to the court-room as a young theological student from a Middle State, where he had been the possessor of a spotless reputation and a totally different name. Thence the conversation drifted to the subject of changed identities.

The barber rubbed the razor on the strap, reflectively, and said, "Yes, it's surprising how many men change their names after they get out West. By the way, Norton, what was your name back East?"

"Mister Morton," was the quiet reply.

"I was talking with Dr. Holmes one day," says a writer in *The Interior*, "when the conversation turned upon his clients who were living. 'Now, there's Smith,' he said. 'His name will be honored by every school child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." If he had said said "Our Country," the hymn would not have been immortal, but

that "my" was a master stroke. Every one who sing the hymn at once feels a personal ownership in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country.'"

Theodore Hallam once defended a burglar. The burglar's wife was on the witness stand, and the prosecuting attorney was conducting a vigorous cross-examination. "Madam, you are the wife of this man?" "Yes." "You knew he was a burglar when you married him?" "Yes." "How did you come to contract a matrimonial alliance with such a man?" "Well," the witness said, sarcastically, "I was getting old, and I had to choose between a lawyer and a burglar." The cross-examination ended there.

THE OVERLAND.

The *Overland Monthly* for May has for everybody on the Pacific Coast, or wishing to know about the Pacific Coast, that special interest which has become the magazine's characteristic under the editorship of Mr. Rounseville Wildman. It is quite unlike the Eastern monthlies, since it eschews the conventional and aims at the publication of literature and other matter distinctively Western. Therefore it has a value for the West and the East of which it was nearly devoid for a long stretch of years. Mr. Wildman himself writes with a free and animated and graceful pen. His confidential talks to his readers, with which every issue opens, are delightful in their ease, good humor, style, and knowledge. He is a man of varied experiences as a United States consul in strange lands, and as a traveler in more familiar countries. Obviously he is a student, too, as well as a man of the world. He is as happy at disquisition as in story writing, which is saying much, for some of his stories that have appeared in the *Overland* are marked by unusual strength, character, and color. His one long story "The Panglima Mula," now published in book form, is a tale of adventure in the Malayan Peninsula, and has action enough in it for half a dozen ordinary romances. There is nothing musty about the *Overland* now that Mr. Wildman has it in hand. In the current number there is good fiction, poetry, and a number of articles of a historical character, such as "Memorable Contests for Oregon Senatorships," by E. Hoar; "The Bear Flag," by General John Bidwell; "The Evolution of the Stamp Mill," by Almarin B. Paul, and "The Churches of Forty-nine," by Arthur Inkersley. "A Fight with Illanum Pirates," by Mr. Wildman, is a rattling sea yarn. Horace Anniesley Vachell continues his "Chronicle of San Leandro," which are as Californian as California itself, and Mrs. Batterman Lindsey gives further extracts from the extremely clever "Mrs. Loft's Diary." The editorials and book reviews have energy in them.

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MODERNIZED ROMANCE.

"Miss Mansard," said the head of the business house to his pretty stenographer, "have you written those letters to delinquent debtors telling 'em to pay or get sued?"

"Yes, sir," said Miss Mansard.

"And that long letter to the Kansas City branch house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said the head of the firm, "I have another letter here I'd like to get off this afternoon if you please."

The stenographer approached and sat down by the little wooden leaf which he drew out from his desk for her.

"The address," said the head of the house, commencing to dictate rapidly, "is James Broderick, Trent Falls Station, Vt. Dear old friend: Your letter is received, and I assure you it gives me great pleasure to hear of your welfare. I hope your family will continue in the best of spirits, and I shall certainly look forward with satisfaction to your proposed visit here. Paragraph. In regard to your inquiry as to why I don't get married, would say I have been too busy, but mean to take steps to remedy the matter at once. I am this afternoon about to make a proposition of the kind you suggest to Miss Mary Mansard, a charming young woman who is employed in my office and who is in every way fitted to adorn a home with womanly graces. Miss Mansard heretofore has been rather distant in her conduct, but this may be due wholly to a natural reserve. Paragraph. My stenographer has instructions to append to this letter the fact that Miss Mansard's answer is—"

The head of the firm interrupted himself and turned to open a fresh batch of business letters. "You may finish that letter, Miss Mansard, yourself," he said, "although I trust you understand that the first duty of an employee is to obey the evident wishes of the employer, whether spoken or implied."

And Miss Mansard obediently withdrew to her typewriter.—Chicago Record.

AMUSEMENTS.

Prof Geo. D. Horton will deliver an address at Metropolitan Temple Monday, May 13th, at 8 p. m. This is given in response to the written request of over 500 citizens, including about 30 clergymen. His lecture will be prepared for the occasion and is entitled "The Fullness of Those Times." All are invited and no admission fee will be charged.

* On Monday evening the new Columbia Theatre will open under the management of Friedlander, Gottlob & Marx. The Frawley Company will play "Sweet Lavender" the first week and probably "Captain Swift" the second. The advance sale of seats at the reduced prices promises a season of great success at this house.

Ysaye arrives in this city to-day. Mr. Bouvier is authority for the statement that Ysaye is the biggest attraction we have had since Irving. His concerts promise to be the social events of the season, and from a musical standpoint the most important event that has taken place in this city for years.

The Rev. Edwards Davis, the Oakland preacher who plays Richard III. and waltzes in his pulpit, is to lecture in this city shortly on "The Arts." In the course of his entertainment he promises to recite two poems of his own make, play two piano compositions of his own, and sing two of his own songs.

Otis Harlan is said to have made the hit of his life in Hoyt's latest farce, "The Black Sheep." This will be the next of Hoyt's plays that we are to see in this city.

The Lilliputians open at the Baldwin on Sunday evening, May 19th, in the great spectacular extravaganza "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date."

This is the season of the year when the young man who is going to graduate from college this summer begins to wonder how many \$5,000 positions will be offered to him the first month after he acquires his degree. He will know all about it before Aug. 1st.—Somerville Journal.

An English Judge has recently defined gentleman as a term which "includes anybody who has nothing to do and who is outside of the workhouse."—Tennant Times.

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Vol. III. No. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 18, 1895.

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Some of the newspaper correspondents at Washington believe, or affect to believe, that Mr. Cleveland is ambitious of a third term. If he cannot get it from the Democrats, they say, he has some hope of being nominated by the Republicans. It is not to be forgotten that Congress is not in session, and that Washington is a dull place at present. The correspondent must turn out his tale of news-bricks, with or without the straw of fact. Nevertheless, it is not inherently unlikely that Mr. Cleveland does dream of a third term. He is a very remarkable man, though not precisely in the way he thinks he is. Every political leader needs a good endowment of egotism, and Mr. Cleveland has enough for a hundred. Fortune has been kind to him, and it is not surprising that he has confidence in Providence's need of his assistance. He is not a dull man, but a narrow one, and when his mind becomes engrossed with one subject, it is not possible for him to suspect that his own view is not the only right one. Opposition becomes to him proof of the inferior intellectuality of the opposer. When he thinks he understands a subject that engages his feelings, it is his belief that he understands it better than anybody else, and that those who agree with him are merely disciples. Those who disagree are benighted persons who require to be enlightened—enlightened by him. Though narrow, he is not, however, so narrow as to be of the opinion that his antagonists are necessarily badly off in a moral way. That form of hallucination, which afflicts the New York Post and other of his organs, he is above, for he has been a man of action in politics, and without shock has rubbed against multitudes of people, to come in contact with whom would be more than the Mugwump editors, who adore him, could bear. These editors, whose habitat is the Atlantic shore, are the dilettanti of politics, whose most precious possession is their respectability, and who confirm themselves in their beliefs by cultivating a scorn for the beliefs of their adversaries, as well as a feline hatred of the persons of such heretics. The treatment received by Senator Jones, of Nevada, from the New York Post, is illustrative. This gentleman, one of the brightest minded in the Senate, respected there for his abilities and qualities, and listened to always as an expert when he speaks on a financial subject, is sneered at by the Post as if he were an ignoramus from a mining camp,

with his trousers stuffed into his bootlegs and a pistol thrust in his belt. Mr. Cleveland has lived too long, his experience has been too varied, he is too much a man of the world, to be under the ordinary Mugwumpian illusions. As Sheriff and Mayor of Buffalo, as Governor of New York, and as President, he has come close enough to mankind to know it pretty well. As a Senator said to me in Washington once: "Cleveland is one of the best politicians in the country. He has come to the quarter-deck through a hawser-hole."

It is not strange, after all, that the President should have a very good opinion of himself. If ever he had any modesty on the score of his abilities, his amazing success has induced him to believe that he was mistaken—that if he saw that other men were gifted, he erred only in supposing in the days of his obscurity that he was less gifted than they. The last thing that a man who has risen likes to confess to himself is that luck has had anything to do with his rise. Even the man who wins at a game of chance commonly feels competent to give advice to the losers, and usually does so. Mr. Cleveland is unquestionably sincere in his belief that his is the best mind, and himself the wisest political leader of his generation. He made the tariff issue his own, and, after one defeat, went back to the White House on it, though when he got there his ardor had cooled mightily. Now, it is not improbably his conviction that the country must be saved from the calamity of free silver, and to him there is nothing strained in the notion that he is the man of all others who should be the country's savior. To be sure, there is a prejudice against third terms for Presidents, but that prejudice is not a law. The people, in deference to mere custom, would not be likely to remove a President who should be prosecuting a righteous war that had broken out during his second term. There are crises in time of peace important as those of war, and this monetary muddle, in Mr. Cleveland's view, is perhaps one of them. General Grant was refused a third term; but then Grant had not made a good President, whereas history will decide between the merits of Washington and Lincoln and Cleveland.

The Democratic silver rebellion in the West displeases the President, but it does not discourage him. He has heard hostile party clamor before, and prevailed against it. He knows that he is unpopular in the West on more accounts than his financial doctrines, but the West is remote and imperfectly civilized. He, like others, thinks he sees that a realignment of parties on the money question is probable. A realignment of parties on the tariff question made him President for the second time. The Wash-

ington correspondent of the New York Recorder says:

He believes that he, more than any opponent of free silver coinage, contains within himself potential qualities of leadership, and he even dreams that in the event of a straight-out issue in 1896, between the friends and the opponents of silver, those who approve the present status will be obliged to turn to him as to a rock of defense. * * Mr. Cleveland actually believes he may be endorsed by Eastern Republican sentiment as the leader in a monetary campaign. But he would prefer a Democratic nomination on an anti-free silver platform.

That he will not get. The third-term objection aside, the unhappy Democratic party has had a surfeit of Mr. Cleveland. And though the President has become a pretty good Republican in essentials, the Republican party in these latter days is too well-drilled an army, too little pervious to enthusiasm for a principle, to surrender its leadership to a nominal Democrat, even though that Democrat be Grover Cleveland. None of the illusions as to his own matchless abilities and his unique rectitude of purpose are shared by the common people, who still decide elections—though they do not govern the country. This will be borne in upon Mr. Cleveland long before the nominating conventions of the parties meet, I think, and we may have a letter, with an undertone of astonishment and grief, announcing that the unwritten law of the American republic against third terms is a good and salutary one.

The state of mind of the people of the West as to the President is one of grim patience. They know that they must endure him until March 4th, 1897, and they have ceased raging. Experience has taught them how unavailing are waves of popular appeal or denunciation against that rock of vanity, complacency, and obstinacy. So they have set about discussing the silver question without reference to Cleveland. This is wise. And the further away the Democratic party gets from the President who has bedeviled it with his superior wisdom and his sympathy for the interests of the plutocracy, the better chance the party will have of getting on its feet again. It is highly probable that Mr. Cleveland will give his vote against a party so besotted as not to agree with him on the silver question, and so ungrateful as to nominate somebody else. And when he once formally allies himself with the Republican party he will be where he belongs, for all his leanings, for a long time, have been away from the common herd. He is a good man, but ponderous as is his person, his head has grown out of all proportion to his body.

The Native Sons of the Golden West have special reason to be grateful to the young athletes of the University of California for the demonstration they have given at Princeton that this State can turn out males

who are physically equal to the best the East can produce. Indeed we all have cause to felicitate ourselves on what the college lads have done. When a statement has been made very often it comes to be nearly universally believed. The statement that California grows large and lovely women, and narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested, spindle-shanked young men, has for years been accepted, even at home. Proofs to the contrary, as in the instance of Professor Corbett, the magnificent animal, have been looked upon as sporadic merely. But when our boys defeat on the football field the picked visiting youth of the Chicago University, and in turn go East and astonish the Princetonians with their strength, agility, and skill, everybody must doubt the notion that the climate of California is not conducive to masculine vigor. The acquiescence in the contrary belief in the State itself we doubtless owe to the pioneers, who, accustomed to a population of grown men exclusively, conceived a sort of contempt for their own male offspring. The girls were saved by the influence of sex. One used to seeing only stalwart men around him naturally regarded striplings as deteriorated copies of their fathers. Unconsciously, no allowance was made for the filling out that time would accomplish. It is but just to the pioneers to say that they held themselves responsible for the assumed inferiority of their progeny, and repented the goddess days when the State was new. Twenty-five years ago a boy or girl here who had been born in California was the subject of remark and of mild curiosity. Since then the children of the pioneers' children, and the offspring of people who came much later than the pioneers, have filled the land, and they are good to look upon usually, male as well as female. You have but to glance about you to see any number of strapping young fellows, tall and lusty, though the average stature here as elsewhere is not towering. But tall young men, of a breadth commensurate with their inches, are far more plentiful than beautiful women. In California, as elsewhere again, the average woman is not handsome, any more than the average man is tall and athletic. Half a dozen years ago the *New York Tribune*, in a kindly editorial article dealing with the retrograde Californian male as contrasted with his beautiful sister, predicted that, thanks to cigarettes and a relaxing climate, the State would be peopled by hoodlums in the third generation. The general interest in outdoor sports which has been awakened during the past ten years has insured us against the fulfillment of that dreadful prophecy, and the triumphs of the college lads over Eastern competitors has, let us hope, caused the editor of the *Tribune* to put off his seer's robe and recant in seemingly humility.

But there is much more to be done in order to dissipate an illusion that has been both insulting and injurious to California. Fixed impressions about any people are hard to remove. Witness the inability of the English to understand the French. And the East is as completely persuaded of its own moral and physical excellence, in comparison with this outlying province, as England is of her superiority in morals and mind to France, and the remainder of the world. Here is work for the Native Sons of the Golden West, an order which stands in conspicuous need of an excuse for existence. It is no longer a rare thing for one to be a native of California; the State is alive with natives. And as time goes on the absurdity of making nativity the basis of an organization will, of course, increase. As it is, the idea of men binding themselves together here because they were born here is nearly

as amusing as it would be were the subjects of King Humbert, say, to form "parlors" call themselves Native Sons of Sunny Italy, and go about Rome and Florence in procession, wearing regalia without suggestion of significance, to the end that it might be known that Italians are born in Italy. The Native Sons of the Golden West are ceasing to be altogether diverting. They annoy a good many people of sense. And the order is in some ways dangerous. It is given to meddling with politics in a manner which does no credit to the brains or character of the members. The parties are beginning to truckle to it because of its numbers and spirit—a spirit that disposes it to support at the polls a "Native Son" regardless of his other merits or demerits. That is precisely the spirit of the "A. P. A." and the "Y. M. I.," without the excuse of religious rancor. The Native Sons, as an organization, are doomed to extinction by overproduction of the raw material of membership, unless they shall do something more useful than parading and speechifying on the glories of their State and their own achievement in being born in it. Even as a social order it cannot last as it now is. Men of the same nation who are few and in a foreign land may rationally recognize the bond of a common birthplace as a ground of association, but for Californians in California to attempt such a thing is to invite the greater part of the population to join a club. Self-preservation demands that the Native Sons of the Golden West shall do something more than be. Football, baseball, hand springs, pitching hammers, pugilism, turning on a bar—anything—would be better than these inane assemblages, which are due in part to the gregarious instinct, common to men and sheep, and in part to the motive which impels the native daughters of the golden west, and all other Christian women, to go to church on Easter with minds uplifted to their bonnets. Why shouldn't there be competition—athletic, military, literary, or oratorical—among the "parlors"? That would develop some Native Sons capable of standing for something more dignified and useful than a peacock. The Native Sons have left it to the University students (who doubtless also conferred on California the honor of their birth) to begin the task of removing from the Eastern mind the picture of Young California as a lath-like lad with a cigarette between his pallid lips, and neither chest nor forehead to speak of. The Native Sons number many thousands; the University students but a few hundreds. The former can scarcely be satisfied to shine in a reflected glory. Prizes of money and cups are being offered to Stanford and Berkeley by the *Examiner* and Senator Perkins to incite to good debating, that the powers of mind as well as of body may be developed in the two universities and held in honor there. Let us trust that some still wiser philanthropist will appear and out of his wealth extend inducements to the Native Sons of the Golden West to do something better than fancy marching in still fancier costumes. That may be left to the Knights Templar, the Knights of Pythias, and other strictly non-military associations.

Oakland is taking her turn at having a "moral upheaval." That is to say, the evangelical clergymen of the town are endeavoring to get the aid of the secular arm to enable them to compel the unregenerate to respect the Sabbath. An ordinance has been introduced in the City Council providing that the saloons shall remain closed from six o'clock on Saturday evening until six o'clock on Monday morning. A majority of

the Council favor the ordinance, but Mayor Davie is expected to veto it. There is an organization called the Council for the Suppression of the Saloon, which affirms that it is "purely civic in form and purpose," and that "as the ends sought by it are those only of social reform, so the grounds upon which these ends are sought are those purely of social justice and civil welfare." The speakers who address the Council, however, judging by the newspaper reports, are nearly all preachers. Therefore it is not surprising to find at the close of its declaration of principles that "in urging the closing of the saloons" upon the basis above stated it does "not disavow its belief in the sacredness of the Sabbath." The Oakland divine has become wily. He knows that there is a sinful prejudice among worldly men against his meddling in secular affairs, and he therefore seeks to disguise himself by discarding his clerical robes and appearing in the role of a purely civic character. This is the guile of the serpent, and is unpleasant. There is no reason why the clergyman should not be opposed to open saloons on Sundays, and all days. The saloon is an evil, and the breeder of evils. But there is plenty of room for difference of opinion as to how the work of abating the evil should be undertaken. The saloon is an effect of the human liking for stimulants, but it is also the cause of more thirst. Poverty, wretchedness, crime are traced to the saloon, and justly; but, then, poverty and wretchedness induce a large portion of the saloon's patronage. The notion that if there were no saloons there would be no drinking is, apparently, one generally held by gentlemen of the calibre of those who get into the pulpit. That is as rational as to believe that if the rash could be suppressed a scarlet fever patient would be cured. Society, like the individual, has a constitution and blood, which the physician must take into consideration if he would understand his case.

It is a question whether more good or harm is done by the recurrent crusades against the saloons to which the clergy, in the exercise of their rights as citizens, are given. While the saloon is made by them the type of evil, the crusading preacher becomes the type of good—a type that does not attract the ordinary man, who, in spite of sermons, has the sense to know that there is a distinction between the use and abuse of anything, even alcohol. Moreover, the unregenerate are obstinately given to counting frankness a virtue, and frankness is not highly esteemed by the brethren when they have an object to attain. They are not, as a body, above "dodges." I get the impression from the severely impartial reports of the press (which is anxious to avoid offense to either side) that the anti-saloon movement in Oakland is really a movement in behalf of a law to compel those who are not church-goers to "keep the Sabbath"—the Christian Sabbath, which means the Puritan Sabbath. One Oakland clergyman tells his congregation that those who use the street-cars are equally guilty of Sabbath-breaking with the frequenter of saloons—from which it follows that when the saloons are closed the street-cars should stop running. The clerical ideal is a Sunday on which the only business permissible should be preaching. That is called by those who favor it the "American Sabbath." It is not. It is the English Sabbath of more than two hundred years ago, which was transplanted to the American colonies, along with belief in witches, and the conviction of the death-deserving character of Quakerism.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. Carroll, of the Eighth Avenue Methodist Church, Oak-

land, said from the pulpit that the saloon ought to be closed on Sunday "because it is a violation of the sanctity of the day," and that "the Sabbath is of fundamental importance to the human race, because of its divinely intended uses." That is honest. But it was Saturday, and not Sunday, that Jehovah appointed as the Sabbath day; yet Brother Carroll, while agreeing with those who overruled the Almighty, believes in keeping his new Sabbath as holy as the old one was kept by the Jews, and he does not get behind the hedge of "social justice and civil welfare," in order to take aim at the Sabbath-breaking saloon and its patrons. "It is reported," said Brother Carroll, also, "that Mayor Davie will veto the ordinance. I do not believe it. If he does, the contempt of thousands of men and a multitude of women and innocent little children—ay, and the wrath of God!—will rest upon him." As Mayor Davie's mind probably works differently from the minds of those who are in the Deity's confidence and are able to tell when the divine temper is about to become vengeful, it is natural that he should look at the ordinance from another point of view. I do not know his stand on the liquor question, but if he is as earnestly opposed to drinking on week days as Brother Carroll is to drinking on Sundays, it is easy to understand why he still should be opposed to the ordinance on grounds of common sense. Oakland has her boundaries, and beyond them the ordinance would open instead of close saloons. Moreover, everybody who has lived in a city with a Sunday law knows that the back doors of saloons swing open as the front doors close, thus accustoming men to law-breaking, and teaching them not to be ashamed of being sneaks. Perhaps, also, the Mayor may be influenced by the attitude of the "business men," who, holding a dollar in deeper reverence than the Sabbath or the morals of the community, oppose the ordinance on the ground that "money would be driven out of the town" in the pockets of the hordes of revelers that would cross the bay on Saturday night to San Francisco, where saloons are always open. But I hope Mr. Davie is above caring for the wishes of creatures so sordid, and so shameless in their sordidness, as these.

The drink question in Oakland, and everywhere else, is one of the most serious and painful of those that trouble society. Prohibition has failed, and high license is not a very alluring success. Government monopoly has been tried abroad, with somewhat encouraging results, but the sanguinary riots in South Carolina, resulting from the efforts to impose that system there, make it doubtful whether Americans can be induced to submit themselves to official control to so great an extent. The chief benefit that is derived from the various forms of assault upon the saloons is that they aid in the gradual work of making drunkenness disreputable. That is a tremendous gain for temperance, if not for teetotalism. The modern man is ashamed of being drunk; his predecessors were not but, on the contrary, rather gloried in it. Always for the temperance reformer there is plenty of hopeful work to do. He can appeal to the individual and keep him from the saloon. But this is too slow, too mild a process to charm the mind of the aggressive reformer, who has in him at once the spirit of the warrior and the persecutor. He would take the bottle away from the man, instead of the man away from the bottle—injure us against fire by destroying the match factories. The saloons ought to be under severe control, of course, both as to number and the quality of the liquors they furnish. The latter is the more important. That high license makes saloons

fewer is true; that it makes drinkers fewer is uncertain. But every regulation helps to render it more obvious that the saloon represents a great social evil; and that is well. The best friends the saloons have are the sort of preachers who cloak themselves as the Society for the Suppression of the Saloon. The Sunday question has really nothing to do with the drink question, and to link them is fatally to weaken the forces of temperance. There are multitudes of American citizens who are not at all interested in the preservation of the "sacredness of the Sabbath," who yet care a great deal about every rational proposition to lessen drunkenness—multitudes who resent the intervention of the preacher, and his assumption of a superior right to speak and act on subjects about which every sensible man knows as much as he does. It would please these multitudes if the brethren and their flocks would be content with their liberty to keep the Sabbath as they please and let other people alone—if the brethren could be persuaded to cure themselves of their desire to have the power to summon the police to compel everybody else to keep the Sabbath after the evangelical fashion. California is not teetotal; Her people in the mass have the sense to spend their single day of leisure according to taste, and they mostly prefer the open air and healthful amusement to sitting in the sanctuary and listening to preaching that, as a rule, nourishes neither the mind nor the spirit. One of the chief industries of the State is wine-making. Part of the revenue of the Stanford University is got from the sale of brandy. So long as the wine and brandy be good, neither the State nor the university has reason to be ashamed.

Alameda a year or two ago set Oakland an example. Two propositions were up bearing on the saloon—high license and Sunday closing. High license was adopted, and Sunday closing voted down. The injection of the religious issue into the saloon problem is at once a folly and an impertinence. This is a secular republic, and all religions are on an equal footing. There are many Jews and Seventh-Day Adventists in Oakland. On religious grounds, they have as much right as the Christian majority to demand that if the saloons shall be shut on Sunday, the Sabbath, they shall also be closed on Saturday, the Sabbath. Liberty is a good thing—liberty for others as well as oneself: a proposition beyond the comprehension of very many pious men, who, in order to enjoy their own freedom thoroughly, must see dissenting brethren deprived of theirs. Oakland is largely inhabited by American citizens, who like most American citizens on this side of the Rocky Mountains, are disposed to regard no hour or day of the week as of peculiar holiness. They will have the decision, ultimately, as to when the saloons of the town shall be open or shut, and there is every probability that the evangelical clergy, in their zeal to engineer a Sabbatarian movement under cover of a temperance one, will be taught a lesson that will do them good, it is to be hoped, by increasing their candor and modesty. San Francisco has but lately undergone a season of affliction from the pulpit that has wearied the people for a time of the whole subject of political and moral reform. California is suffering under a plague of Dilles. Oakland, for the moment, happens to be the storm centre.

The Civic Federation in formulating its reasons, for the Governor's benefit, why Dr. Marc Levinston should not be made Health Officer of San Francisco errs, I think, in

making so much of the candidate's past connection with Boss Buckley. That Dr. Levinston should have secured his nomination for the Coronership by Buckley's favor, and that when elected he should have given the deputyships of his office to a brace of Buckley's lambs, is, after all, only one way of saying that in the early eighties the doctor was a Democrat who wanted an office. Loyalty to Buckley in those days, and for a long time afterwards, was the condition of political success in San Francisco, if a Democrat desired any office that was not too conspicuous for the Boss to control. The most eminent Democrats in the State were not ashamed to attend banquets given in Buckley's honor. At one in New York two of San Francisco's Superior Judges, Levy and Lawler, were willing guests, and another, who is now on the bench, haunted the Boss's ante-room in order to get his nomination. Senators and Congressmen, and gentlemen who wanted to be Senators and Congressmen, imitated this self-respecting example. Buckley controlled his party and his party's press. There were some men who would not bow before his power—Mayor Pond, for instance. And yet Boss Buckley was compelled to nominate and renominate Mayor Pond, for he had to yield something to public opinion—and took his revenge when Mr. Pond was running for Governor and Stanford for Senator, by going over to the latter and helping to defeat the whole Democratic ticket. But Dr. Levinston was not a Pond, and it is rather absurd to single him out in 1895 for reprobation because he was a Buckley man in 1882. That part of the indictment Governor Budd can very well afford to ignore; but other charges, made with some explicitness by the Federation, he must heed, if he does not wish to raise a storm about his ears such as Markham evoked when he made Mr. Mose Gunst a Police Commissioner—an appointment, by the way, that as yet has been followed by no marked calamities. Was Coroner Levinston corrupt? If he was, no more should be heard of him in connection with the Health Office. If he was not, and the Governor should find that on this head and some others Levinston has been a maligned instead of a guilty man, then Mr. Budd should snap his fingers at the Civic Federation and the newspapers and give him the office, for which Dr. Levinston is admitted to be professionally fit. Before offering this exhibition of pluck, however, it will be the Governor's duty to let the public know the evidence upon which he acquits his friend. The Federation pleads that Dr. Levinston's reputation is not good, and argues that on this ground alone he should be rejected. That is neither good reasoning nor fair play. Some of the best men that have lived in this world have borne bad reputations. If Dr. Levinston's character is good, it would be monstrous in Governor Budd, while believing in the excellence of his character, to sacrifice him on account of an undeserved reputation. It is in the candidate's favor that he has employed counsel to meet the accusations made against him—to defend himself before the court of public opinion.

Governor Budd, it affords me much pleasure to say, is showing to advantage as a Harbor Commissioner. He appears to have joined heartily with Mayor Sutro in demanding that before the State surrenders China Basin to the Spreckels road, every possible guaranty must be given that the line shall not hereafter fall into the hands of the Southern Pacific. The directors of the new company, in resenting the stand taken by the Commission as a reflection upon their honor, have acted childishly. The matter has become one of cold business between the

State and the corporation, and it is preposterous in Spreckels & Co. to ask that they shall be treated as patriots whom to doubt is treason. The State is willing to give a competing railroad company every needful facility on the waterfront, but it is not willing to give the Spreckels line a handsome property which it may pawn as its own in order to raise money. If the State is to furnish capital for a San Joaquin railroad, it had better do it directly and own the road after it has been built, than to bestow it on Spreckels & Co. The experience of the Federal Government with Huntington & Co. shows what comes of pursuing that idiotic policy. The directors of the Spreckels road may as well understand that, so far as their enterprise is concerned, the stage of drum-beating has passed. If it is their intention to compete with the Southern Pacific, they should be eager to prove the fact by accepting the terms of the China Basin lease as proposed by Messrs. Sutro and Budd. Those terms are fair and manifestly prudent.

The American Navy has reason to be ashamed of Admiral Meade. In an interview with him, published by the New York *Tribune* recently, he was represented as speaking of the Administration in a manner altogether unbecoming in an officer in the government's service. If it could be proved that the Admiral had used the language imputed to him, he would undoubtedly be court-martialed, but as the interviewer would probably refuse to testify, and it is held that a man cannot be required to give evidence against himself, the Navy Department has been at a loss to know how to proceed. It occurred to Secretary Herbert that as Meade is an Admiral, and therefore presumably a gentleman, he might not care to avail himself of a rule of law, like a criminal. So Mr. Herbert addressed a note to Meade, asking him if he had authorized the offensive publication, and in reply, the Admiral has written that he declines to answer the question. That fixes Meade's status. Any man bold enough to speak for print, should have the courage to acknowledge his responsibility. Otherwise, he is several things that no one likes to describe, especially if the person be of dignified official station and subject to the gentleman's code. Admiral Meade is a demonstration of the need of a court of honor in the navy, in which the rules useful for the protection of rogues in courts of law shall not be recognized. Such a tribunal would need no oaths or counsel. Accused officers would simply be put upon their honor to tell the truth as to themselves and their utterances and acts.

I have often said that this *Letter* bears fruit on boughs other than its own. Its effect upon my esteemed contemporary, Mr. Hearst, is a gratifying instance in point. He has adopted, if not welcomed, the *Letter's* suggestions as to the impropriety of a newspaper of the *Examiner's* great circulation pandering to the taste of the low by printing lewd pictures. Obviously, it is of the highest importance to the community that a popular journal should not befool the minds of the young and offend the sense of decorum of their elders. The objectionable pictures no longer appear in the *Examiner*, but Mr. Hearst, strange to say, resents the criticism which by the improved conduct of his paper he acknowledges to have been just. And he takes a special method of showing his resentment. "He reviles me for advocating things in the *Letter* of which his own paper has been a warm advocate. Thus, he praised General Dimond for not firing on the people at the Sacramento depot during the railroad strike in July last, and yet calls me a denagogue because I do not agree with

him in reproving Governor Budd for reappointing General Dimond; he scoffs at my notion that England and all other European powers should, on the first suitable occasion, be given notice by the United States to quit the Western Hemisphere, yet the *Examiner* was the first journal in America to urge that policy. Mr. Hearst has a fine natural talent for journalism, but he will never have at home the reputation as a journalist which he enjoys in the East until he learns to edit his own paper. Other proprietors who have won renown as journalists, also, have invariably done this. I may instance Dana, Waterson, Halstead, and Pulitzer. In brief, Mr. Hearst cannot in reason expect to achieve the first rank in his profession until he learns to write. Then, not being under the necessity of hiring others to think out policies for his paper, he will have a much better memory for what appears in it, and not become ridiculous by ordering other journals to be berated for indorsing what the *Examiner* has said. Mr. Hearst is in many respects a worthy young man. With wealth enough to enable him to lead a life of idleness, he has chosen to give California an immeasurably better newspaper than the State had before his advent, and in so doing has raised the standard of the press generally, in its news department. That is a public benefit which California recognizes. Also, in pushing his paper and following his generous instincts, he has done a world of good in a charitable way. But in neglecting to learn the art of writing, and thus leaving himself dependent upon others to express his ideas, or to supply him with ideas, and to fight his battles, he has missed the chief pleasure of the real journalist's life. And his abstinence from the pen has prevented him from clarifying his mind and acquiring convictions on public questions, which would qualify him to guide discriminatingly the pens of his employees. The surprising sensitiveness of Mr. Hearst to criticism, or even friendly suggestion, renders me somewhat timid in offering him any more counsel, but as the *Examiner* is the leading paper of the Pacific coast, every citizen has an interest in its course; therefore, I venture to urge Mr. Hearst, for his own pleasure and the advantage of his journal, to learn to write, and to edit the *Examiner* himself. That, I am sure, would cure it of the aberrations in opinion which now so much impair its usefulness, and make it a puzzle to journalists elsewhere, who, naturally, are not aware of the cause of its editorial eccentricity. When Mr. Hearst fits himself to be his own editor—and he has the necessary brains—the *Examiner*, already among the foremost American journals as a news-giver, will rise to something like a respectable place on its political side.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

I am convinced that one of the main reasons women have for going to the country for several months each year is to be relieved of the terrible bore of calling. Away in the woods, or at a resort, or even over to Sausalito, Haywards, or Mill Valley one is free. In a city a woman does not own herself—she is owned by those who know her. A woman said to me this week: "I'm going to Mill Valley on Saturday, and then, no more calling for four months." It isn't the wind and the dust of San Francisco that make the inconveniences of a country hotel so much sought after in summer—it is the freedom. One can stand fried steaks and a bed of straw if the nuisance of calling and being called on is escaped. How many many times I have said to myself: "This is the end of it. After this I will be sensible and call only on those whom I particularly like and be out to all whom I really don't want

to see." And just as many many times I have said later: "Oh, I suppose I must do it. Those people will think I'm a boor if I don't. They've been nice to me and there's no reason why I should insult them." And so my resolution has been broken down and I've had to confess myself a slave, an unwilling slave, to a custom that my good sense declares unreasonable.

Jack has a scheme for our relief—I don't know whether it is original or not, I half suspect it isn't, but it's a good one. Inasmuch, he says, as women have so much calling to do that is purely perfunctory he would establish a Clearing House. This title may mean something to some of my readers, but I confess it was Hebrew to me when I heard it. The idea was suggested to Jack, so he solemnly avers, by the clearing house system of the banks. Now a clearing house, he explains, is a place to which banks take all the bills that other banks owe them, and pay in their debts by exchanging these bills for others that they owe. These are not Jack's words exactly, but I think his idea is there. To illustrate: If the Bank of California owes the Nevada Bank a million dollars, and the Nevada owes the California a million dollars, the manager or cashier, or somebody representing each bank, goes to the Clearing House and exchanges the papers that represent the debts, and so both debts are paid. This saves the Bank of California from sending a million dollars over to the Nevada Bank, and the latter sending it back. Now, Jack's scheme is to have a place where women can go or send their maids, and exchange cards with all who owe them calls. In practice, Jack's fifty calls and fifty calls are owing to me. I send my maid with fifty of my cards to this clearing house, and she gives them to the maids of all the people to whom I owe calls. She also receives the cards of all who owe me calls. And thus I am freed of the disagreeable task of spending a half dozen afternoons running about dusty streets, and also freed from the care of exchanging fifty and fifty fond mothers tell me of their children, servants, and doctors. It's a splendid scheme, but Jack says it will never be adopted because women haven't enough courage to do anything that hasn't been done before.

There is no "prettiest girl." This voting that has been going on in different parts of California for several weeks past to find out the prettiest girl in the community, that she may act as queen over some flower show, is pure silliness—as silly as the newspaper voting for the most popular teacher. I give it word of consolation to all the girls who get left—that they may be, and probably are, quite as pretty as the girl chosen. As a matter of fact, to most perfect ones; therefore, it is surely not to be expected that Hodge and Dodge, the grocer and the blacksmith, will be infallible in their choice. Who has not seen a beauty of twenty turn into a scarecrow of twenty-five, and all because she has lost her fine coloring? I have known girls who were general regard and admiration, and beauties, who were within one really good feature. It is safe to say that if Mary Anderson were once again a girl in Sacramento, she would receive fewer votes for "queen" than some plump little creature with a retousse nose and a far too liberal mouth. I have a picture somewhere of a girl who is not pleasing to look upon, yet her photograph is a work of art. Moreover, from what I have heard, I judge that influence, "pull," has had quite as much to do with the selecting of certain beauties as their own charms. I do not say that the girls who have been brought into prominence lately are unlovely in any particular, but I am convinced that if the voting were left to the common sense of the result in all cases would be different—tastes are so very different. With most people, a beautiful girl is one who has good color and fine eyes, and, perhaps, a mass of wavy hair. They forget the chin, the mouth, the nose, the brow, the throat, the neck, the shape of the head, and all the details of face and figure. Then, too, many a girl has made a reputation for beauty whose real charm was her smile, and many another is regarded as the possessor of a fine figure who enjoys little physical advantage, but does carry herself with grace. Is it any wonder, by the way, that women rush to beauty doctors when the women and girls who get the prizes are so many as to be beautiful no matter what their manners or their virtues? When will the wreath of roses be placed upon the head of her who is most gentle, thoughtful, and noble in spirit? Never! For of these things no one can judge by a glance of the eye. Virtue must be its own reward.

BETTY.

The late Prof. Jowett was one day conversing on ethics. A friend propounded what he considered to be a difficult question. "Do you think," he said, "that a good man could ever feel happy on the rack?" "Well," replied Jowett, with a judicial air, "I think, on the whole, he might—that is, if he were a very good man and it were a very bad rack."

PLAY BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Written When a Boy at Harvard—But Not in His Published Works.

Dick [solus, with a newspaper. Smoking pitcher on the table.]
No murders, and no robberies; speeches, speeches. Column on column, one eternal speech; Now, I had rather read your pirate stories Of men minced up and shoveled overboard, Your slitting throats and knocking out of brains, And such well-epical misdoings.
[ENTER TOM.]

How goes your nothingship, and gentle Julia, How does she fare, the lady of thy love?
Tom—Her good old grandam's dead.
Dick—Why, then the devil
May slither up his claws to deal with her; She was a potent vixen in her day.

Tom—Be pleased to tread less rudely on the ashes Of one that was a woman. You are wont To speak unflitly of the fairest thing That stepped on Eden's roses. Why should man Scoff at the creatures he was made to love? It is as the iron oak Should tread the clasping tendrils.

Dick—Save your nonsense To feed your starving poetry withal; I hate to see resuscitated thoughts Come sneaking back to life in ladies' albums. Pray talk to me as if I were a man.

Look: Do I want a peevish personage? Have I long looms? Is this a woman's foot? Is ought of silver in these brazen tones? Fill up your glass; here's to thy sanity.

Tom—O beast! you drink as if you were a Titan, Just hot from Etna. What would Julia say, If she could dredge of such abominations?

Dick—Would she might taste this punch. I much opine

She'd soon forswear her ghostly milk and water. O, thou art good! 'Twould vivify a statue, Could statue but its marble lips unclose; I would I were upon an ocean of thee, A bowl my boat, a ladle for mine ear; Green islands in the ever-blooming South, I would utter the sweaters up the fire.

That roll and flash in earth's unfathomed boom Should keep thee steaming hot. That's poetry.

Tom—Inelegant wretch! Can nothing stir thy soul,

But tempests brewed from earthly elements? No light break through thy darkness, save a gleam, The offering of corruption? Is there naught, Can cheat thee of its naught of thy grossness?

Dick—He's talking big, I'll wake the imp within him.
[Aside.]

I cannot blame thee, nay, I pity thee For such unseemly license of thy tongue; Touched in the brain, I feared it might be so; 'Twas wrong; it was most cruel in the girl To play so false a game. Who would have thought it, A coach, a parson, and a man in whiskers.

Tom—Oh devil! what! speak, let me hear it all, Not Julia! Parson! whiskers! tell me all, And I will love thee.

Dick—Who has spoke of Julia? Are there no women in the world but Julia?

I was but think of an ancient spinster, Miss Sally or Miss Eliza Somebody.

That ran away from Time to play with Cupid.

Tom—Lend me your 'kerchief, I am much exhausted;

What if I'd drawn that and a razor? There'd have been Another tombstone and a lie upon it.

I would have dressed you an obituary, That should be really decent, and have written With mine own hands a fancy epitaph.

Tom—Come, you are caustic; but you know my nature.

I'll show thee something for thine age to dream of, A token of heaven and her love;

Look at that auburn tangle, boy, and think On what a peerless brow it must have floated. Her own white fingers did unweave the ray From the soft coronal of light and beauty.

Dick—Call you that auburn? It is hardly crimson. There is a something of aurora red.

A something like to filaments of flame; And yet they are no cobwebs in their texture, Right thick and rosy.

Tom—Ha! what is't you say? Take that to help you in your rhetoric.

Dick—Infant! I will not beat thee. Here's a chair, And here's a neckcloth; yes, and here's a towel, And I will wring thee like a wet horse.

[Crying into the chair.] So, thou art fixed, thou paralytic tiger, I'm sorry to have been so rough with thee. How is it, do you call it auburn still?

Tom—Were every muscle beaten to a pulp, And my bones powdered, I would call it auburn.

Dick—There's tragedy. It shall be auburn, then. Hark, there's a step with something leaden in it,

As one that is not full of merriment; I'll ding my cloak upon you. There, keep still.

Tom—I'm d—illy battered an it please the tutor.
[ENTER TUTOR.]

Tutor—Men, ye are troublous, there has been a noise, As of exceeding vehement discussion. If ye must talk of controverted things, Wait till your boards do give you gravity.
[Exit.]

II.

Dick [solus]—Ay. If a viper coiled upon her doorstep,

If the broad river were a stream of fire, And I must cross it on a raft of timber;

If Cerberus stood keeper of the toll, And I were penniless, I'd see the girl.

A vixen and a filch, but still I love her; An arrant baggage, who would tear my letters To paper up her hair, but still I love her.

Not that the rose is fairer on her cheek, Not that the light is brighter in her eye, Than half the seraph sisterhood can boast.

Where lurks the influence that thus can steal, Like the sweetest music of a prisoned lyre.

Through all the marble barriers of the heart? So are we tempered, that we know not why We love or hate, we follow or we shun.

Is it in outward seeming? Do we stoop To meet the bending stature? Do we press The lips that glow unbreathe on the canvas?

Nay, there are like not a thousand living shapes That are there shrouded to the listless soul,

Lifeless and pulseless? Yet we turn from them To one less fair, and think her born of heaven.

Who sees the how when Love lets loose the shaft? A plague upon the nice anatomy That cuts up feeling into curves and angles.

Her eye is blue, and so, too, is her bonnet; Her forehead blue, and so, too, is her paper.

Her hair is golden, I can buy enough Of just such hair to fill a bushel basket.

Her voice is smooth, why so is milk and water; And this is what you get for analyzing.

But take her in the whole, form, voice, and motion, I love the compound. If she loves of me,

Why she has lost a mighty pretty fellow— A six-foot man, with moist elegant whiskers,

And two good hands to put in empty pockets. I wonder how my grandam stood the frost;

How the old spider hangs upon her cobweb! They say her will is made, and when she tumbles,

Perhaps a pension to her gray-beard tomcat, Some small post mortem acts of piety

To crutch her poor rheumatic soul upon, And I shall dust the dear old lady's guineas.

Ha! when we rattle in our own good tandem, And crack the ivory-handled whip we paid for,

There'll be a stir among the plumes and ribbons! Lightly he treads who steps on golden slippers;

Sweetly he speaks whose purse has music in it; Pray die, dear grandam; we will have you buried

All nice and decent, and we'll have a sermon To call you pretty names, and buy some kerchiefs

To soak up bitter tears, and feed your tomcat As if he never scratched us, curse upon him!

[Enter six BORES.]

ALT—A pleasant evening!

DICK—Yes, a pleasant evening. A devilish pleasant evening out of doors.

FIRST BORE—What have you here to eat? I am not hungry.

BUT I might taste a pie; I am not thirsty, But I might drink to please these honest fellows;

Or, as I mean to sit, I'll smoke a little.

DICK—We're out of victuals, and we're out of wine;

Second BORE—Lend me a book; I mean to sit a little.

DICK—I am not in mood for conversation.

DICK—Here's Worcester's, Walker's, Johnson's Dictionary;

Open at Ass, a very fitting subject.

THIRD BORE—I saw your very worthy grand-mother

A short time since; she seemed extremely heavy. Oh, what a blessing such a woman is!

In all the circle of domestic love There is no greater.

DICK—No, there is no greater— Just as you say, a most eternal blessing.

FOURTH BORE—I'll take a nap; you'll wake me in an hour.

Or two at furthest; so I'll shut the door.
[Goes into the bedroom.]

DICK—And I will lock it. Sleep till bed-bugs wake you.
[Locks the door.]

FIFTH BORE—Come, boy, let's have a game or two of checkers

Before we try the chess; and then backgammon, Or else a little whist. Just run along.

And order up some claret and some oysters.

DICK—My board is broken and my foot is lame.

SIXTH BORE—I think of making something of a call.

And so I'll take my coat and waistcoat off.

Wait a few hours, until the rest are gone,

And I will read you something I have written.
[Cry of "Fire."]

SIX BORES—O, there's a row. Good night! we'll call again.

[EXEUNT SIX BORES.]

DICK [solus]—Go, blessed boobies, and the devil sing you.

Sleep, snoring lubber, and the night-fiend gnaw you; Another step before the door is bolted!

[ENTER TOM.]

Ab, soft Lothario, with thy lady cheek, Didst thou exhale upon us from a dew drop?

Or wast thou waited on an evening zephyr?

Tom—I hang myself to-morrow; Julia's bolted Off in a tangent with that ugly Captain!

I did not care for Julia; I was tired Of all her looks and fancies; but to think Of such a rocket tied to such a dunce!

Would make one hang himself for human folly. So once again, for universal woman!

Does the new coat fit close about the waist?

DICK—Ay, put a pismire's girdle on a porpoise, It will fit closer than a sailor's jacket.

Now diet for a while on water gruel, And take a dose or two of Epsom salts,

And run a razor round the barren corners, And when you're hanged for stealing, men will say He was a pale, thin pigmy, with a beard.

Tom—Why, man, you're biting as a seedling radish.

Did Clara pout? nay, do not look so rosy, Her mother told me of your love, love,

And asked me of your prospects and your standing. I told her; but no matter what I told her.

DICK—The wrinkled hag! And thou, infernal imp,

What didst thou say?

Tom—I only now remember Some general hints about your evil habits,

Your ad propensity to your evil habits, Your singular asperity of temper;

I did not call you absolutely dirty, But only rather slovenly and careless;

For rank, that you were like a serpent's rattle, That makes some noise though very near the tail;

That as to money, save the bills you owed, You had but little to do with the fact.

I did not like it, but it was my duty, And I am honest, so I tell you all.

DICK—Now, fellow, I will wash thee to a pumice, Or beat thee to a tumor.

Tom—Hold a moment. It was all stout; I never saw the woman,

But since you seemed in such a frothy mood I fired a squib at your philosophy.

And laughed to see it catch; so keep your beating To make your children grow. Now, come along

And drown your anger in a good potation.

DICK—And so you curry people down with lies, And smooth it with a jalep. But I'll go,

And leave that lying carrion in the bedroom Among his brother vermin. Fence be with him!

[Exit.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 1830.

"Probably more nonsense is written concerning deceased persons than upon any other subject,"

observes the New York *Christian Advocate*. "We read accounts of the 'most useful,' 'distinguished,' 'honored,' and 'beloved' citizens whom we know to have been financially dishonest, unkind to their families, or intemperate; and yet the papers speak of them as models. But the most striking illustration recently appearing is this: 'She was of a nervous temperament, and was easily moved and agitated, but she was also of a forgiving spirit, and frequently retracted a hasty remark.' This reminds us of an English drama that represents some military man as having shot a barmaid, and satirically adds that the noble fellow went down the next morning to see her, and expressed his willingness to overlook the whole matter. One of our ministers, who was afterward expelled for immorality—preaching at the funeral of a man of the most disreputable character, delivered his usual closing exhortation and called upon us 'so to live as to be prepared to meet the old gentleman in another world'—something that every one, including his own family, hoped to avoid."

The recent marriage of Mrs. Kato Douglas Wiggin and Mr. George Higgins inspires a writer in the London *Queen* to the following graceful tribute:

"Most people in London literary society will remember Mrs. Wiggin-Riggs—a tall, beautiful, supremely elegant woman, who looked as if the late Mr. Worth gave his entire attention to dressing her—a woman whose hair was like burnished gold, and whose beauty was at once spiritual and vivacious. I never heard an author give readings from his or her books with as much spirit as Mrs. Wiggin-Riggs. She used to give extracts from her 'Timothy's Quest,' that which is not as if the published work is fuller of dry New England humor, and from her 'Biri's Christmas Carol,' a book for big and little children, worthy of comparison with Juliana Horatia Ewing."

OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The Rev. J. E. Scott, a Presbyterian clergyman of this city, has printed a paper recently read before the Presbytery of this city, entitled, "socialism: What is it? Is it Christian?" The author is a Christian socialist of the Kingsley and Maurice school, and his exposition of the general principles of this social philosophy is clear and well put. He points out to those of the Rev. C. O. Brown type the difference between socialism and anarchism, and makes a plea for a broader pulpit which his brethren will do well to heed. He goes to the very root of the general dissatisfaction with the churches when he asks for the reason of their unpopularity with the masses. "Is it not a fact that the command to love thy neighbor as thyself is not in harmony with the economic conditions in which we live? And yet the church, as a whole, accepts, endorses, and defends these conditions. Can we ever hope to reach the masses until this inconsistency is put away? Well-to-do business men listen with composure and approval to sermons on 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart.' That is a lofty theme, high in the spiritual realms of thought and life. It brings no suggestion of earth or earthly things, but when the second text, which is like unto it, is brought as thyself, it is taken up, with a sense of uneasiness and weariness steals over the cushioned sanctuary. The preacher himself is often perplexed to know just how to manage the subject. An impression lurks in his mind, and creep over the pews, that something not designed for much practical obedience on earth must have been meant by the text. The feeling is, it may do for heaven with the conditions will be more favorable, but an attempt to put it into actual practice here and now would simply take all the life out of business, and make financial success an impossibility. Is it a wonder that men who work and men who can find no work, the ragged and wretched and hungry multitudes, turn away from the church with the members of the church, but do not believe in the practicability of the Golden Rule in the world's business and social life?"

In the death of Gustav Freytag German literature loses one of its most venerable, picturesque, and interesting figures. He was born at Hameln, the literary capital of the *Outlook*. He was a native of Prussian Silesia and was educated at the Universities of Breslau and Berlin. His family was of high social distinction. For eight years he was a *privat-docent* at Breslau, lecturing on German language and literature. He then went to Leipzig, where, in conjunction with Julian Schmidt, he established "Die Grenzboten" (The Frontier Messengers), and continued as its editor for twenty years. He had already begun the writing of poems, dramas, and stories. As a poet he was not remarkable, but his comedies proved instant and brilliant successes. Of these the best are "Graf Waldemar," "Der Gelehrte," and above all, "Die Journalisten." His last work, "Die Grenzboten," translated into English under the title of "Debit and Credit," has gone through nearly forty editions. It was followed but not equaled by "Die Verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript), and the seven volumes called "Die Ahnen" (The Ancestors), a series illustrating German history from the earliest to the present. His last work, "Die Grenzboten," translated into English under the title of "Debit and Credit," has gone through nearly forty editions. It was followed but not equaled by "Die Verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript), and the seven volumes called "Die Ahnen" (The Ancestors), a series illustrating German history from the earliest to the present. His last work, "Die Grenzboten," translated into English under the title of "Debit and Credit," has gone through nearly forty editions. It was followed but not equaled by "Die Verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript), and the seven volumes called "Die Ahnen" (The Ancestors), a series illustrating German history from the earliest to the present.

At the Century Club in New York, not long ago, Paul Dana, son of the editor of the *Sun*, brought low the pride of Richard Harding Davis. Eugene Field tells the story and delights evidently in Davis's confusion. They say that Mr. Davis does not make a practice of honoring Tom, Dick, and

Harry with his attentions. On this particular occasion he was flatteringly gracious to Mr. Paul Dana. Instead, however, of appearing pleased with this attention, Mr. Dana seemed to be embarrassed, if not actually annoyed. After Mr. Davis had passed on Mr. Dana stood lost in thought, as if he were pondering who the dickens that effusive young man was. Presently he seemed to pluck up courage, and he followed Davis to where the latter had withdrawn. "You will pardon me," said Mr. Dana, "but although I am quite sure I know you, and although your face is very familiar to me, I am wholly unable to recall your name." Mr. Davis was embarrassed, of course, but he bowed and stilled abruptly. "Davis is my name," said he, graciously, "Richard Harding Davis." "Davis? Davis?" echoed Mr. Dana, thoughtfully; "certainly—ah, yes, now I remember. Richard Harding Davis, the reporter, I believe?" The witnesses to this little incident say that Mr. Davis was vastly humiliated thereby.

Sometimes ago many readers of "Harper's Young People" constituted themselves an "Order of the Round Table," and at the World's Fair held a reunion. The membership has come to be nearly a quarter of a million. Their work consists in organizing local societies which form the nucleus of school and town libraries, in getting up entertainments, in studying flowers and minerals, in trading postage-stamps, and in holding exhibitions of photographs. The order has now, in a way, swallowed the magazine, inasmuch as the publishers of "Harper's Young People" have changed the name of that periodical to "Harper's Round Table."

Mr. John Murray says that the always modest Charles Darwin once brought a manuscript to Murray, senior. Laying it on the table, the famous naturalist said: "Mr. Murray, here is a book which has cost me many years of hard labor, the preparation of it has afforded me the greatest interest, but I can hardly hope that it will prove of any interest to the general public. Will you bring it out to you have my other books?" The manuscript was the author's celebrated work on "Insectivorous worms." It was published, and in three months had already reached a fifth edition.

Mr. Robert Bridges, "Droch" of *Life*, is about to bring out, under the title of "Suppressed Chapters," a volume of literary criticism. It will deal with the authors of the day—with men like Du Maurier, Crawford, and Kipling. Hardy's "Tess" and Meredith's "Lord Ormont and His Aunt," will be touched upon in the book, and every popular writer, in short, will be criticized, praised, and satirized within its pages. Two of these chapters have already appeared in the *Letter*.

Mr. Ruskin has often been heard to tell this story about the author of "The Idyls of the King": "An intimate friend of the poet set himself to find out all the rules of Tennyson's versification, and collected together from his verses an immense number of laws and examples. 'Look here,' said he, 'what wonderful laws you observe!' 'It's all true,' replied the poet, 'I do observe them, but I never knew it.'"

The French understand how to perpetuate the memory of notable names in literature and art as well as in the world of politics. What one of their towns is without its Rue, Avenue, or Place Victor Hugo? Other great men have been proportionately honored. Among the names recently given to new streets in Paris appear Taine, About, Feuille, Maupassant, Meissonier, and Gounod.

A very interesting book, dealing with the history and various forms of the letters of the alphabet, will form the next volume of Macmillan & Co.'s "Ex-Libris Series." It is written by Edward F. Strange, and contains a handsome lettering, compiled for the use of artists, designers, handicraftsmen, and students, with complete historical and practical descriptions.

In *The University of California Magazine* the Berkeley institution at last has a publication worthy of so exceptionally good a college. The May number will compare well with any of the magazines of much older universities; indeed, there is not an article in it that would be unworthy the pages of a literary journal of general circulation.

Prof. Emerson's work on the history of the English language, which is in great demand both in England and in the colonies, has gone already into its second American edition.

Mr. William Watson has just published the longest lyrical poem which he has yet written. It is in rhymed elegiacs, and is entitled, "A Hymn to the Sea."

The late Prime Minister of Austria, Count Tassie, has written a novel which is about to appear under the title of "Political Portraits."

Paul Fenimore Cooper, a son of the novelist, recently died at Albany, at the age of seventy-one.

Paul Bourget's next novel will be called *En Marche*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of Eleanor K. Bonham, Deceased.

Samuel E. Moffett having filed his petition hereto, duly verified, praying for an order and decree of this Court that the administrator of said estate be and be directed and authorized to convey to him, said Moffett, that certain real estate of said estate situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, and more particularly described in said petition, and of the same estate as to which the Court of the County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the New City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and hereby is the place appointed for hearing said petition; and that notice thereof be published at least four successive weeks before the same hearing in the *ARTHUR McEWEEN'S LETTER*, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco.

It is further ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court at said time and place aforesaid, to show cause why such order and decree of this Court should not be granted to said Moffett, directing and authorizing the conveyance of said real estate to said Moffett.

Dated May 8, 1905.

CHARLES W. SLACK, Judge of Superior Court. Filed for Petitioner.

BEATTY & BEATTY, Attorneys for Petitioner.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Harry Brown, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased, to the Creditors of said deceased, to file their claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Harry Brown, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, April 12, 1905. J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of said deceased, to the creditors of and persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Andlauer, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, April 12, 1905. J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.

A CAT SHOW AND BICYCLE TEA.

Larga Matters Which Absorb the Attention of New York's Aristocracy.

NEW YORK, May 9, 1895.

We have had baby shows, dog shows, horse shows, poultry shows, flower shows, food shows, bicycle shows, carriage shows, monkey shows, Buffalo Bill shows, and innumerable other shows, but the fad for shows has now certainly reached its climax in a cat show. A hundred cats enjoy the luxury of eating, sleeping, meowing, and being admired in the concert hall of Madison Square Garden. It is not a large exhibition for a national one, but, as the management has told the world, it is larger already than the first cat show given in London, and that announcement has re-established national pride. For a greater part these are aristocratic cats, both as to their domiciles and their blood—they come from old lines of successful predatarians and now enjoy the hospitality of the men of similar nature. The Burdens and the Astors and the Townsends and the Havemeyers and the Harrisons and the Hewitts have given up their pet cats for three days, that the world may know they are scratched by nails of extraordinary quality. There are cats with soft fur and fur like bristles, cats with tails like monkeys, and tailless cats, cats with moustaches like John A. Logan's and cats as smooth faced, or almost so, as Bob Ingersoll, cats striped, streaked, spotted, dotted, and starred and barred and diamonded in all colors, and cats pure white and jet black. One cat looks like Paderewski and another resembles the President. Some have been trained to do clever tricks, and all are evidently quite pleased with being the objects of so much attention. This show, be it known to the West, is the first of its kind and is the expression of a standing principle with our society to show to the world its precious belongings that all may envy. It is difficult to think of any kind of article possessed by the fortunate few which has not had its exhibition. Only a week has passed since the same people who now exhibit their cats have had their fashions displayed in Osgood's gallery. Their jewels and backs they exhibit in the opera house, their portraits in the galleries, their taste in all they do. It is safe to say that at no time is a New York fashionable establishment complete, some particular part of it being always on show somewhere.

The latest means of self-exhibition for charity's sake is the bicycle tea. One such was given last Saturday at Claremont. Why it was called a bicycle tea no one knows, save that somebody or other in England has given a bicycle tea. It was a lawn party at which the Burdens and the Townsends and the Hewitts and the Coopers and the other real people concluded to talk with ordinary mortals at an average price of twenty-five cents per word—cabé rats. A beautiful hillside was enclosed with a wire fence, and booths for the selling of tea, ices, and confections were placed about. To enter within this little patch of ground, which any day one can tramp over free of charge, cost two dollars. And, as the old Barnum joke goes, to get out cost twice as much. A thousand people, who otherwise could never get within speaking distance of the envious few, gladly paid their money for the privilege of being handed an ice by Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, and being able afterward to speak of her as an old-time friend. As for the bicycle feature, the only bicycles provided were of the members, many of whom had been members of the Miceaux Club, and perhaps a dozen other young men and women, the men in knickerbockers and the women in skirts, not a bloomer to be seen. The rolling ground was dotted with dandelions and yellow violets, the booths were picturesque and the women handsome and well-gowned, the picture was altogether beautiful, but it might just as well have been called a dogcart tea, for as many came in the vehicles as on wheels. Still there is a meaning to the title. By giving a bicycle tea society has stamped the bicycle with the mark of its approval. Until this season it has not been really proper to wheel, though it was not a crime to do so. It is now, and some fat persons, out of need of exercise, have dared to bike in past seasons. It will comfort many who have taken to the wheel, and induce others to do so, no doubt, to know that there is no longer any question as to its being good form to ride a bicycle. Ice bloomers are not allowed. To Mr. Samuel A. Tilden, the worthy gentleman whom President Cleveland honored with an appointment to Italy, is due most of the credit for breaking down the anti-wheeling opinion. I have been told that his array of English authorities would have convinced a common law court. The noon carriage parade at Newport is this year to be supplemented with afternoon and perhaps evening bicycle rides. Society has been forced to

accept the piteous wheel. Another grand triumph for democracy!

More interest is being taken in Richard Mansfield's experiment as a manager than in any other stage matter in the town. There are still two factions, as there always have been, concerning Mansfield—one predicting success, the other failure. So far both sides can say, "I told you those who dub to praise him, Mansfield had played from his old repertoire, and had pleased all. On that evening he tried two experiments—a new play and a public dress rehearsal. The play proved a poor thing, and the dress rehearsal was nothing more than an every day performance plus a prompter on the stage. The horses who crowded with those who expected to learn how Mansfield trained his people on the stage, but they saw a fairly smooth and altogether formal performance.

If Miss Minna Gale, the Shakespearean actress, is remembered on the Pacific Coast, where, I believe, she was seen with Booth, and later as a star, her admirers will regret to learn that she is about to leave the local scene. She is the local agent of a large insurance company, has been forced to resign his position, owing to the indebtedness which he incurred, before his marriage, as Miss Gale's financial backer. It is now generally known that Mr. Haynes borrowed nearly one hundred thousand dollars to put his lady-love upon the stage in proper style and fashion, and there during two seasons of loss. It was a measure of economy on Mr. Haynes's part to marry Miss Gale and retire her as a star. The public may benefit by Mr. Haynes's misfortune, as Mrs. Haynes will probably return to the stage.

FINDLEY.

DEPEW AND HILL ON FREE SILVER.

A Channey Depew story is supposed to be a very amusing yarn. As a matter of fact a Depew joke is generally a poor rehash of some antiquated newspaper or encyclopedia story. When this standing candidate for the Presidency returned from the West a few days ago he gave an interview to the New York papers on the silver question, in the course of which this most pitiable attempt at humorous illustration is made; he calls it a good story:

"This silver craze reminds me of a good story which I heard not long ago. There were two fellows in business at one time. They were of an ignorant type, but had a good deal of business acumen. However, by bad investments and a desire to expand, they became so badly involved that they were compelled to make an assignment. When they counted up the assets and liabilities, they found that they had about \$25 left. They thought of entering into another business, and so set their heads together. No result came, however, and they decided to go home and spend a night thinking over it, and confer again the next day.

"Now, one of these fellows had a sweetheart, who was of a poetic turn of mind. He went around there to seek consolation, and she started reading poetry to him. Finally she reached that beautiful poem of Longfellow's entitled 'The Rainy Day.' She came to that portion which speaks of 'behind the clouds the sun is shining,' and then came to the part which declared that each dark cloud had a silver lining. Her listener became very much interested, and borrowed the book for reference. Next day he met his partner with his face aglow, and showed him the book. He suggested that they invest the remaining capital in a balloon, and go up and scrape off a few balloon loads of silver. The other consented, and, duly equipped and mysteriously silent as to their mission left some one get there ahead of them, they set out on their silver-gathering excursion.

"Eventually they struck a bank of dark clouds. The rain came down in torrents and they were drowned besides. It is a swindle!

"That," said Mr. Depew, "is a fair illustration of the flights of fancy of the silverites. They are wildly struggling after a poetic Utopia, and their awakening will be as dreary and miserable as the deluded man in the balloon."

Senator David B. Hill reviewed John Bigelow's "Life of Samuel J. Tilden" for the New York Times, devoting a considerable part of his review to Tilden's views on finance. The New York Senator takes the occasion to express his own opinions on the silver question, saying: "Whether or not existing coinage laws can be safely changed so, as Tilden suggested, that both silver and gold can be used for currency, for the purpose of the currency, on the basis of international exchanges, thereby doubling

all over the world the quantity of the precious metals available for those purposes, is a fair question for debate. The National Democracy and the New York Democracy have advocated such an effort by the international route. Whether Europe will ever unite with the United States in such an effort, and in a weight ratio that we can accept, I know not. I hope not. The mere maintenance of the price of silver at an artificial level by a regulated system of governmental purchasing is not my ideal. Let it be real bimetallism and free bimetallism coinage nearly everywhere, or else the present single gold standard with single coins limited in quantity, rated at a nominal value higher than the material in them. If, under present conditions, the throwing open of our mints to silver, done by us solitary and alone, and without European co-operation, on a ratio of 16 to 1, will not bring the two metals at parity in price, but will inflict on us a flood of 50-cent full legal-tender silver dollars, then free silver coinage would be an injustice, cruelty, folly, and madness greater even than scaling down our gold dollar to one-half of 26.8 grains, and making the new gold dollars a full legal tender for all antecedent debts. The New York Democracy won't tolerate that!"

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THE TWADDLER.

Of course, as a man of fashion, I have the profoundest respect for genius, *as genius*. But, begad, I am also distinctly aware of the line that divides us from artists—a line which the latter, unfortunately, are too prone to forget. Nothing has occurred in a long time that so clearly demonstrates this as the amazing behavior of Ysaye at the Bohemian Club on Tuesday night. We invited him to be our guest on that evening. Why? For two reasons: the first is that it is our habit to invite all visitors who are distinguished in art and letters. It is not only a compliment to these favored freaks of nature, but it maintains the club's reputation as the home of *esprit* and culture on the Pacific Coast. There is a world-wide impression that the club is composed exclusively of writers, painters, sculptors, actors, musicians, and the like. If that were true, the place would be intolerable, for, between ourselves, men of genius are on their social side rather dull fellows, and not too well liked. For such purposes, our membership of lawyers, merchants, and young millionaires is in all ways far more desirable. But the delusion I speak of is exceedingly useful, as it gives the club distinction abroad. Such artists and writers as we admit to membership are kept in their places and do very well to amuse us, and while we have no literary and artistic visitors they are useful to converse with. The second reason for the invitation to Ysaye was that we desired to give the wives and sisters and mothers and sweethearts of our members a treat. The prices asked at the Baldwin during this engagement are monstrously high, and it was naturally presumed that the confounded twaddler would appreciate the little I have done him, and say nothing. He was asked as a *virtuoso*, and I thought if he did come as a gentleman! He didn't bring his fiddle along. And, actually, it was only when the ladies and all the members save the artistic and literary riff-raff had gone that he picked up a violin and did what he was asked to do.

It was most impudent, yes, insolent—and, for my part, I would see Mr. Ysaye at the devil before I would pay \$2.50 to go to the Baldwin to hear him play; though that is what his impudent—and I believe deliberate—misunderstanding of the meaning of his invitation to the club compelled hundreds of ladies and gentlemen to do.

It is most impudent, too, of Mr. Ysaye, notwithstanding his extraordinary talent, to suppose because it is altogether lacking in *savoir faire* in a social sense. For myself, I never am at a loss when asked to a dinner or a social function at the houses of the aristocracy to detect whether I have been thus honored in my private capacity or as a *litterateur*. When I perceive that the object of the assembly is intellectual and not for pleasure, at the earliest opportunity I draw from my pocket the manuscript of an editorial or two that I have prepared for the *Call*, and read them. I lose no caste socially by thus recognizing my dual role in life, for, thank God, my position is too well assured to give me the doubts and qualms which must distress a wandering idler, such as George Bromley, too. I have never yet encountered him at a social gathering, being when sooner or later he has not delighted the company with his turkey dance; and if Dickman happens to be present, he invariably renders "My Red, Red Nose" in his obliging and inimitable way. Was Joe Redding ever known to refuse to play a violin?

There are those who say that it was too much to expect Ysaye to give \$1200 or \$1500 worth of music in return for a Bohemian Club invitation. Naturally a gentleman can have nothing to say to persons of the grade who thus place social attentions on a sordid financial basis. The fact that Ysaye shares that view is a perfect proof of what I say—that though a twaddler it would be absurd, after his conduct, to consider him a gentleman.

My young friend Hearst, of the *Examiner*, shook my hand on Thursday, and after chatting on the state of journalism here, informed me that he was going abroad again within a few days. "I mean to put in three or four months doing France and Spain," he said.

"*En grande tenue*?" I inquired, languidly, curling my moustache (which has grown once more, and I shall not allow Senator Lynch to persuade me to shave it again).

"Oh, no," he answered, "I shall just take my whetstone and my secretary, and knock about at random."

"What's your object?" I inquired. "Surely journalism ought to afford you a lot of amusement."

"It does, Persiflage," he responded, "but the fact is, I'm a good deal worried and need leisure. I am going into the great by-paths of Europe in order to think. As one of the leaders of the Democra-

tic party, it is necessary that I should make up my mind as to this silver question and what to do about that fellow Cleveland. It is obvious, you must confess, that we must do a good deal of thinking during the next year if the party is to stand any chance of success in 1897."

I suggested that we keep up a regular correspondence during his absence, so that we might have the benefit of each other's thoughts; for, begad, I agree with him that we chiefs of the Democracy will have to do a lot of thinking.

Hearst grasped my hand, and there was emotion in his voice as he said:

"Thank you, Persiflage, thank you. I would have suggested this had I not feared a rebuff. I need your counsel, and contact with a matured mind such as yours will be of inestimable service to a young man like myself."

With that we parted. I shall relieve him of all doubts on the silver question with my first letter. It is incomprehensible to me how there can be any two opinions about that.

Nothing reveals a man's true character like affliction, and within the past few days my respect for the Rev. Dr. Foute of Grace, always great, has been immensely increased. It will be remembered that when a music committee, composed of members of the very highest *ton*, dismissed Mrs. Westwater from the choir, she asserted that she had a contract with the rector providing that either party must give six months' notice before severing the connection. This, my dear friend, the Doctor, denied; his husband of Mrs. Westwater brought suit for breach of contract, and asked for damages to take the stand and swear to his denial, offering in that case to dismiss the action. Dr. Foute, who has a Christian's horror of secular courts and all contention, ignored the offer, or rather challenge, and made no defense to the suit, which consequently has been decided in favor of the Westwaters by default. As it might not be enough, I am told that they contemplate bringing an action for heavy damages.

"Persiflage, my dear Persiflage, I beg of you not to refer to this painful matter," said the divine when I extended to him my sympathy on Thursday.

"But, heaven bless us, Doctor," I cried, "you must show light. You have now by a decision of the court been placed before the community as a—well, as a person indifferent to the truth."

He shook his head, and murmured some texts of Scripture to the effect that we should return good for evil and bless them that despitefully use us. For many a day that reverend, as he passed on, the sufferings of the early Christians were before me, and it is commonly supposed that the age of martyrdom is passed, but if you could have seen that sweet and humble smile, that face of heavenly resignation, demure if it wouldn't have moved you. I believe it would have softened even the stony hearts of the Westwaters.

Colonel Andrews and I are getting on famously with our bicycles. We practice only after sundown, and on the outskirts of the city. Already we have had a number of charming adventures, for out toward Scott street lady riders in bloomers are numerous. The darkness conceals the face while it accentuates the form, and Andrews and myself are naturally taken to be young fellows. The ladies are forever getting into trouble with their wheels and we spring to their relief. My prejudice against the bicycle costume for females has quite worn away. A pretty girl shows to great advantage in it, and her consciousness of being a woman, and of being a desirable one, which reduces the difficulties of making acquaintance. Between ourselves—But Andrews and I, by the way, have taken a pledge to make no confidences to others than ourselves. I can ride now without more than a fall or two in the course of an evening, and, egad, it renews one's youth, this sense of motion and the knowledge that the ladies should take one to be still in his twenties and a gay blade.

PERSIFLAGE.

At a recent fashionable wedding in New York the bridal presents were all ostentatiously displayed to excite the envy and gratify the curiosity of the guests. A detective in plain clothes was in the room. He saw a well known, beautifully dressed woman go up to the table and begin admiring and commenting on the beauty of everything with great enthusiasm. She picked up the diamond bracelet and adroitly concealed it. The detective kept his eye on her, and, as she was leaving the house to get into her carriage, he stepped up to her, and said: "Excuse me, madam, but haven't you forgotten to leave your wedding present?" She was equal to the emergency, and pulled herself together with that consummate alacrity which amounts to genius in her sex, and said: "Oh, yes, so I have. Thank you very much. Very good of you, indeed." Then she calmly swept back to the table where the presents were displayed and deposited the bracelet with the box which contained it.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Patrick Mehan, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the Will Annexed, of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to present and prove their claims, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at his office, 315 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate, to the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Administrator with the will annexed, of the Estate of Patrick Mehan, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, May 15, 1893.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
315 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased.
It appearing to the said Court by the petition this day presented and filed by F. R. Whitcomb, the administrator of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and to pay the debts, expenses, and charges of administration.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased, do before the said Superior Court on the said day of June, A. D. 1893, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the Courtroom of said Court, Department No. 4, at the Court-house in the City of Oakland, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published in successive weeks in the Berkeley Daily Advocate, a newspaper printed and published in said Alameda County, and also in "Arthur McEwen's Letter," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Dated May 3rd, 1893.

(Signed) F. B. OGDEN, Judge of the Superior Court.

AMUSEMENTS.

The opening of the Columbia Theatre is an important event in San Francisco's theatrical history. It should be the beginning of a better state of affairs here in matters pertaining to the stage, for the inauguration of a western stock company with headquarters in San Francisco is bound to be beneficial, apart from the desirable competition it will bring about with the Baldwin and the California. It will make us more independent of Eastern managers; it will create a natural home market for plays by local authors, and it will serve as a real school of acting for ambitious young Californians who are willing to work out their stage salvation.

There is good material in the Frawley Company. Its production of "Sweet Lavender" compares favorably with many performances San Franciscans have paid twice as much to see. Most of its members are clever young people with varied experience in the best Eastern stock and traveling companies. There is no evidence of great dramatic genius, but, as a whole, and judged by its first effort here, it has a very good reason for being. The acting shows ability, honest attention to work, good taste and intelligence. (San Francisco), therefore, and for its own sake, owes its patronage to this company.

There is no evidence of the promise of faithful performance and implied improvement he kept. Its coming is timely, it has been warmly received and that it should become an institution in San Francisco is as much to the interest of theatre-goers as to that of the actors and the management.

"Sweet Lavender" is a pleasant little modern idyl, not very profound in its pretensions, but of family purpose. It doesn't afford much opportunity for emotional acting. There are no powerful situations, no great scenes, but the play runs on prettily and smoothly and ends appropriately with a happy curtain.

Mr. Frawley's acting is natural and even. His voice is good and his stage presence easy. Clement Hale, the quiet, unassuming, every-day young man, circumstanced in an unusual manner and confronted with no remarkable situations, Mr. Frawley is thoroughly satisfactory. His acting is appropriately keyed, his manner is unaffected and he leaves a very pleasant impression.

Mr. King's Phylis is an excellent piece of work, clearly thought out and consistently executed. His comedy is very good and his bits of pathos are effective. He adopts Barrymore's tone when he lectures Clement Hale, and so mars an otherwise original and finished presentation.

Blanche Bates should become a very successful comedienne. Her scenes with Dick Phylis are pretty and amusing, her vivacity is of a high-comedy character, and she shows an intelligent appreciation of her role. But Miss Bates must not allow little things to spoil the effect of her work. She must speak more distinctly, she must be word perfect, she must not kiss Lavender's hand and overdo her interest in and affection for Clement Hale, and in all Miss Gillfillan is an English lady, and even in such an atmosphere of romance she would not become so demonstrative. And she should make more of Minnie Gillfillan's most effective little speech—the one where she talks to Clement Hale about their childish love for each other, which both have outlived.

Phoebe McAllister is very well cast as Mrs. Gillfillan, and gives to the role character and dignity. Beautiful Belle Archer, with a voice so sweet and low and well modulated, is ideally fitted for the stage in certain roles. But although she makes a charming and interesting Ruth Rolt, she does not rise to an occasion for acting, and in the last part of the play she is not very convincing. The part of Lavender is unworthy, and requires graceful, tactful acting to portray its innocent, loving simplicity without becoming sentimental and unlovable. Hope Rose's appearance is in her favor, and at times—for instance, when she gives Clement her good-bye letter—she is girlish and earnest, but she is inclined to overact and to anticipate every pretty thing that is said about her by an infuriating saintly sweetness of expression which destroys instead of creating sympathy for the role. Her voice, too, is not well used.

Mr. Dulleck as Geoffrey Wedderburn has little to do, and does so very badly. He is wooden, unreal, and evidently has no mental picture of the character he is trying to present. Mr. Leslie and Mr. Liston as Bream and Dr. Delaney are very acceptable.

With the first stroke of his bow, Ysaye reveals the quality and degree of his power. In the first note from his violin in Saint Saens' Concerto there is the extraordinary note of tone, the fluidity, smoothness which says "master." With the unfolding of the plan of the Concerto, new beauties in Ysaye's playing are developed: execution so perfect as to conceal instead of discover difficulties; delicate, vigorous, and powerful bowing, originality of con-

ception, and ardent, absorbed interest in his work. But at last admiration comes back to its first love, the tone so true, so pure, so irrefragably exact. The tone of the Fantasia and the Hungarian Rhapsodie, the violinist has ample opportunity for the display of his wonderful art. His bow fairly danced over the tripping measures of the Allegro in the familiar Mendelssohn Concerto, and he played the singing Andante with a peculiar, unearthly delicacy. But through it all one expects no sense of surprise, expectation, and he leaves the theatre unsatisfied.

For a man to play the violin greatly is to possess a universal tongue, a direct means of speaking to men and women as they are, and not as they appear or wish to appear, an instrument so powerful as to melt away conventional barriers, to show and bring one face to face with himself. People who go to hear such a violinist put themselves voluntarily into his power. He can make them realize all the emotion, the sentiment, the passion which human nature may experience, provided there be that depth of feeling in himself. One can hardly realize a greater degree of perfection in Ysaye's instrumentation. There is nothing more to be overcome when his audience forgets the tongue and listens only for the message. Yet that message, although it is embodied in beautiful musical speech, does not touch the heart, for it is lacking in warmth, in humanity. This man, ungraceful in the most graceful pose for a man, with his heavy, impressive face and fearless body, feels only head emotion, and so fails to stir the deeper sympathies of his audience. When in a transport of admiration of his artistic triumph they cry "Hoch!" and applaud and applaud, Ysaye reappears, and, save for the physical exertion and the mental strain, he is unmoved as his audience will after its first delight in the delicacy, the power, the perfection of his skill has passed.

It is not enough, it is not the highest art, to interpret beautifully a great musical composition; the feeling which was the soul of its being must be recreated to make the body of it truly live again. A human being is more than a tool, a tool, a tool through which a dead voice, a dead passion speaks. The effective point for the player upon hearts, whether he speak, or sing, or paint, or write, is in the greater humanity, the deeper feeling, the richer character, the fuller life and thought development his work shows, as well as in the perfection of his means of expression. Ysaye, whose playing is fine, whose technical skill is beyond praise, who has mastered the melodious language of the most wonderful of musical instruments, is dumb, if the effect of his playing be compared to what it might be. Yet he is a great artist, a genius in expression; and perhaps it is as well that he has not the soul of a Bernhardi, for poor human nature cannot resist to match the brilliant, the grace, the fierce flame of feeling, and miracles would come again.

M. Aime Lachaume is a delightful pianist. Each of his fingers has the strength of ten, and the ten can play with the softness, delicacy, and clearness of one. His playing is beautifully light, and of concertum in its individuality, despite the inferior instrument he was condemned to play upon, his selections were enthusiastically received.

A concerto played with orchestral accompaniment is as superior to the same concerto accompanied only by the piano as the performance of Hamlet is to an elocutionist's reading of the play. At times Heinrich's orchestra suggested the fullness, the completeness, of a concerto as it was meant to be. Sometimes it did more than this, and sometimes it was only a number of very ordinary musicians not yet fused into an orchestra. In the last movement of the Mendelssohn concerto, Ysaye deserves an orchestra of "Ysayes" to accompany him to match the brilliant, the grace, the finish of his playing. MIRIAM MICHELSON.

The Mechanics' Pavilion has held a good many shows and exhibitions of one sort or another, but never any that was more instructive and interesting than the entertainment Prof. Gleason, the master of the horse, is now giving there. If there is another man in the world who can "break" the will of a stubborn horse and make gentle of the most fractious with the ease of this young man, he certainly has never been seen in this city. His power over horses is like that of the hypnotist, who, with a few passes and the compelling power of a superior will, brings his subject under complete subjection. To the man who owns horses or is interested in them there can be nothing more interesting than the exhibition of horse breaking and training Prof. Gleason gives. He is an educator of the horse. Of each of the four or five wild animals which he trains every evening, he makes an individual study, and to each applies a different method suited to the horse's nature. He shows the reason for each step he takes, and the method can follow from opposing the master's will. He treats the horse as a thing of reason and sense, and establishes a confidential relationship between himself and the animal he is handling. At the end of a lesson the Professor subjects the animal to

every test that can be devised and proves the value of his work. To show that the work done does not arise from the man's personal power over the horse, Prof. Gleason turns the horse over to its owner to ride or drive during the exhibition. A description of the exhibition given by this remarkable horseman would be inadequate unless more space were given to it than the *Letter* allows. Fifty times in an evening Prof. Gleason apparently risks his life with a brute that is seemingly crazy and each time the man comes out uninjured and leading a docile, gentle animal.

The Liliputians in "Humpty Dumpty Up to Date" are announced for next Sunday at the Baldwin. Besides the clever little people, who are great favorites here, there are wonderful ballets and gorgeous scenic pictures. Franz Ebert will be Humpty Dumpty.

"Captain Swift" is next week's attraction at the Columbia.

Chambermaid (to cook, who is engaged to a negro)—"So this is one of his love letters. Why, it is full of blots." Cook—"Bigs? Nonsense! Those are his tears."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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THE RACONTEUR.

The *Detroit Free Press* prints a story of a Kansas man who was making a voyage to Europe, and, with true Western enterprise, was determined to see and learn as much as possible on the passage. One morning, when it was "blowing great guns," and all the other passengers were patiently keeping below, he appeared upon deck. There was no one in sight but the captain.

"Go below, there!" the captain shouted.

The passenger looked around to see whom he was talking to.

"You mean me?" he shouted back, when he saw there was no one else in sight.

"Of course I do; go below!" and the captain came alongside.

"Well, I guess not," protested the Kansan. "I'm up here to see how one of your 'mountain high' waves and 'terrific gales' compares with what we have in Kansas in the way of cyclones. This ain't a patching to what I've seen out our way."

Before the captain could offer further objection a big wave rolled over the place where the passenger stood, and the next thing he knew he was swept off his feet and carried aft, over ropes and boats and all the paraphernalia of a ship's deck, and landed in a heap in one corner, where he was barely saved from being washed overboard.

When they got him out he had a broken leg, a twisted shoulder, a sprained wrist, his face looked as if it had been dragged backward through a briar patch, and he was unconscious. They carried him to the captain's room, and after much effort restored him to consciousness. He gazed around a minute in bewilderment, and his eyes fell on the captain.

"By gravity, Cap.," he said, feebly, "that reminded me of home, only it was a plaguey sight wetter!"

Ex-Governor "Dick" Oglesby of Illinois always prided himself on his success in campaigning when called upon to reach a man's vote through his family pride. On one of his tours he passed through a country town in Illinois, when he came suddenly upon a charming group—a comely woman with a bevy of little ones about her—in a garden with a high picket fence in front of it. He stopped short, then advanced, and leaned over the front gate.

"Madam," said he, in his most ingratiating way, "may I kiss these beautiful children?"

"Certainly, sir," the lady answered, demurely; "there is no possible objection."

"They are lovely darlings," said Uncle Dick, after he had finished the eleventh. "I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they all yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply.

"Of course they are—the sweet little treasures. From whom else, marm, could they have inherited these limpid eyes, these rosy cheeks, these profuse curls, these comely figures, and these musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing.

"By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that Richard J. Oglesby, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon you last evening?"

"Alas, sir," quoth the lady, "I have no husband."

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I fear you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

A dispute arose between two Highlanders upon the question as to which one was of the older family. McLean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan McLean lived before the flood. "Flood! What flood," said McLean.

"The flood that you know drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your flood," said McLean; "my clan was before the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," observed Campbell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark," retorted McLean in contempt, "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own!"

A Chicago man was in the habit of giving a certain beggar a dollar each month. On a recent visit the beggar was given but fifty cents. The money was taken away from him, and he thanked, but as the beggar left door he asked if he might put a question to his benefactor. "Certainly," was the reply. "How does it come that you only give me fifty cents to-day?" the beggar asked. "Well, I'll tell you," the philanthropist said, smiling good

humoredly; "I have had some unusually heavy expenses this month. My eldest daughter got married and the outlay for her trousseau, etc., has compelled me to retrench in every direction." "Ah, yes, I see," said the beggar; "but I really can't afford to contribute toward your daughter's wedding expenses." And he walked away highly incensed.

An Eastern lawyer, who makes a specialty of patent business, was called on to handle a Western case involving a mortgage on a farm. The preliminary hearing was before an old-fashioned justice of the peace, who had no high regard for the ways of men from the city. At some point in the case the magistrate put in a few remarks, and the visiting lawyer collided with him. The discussion grew warm, and at last the magistrate, forgetting his dignity and his position, became personal.

"Who are you, any way?" he blurted out.

"Well," replied the lawyer, "I am an attorney."

"Praps you are, but I never heard one talk like you do. What kind of a one are you?"

"I'm a patent attorney," the lawyer replied.

The magistrate rubbed his chin for thought.

"Well, all I've got to say is," he said, slowly, "that when the patent expires, I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."

This tale about Edwin Booth comes from the *Toledo Blade*: On the occasion of his brother's benefit he was standing behind the scenes when a character actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors, was about to respond to an encore. "Whom do you imitate next?" inquired Booth. "Well," was the reply, "I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it." "Suppose I imitate myself?" remarked the tragedian, and, hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat, he went on and delivered the well-known lines. Next morning the newspaper stated that the imitations ruined the performance, "the personation of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it."

Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, was famous for his very direct compliments to his sitters. He said to a sitter who had a cast in one eye: "Pray look the other way, madam, that I may get rid of that shyness in your eye, which, though not disagreeable in life, is unusual in art." At another time he had for a sitter a woman of great beauty, but of an extremely nervous and impatient temperament. During her sittings she constantly changed her position, and with each change of position her expression varied. At last Nollekens's patience gave way. "Madam," he cried, unceremoniously, "what does it matter how handsome you are, if you will not sit still till I have modeled you?"

Baron Dowse was a martyr to the reporters. He stated in the course of an action for libel against a newspaper arising out of an incorrect report, that once in a speech in the House of Commons he had quoted Tennyson's line: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," and that next day that he had edited the audience with the following declaration: "Better fifty years of true love than a circus in Bombay."

A mild bit of repartee is reported by the *Youth's Companion* as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever when Mr. Saxe remarked: "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Doctor Holmes, smiling; "it is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

A Republican politician in the New York Legislature, generally known as The Wicked Gibbs, on a recent occasion, when some "deal" bills were under consideration, remarked to an ally who was fresh in the trickery business, and was disposed to answer some of the arguments which were being made against the bills: "Shut up! Let 'em talk. We've got the votes."

A member of the Boston bar, meeting one day Judge Lord, an able and conscientious judge, said to him: "I see, Judge, that the Supreme Court has overruled you in the case of ————, but you need feel no concern about your reputation." "No," answered the judge, "I don't; I'm only concerned about the reputation of the Supreme Court."

A Scotch voter, after recording his vote, was hanging on in the vicinity of the polling-place. He was heard to say that he wished he had not polled so early. Questioned why, he replied, "Oh, because in the morning I was Mr. McNaughton, but now I'm only John."

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And a smile that is bland
We try to see what we can "draw."
Our artists draw curious things—
Draw "ladies" and "bullets" and "kings,"
And sometimes to "bluff"
We pile up the "stuff"
When we've failed to improve in the "draw,"
Most inquisitive artists are we,
And often pay dearly to "see"
What we wish we had not,
When we're lacking a spot
In the thing we've attempted to "draw."
And sometimes we go home "dead broke,"
Or put our repeater in "soak,"
And sometimes also
We take all the "dough"
And then upon "velvet" we "draw."
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She will ride like a man on a horse;
At the club late at night she'll stay out;
If she chances to love, she'll propose;
To blush will be quite out of date;
She'll discuss politics with her beaux
And outtalk her masculine mate!

She'll be up in the science of things;
She will smoke cigarettes; she will swear
If the servant a dunning note brings,
Or the steak isn't served up with care.
No longer she'll powder her nose
Or cultivate even a curl,
Nor bother with fashion or clothes,
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And her whisper the laws regulate.
She will stand 'neath her banner unfurled,
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But the question is what in the world
The New Century Baby will do?

—Chambers's Journal.

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Woman suffrage is coming. It may not arrive as soon as the enthusiasts think who have been in attendance on the Congress in session in this city during the week, but its coming is sure. The signs are many, and none is more impressive than the treatment which this notable assemblage of women has received from the local newspapers. Perhaps it is because wit has exhausted itself in the long battle with reason and earnestness that the humorist has abandoned the suffragist to her fate; perhaps it is that her cause has now too many friends to make it prudent for newspapers of general, and tenderly fostered, circulation, to offend with ridicule. Had this Congress been one of men, and its subject an important practical issue in party politics, it would not have been reported more respectfully, or been given more serious editorial consideration. Twenty years ago "Hen Convention" was the favorite head-line in the San Francisco papers for a gathering of suffragists, and the sprightly reporter was let loose upon them in a spirit of equally delicate fun. It has to be admitted, though, that the matter and manner of the speeches delivered at the Congress of to-day are as much in advance of the matter and manner of twenty years ago as is the newspapers' method of treatment. It would be surprising, indeed, if, in an assemblage of so many hundred women there should not be some foolish, some rancorous, some feeble, and some tasteless orators. But in general worth and dignity, the addresses have risen quite to the standard of a meeting of men—the Half-Million Club, for example. To be sure, it has not been possible for the ladies to say anything startlingly new, but most of those who have uttered their minds have done so in the language of good sense, and, up to this writing, the uneasy women, barren of ability but big with the desire for distinction, no matter how obtained, have been held in check pretty well.

These fevered females are a nuisance at every Congress of women—as great a nuisance and detriment as demagogues and unfit office-seekers are at men's political conventions. They are an affliction to the able women, and are borne with a patience characteristic of the sex; but not wisely, for the mindless suffragist, hungering after conspicuousness for its own sake, has done much to retard the progress of the propaganda. Its enemies have made her the type of the "advanced

woman," whereas she is as odious to women of sound intelligence and proper instincts as she is to the ordinary man. Equally devoid of the attraction of sex and of brains, she is an epicene terror. California has been too well supplied with her, and that fact will tell heavily against the suffrage amendment at the next general election. Jarred nerves will take their revenge at the ballot-box. It would be a service to the cause were these pushing, striving incapables named in print, and so punished for presumption; but this good work is one that can hardly be performed by brute man. Gallantry forbids. There is, however, no obligation of gallantry resting on women, and the circumstance that these pests have not been ticketed and re-pudiated by California's rational suffragists must be taken as one more proof of woman's unfitness for military service. Women who have failed as wives and mothers, and in whatever profession their vanity has called them to, would be better employed in the kitchen than on the platform, or in posts of seeming leadership. It is the men of California who will have it to say whether or not the ballot shall be given to women, and all that most men feel disposed to give these witches who ride the suffrage broomstick is a wide berth. Before Miss Anthony departs she will have detected who are of use to her cause, and who make her cause useful to themselves and odious to many. Her great authority, let us hope, will be exerted to reduce the unfit officers to the ranks and replace them with women who can be of service in commending the amendment to men. That it is not reasonable to hold a good cause to blame for offensive advocates is true, of course, but Miss Anthony has lived long enough, and is sufficiently a politician, to know that feeling and prejudice, as well as reason, go the ballot-box.

Every generous spirit must find pleasure in the honors paid in this community to Susan B. Anthony. They are but repetitions of those now extended to the venerable woman wherever she appears. One does not need to be a sympathizer with her mission in order to respect her for her pertinacity or to admire her for her courage. She may not live to see her sex in possession of the same political and legal rights as men, but it has been her rare fortune to outlive the storm of revilement and ridicule in which she so long battled for what she held to be right. Social pioneers are commonly doomed to be martyrs; Miss Anthony has survived to be a heroine. She knows that this personal triumph is also the forerunner of the triumph of her cause, and while that knowledge is doubtless her chief gratification in the change of the popular attitude toward herself, the days of humiliation and bitter suffering are not forgotten, nor does she let

her audiences forget them, either. And that is right, as well as natural. The hands of the Pharisees that are raised to applaud her now, when it is fashionable to applaud her, were once raised to hurl stones, and she recalls the fact to the unwilling Pharisee memory—not tauntingly or meanly, but for truth's sake, and righteous individual satisfaction. She is aware that it is seldom a reformer wears long enough to get this just revenge upon the malignant few and the heedless, commonplace many. In taking it for herself she takes it for all who with stout hearts say the thing, whatever it may be, that is not popular but is true, and are crucified for their unselfish boldness.

The first direct result of the Congress, it is to be presumed, will be to cause a general discussion of the question of women suffrage in California, and that discussion cannot but be advantageous to the chances of the pending amendment. Men who are wont to consult their reason for their opinions, and not their prejudices merely, are, I think, generally for it. Mayor Sutro and Congressman Maguire, two of the most influential men in the State, have long been favorable to the change. Governor Budd has appointed some women to office and expressed himself guardedly on the main point. He is probably waiting, in his statesmanlike way, to let events guide him. He will endeavor to be on the side of the majority. Among the obscure I find, within my own acquaintance, that the strength of the opposition lies with young men to whom the question presents itself as a picture—a picture of their sweethearts, and mothers, and sisters exhibiting themselves at the polls, or taking a hand in rough politics. They are poets, lovers, where women are concerned. It is surprising how seldom a woman arises who has the cunning to approach men as a woman in this struggle for the ballot. In private life women have an amazing talent for managing men, but when it comes to politics one is amazed at the disappearance of that tact on which the sex prides itself. The sentiment—and it is good, manly sentiment—that makes the gallant young man hostile to the innovation, can readily be turned in its favor. For the picture of the sweetheart hustling at a primary, or struggling among a crowd of men to get to the polls, let the picture of the workingwoman, who is the real "new woman," be substituted and the young man's heart is touched and his mind opened. The workingwoman goes out by the million every day in this new and rich country to drudge for wages, just as men do. She in her hard lot is nearly as far removed from the "queen of the home," familiar to sentimental oratory, as was the black slave woman on the plantation from the lady of the Southern mansion. The poets and the

workingwoman have small connection, and if the ballot can help her, or if she thinks it can help her, to better her state, what manliness is there in refusing it to her? Because one would rather not have his sweetheart, or wife, or daughter vote, is that a reason for keeping the ballot from the shop-girl, whose welfare, as a voter, would instantly become a matter of high importance to every one of the political parties?

This Congress is a fly on the wheel, after all. It, like the higher education and the entrance of women into the professions, is but a sign that the forces of a commercial and competitive civilization are at work, and driving women out of the home to struggle for existence. We get highly cultivated women from the new universities where co-education obtains, and from Vassar and Wellesley; but for every female doctor, or lawyer, or professor thus created, how many thousands of less fortunate, or less capable girls are forced into stores, and factories, and offices? The demand for suffrage is a consequence of the burden of women's support being shifted from men's shoulders to their own. Civilization instead of bringing greater ease is making it necessary for men to work harder, and for women to come out and work like men. And the children must toil, too. A civilization that produces such fruit needs all the votes that are to be got to change it. Work is not a good thing in itself; it is usually only an unpleasant means to a desirable end. It was a free trader, not a protectionist, who recorded that when God in his anger cursed man He imposed labor as the penalty of sin. "Why," asks Henry George, "should workingmen be content with frugal fare when the world is so rich? Why should they be satisfied with a lifetime of toil and striving when the world is so beautiful? Why should not they also desire to gratify the higher instincts, the finer tastes? Why should they be forever content to travel in the steerage when others find the cabin more enjoyable?" If the ballot is the means on which the masses of men in this republic must rely for improving industrial conditions, why should the ballot not be given also to the workingwomen? The Congress rejoices in the many new avenues of employment that in recent years have been opened to women. That means merely that more women have been compelled to earn their own livelihood—that workingwomen have been multiplied. More avenues will be opened—there need be no doubt of that. And, perhaps, the time may arrive when women and men will, by gradual growth of intelligence, come to think that it is not a fine privilege to drudge for others in order that they may exist. When woman suffrage has been achieved, and the novelty has worn off, women will learn that their interest is one with men's. Workingwomen will not go to the polls as "suffragists," but as workingwomen, as citizens, neither wiser nor better than the men. They will divide on party, not sex lines, follow illusions and demagogues, make mistakes, try to repair them, and in general make as stupidly ineffective a use of their votes as their brethren do. The process of climbing to a better social state is slow, because evolution is slow.

The chivalrous male who objects to the extension of the suffrage on the ground that it would unsex woman is commonly endowed with powers of reflection that cause him no distress at the sight of girls trooping to the factories—at a civilization which is treating woman as a buck Indian does his squaw. He is mentally related to the reasoner who is of opinion that women should not be

voters because they cannot be soldiers. Woman gives us all the soldiers we have, and there will always be plenty ready to be her military substitute whether she votes or not. The notion that a male majority would not submit to a female majority—if that thinkably possible condition should ever come about—is based on an overestimate of the belligerence of minorities, and of majorities, too. This is not necessarily a majority government. Something like 40,000 majority was rolled up against Governor Budd by the Republicans and Populists of California between them, at the last election, but as yet there are no signs of armed rebellion. Lincoln in 1860 was in a minority at the polls, but when it came to the field of war he had a large majority at his back. Voting, under a constitutional government, is something more than a method of avoiding a fight by ascertaining which side has the most men. Even a female majority would have the support of a host of militant males who had been hostile at the polls. There is a great deal of respect for fair play in civilized human nature, and Americans have the hereditary habit of submitting to the verdict of the ballot box.

The amendment needs advocates who shall plead for its adoption for the sake of the good effects it may reasonably be expected to have on women. Besides the enlargement of their minds that would follow upon reading and thinking of matters beyond domestic concerns and millinery, participation in affairs would soon cure them of the delusion that as a sex they have stored away somewhere a mysterious stock of virtue beyond their own needs that can be utilized for the purification of politics and the uplifting of man. Politics would uplift women, not women politics. A less acute consciousness of sex, a less exclusive devotion to making themselves physically attractive to men, a conception of marriage in which the head would have something to say as well as the heart, would attend the growth of women's interest as citizens in the community's life. There would be a gain in modesty. Among women of social position it might come to be held, as it is among American men, that a mercenary marriage is shameful. To their broader intelligence the difference between chastity and continence would become more clearly discernable. There would be evolved new notions of what is charming. Feminine ignorance would, perhaps, cease to be fetching, and pretty silliness to allure and flatter men. Better minds, greater knowledge, and a juster opinion of woman's true place in the economy of things, might induce the retirement of that indictment of virtue, the chaperone. In brief, the ballot would tend to make woman her own mistress socially, while industrial conditions are compelling her to be her own breadwinner. Education is being as freely bestowed upon girls now as upon men, and sex is becoming less and less a clog upon talent of every kind. With entire freedom in the political, as in the industrial, intellectual, and professional world, ability must assert itself, and the inevitable leadership of women will be taken from the ladies of fashion by the ladies of brains and achievement. Whether we like it or not, woman is becoming a worker, a self-supporter, an independent human being, and it is well that that independence should be linked with the responsibility which freedom imposes. The oak-and-vine theory does not fit the facts of modern life, except among the well-to-do, and the well-to-do constitute but a small minority. New conditions have made it necessary to change the terms of the old contract. And those who

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hold that woman is by nature too weak to stand alone should be the last to refuse her any artificial prop.

The language uttered by all of the dissenting members of the United States Supreme Court (which, as everybody knows, is the most august tribunal in the world) regarding the decision of the majority in the income-tax case, has doubtless caused the hair of unnumbered respectable gentlemen to rise on their conservative heads. Mr. Shortridge, of the *Call*, is alarmed, and so, presumably, is Mr. Spreckels. The Rev. Dr. Brown (see to the Rev. Dr. Herron), and Dr. Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, cannot but be shocked. As for Mr. Huntington, his feelings have been too deep for utterance to the reporters. Socialism, Anarchy, and Demagoguery have invaded our court of final appeal, the bulwark of order against which the intemperance of the populace and the ill-considered haste of the National Legislature have hitherto never prevailed. At least the sentiments expressed by the learned Justices have been such as are commonly described as socialistic, anarchistic, and demagogic when heard from the press, the pulpit, or the platform. Congressman Maguire, Mayor Sutro, Dr. Herron, Henry George, nor any other irresponsible disturber, could speak more bitterly, more broadly of the decision as being in the interest of the plutocracy than have four of the nine Supreme Justices. By a vote of five to four the Court has decided that the Federal Government has no right to tax incomes derived from rents and bonds, stocks, and investments of all kinds, otherwise than by apportionment among the States on the basis of population. Justice Harlan says:

No such apportionment can possibly be made without doing monstrous, wicked injustice to the many for the benefit of the favored few in particular States. Any attempt on the part of Congress to apportion taxation of incomes among the States upon the basis of their population would, and *properly ought*, to arouse such an indignation among the freemen of America that it would never be repeated. The majority of the Court practically decides that without an amendment of the Constitution such incomes can never be made to contribute to the support of the National Government. If this new theory of the Constitution, as I believe it to be—if this new departure from the way marked out by the Fathers, is justified by the fundamental law, the American people cannot too soon amend their Constitution. The practical, if not the direct, effect of the decision is to give to certain kinds of property a position of favoritism, an advantage inconsistent with the fundamental principle of our social organization, to invest them with power and influence that is perilous to that portion of the people upon whom rests the larger part of the burdens of the Government, and who ought not to be subjected to the dominion of aggregated wealth any more than the property of the country should be at the mercy of the lawless.

Justice Jackson is equally disrespectful to wealth. He declares it a principle of law that "the imposition of taxes, the burdens, should be imposed upon those having the most ability to bear them." And he adds that the decision is "the most disastrous blow ever struck at the constitutional power of Congress"—because

It strikes down an important portion of the most vital, essential power of government, in practically excluding any recourse to incomes from real and personal estates for the purpose of raising needed revenue to meet the Government's wants and necessities under any circumstances.

Justice Brown is deeply infected with the heresy that wealth should not be permitted to govern this republic in its own interest, regardless of the interests of the great masses of citizens who have little or no wealth. He says that "the decision involves nothing less than the surrender of the taxing power to the moneyed class." And further:

While I have no doubt that Congress will find some means of surmounting the present crisis, my fear is that in some moment of national peril this decision will rise up to frustrate its will and para-

lyze its arm. I hope it may not prove the first step toward submergence of the liberties of the people in a sordid despotism of wealth.

Justice White does not shrink from language fully as strong:

The injustice of the conclusion points to the error of adopting it. It takes invested wealth and reads it into the Constitution as a favored and protected class of property, whilst it leaves the occupation of the minister, the doctor, the professor, the lawyer, the inventor, the author, the merchant, and all the various forms of human activity upon which the prosperity of a people must depend subject to taxation without apportionment.

It is good to hear such hearty, indignant human voices from the Supreme Bench. The language is that of common sense and the spirit manly and American. It is a proof that the republic is sound at the top as well as at the foot—that the same resentment at the aggressions of greed, and respect for the rights of the common people, is felt by these Judges as by multitudes of men we see more or less clearly that the government is falling utterly into the power of a class whose only claim to superiority is their talent for piling up fortunes, largely got by theft under the forms of law. To my thinking, this income-tax decision is one of the best things that could have happened for the United States. In the first decision of a few weeks ago the Court was equally divided. Justice Jackson was ill, and absent. On his return he gave his voice for the constitutionality of the law, but in the meantime one of the other Justices—said to be Shiras—had changed sides. What respect can be felt for a tribunal whose judgments might as well be left to the arbitrament of the dice-box? Who will believe that but for the pressure of the plutocracy and its Eastern press the minority of four would not have been changed into a majority of five at the very least? Ordinary men in thinking of the decision feel justified, under the circumstances, in leaving the law of the case to the lawyers, and exercising their judgment on its merits and general bearings. That judgment will be with the dissenting four, the warmth of whose dissent is so remarkable and encouraging. The millionaires have won a victory, but one that is certain to cost them a good deal more than their defeat would have done. They have invaded the Supreme Court and bent it to their will. The result must be that the Supreme Court, in order that it may regain the position it has forfeited in popular esteem and reverence, will be purged of such material as Shiras and Field, and that its powers will be decreased. Justice Harlan has pointed the way by suggesting that the Constitution be amended so as to permit Congress to undo the work of the Court in the income-tax case. The American people have been slow to touch the fundamental law. Time has given to it a certain sacredness; but when they once set about the work of bringing the Constitution into harmony with the requirements of to-day, they will not stop short when they have brought the incomes of the rich within the taxing power of the Federal government. We shall have an era of profound politics—politics that shall go to the bottom of things, and not end, let us trust, until the republic has been given a government quickly responsive to the popular will, and a fundamental law which shall recognize that this country should be ruled by men and not dollars—that its natural wealth should not be the spoil of speculators, or the property of monopolists, and that the many have an indefeasible title to the products of their own industry. Such politics will have for their aim the security of property, without which there can be no civilized order or progress. But security should extend to all property. The class in whose interest the income-tax decision has been rendered are

under the illusion that they alone represent property. In their view a dollar does not become sacred until it is in their possession; so long as it belongs to anybody else from whom it may be taken, it is not entitled to the law's protection. That is the view against which the minority of the Supreme Court has protested, and this protest is but an echo of the feelings of the great body of the American people. The rich are not in the smallest danger of being despoiled by the poor. The peril to themselves, and the good to the country, that they are inviting, is the taking away of their privilege to plunder everybody else by methods to which custom has given an appearance of respectability. A Senate elected by popular vote, or no Senate at all; a President elected for a long term, shorn of his kingly powers, and government by a responsible ministry, as in England, by which questions as they arise may be taken up and settled promptly—these are some of the proposals which will enter into practical politics when the American people take to revising their Constitution with thoroughness.

The fear that Japan and China are about to become manufacturing nations, and that they will flood the world with cheap products, and ruin Europe and America thereby, is lying heavily upon the spirit of the protectionist. The prospect of the spread of modern civilization in Asia alarms him. A planet to suit him would be one in which his own country would be industrious and enlightened, and all other countries sunk just low enough in sloth and darkness to leave them the desire to buy what he should have to sell. As to Japan and China, he sees in his mind's eye the cheap labor set to work at our machinery, and he cannot conceive the possibility of competition with such a union of forces. It has not occurred to him, seemingly, that the coolie in becoming a skilled workman will cease to be a coolie, and decline to subsist on a coolie's wages. It is marvelous how persistent is the notion that cheap labor is to be feared, and that the cost of labor in production is the same thing as the rate of wages. Where wages are highest the labor cost is usually the smallest. America's most formidable industrial rival is England, where wages are next highest to our own, and the labor cost next lowest. Well paid workmen, with good machinery, can always compete successfully, other things being equal, with ill paid labor and the same machinery. Doubtless industrial disturbance will ensue when Japan and China take to manufacturing extensively, but that is no reason why the Western world should be restless on its pillow. Disturbance is an accompaniment of the inevitable process of adjustment of industry to its natural basis. And so long as legislatures interfere with industry and commerce, just so long will there be disturbances consequent upon the attempt to substitute artificial for natural laws. The objection to the immigration of the Mongolian to this country is social. The Japanese or the Chinaman has as clear a right to do as well as he can for himself at home as the American has here. The more civilized and effectively industrious the Japanese and Chinese become, the better customers they will be, for—as the protectionist needs always to be told—commerce is an exchange for mutual profit, and not a game in which some one must lose in order that some one may win.

Mr. Hearst has gone off to Europe, for which I am sorry, as there are some things I would like to say to the *Examiner*, and in his absence he is able to disclaim responsi-

bility for the utterances of his newspaper—though, like James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer, and other millionaire journalists, he issues his orders by telegraph, and is really as much the editor of his paper when away as when at home. This, however, the non-journalistic public does not understand. Recently the *Letter* criticised the *Examiner*, in respectful terms, for its pictorial offenses against decency, and though Mr. Hearst owned the justice of the criticism by cleansing his journal's pages, he evinced resentment by criticising me disrespectfully for holding ideas as to the behavior of the militia at Sacramento during the railroad strike, and the propriety of so extending the Monroe doctrine that it should banish altogether the authority of European governments from this hemisphere—ideas which not long ago found favor with Mr. Hearst and were advocated by the *Examiner*. He had not the courage to make his attacks himself, in his editorial columns, but sought the services of Mr. Ambrose Bierce. A number of letters from friends have reached me, inquiring why I have not retorted upon Mr. Bierce instead of upon Mr. Hearst. The answer is simple enough. I prefer to deal with the master instead of the servant. To me, as to most others, Mr. Bierce's opinions respecting any matter of public importance are of no consequence; but it is of very considerable consequence what the views are of a man whose word is the despotic law of a prominent daily newspaper. It is only a few weeks ago that Mr. Bierce declared in the *Examiner* that his purpose in writing was not to promote good government, or to do good in any way, but merely to amuse and interest the readers of Mr. Hearst's journal. Mr. Hearst is the proprietor of a newspaper which assumes to speak for one of the political parties, and to be the serious adviser of the public. Therefore I choose to have my controversy with him. He has gone away, as he always does when anything disagreeable, or requiring the shouldering of responsibility, comes up. The honors, the pleasures, of journalism are his choice. He bolts at the opening of every political campaign, and reappears to take the laurels when the battle has been fought and won by others. Since Mr. Hearst has permitted it to be said in his paper that for advocating views to which the *Examiner* committed itself I am a demagogue and various other unworthy things, I am privileged, I take it, to say that he is a hunbug in journalism. Though intelligent, and gifted with a natural talent for buying and selling news, he is but a clever amateur. There is no professional position on his paper, even the lowest, which he has qualified himself to fill. And, like Mr. de Young, he is not, when on his visits to the East, above accepting applause there for the work done by others here, and receiving consideration which those who give it suppose they are extending to a journalist. He is absolutely devoid of convictions on public affairs, and purchases whatever thinking is done for his editorial page. Nevertheless, he is neither a dullard nor a fool, and understands quite well the meaning of what is written for him. Had he been born poor instead of a millionaire, and begun as a reporter instead of a proprietor, he would have made a journalist. That he gave Mr. Bierce orders to endeavor to insult me there need be no doubt, for Mr. Bierce is not privileged to abuse anybody who enjoys the good will of his employer, or whom his employer thinks he cannot afford to offend. I could not see, therefore, and do not now see, that any reply was needed from me to a person in Mr. Bierce's position.

But if Mr. Bierce is not deserving of attention where matters of public concern are

in issue, he certainly is entitled to notice on other grounds. For a quarter of a century he has been a unique figure in San Francisco's journalism. None have admired more than myself his extraordinary skill with the pen. He has wit and a satanic humor, as well as a rare command of language. Much was hoped from Mr. Bierce. I was among those who gave him credit for more than talent. His paragraphs so often sparkled with hints of deeper thought than was expressed, and his occasional stories were of so high a literary quality in respect of finish, that it was expected, if opportunity should offer—that if he could get a hearing from the world—he would broaden, rise, and achieve. Three years ago he published a volume of his stories that had been printed in the *Examiner*. They caught the attention of the Eastern and English critics and were praised, as they deserved to be praised, for their workmanship. And—That was all. The stage was prepared, the literary world was ready for the performance to begin, but that was all. The magazines bid for his work, but got none. No American literary man ever had a fairer chance. It was open to him to rival and excel all the contemporary authors at whom he had been cleverly sneering in his newspaper paragraphs. But it was not in him. He who had been for half a lifetime knocking over sparrows with an elephant rifle, when admitted to the elephant country appeared there with no better weapon than a paragraphic pop-gun. It was seen that the Bierce ledge, though rich on top, pinched out the moment the pick of trial pierced the croppings.

The reason for this failure, which astonished me as greatly as any of his admirers, is obvious enough. Mr. Bierce had the misfortune to come into the world with a heart incapable of sympathy, and a mind too narrow to understand more than one aspect of anything. Being hard and little, it is impossible for him to expand, or to enter into the thoughts or feelings of others. If taken into a rose garden he would at once cry out that there was manure about the roots of the bushes; and while nobody would deny the truth of the statement, he would deny that there was anything else worth seeing or smelling in the garden. Mr. Bierce, of course, is not to blame for either the native defects of his character or the limitations of his talent. But he may justly be held to blame for allowing his failure to lead him into conduct of which any decent man, to say nothing of a gentleman, would be ashamed. The pain given his vanity by failure he has not disinclined to do his best to pass on to others. In outliving his wit he is rapidly becoming a mere blackguard. His highest aim now, seemingly, is to insult, and if he can frame his insult in an ingenious phrase his ambition is satisfied. He has sunk to be an insulter of women—individual women, who have incurred his displeasure. Not long ago, I remember, he built up an elaborate argument in the *Examiner* in support of the contention that the personal character of a writer has properly no connection with the writer's work, and it was all done for the purpose of introducing an apparently incidental remark that (I quote from memory) "one of the sweetest poets in California is a malicious liar, a drunkard, and an all-round disreputable woman." She had hurt his vanity, no doubt. Though hope of large achievement and Mr. Bierce have parted company, his vanity is large and sore. Touch that, and he in these later days becomes savage and mean, and incapable of decent restraint. He has the assurance to plead for "honorable

controversy," and his way of practicing it is exemplified in his treatment of ex-Judge Paterson, of the State Supreme Court, who had the presumption to write of some law matter to a conclusion with which Mr. Bierce did not agree. Therefore, there is "a difference as wide as that between the insular intelligence of ex-Judge Paterson and the continental understanding of a school-boy"—a style of controversy for which a school-boy would be caned.

For the deterioration of Mr. Bierce's newspaper work—and from the time of his failure as an author it has been noticeable—he is not alone responsible. That failure reduced his value to the *Examiner*, and curtailed his power to write as he pleased. He never had that power completely on the *Examiner*. No man can have it as the employee of a daily newspaper. To the ordinary working journalist this is, of course, no discredit, but in Mr. Bierce's case it is. For he is a pretender. He affects in print an independence which he does not enjoy. His matter is subject to editorial supervision equally with that of the humblest reporter. Time was when Mr. Bierce was given a pretty free rein on the *Examiner*. But the lines have been drawn tightly, and there has been supplied to his mind by his employer a long list of persons and interests to which he must not be disrespectful, except under special permission, which is given when Mr. Hearst wants some offender against himself reviled. In the *Examiner*, with Mr. Hearst's permission, Mr. Bierce asks me if his views of the conduct of the militia are not the same in May, 1895, as they were in July, 1894. They are, but they did not meet with Mr. Hearst's approval in 1894, and Mr. Bierce was forbidden to repeat them.

It is in his quality of pretender that Mr. Bierce has become most offensive to those who know the conditions under which he writes. He takes the air of one who has the right of free speech, whereas he is under the censorship of anybody who happens to be the editor of the paper on which he is employed. He submits, and has submitted for years, to restrictions, to affronts to professional pride, that no man of spirit would endure. Others, making no such pretensions as his to independence as employed writers, have repeatedly resigned far higher salaries than Mr. Bierce's, and quitted the *Examiner* office. It is a misfortune, not a fault, in an aging writer without a future to become a slave to his salary, but if that slavery is accompanied by an imposture of self-ownership and freedom, the sentiment he inspires is not one of unmixed pity. Mr. Hearst, like most of the new rich, likes toadies, and in his own way Mr. Bierce is as servile as any of the group that live upon the favor of the young millionaire.

The result of Mr. Bierce's venture upon the stage of literature explains what was long a puzzle to nearly everybody in California who had a liking for smart writing, irrespective of the matter. Why was it that a man, to all appearance as bold as he was clever, and alive with confidence in himself, should not attempt to publish a paper of his own, and thus escape the restraining, and often stupid editor? Allowance must be made for Mr. Bierce's health, which renders frequent departures from the city to the suburbs necessary; but that is no greater obstacle to writing for a paper of one's own than for a paper belonging to another. The literary failure explains, because it gives us the measure of Mr. Bierce's real powers and his real character. He who for a generation has stalked the literary camp and carried the bastinado is as poor in spirit as he is limited

in parts. The pretense of independence is as gratifying to him as independence itself would be, and the applause of a coterie of lady amateurs and male Boswells is a substitute for fame on which he can subsist. The Bierce that we admired and hoped to see recognized by the world was to our minds a dashing, fearless, humorous soul, laying on the lash of satire with a mercilessness that was due to the unconsciousness of the strength of his arm. The Bierce who got the literary world's welcome in the arena was helpless to do more than wind his bangle, flash an impotent sword, and retire to put on young Mr. Hearst's livery. We see that he hates all superiority, is without elevation of mind, and is bad-hearted; that seriousness, fairness, magnanimity, and courtesy are as far out of his intellectual and moral range as the performance of things equal to his earlier promise is beyond his capacity.

Mr. Bierce has talent, and he could be made to the *Examiner* worth all that Mr. Hearst pays him, but Mr. Hearst errs in allowing him even the degree of liberty that is accorded. It is a mistake to let him touch upon questions which engage the thoughts and feelings of earnest men. He is most at home when breaking butterflies on the wheel, when torturing poor poetasters and feeble scribblers of prose, who but for him would remain unheard of. It is then we have the later Bierce in the plenitude of his power, and proud of his prowess.

The readers of the *Letter* beyond California who have not heard of Mr. Bierce will wonder why I have given so much space to this portrait. It is because the subject has been a newspaper notable here for many years, and has been conceded primacy as the bully of the press. His opinions on public questions, or men, long since ceased to have the smallest weight, but a peculiar style and a bitter wit have caused him always to be read. His malevolence has made him feared by most of the men of the press, so that in our State he has been granted a sort of license by prescription to insult his equals, his betters, and his inferiors without return. I think I do a public service, if a small one, in telling the plain truth about a local personage who when he is not obeying the orders of his employer in wreaking that employer's revenges, habitually offers insults on his own account to men and women at least his peers in all save truculence. Yet he has written much that is admirable, in the way of literary execution. He is matchless in his petty trade of village critic and scold, and his book, "Tales of Soldiers and Civilians," is capital. Although there is not a trace of heart in it, the reader who takes it up as the work of an unknown author will be disposed to think he has discovered the promise of another Poe. But the possibilities of Mr. Bierce are all there, and what is left to us is a millionaire's literary lackey, whose soul is cankered with disappointment at his own emptiness, and whose narrow mind is ulcerated with envy of writers who are out of literary.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

The late George W. Stearns was defending a young fellow for larceny, the evidence against whom was only circumstantial. Stearns urged that circumstantial evidence ought never to convict a man. "Why," said the counsel, "when I was a boy I remember a playmate of mine who, while his parents were absent, went to the pantry and nearly devoured a big custard pie before he thought of the paternal strap. When he did he looked around for some means of hiding the traces of his guilt. He saw the family cut in the corner, and, taking puss by the neck, and carefully anearning her paws with the custard, took the guilty cat out into the back-yard and shot her. As the shotgun rang out, the boy observed to me, with a chuckle, 'There goes one more victim of circumstantial evidence.'" The jury disagreed.

A SPLENDID PIRATE.

In Whom San Franciscans Take Especial Pride—Sir Francis Drake.

In Golden Gate Park there stands, where all may see it, a stone cross erected in commemoration of the visit made to these shores by Francis Drake. Of exceptional local interest, therefore, is a volume just issued by the Scribners, giving a brief account of the life and voyage around the world of this splendid pirate. The book is entitled "English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century," and consists of a series of lectures delivered at Oxford, shortly before his death, by James Anthony Froude. Fortunate Oxonians! It was certainly worth studying history where such lectures are delivered. Here, in this book, is material for a hundred Stevenson, Clark Russell, or Stanley Weyman stories of adventure. "Treasure Island" itself is not so thrilling as many a tale told by this historian of those bold seamen, John Hawkins and Francis Drake. The fine lawlessness, the masterfulness, the courage, and the achievements of these men make tame history read like the wildest romance.

There is much in these lectures that deals with the growth of England's power on the sea and her long continued fight with Spain for supremacy, but all this we must pass over to give a synopsis of what he says of Drake, our local hero. He was of good peasant stock, a Devonshire man, and early went to sea. When twenty-five he had a small vessel of his own, and his ambition was to become a privateer, rather than trader, in the channel, and when John Hawkins planned to go on a third slave-trading expedition Drake sold his ship, bought another that was faster, and joined Hawkins. They sold their blacks on the Guiana coast, and were coming home loaded with gold and diamonds, when a storm struck them and they were driven into a Mexican bay. He had learned that the battle with the Spaniards, they escaped with but two ships of their fleet. Returning to England, Drake on his own account fitted three ships, the largest of only one hundred tons, not nearly so large as the coasting schooners so familiar now in San Francisco Bay. With these he came over to the Isthmus of Panama, where he had learned that the gold and silver from the Peruvian mines were landed and carried across the isthmus on mule back. He went up into the mountains, held up the pack train, and by this bold stroke he got gold, jewels, silver bars—and got with much ease, as Prince Hal said at Gadshill. The silver he buried; the gold, rubies, diamonds, and emeralds he carried to England.

While on the isthmus he had caught sight of the Pacific, and he had determined to sail that water. On his return to England he fitted out five boats—the Pelican, no bigger than a modern racing yawl, the Elizabeth, an eighty-ton boat, a pinnace, and two sloops. With these he started, but only one reached California—those of which the Elizabeth was his. Off the South American coast a man named Doughty, who was in charge of one of the sloops, tried to run away, was caught, given communion, kissed farewell by Drake, and executed. They passed through the Straits of Magellan, Drake supposing that there was solid land to the South Pole. He met with bad weather, was separated from his boats, landed on Patagonia, and at last, when fair weather arrived, he found himself alone, the only other surviving boat having been taken back to England by a cowardly captain. With the Pelican, Drake came up the coast. At Valparaiso he found a great Spanish galleon, off which he took four hundred pounds of gold. The Spanish crew fled, and he made his approach of the English, jumped aboard, and swam ashore. The people had all fled from the town. In the church Drake found a chalice, two crucets, and an altar cloth, which were made over to the Pelican's chaplain to improve his communion furniture.

Drake went on next to Tarapaca, where silver from the Andes was carried to Lima. The silver bars lay piled on the quays; the muleteers who had brought them were sleeping. The muleteers were left to their slumbers; the bars were lifted into the English boats. Arica was the next point visited. Here half a hundred blocks of silver were picked up. At Lima, alas! Drake was just too late. The Cacahuango had sailed and was back before the isthmus with the whole produce of the Lima mines for the season. Her ballast was silver, her cargo gold and emeralds and rubies. Drake gave chase, and at nighttime caught up with the Spanish ship and captured her. No one knows how great the value of the booty was. The Spanish government provided a loss of one million dollars for the loss, but the historian says the total capture was immeasurably greater.

Drake allowed the empty Cacahuango to return to Peru, and came northward. He was pursued, but

the Spaniards were so terrified that they did not dare attack him.

By this time Spain had heard of Drake's doings and had decided to head him off on his return voyage. One squadron was sent to the Straits of Magellan, another to the Caribbean Sea. If he did not return the way he came, it was thought he had no alternative but to desert his ship on the Pacific Coast and carry his treasure overland to the Atlantic, where he would build a ship. But Drake had another plan. He had heard that there was an open Northern sea, and for this he came up the coast, occasionally meeting with a storm. He found the China trade laden with silk, porcelain, gold, and emeralds. He put in at Guatemala for water. The alcaldes were in session trying a batch of negroes. A boat's crew appeared in court suddenly, tied the alcaldes hand and foot, and carried them off to the Pelican, there to remain as hostages till the water-keepers would let him tell a little later with a galleon carrying out a new Governor to the Philippines. The Governor was relieved of his jewels. Still holding his north course till he had left the farthest Spanish settlement far to the south, he put into what is now known as Drake's Bay, laid the Pelican ashore, set up forge and workshop, and remained on guard till the morning stars came. Then he went up along the Oregon coast, and finding no northern opening through the continent, returned, and in Froude's words, "landed at San Francisco, found the soil teeming with gold, made acquaintance with an Indian king who hated Spaniards and wished to become an English subject." But here we have a new turn in the new territory, and the story of California had probably been much more different. On board one of the ships he had overhauled, Drake had found a chart of the Indian Archipelago. Being convinced that he could not reach home by the route he had come, owing to Spanish watchfulness, he determined to do what had been suggested by the chart—go around the world. He did it, landing only at Plymouth harbor, where he turned over to Queen Elizabeth the great fortune he had so gallantly stolen.

On opening his lecture on Drake, Froude says: "I suppose some persons present have heard the name of Lope de Vega, the Spanish poet of Philip II. I have very likely heard you, probably, the name of him I had in mind, and yet he ought to have some interest for us, as he was one of the many enthusiastic young Spaniards who sailed in the Great Armada. He had been disappointed in some love affair. He was an earnest Catholic. He wanted distraction, and it is needless to say that he found distraction enough in the English Channel to serve the dishes of his mind. Lope studied the exploits of Francis Drake from his first appearance to his end, and he celebrated those exploits as England herself has never yet thought it worth her while to do, by making him the hero of an epic poem. There are heroes and heroes. Lope de Vega's epic is called 'The Dragontea.' Drake himself was the ancient serpent of the Apocalypse. We English have been contented to allow Drake a certain qualified praise. We admit that he was a bold, dexterous sailor; that he did his country good service at the invasion. We allow that he was a famous navigator, and sailed around the world, which no one else had done before him. But we do not care to call him a hero, a conqueror, a hero and a corsair, and the only excuse for him is that he was no worse than most of his contemporaries. To Lope de Vega he was a great deal worse. He was Satan himself, the incarnation of the Genius of Evil, the arch-enemy of the Church of God.

"It is worth while to look now particularly at the figure of the arch-enemy who appeared to us in such terrible proportions. I, for my part, believe a time will come when we shall see better than we see now what the Reformation was, and what we owe to it, and these sea captains of Elizabeth will then form the subject of a great English national epic as grand as the 'Odyssey'."

When next he reached Golden Gate Park, lights on that stone cross, he may be reminded that it stands to commemorate one of the bravest and boldest men history speaks of.

Two years ago there was an outbreak of cholera in France, and instructions were forwarded to the *maire* of a certain village to take all necessary precautions, as the epidemic was rapidly spreading. At first our worthy magistrate did not know what to do. After a while, however, he reported that he was ready to receive the dread visitor. Upon inquiry being made, it was discovered that by his orders a sufficient number of graves had been dug in the local cemetery to bury the entire parish, if required.—*El Nervion*.

It was the custom of Louis the Great of France to replenish his royal treasury through the sale of official positions. On one occasion the monarch expressed to his minister the fear that he had exhausted this resource. "Sire," was the reply, "it is a beautiful ordering of Providence that whenever you have an office to sell, a fool is always raised up to buy it."

THE GIRLS OF JAPAN.

Their Beauty and Charm—Another Literary Captivity—Nudity and Morality.

The most famous man of letters as yet produced by the State of Oregon—unless Joaquin Miller be credited to our Northern neighbor—is Henry T. Finck, the musical critic of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Finck though a young man is the author of a dozen volumes, chiefly on musical subjects, but of recognized authority, and all written in a style that is charming. A year or so ago Mr. Finck, attracted by the description of Japanese women given by Matthew Arnold and other enthusiasts, made a trip to Japan with the artist Blum, and the result is "Lotus Time in Japan," now issued from the press of the Scribners.

Mr. Finck went in search of pretty women and found them. If a man's taste, he says, leads him to look upon a tall, brawny, queenly Scandinavian, English, or German blonde as his ideal of beauty, he will be disappointed in Japan, for such women do not exist there. If, on the contrary, one's ideal of beauty is the graceful, elegant, petite brunette of Andalusia, his eyes will be constantly delighted in Japan by various and beautiful types. Mr. Finck allows that what made him plan his visit to Japan was the knowledge that all the women were of this type, and he confesses, too, that after a few weeks among these graceful miniature beauties, the few large foreign women he saw seemed angular, ungainly, plain, and masculine. "Nowhere on four continents," he says, "do I see heads, hands and brows so low, in color and shape, than in Tokyo and Kyoto; no where hands and wrists more delicately moulded; nowhere arms and busts more beautifully rounded; nowhere lips more refined and inviting, though they are ignorant of the art of kissing; nowhere, in fine, more perfect grace of attitude and gesture than is to be seen in the waist of a Japanese girl, and in the cause of their clebs and their fashion of turning in the toes.

It is not customary for Japanese men to make calls on the women of other families, and, when a Japanese friend invites you to dine with him, he takes you not to his house, but to a restaurant, and his wife and children are not to accompany him, because he does not wish them to associate with the possibly fair beauties who help to enliven tea-house dinners. The Japanese, of course, have never been cannibals, but it is acknowledged that the principal ingredients in their tea-house meals are tender young girls; pretty waiting maids to serve the dishes of the tea, and to sing, play, and dance, and to enliven the conversation with their wit and laughter.

Foreign visitors, including those who reside in the country a year or two, no less than fugitive tourists, are apt to get their ideas and impressions of Japanese women principally at the tea houses. From some points of view, however, to see them to be a disadvantage, for the waiting maids are chosen for their beauty, while the geishas, like the hetairai of ancient Greece, are not only trained in all the arts of personal beauty and artistic fascination, but are so carefully educated that in wit and intelligence they usually surpass the isolated domestic women of the quiet family circle. In a word, the geishas are the brightest and most accomplished of Japanese women; and in making their acquaintance one meets favorable specimens of the country's femininity, except in the point of frailty of character. As a class the geishas are pronounced by Mr. Finck "perhaps no more frail than European actresses, and certainly no less respectable and distinguished men, native and foreign, never hesitate to have their meals spiced by their beauty and art."

A dinner was given to Mr. Finck, Mr. Blum, and two Japanese gentlemen, which he describes at length. The party rode in *kurumas* (sedan chairs hauled from poles across the shoulders of the bearers) to a restaurant in Shimbashi, and were received at the door by half a dozen pretty and smiling maidens. Leaving their shoes at the entrance, they were escorted by two of the girls up stairs, where they found reserved for them a large room, two sides of which faced a garden full of flowers, ornaments, and trees. The walls, at the outset, they met the *kyozukue* of Japanese gaiety, which is not merely an indulgence of the palate, but quite as much, or even more, a matter of aesthetic enjoyment. On the outside they were surrounded by trees and flowers, while within the house there were trees and flowers, and birds painted on the screens that formed the walls of the room. Still more artistic treatment were the girls in attendance, especially the youngest one, O Haru, or Springtime, who was quite a beauty, with regular features, fine lips, and large black eyes, with the merest suspicion of obliqueness, just enough to give them a piquant touch of Oriental-

TELEPHONE, Main 1042.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Audlaue, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, April 1, 1895.
J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

"THE PAPACY."

A New Book by John S. Hittell of San Francisco.

Mr. John S. Hittell, a California pioneer and a writer pretty well known, not only locally, but throughout the country, has written a book entitled "The Papacy," in which he gives a review of Papal history from the establishment of the institution to the present time. The work shows great research, and is a most systematic arrangement of history that is much confused in the ordinary mind. Mr. Hittell is not anti-Catholic, but is strongly anti-Papist. This is a distinction he makes and justifies. In no other book have we found so complete a gathering together of all the historical objections which can be urged against the Papacy.

The author's main purposes are to "explain the spirit of the Papacy in its political, intellectual, and ethical, as distinct from its theological aspects; to elucidate the devices by which it has tried to enslave the human race; to set forth briefly the multitude, the magnitude, and the variety of its crimes against the dignity and welfare of mankind; and to prove that it is now dwarfing the intellects of Catholics who submit to its control. The secondary purposes are to show that the relations between the Papacy and the Catholic laity, as a class, have changed greatly in the nineteenth century; to prove that the Catholics generally have separated from their high clergy on political and educational questions, and have drawn near to the Protestants; to plead for greater friendliness between the adherents of the two great branches of the Christian church in Teutonic and Latin countries; to show that the Protestant reasons for hating the Papacy do not extend to the liberal Catholics; to convince the Papists that they should reconcile themselves to Protestantism, or soon lose all their influence; and to deny the probability of the religious war in the United States predicted hypothetically by President Grant."

At the conclusion of his volume, Mr. Hittell comes to this "judgment," as he terms it: "The hearing of the testimony in the trial of humanity against the Papacy on trial for many political and ethical offenses has been closed. The evidences have been fairly stated. The charges have been sustained by adequate proof. The Roman hierarchy has been convicted of hostility to constitutional government, to national independence, to popular education, to intellectual freedom, to scientific advancement, and to general progress. It must abandon its struggle against the development of the human mind or be destroyed, and unless it reform itself, its destruction is not far distant."

"If it were properly purified and defeated—if it were cleansed of its medieval corruption, superstition, and obscurantism—and if it were wrought into cordial and complete harmony with modern ideas, then the Papacy might gain a new lease of life, acquire the respect of enlightened nations, become a great ecclesiastical power, and restore unity of creed and discipline to the divided sects of Christianity. The adoption of such a reform would require that the church of Rome should renounce the authority of its fathers, councils, and popes; that it should despoil and dishonor many of its living and dead leaders.

"Without some purification, it will be as impossible to save the historical credit as to prolong the existence of the Papacy. It is the supremely odious institution. It has poisoned the atmosphere of Christendom for centuries. Its career is black with nearly all the vices of barbarism, projected into the midst of civilization. It has carried the wickedness of theocracy to the point of culmination. For a thousand years it filled Europe with fraud, hate, disorder, war, and misery. It has habitually violated the sacredness of the human body and of the human soul. It has gone back to gross outrages abandoned and condemned by the higher morality of the Greeks before the age of Solon.

"In every great European movement or conflict of medieval or modern times, it has taken the wrong side. It has made itself the ally of many forms of injustice, of ignorance, and of superstition. It has been hostile to every noble aspiration, to every generous sentiment, to every ennobling impulse, to every constitutional government, to every free people, and to every important advance in science. It can boast of no Great Charter, no Bill of Rights, no Declaration of Independence, no Habeas Corpus, no Emancipation Proclamation. It has bred no statesman of the highest rank, combining national leadership with pre-eminent character and capacity. It has no poet, no philosopher, no scientist, no historian, no military leader, no religious reformer, no inventor of the most eminent ability. It has no Pericles, no Lincoln, no Shakespeares, no Scotties, no Spencers, no Newtons, no Darwins, no Cromwells, no Watts. Its most prominent heroes in modern times have been the tyrant king, Philip II., and the bigot Pope, Pius V. It took no leading

part in reviving the learning of antiquity, of shaping any modern language, or of developing any modern literature. It gave to mankind no glorious thought, no great book, no beneficent institution. Its most characteristic productions, and the most original conceptions of its peculiar wickedness, were crusading warfare (for the extermination, not the subjugation, of heretics), fraudulent literature (with hundreds of forged title-papers, and myriads of lying lives of saints), censorship of the press, the inquisition, and its claim of super-national power. A series of more horrid crimes against humanity never sprang from any other source.

"The Papacy has provided a den for the most detestable of all series of rulers, a shelter for the most deluded populace, a stronghold for the most oppressive administration, and a school for training the most skillful of ecclesiastical forgers. It has fostered evil for the purpose of profiting from the helplessness and the misery of the people. It has cherished the maxim that man's adversity is the priest's opportunity, and it has done its utmost to reduce humanity to deepest adversity. But the days of its triumph have passed to return no more forever; it is marching in disgrace to a dishonored grave, cursed as the great infamy of modern times by an enlightened public opinion."

THE DREAMS.

Two dreams came down to earth one night

From the realm of mist and dew;
One was a dream of the old, old days,
And one was a dream of the new.

One was a dream of the shady lane

That led to the pickered pond;
Where the willows and rushes bowed themselves
To the brown old hills beyond.

And the people that peopled the old-time dream
Were pleasant and fair to see,
And the dreamer he walked with them again
As often as old walked he.

Oh, cool was the wind in the shady lane
That tangled his curly hair!
Oh, sweet was the music the robins made
To the springtime everywhere!

Was it the dew the dream had brought
From yonder midnight skies,
Or was it tears from the dear, dead years
That lay in the dreamer's eyes?

The other dream ran fast and free,
As the moon benignly shined,
Her golden grace on the smiling face
In the little tangle-bed.

For 'twas a dream of times to come—
Of the glorious noon of day—
Of the summer that follows the careless spring
When the child is done with play.

And 'twas a dream of the busy world
Where valorous deeds are done;
Of battles fought in the cause of right,
And of victories robbly won.

It breathed no breath of the dear old home
And the quiet joys of youth;
It gave no glimpse of the good old friends
Or the old-time faith and truth.

But 'twas a dream of youthful hopes,
And fast and free it ran,
And it told to a little sleeping child
Of a boy become a man!

These were the dreams that came one night
To earth from yonder sky;
These were the dreams two dreamers dreamed—
My little boy and I.

And in our hearts my boy and I
Were glad that it was so;
He loved to dream of days to come,
And I of long ago.

So from our dreams my boy and I
Unwillingly awoke,
But neither of his precious dream
Unto the other spoke.

Yet of the love we bore those dreams
Gave each his tender sign;
For there was triumph in his eyes—
And there were tears in mine!

—Eugene Field.

Prof. Blackie frequently stayed at Dr. Donald Macleod's house in Glasgow: One night (says the doctor) we were sitting together. Blackie said in his brusque way, "Whatever other faults I have, I am free from vanity." An incredulous smile on my face roused him. "You don't believe that, give me an instance." Being thus challenged, I said, "Why do you walk about flourishing a plaid continually?" "I'll give you the history of that, sir. When I was a poor man, and when my wife and I

had our difficulties, she one day drew my attention to the threadbare character of my surtout, and asked me to order a new one. I told her I could not afford it just then, when she went, like a noble woman, and put her own plaid shawl on my shoulders, and I have worn a plaid ever since in memory of her loving deed."

The rumored engagement of Nellie Grant Sartoris to Gen. Kyd Douglas recalls to Eugene Field, writing in the *Chicago Record*, the beautifully tender attachment which General Grant manifested for his daughter. The union with Sartoris was opposed to the liking by the young lady's parents; subsequent events proved all too clearly that the old folk's estimate of Sartoris' character had been correct. Sartoris was a drunkard, and there is probably no language adequate to portray the misery and the humiliation to which he subjected his wife. To add to the wretchedness of her life, the family of the drunken husband utterly declined to receive the young wife or to accord her that recognition to which, as the daughter of Gen. Grant, she had been accustomed and was entitled. Mrs. Sartoris may have kept silent; her womanly pride probably prevented her from telling her parents of the dreadful mistake she had made. But rumors of her misery came from one side, and they caused Gen. Grant constant uneasiness.

One time Hugh Hastings went down to Long Branch to visit with the Grants. He was told that the General was sitting on the rocks overlooking the sea, and surely enough he presently discovered Grant, perched on a rock and gazing in apparent abstraction over the waters. Hastings stole softly and put his hands over Grant's eyes, saying: "Now, guess who it is!"

But Hastings drew his hands back almost immediately; they were wet with tears; Grant was weeping.

Hastings was too surprised to say anything. Grant looked up.

"Hullo, Hugh," said Grant, kindly. "You are crying, general! What has happened? What is the matter?" demanded Hastings.

Grant came pretty near breaking down, but by a heroic effort he pulled himself together. "We get bad news from England," said he. "Nellie is unhappy, and I can't help thinking about it—thinking about it all the time. I am in trouble, Hugh, the greatest trouble of my life!"

It were difficult, perhaps impossible, to fancy a more beautifully pathetic picture than that of this foremost man of his time stealing away by himself and communing with his love for that daughter so many, very many leagues away. It appeals more directly and it means more to humanity than a thousand Vicksburgs, a thousand Corinthes, a thousand Appomattoxes!

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THE REAL SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Susan B. Anthony is one of the most dignified women I ever met. To the man or woman who has not seen or spoken to Miss Anthony, and who knows her only as the representative of an obnoxious principle, this, of course, sounds like a paradox. But I should recommend an interview with Miss Anthony to those to whom "woman suffragist" means a female who has alienated from herself and her companions the sympathy and the respect of both men and women.

Miss Anthony's manner is courteous, kindly, and refreshingly unaffected. There is not the slightest self-consciousness about her. No thought of a pose. She speaks slowly, but directly. She pauses occasionally to think, but she is too busy and earnest a woman to spend time on the manner of her expression, and she never changes a word or hesitates in the use of it.

I expected to find her hard and pugnacious, the result of a life-long battle; but, I believe, the struggle has broadened instead of narrowed Miss Anthony's sympathies, because her character is too strong and well-poised to be shaken merely by mindless unpopularity. As she sat in a large darkened arm-chair, dressed in a black gown which was neither extravagantly fashionable nor conspicuously out of date, with large soft sleeves and a certain white daintiness about the throat, her fine, strong old face, with its simply arranged white hair, turned toward me, she looked like a woman whom one might love and respect, and I believe the younger women who wait upon her and hover round her at the Congress are more sincere in their protestations and evidences of affection for her than women usually are.

"Will you tell me, Miss Anthony, what good this Woman's Congress does, what it will accomplish?" I asked.

"Nothing, practically. That is, nothing towards giving women the ballot. But as a sentiment raiser, it will give women something to think about, something to work for."

"It seems to me," I said, cautiously, "that you are better fitted to judge women than any other woman, or man either. You have met so many and so many kinds of them. Now, some of these women at the Congress—"

"Aren't they funny?" Her smile softened the keen, clear-cut face.

"Don't you despair, sometimes," I asked, "when you see the weakness and the dullness in so many women's faces?"

Miss Anthony leaned forward and clasped her thin, knotted hands about her knee.

"There's an old saying that a man will never make a collection of keys, unless there are doors to unlock. The majority of women take things impersonally. They are interested in life, and they'll make the application. A surrogate judge once told me that he never permitted a widow to shirk the administration of her husband's estate because he knew that she was or would become better fitted to take care of it than any one else. When these women have attended more congresses, they will be able to address the friends of a potential power to alter, or to help the state of affairs the speaker is talking about, that uninterested, helpless look will pass from women's faces. Gladstone said that a political campaign is one of the greatest of educational influences."

"Why hasn't the possession of the ballot, then, done more for men?"

"It has," came in an impetuous voice from the door-way. It was the Reverend Anna Shaw, Miss Anthony's staunch "right-bower"; her "bonnet-holder," as she modestly called herself. "Else what has made the difference between the American man and the Russian serf?"

"Talk to Miss Shaw, Miss Anthony said, "while I go upstairs and get my bonnet. Then we'll go up to the hall together." She left the room with a firm, business-like step, and I faced Miss Shaw.

"You all talk, Miss Shaw, of the benefit the ballot will be to women. How will woman suffrage affect men?"

"It will benefit them as much as it does women. It is impossible to improve women's condition without improving man's," Miss Shaw speaks quickly and very decidedly.

"But by giving the ballot to women you only increase the great mass of ignorant voters. You add a few, comparatively, intelligent voters, while the mass of women—"

"I don't agree with you," said Miss Shaw, earnestly. "Statistics"—this stout, gray-haired woman with the youthful face and pleasant voice is great on facts and figures—"statistics prove that for every boy graduated from our schools there are five girls. It is the women who are the illiterate, reading, well-informed, educated class."

"Don't you think," I ventured, timidly, "that the granting of the right to vote to women will for-

feit for them the privilege of polite attention from men?"

"In Cheyenne," said Miss Shaw, dryly, "the men treat the women with much greater consideration than they did before women could vote. They want their votes. So they're polite."

"At election time?"

"Yes; and afterwards, too. All men who are not office-holders want to become such at some future time. Why, after all, a man has more respect for a woman with a mind. He'll play with the wax-doll kind."

"And marry them," I added.

"Yes, and marry them," I agreed Miss Shaw.

"Then don't you think the change in women will lead to fewer marriages, there being fewer wax dolls to go around?"

"I hope it will. Not one woman in ten is fit to marry nowadays, and not one man in a hundred."

Miss Anthony came down-stairs with her shawl over her arm just then, and we three walked toward the car. Her step was as light and brisk as ours, and when I said to Miss Shaw, "Shall I offer to help Miss Anthony on the car?" she answered, laughingly, "Oh, no; Susan would think we thought she was getting old."

"Miss Anthony," I asked, when the car had started, "if men won't come to the Women's Congresses, how will you influence them in favor of woman suffrage?"

"Women will never influence the average man till women can vote. As it is, men know and women know that a woman's opinion don't count."

"But wives have influenced their husbands."

"Never when it was a question of politics. No woman has ever changed her husband's vote."

"But what is the necessity for women's voting? Women may earn their living in any way nowadays. There is no opposition."

"No opposition!" said Miss Shaw, explosively. "Why, my dear woman, I had to fight my way and earn my living while I was going through college, because my family did not approve of my adopting a profession. They would have nothing to do with me, while if my brother had planned to do as I have done they could not have done too much for him."

"The chief benefit of woman suffrage," said Miss Anthony, speaking slowly, and as if she had not heard the interruption, "will not be for professional women. The woman who wishes to become a minister, a doctor, a lawyer, or a writer will so command the respect of the brains among the factory girls, the shop girls, need the ballot. It is the only means by which they can raise themselves, can help themselves. Men will not listen to them now; when they can have a representative to look after their interests, when they can vote, their lives will not be so cheap, their condition will be better, their wages will be equal to men's."

"Don't you think that the female vote will simply follow the male, that a wife will vote as her husband does, that woman suffrage will simply multiply both numerator and denominator, and so not alter the value of the political fraction?"

"No," said Miss Anthony, shaking her head slowly. "A woman will vote as she thinks she ought. She will obey no man's influence in that."

"In Boston," said Miss Shaw, "which is a Democratic and a Catholic city, it was feared that the women's vote in school matters would simply express the opinion of the Catholic priests. I say this, Miss Shaw explained, in her frank, manly way, "without knowing what your religion may be, because it is just a question of religion. It is just a question of politics. Well, there are fewer Democrats and Catholics in Boston's school board now than there were before women could vote on school questions."

"If the sex line should ever be drawn, Miss Anthony, when woman suffrage comes, if the women should outvote the men, do you think the men would abide by the decision?"

Miss Anthony sat thoughtfully looking at me through her gold-rimmed spectacles, and I turned with the question to Miss Shaw.

"You are supposing an insupportable case," decided Miss Shaw, promptly. "There is no reason why men and women should be antagonistic."

"But if such a thing were possible," I said to Miss Anthony as the car stopped and we walked toward the church, "do you think men would sustain the majority?"

"Yes; I do."

"You have that much faith in their sense of justice?"

"Yes."

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

Wife—"Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you?" Heartless Husband—"There is one way you haven't." Wife (indignantly)—"In what way is that?" Heartless Husband—"In silence."—*Brooklyn Life*.

A Sure Symptom.—Elder Berry—"I have an idea Dr. Thrifty is becoming more liberal in his views."

Mrs. Berry—"What makes you think so?" Elder Berry—"People are flocking to hear him."—*Brooklyn Life*.

Sir John Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life," a quarter of a million copies of which have, it is said, been sold, is to be brought out in a pocket edition.

The novel which S. R. Crockett is writing has for hero a Highlander exiled in Holland, and is to be called "Lochinvar."

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HER POINT OF VIEW.

I have received a letter asking me whether I am in favor of husbands killing their wives for unfaithfulness, as practised in Kentucky. In other words, would I have voted to acquit the Kentucky man who killed his wife and her lover had I been on the jury? Not being New, I presume that my correspondent expects me to exclaim that murder is an awful thing and cannot be justified. Well, I must startle my readers by saying that I think the Kentucky method the right one. The wife who is unfaithful deserves death quite as much as her lover; indeed, if only one is to be killed the woman should be that one. I believe it would be in the interest of society if every woman found to be faithless were quickly disposed of. The very philosophy may argue that if women were held in restraint merely by fear of such summary punishment, they would really be no more virtuous than at present. But my answer is that society should be protected, even if the individual character remains as at present. This is awful deep, and I didn't mean to be.

I know it is generally held among men that the husband who discovers his wife with her lover has the right to kill him and punish the woman by putting her from him. I can't agree. And I have no respect at all for the man who kills himself after punishing the guilty ones. He is a namby-pamby creature, who is not willing to take the consequences of his act. All women, too, will agree with me, I think, when I say, further, that a man who punishes himself with no severer punishment than divorcing his wife may be a very prudent individual, but is hardly worth the love that a woman can give. I might almost say that a faithless wife admires her husband for risking his own neck to avenge himself—even when his revenge is taken on the wife herself.

The death of Mrs. Edwin Matthews deserves more attention than is being given it by the papers. I can't see why some enterprising newspaper man hasn't made it his business to investigate the case and establish either the theory of suicide or murder. Mrs. Matthews went to the cemetery with her six-year-old daughter. She met Mr. O. W. Winthrop, who, according to her own statement and that of her child, gave her a pill shortly after, she was taken seriously ill, and when removed to her home died. Mr. Winthrop says he did not give the woman a pill. I prefer to believe the child's story. The man would have an object in concealing the truth. The woman might have a reason for bearing false witness. But the girl of six would tell just what she saw. If the child is a newspaper man I should find out how it came about that Mr. Winthrop, without Mr. Matthews's knowledge, proposed Mrs. Matthews for membership in a secret order and paid an assessment for her. I should also discover if Mrs. Matthews had any other reason for going to the cemetery than to see the grave of her child. The child is a newspaper man. I do not have to be passed over as lightly as they are. I do not expect any one of trying to kill Mrs. Matthews; but sometimes medicine is wrongly compounded, and a pill that was believed to be harmless might prove deadly.

I wish I were a Susan B. Anthony. Not that I want to be seventy-five years old, and not that I regret that I married like she did. But I wish that I was really as far as much consequence in the world as Miss Anthony feels herself to be—and she is not a bit conceited, either. It must be a fine thing to believe that you are leading in a great movement that will triumph and prove to the benefit of the world. To have the conviction that you are preaching a gospel that will save womankind, and that nothing else can do it, is explanation enough of Miss Anthony's comparatively youthful appearance at her age. As I looked upon this woman's intellectual face on Monday, there came into my head a picture I had once seen in one of the papers—a picture of Thomas Nelson Page's "Cousin Fanny," the girl who said her maid who was laughed at by all and loved by all who sacrificed herself to make others happy, and yet never felt that she was making any sacrifice; a gentle, pure, and saintly spirit. For there is something lovable in Miss Anthony's face and voice. I don't wonder that she has made converts to her cause; the wonder is that she has not made more. She is beautiful in her plainness, and her smile is not to be forgotten. There is—and that's what I'm trying to say—a very feminine side to this old maid of seventy-five, this crusader, this platform speaker and aggressive champion of her sex's "rights." Almost thou persuadest me to be a suffragist.

But why has not such a woman married? What a dear old grandmother she would make! Surely

in her younger days there must have been many men who could have loved such a woman, and in her heart, I dare to say, there is great capacity for love. And to think that now she will never know the sweetest joy of woman's life—the tender voice of the man she loves, the cooing of the child that is hers!

Miss Anthony has herself said that she has had many proposals of marriage, but none that she could accept, because none which would allow her to live an independent life as a true companion. This is proof that she has never loved romantically, sentimentally. For if she had, it would have been pleasure to her to have been to her lover such a companion as she desired, not such an one as she thought she ought to be. But I admire the woman for being so strong as to stand alone and fight her battle on lines she thought the only right ones. She knows she's right, and all the allurements of a gentler life have not been able to swerve her. It takes a good deal more principle and character for a woman to do what this woman has done than for any man to make himself a leader and the pleasure movement and give up ambition and the pleasure of life for the sake of an idea. Every instinct of woman's sex fights against such sacrifice for principle's sake. If I believed in theosophy, I would certainly be convinced that Susan B. Anthony bears within her the soul of a Luther or a St. Paul. She has a woman's body and a woman's heart, but her head is too strong to be feminine. She is a good woman, and is doing good, but she cannot convince me that women need the ballot to defend themselves against men, or that woman is made for public life.

BERRY.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Humpty Dumpty Up to Date" is a merry melody of Lilliputians, giants, fairies, small wise ponies, monkeys, and ordinary folk. It is an animated German fairy tale with all the grotesqueness and rather broad simplicity of Teutonic humor. It is not so appropriate a play, or pretense of one, as the Lilliputians had two years ago, but it suffices as a medium by which they display their talents to enthusiastic audiences of babies of all sizes and ages and both sexes. It's a topsy-turvy performance, appropriately programmed, for the small people's names are in capitals and big folks' names in lower-case.

Franz Ebert is just a penny's worth of Pierrot. His dimpled, expressive face, and pompous, childish walk are effective in any dress, but as Humpty Dumpty, his winks and grimaces, his still irresistible miniature "jag," and the queer mixture of babyhood and manhood in his voice, are delightfully funny. His unreal little figure in Pierrot's white clothes, and his round face painted into a white mask are nicely adapted to pantomime, and the scene at the close of the second act makes one regret the disappearance of dumb acting from the stage, this diminutive exponent of the art is so expressive in face and gesture.

Like other great Germans who know a little of our language, Ebert is tempted—and one is bound to believe that two-feet's temptations are relatively as hard to resist as six-feet's are—to drop into English than in German. It is fun to hear the Lilliputians speak a foreign language. The familiar tongue, which is the natural speech of dwarfs and kobolds and small folk generally, lends an additional charm to the childish, unnatural voices, and helps to preserve the magic atmosphere in which they live. For this reason, the introduction of a clever, tiny actress who speaks English, although not grown-up, grammatical English, to the boys' English—has not added to the effectiveness of the performance, although it may be a boon to those who do not understand the tongue of the Fatherland.

Soldier Berner looks unusually pretty and piquant as Riecke, the witch's daughter, and she puts such energy and expression into her acting as to add to the pleasant impression her first appearance creates. Zink is a cherub in italics. His round-eyed, chubby-cheeked astonishment reminds one of Palmer Cox's brownies, but he is a very graceful, capable child-man, very up-to-date, and altogether amusing.

The scenery is as appropriate, gorgeous, or picturesque as the Lilliputians' scenery always is. The ballets, though not well danced, are very prettily costumed. The dress which represents Wine is one of the most graceful costumes ever seen in a dance, but the costumer is not to be congratulated upon the appearance of real quality which some of the members of the Precious Stones ballet present.

Though their work may not be very exalted, there is good reason for the success and popularity of the Lilliputians. Their performance is bright,

full of motion and color, and the few artistic sins of these small people seem microscopic, and, therefore, pardonable, because their virtues are many and life-size.

Although Frawley's Captain Swift is much less satisfactory than his last week's role of Clement Hale, his work in Haddon Chambers's drama shows more capacity for study and greater powers than one would have judged him to possess. Frawley's part, last week was a light, natural role, which he played only a sympathetic voice, and a mainly stage presence; but this week he has worked to the full.

Mr. Frawley's conception of Captain Swift is an idea wholly of repression. The adventurer does wear a mask, but not when he is alone, nor can he be so divorced from interest in his own fate as to betray not the slightest emotion. When Captain Swift retreats that he did not kill the man who was his enemy, he is not so much revealing his identity, there should be the glint of cruelty in his eye and a touch of hardness in his voice. Frawley simply voices an idle regret, and there is no fitting accompaniment to the bitter words he speaks. This is the kind of fault which marks Frawley's conception of the role. He should be only the Dr. Jekyll of the adventurer's character; the Mr. Hyde is left to one's imagination. The difficult thing about such a part is to represent the two sides of the man's character, making him not wholly Hyde when he is alone; for Captain Swift has been softened and made very human by his love. But there should be a steady-eyed, steady-eyed scorn in the manner of the man who has made the world play the fool to his knave. There's a note of sincerity, too, in Mr. Frawley's voice which handicaps him in playing such a part, and he lacks the insolent, sarcastic speech which should make the scene between him and Harry Seshbrooke a study of hot-blooded youth, instinctively right-feeling, in arms against the experience of the man of the world and the adventurer. In this Mr. Frawley is at fault; but in the last act, when he has no longer to play a double role, his acting is vigorous, truthful, strong, and very effective. His hurried, half-apologetic words of good-bye to Gardiner, the reckless of his tone when he tells him to tell the girl he loves the kind of words which he has been forcing tone to his mother—all this is excellent. Mr. Frawley's work in the last act of "Captain Swift" proves him to be too good an actor to rest content with the earlier part of the play. There is room for improvement in his acting, and there is reason to believe that that improvement is bound to come.

The company is not very successful in "Captain Swift." It is unsatisfactory in a negative way. The characters lack individuality and strength. Jennie Kennark makes Stella Darlisher a very cold young woman, whom Captain Swift could not have loved. The author has given her some very gracious words to say, which should intimate to her the girl's real character. She has an opportunity for some very effective silent acting when she sees Captain Swift for the last time; but after the little coloring she puts into her work, it is not surprising that she should fail at the last.

Blanche Bates is graceful and graceful as Mabel Seshbrooke, but that pretty lady has been too often seen and meaningless when one hears it too often.

The stage is very prettily set, but the Columbia management can hardly make much pretension to art or good taste while its drop curtain, that fearful and wonderful collection of wooden cherubs on a log, stares the audience in the face and dares it not to laugh.

MIRIAM MICHELSON.

The horse-taming exhibition given by Prof. Gleason at the Mechanics' Pavilion continues to draw immense audiences. And his success is well deserved, for no more novel or exciting a show has ever been seen here. Prof. Gleason has sent a request to every lively stable, blacksmith shop, and horseman in the city, to send to him the most vicious horses they can find, and to have them there for the benefit of his audiences without charge. During the coming week some of the worst horses to be found in the State are to be broken. Prof. Gleason has a world-wide reputation and he deserves it. There is not a night that he does not run chances of his life, and he has been killed a brute, but he always comes off with the life and the love of the man may be judged by the fact that while in Denver recently he was kicked and badly hurt by a ferocious stallion. A week later, as soon as he was able to get out of bed, he took the same horse in hand and subdued him.

The sale of seats for the two concerts to be given by Yeaze at the California opens at the store of Sherman, Clay & Co. on Monday next.

Bradley Boardman (soliloquizing)—"Tribly's feet! Well, I'll be hanged! They're public! Tribly and painted Tribly and dramatized Tribly! I call this going to extremes. Anyhow, thank heaven, that's the end of her!"—Boston Globe.

THE RACONTEUR.

It is said that at an author's dinner, held in London some months ago, Bill Nye made a short speech which was much relished by every one present, including the publishers, at whom it was indirectly aimed. Just a year ago, he said, I was walking on the principal street of Indianapolis, when I met a man whose appearance showed that he was reduced to the very depths of poverty. His clothes were ragged, his face unshaven, his hair long and matted, and his feet unshod. As I passed him, a look of recognition came into his eyes. "Nye, old fellow," said he, "don't you know me? Don't you know Abel P. Jones, who was your classmate at college?" "What, Jones, is it really you? Well, well, what can I do for you?" "I'm starving! Lend me half a dollar." "I felt in my pocket." They were empty. But a bright thought flashed through my head. "Abel," said I, "I can't lend you the half-dollar. I haven't got it. But look here! I'll tell you what I will do; I'll let you publish my next book." Gentlemen, that was just a year ago; and this month Abel P. Jones sent me an invitation to go to Europe with him on his steam yacht.

It is well known that "Sludge, the Medinm," whom Browning satirized, was a very widely known medium named Home, who was a London lion at the time and for a period had great power over Mrs. Browning. She had lost a son and Home professed to be able to put her in communication with him. A seance was arranged at which only Mr. Browning, his wife, and the medium were to be present. The room was darkened and after various invocations there arose above the edge of the table something that was whiter than the dark, that seemed to have a motion of its own, and the luminousness of a living thing, and that might veritably be what poor Mrs. Browning fancied it. But, conscious of her trembling state of mind, her husband was in another sort of passion. Browning himself has told the rest of the tale. "I suddenly sprang up, and dashed my arm across the table, and took hold of—what do you think? The scoundrel's obscene foot!—naked!"

An opulent woman, who had got into New York society, as it were, by climbing over the fence when the policeman's back was turned, once asked Mrs. Faran Stevens, in a scornful way, about a young lady who was introducing "Who your friend, Miss—?" she said. "Miss— is a charming girl," replied Mrs. Stevens; "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining." "Yes, I know," persisted the enob; "but, dear Mrs. Stevens, of course you know what I mean—who is she?" "My dear woman," retorted Mrs. Stevens, "I can no more tell you who Miss— is than I could have told those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."

The poet Tennyson had at one time consulted Dr. Syme, the eminent Scotch surgeon, about some affection of his lungs. Years afterwards he turned on the surgeon and said: "On being announced he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face, nor, still more galling, acquaintance with his name. Tennyson thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the poet's chest, and heard the regular sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed, 'Ah, I remember you now. I know you by your lung.'"

James Payn, the English novelist and critic, tells this story of the "American plan" of dueling, wherein the two duellists, with one second, meet within doors, and draw lots for who shall shoot himself. On a recent occasion A and B had a "difficultly." A was the unlucky man, and retired for the purpose of self-destruction into the next apartment. B and the second, both very much moved by the tragedy of the situation, remained in listening attitudes. At last the pistol was heard; they shuddered with emotion and remorse, when suddenly in rushed the supposed dead man, triumphantly exclaiming, "Missed!"

A story at the expense of the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston is related in *Happy Thought*. An excursion party from the club had gone to a rural part of the State, and in default of sufficient hotel accommodations, some of the members were obliged to seek quarters in a farmhouse. Some of the ladies of the party discovered that there were no keys in the locks of their room, and waited upon the farmer's wife. That good woman was surprised. "Why," she said, "we don't usually lock our doors here, and there's no one here but you. But then, I suppose you know your own party best."

Sir Richard Burton, the African explorer, spent several months with the King of Dahomy and later dilated to the historian Froude on the benev-

olence and enlightenment of that excellent monarch. Froude asked why, if the King was so benevolent, he did not alter the customs, such as sacrificing human beings. Burton looked at Froude with astonishment. "Alter the customs!" he said. "Would you have the Archbishop of Canterbury alter the liturgy?"

Count D'Orsay set the example for the society men of the day, who act as drummers for wine houses, by dividing profits with the tailor who made his clothes. So many dandies aped the "Mold of Form" that Herr Stultz, the tailor, grew prosperous out of the count's custom. By a delicate financial euphuism, the count was to find, every time a suit was sent home, a little pocket-money therein—a bank note in one of the trousers' pockets. One day the tailor, thinking he might pass a dividend, sent home a suit with nothing but its own merits to recommend it. D'Orsay was surprised, but was equal to the occasion. Calling his valet, he told him to have Mr. Stultz's parcel returned for alteration, with the message that "he had forgotten to line the pockets."

One night, while lecturing in Edinburgh, Professor Blackie glanced kindly at his friends of the Press, and said: "It will be unnecessary for the reporters to take notes. I am going to read my lecture from manuscript, and this will be at their command at the end of my remarks." This was all that the newspaper men could desire, for the subject was an extremely technical one. The Professor was as good as his word; at the end of his lecture he handed the manuscript to the reporters, and then to their dismay they discovered that every word of it was written in Greek. But the reporters had their revenue in the morning. The Professor had three lines devoted to him.

An echo of the war between Japan and China is a statement that a Japanese scout fell into the hands of the Chinese. His captors went to the Chinese commander and said: "General, we have captured a Japanese spy." "What luck!" exclaimed the general; "perhaps he can tell me where my army is!"

An Irish sergeant was drilling an awkward squad, and finally lost his patience. "Eyes to the front!" he cried, and then, in deep disgust, he added, "Just step out of the ranks, you set of duffers, and come and see what you look like!"

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I can't git no job,
'Taint no good to try;
There is too many born
An' there sin't enough die;
There's too big a crowd
Fer a man to wedge in;
I can't find no job
An' I shan't try ag'in;
You can't git no job
In the kentry or town.
There is too many folks in the worl',
An' there ain't enough jobs to go roun'.

W'en the world wuz cut out
'Twas cut out too small;
'Twarn't made big enough
Fer its purpose at all;
The crowd is jammed in
In a terrible cram;
Best thing you can do
Is git out of the jam.
So I've crawled from the crowd
An' I've jest settled down.
There is too many folks in the worl',
An' there ain't enough jobs to go roun'.

There wuz jest one job left
In Bill Green's cotton mill,
All the one I could find
In the bull worl' to fill.
But I've sich a big heart,
This one job of my life
I jest give it up
Gon'rous-like to my wife.
An' there ain't no more jobs,
So I've jest settled down.
There is too many folks in the worl',
An' there ain't enough jobs to go roun'.

—Sam Walter Foss.

ON THE MARGIN OF THE NILE.

I had banqueted at Berlin, seen a festival in Rome,
Had a midnight lunch in London, and a heap o'
things at home;
But I never knew what life was till I lingered for
a while
Where they used to have a harem on the margin of
the Nile.

Where the swaying palm and pepper fling their
graces on the air,
And the moaning camel kneels to take the burden
he must bear;
And, rising, shakes his silvery bells and shuffles
down the file,
Where they used to have a harem on the margin
of the Nile.

Where dreamy, dark-eyed women came to loiter
in the leaves
That begirt Ghezireh Palace. Where, like rain
from dripping eaves,
Runs the endless song of summer; for the hea-
vens seem to smile
Where they used to have a harem on the margin
of the Nile.

—Cy Warman in New York Sun.

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Right upon the heels of the income-tax decision, the United States Supreme Court has sustained Judge Woods, of the Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois, who sentenced Eugene Debs and other officers of the American Railway Union to six months' imprisonment for contempt, in having disobeyed his injunction forbidding interference with the mails or interstate commerce. The Illinois Central was one of the railroads in the hands of Federal receivers. Debs and his confederates ordered a strike, notwithstanding the injunction, which was based on the Interstate and Anti-Trust acts. The men, after being sentenced, made application to the Supreme Court for release by writ of habeas corpus, contending that they were entitled to trial by jury if they had offended against the law. The Supreme Court takes the ground that the national government has power directly to interfere to protect the mails and commerce, and that on general principles Judge Woods was right in his course. In this view the Court is unanimous.

The practical effect of the decision is that labor unions must let the railroads alone—that a train represents the majesty of the national government, and that for an officer of a union to order a strike is a very dangerous thing to do—a criminal thing, if the railroad happens to be in the hands of a receiver and under the protection of a court. It was known before that to interfere forcibly with the running of trains, either by placing obstacles in their way, or forcibly dragging off the men necessary to operate them, was a crime, and punishable by law, like any other attack on property or the person. But it is new doctrine that an order from the officer of a labor union to his followers—which order is of no effect without their consent—is equivalent to such an attack in the eyes of the law.

The Supreme Court does not, of course, touch upon the real issue in the railroad strike, which was neither interstate commerce nor the mails, but Pullman cars. In California the strikers were willing to man all trains that did not include these objectionable coaches, and there would have been no difficulty whatever in running freight, passenger, and mail trains, had the Southern Pacific yielded for the excited moment its undoubted legal right to include Pullmans. If the government had been as solicitous to

get the mails through and to expedite interstate commerce as it was to support the railroad companies in what appears to be their legal right to do no business at all if they are not permitted to do it in their own way, down to the last detail, we would have escaped all the troubles that fell upon us last summer. The interests of the labor unions and railroad corporations altogether apart, it would be well were the government so to revise its postal and commercial regulations as to make it incumbent on transportation companies to get mails and freight through always as best they may, and afterwards to attend to the punishment of obstructors. If mails and commerce are sacred, they should be the first consideration. The community has rights as well as employers and striking employees.

The decision is a useful one. It will call general attention to the practically unlimited power which it recognizes in Federal Courts to punish for contempt. It is an irresponsible power, and will therefore be progressively abused unless it be curtailed. Judges are as prone as other people to aggrandize their greatness, and the Supreme Court is conspicuously advertising its need of having bounds set to its authority. The decision, however, will be most useful in impressing upon workmen the weakness of the strike as a weapon against the aggregated masses of capital which are so influential with the government that they may without much exaggeration be said to own it. Great strikes nearly always result in violence. In the nature of things they must. The enemy whom the striking workmen have most directly to fear are not their resisting employers, but other workmen whose necessities make them eager to take the strikers' places. It is competition between workmen for employment that nullifies the strike, as it also keeps down wages. Moreover, it is the fate of the striker to take on the aspect of a public enemy. The community's right to order is superior to his private interests. The instant he goes outside of the law, he invites, and gets, the public's enmity. These are commonplaces, to be sure, but until their real meaning has entered into the head of the workman so deeply as to control his personal and political conduct, he will continue to have the worst of it. Since it is fatal for him to go outside of law and order, it will be his business, when he becomes more intelligent than he now is, to use the ballot-box in such wise as to secure for himself justice under law and order. The law, of which he is now the victim, can be made his best protection.

The workmen everywhere are profoundly incensed at the Supreme Court's decision. Mr. McGlynn, President of the

San Francisco Labor Council, and editor of the *Voice of Labor*, says:

I have long since ceased to consider the justice of legal decisions in matters pertaining to men as men. Our modern judiciary has arrived at a stage where man and his human attributes are the last consideration. Wealth, in the shape of cash, comes first, then property, then man, the commodity. And whenever and however man, the commodity, interferes with or attacks property or wealth, he is punished. It makes no difference whether his attack was absolutely necessary to prevent his being stripped of the few remaining vestiges of inherent human rights, he violates the law and must be punished. Debs will doubtless feel it no disgrace to do a prison garb in this instance, and the Court reckoned it no retaliation of his offense because the crime against property was committed in defense of those hapless creatures of Pullman, whose pitiful tale has excited the commiseration and horror of the civilized world. Property and its privileges must be sacred from profane touch, though the human race perish.

In that bitter language Mr. McGlynn expresses the feeling of more than the manual workers of the country. But how comes it that in a republic which has manhood suffrage, property has risen to such a height of power? And what is the remedy? Mr. Debs points the direction:

We are going to appeal to all of the wage-workers of the country to unite solidly at the ballot-box on the one proposition of taking possession of the railroads and all other public utilities. That is the one prerogative of the American people which the Supreme Court has not yet restrained us from exercising. Emancipation from these enslaving conditions can come in this way only, unless we contemplate possibilities from which every good citizen should shrink with horror.

The storm is coming, inevitably. The American people will not submit to what Justice Brown of the Supreme Court, in his dissenting opinion in the Income-tax case, well described as the "sordid despotism of wealth." It is being borne in on everybody who can think, and has a heart, that there must be, and should be, a general American rebellion against conditions which are rendering the struggle for existence so ferocious, and degrading manhood. It is not the "wage-workers" alone who suffer materially and in spirit under the gross tyranny of these conditions. The intellect as well as the muscle of the republic is in a rebellious state; and that is fortunate, for there is in the fact hope that the storm's force may be guided to something better than destructive results.

Eugene Debs in jail for having led a sympathetic strike in behalf of the miserable workmen of Pullman, the millionaire philanthropist—in jail, and talking Socialism through the bars to the workmen of the United States—will be to the millionaire caste an immeasurably more dangerous person than he was when free and confining his activities to directing the railroad hands. He will be viewed by millions as a martyr in labor's cause, and his prison will be a prophet's shrine. His incarceration is a triumph for the Railway Managers' Association, and for all the good and wealthy citizens who are engaged in the railroad business. And their satisfaction will be

shared by that large, respectable, comfortable, and easy-going class, who consider that the workmen need to be "kept down," and that workmen are by nature an inferior breed of human beings. Our own Mr. Huntington, besides being a representative predatory millionaire, is a full-blown specimen citizen of the respectable, self-satisfied order. When workmen strike he deplores their unreasonable conduct, and inquires why, if they have real grievances, they do not go into politics to redress them? And when they attempt to go into politics, his sensibilities are shocked by their utterances. When Mr. Debs was out here not long ago making addresses and urging workmen to vote for laws that would make life more tolerable for themselves, and the earth less fully the property of Stead's "fatted swine of civilization," there was not an organ of Mr. Huntington's in all California that did not revile Mr. Debs as a low demagogue and a pestiferous agitator. Nobody can utter a word in behalf of the right of ordinary men, whether wage-workers, business, or professional men, to keep their earnings and own themselves, who does not encounter this sort of dull abuse. Mr. Huntington has classified Henry George as a Communist, and when Congressman Maguire was fighting the Funding Bill at Washington, Mr. Huntington said to the reporters that Mr. Maguire was an Anarchist, and that if he were in France he would be a dynamiter. More than twenty years ago Newton Booth had all the familiar bad names applied to him, because he warned the people of California that the Central Pacific would become a political as well as a commercial tyrant.

The Huntingtons of the country are strong in their eloquence against "Socialism," and in favor of that noble freedom which allows every man to stand on his own feet. The predatory rich are themselves a proof of how easy it is for individualism to merge into co-operation, and then into collectivism. Every trust, whose purpose is to restrict production, and raise prices, is a co-operative society; and the union of trusts, syndicates, and the predatory rich in general, for political action—a common interest being their impelling motive and their bond—is rank Socialism. It is pure collectivism, not for the whole community, but for a portion of it. Precisely as workmen organize to keep up wages, and have the sympathy and help when required of all the trades unions, so do the very rich stand by one another in order to secure and maintain a government that will make their interest its own, and, through its legislative, judicial, and executive branches, keep the laws in such a condition as will be most advantageous to the few and oppressive to the many. If we shrink from the collectivism which the Socialists advocate for the good of all—and certainly the world as they would have it does not attract men of an ambitious and self-reliant spirit—how shall we regard this more limited collectivism which is for the good of a few only, at the expense of the property and liberties of all others? It can not last. Self-interest, as well as patriotism and every feeling that goes to dignify manhood, revolts against it. And the predatory rich are speeding the coming of the day of change. Their power is great, but it has in it the assurance of its own destruction. They have in effect secured the government, and are using it for their own purposes; but though induced by a common interest to stand together, as a class, for profit, they have, as a class, no statesmanship. They are incapable of making concessions. United for attack, they will go down when determinedly assailed by all the pillaged

classes; for each millionaire has so much to lose that in the hour of danger he naturally thinks only of himself. His strength is his weakness.

At the recent Woman's Congress, a good deal was said about the irrational dress of women, but none of the speakers thought to say a word of an agency that is destined to do more to rescue the sex from skirts and corsets than all the oratory that ever came from the reform platform. I speak of the bicycle, which is the wheel of progress. It still shocks the eye, prejudiced by custom, to see a woman in trousers pedaling a wheel, but the eye is a conformer; it soon gets used to what is frequently presented to it. If a woman now should appear on Market street in the tight-fitting skirt and close sleeves of four years ago, every head would be turned to look at her in amazement and derision; and if a woman in the wide skirts and balloon sleeves of to-day had been seen on the promenade four years back, she would have made an even greater sensation. The bloomers and zouave jacket and the natty cap of the cyclist, compose a very pretty costume. The eye that is offended by the cyclist when mounted, is pleased by her when she walks by the side of her wheel. A dress so sensible, so convenient, and so modest, is bound to make its way beyond the cyclist's uses. A few years hence it will be worn by the summer girl in the country, and in rainy weather in the city. It is a foe to the skirt and the corset that will ultimately drive them altogether from the streets. Flowing draperies, of course, will always hold their place within doors, for they are appropriate there, and beautiful. The wheel, too, will revise the received notions of modesty. The skirt is the visible proof of the inward assumption that it is indecote to acknowledge that woman has legs. The bicycle and the bloomer deny this assumption on which we have been brought up. They insist, and demonstrate, not only that the female of our species possesses legs, but that she has ability to use them. When our minds and eyes grow accustomed to this new view of woman's make-up and rights, we shall all become reconciled—even the most fastidious; for a people who accept the décollete gown of fashion as chaste do not derive their notions of modesty from reflection, but merely through usage. Moreover, the bicycle is too fast for the venerable chaperone to keep up with. This may have its disadvantages, but with women, as with men, liberty's dangers are more than compensated for by its joys, and the self-reliance which it breeds. A woman old enough to vote, dressed in bloomers and owning a bicycle, who is not able to be her own guardian, is scarcely worth guarding.

The bicycle has become a very large and potent factor in modern life. Its influence is being felt in a good many important directions. Not so long ago, the writers on the progress of invention were given to discoursing on how remarkable it was that while machinery had been applied so variously, and travel had been expedited beyond the imaginings of the authors of fairy tales who gave rein to their fancy before the age of steam and electricity, nothing had been devised which increased the individual's power of locomotion. The bicycle has done it, and easily distances the horse. We see what an effect it is having in the direction of improving roads and streets. The San Francisco Silurian has no enemy so efficient as the cyclist. This, largely through the latter's efforts, and in his interest, will become a well-paved city. And when a city has become well paved it is bound to improve otherwise. No man can come into possession of a fine pair of trousers without wishing

strongly for a coat, and vest, and hat, in keeping. Already there is talk of better sewers and wires underground and broad tires for vehicles. The elimination of the horse is in prospect. He does not belong where smooth and clean streets exist. Electricity and the cable are competent to do most of the work now done by the animal. Traffic will be under the streets, not on them, in the next century. And noise will be a misdemeanor.

The death of Secretary of State Gresham has caused the country to remember what he was before he went into Cleveland's cabinet, and to remember him with respect and kindness. He was a brave soldier, and as a Judge earned a national repute by his understanding of and sympathy with the American purpose of American law. His popularity had in it none of the popularity of the demagogue, for he was in no wise given to trucking to the mob. But neither did he truckle to the opulent and powerful. His earnestness and uprightness were everywhere recognized. Had he not been better than his party he would have been its Presidential candidate. But when its sins drove him out of it into support of Cleveland he made a mistake in accepting office as Secretary of State. He was not sufficiently a man of the world for the position, and his judicial habits were against his acquiring the spirit and the arts necessary for diplomacy. It has to be kept in mind, too, that the Cabinet of a President of the United States is composed of men who are entirely subject to the President's will, and that their only recourse when they differ from him and wish to maintain their individual views is to resign. And they have no appeal to the country, directly at least. Mr. Cleveland's Secretaries are by law his advisers only when he chooses to advise with them. When he wishes he can reduce them to the station of clerks, or dismiss them from his service. Whether Judge Gresham would have made a better or a worse Secretary of State had he been free to act will not be known till the inner history of Cleveland's administration shall be opened. But it is already known that Judge Gresham was a good man, patriotic, and bent on doing his duty as he saw it. Therefore the country regrets his death, and the country's press, let it be recorded to its credit, is doing him justice as he goes to his grave.

The San Francisco *Call* is an experiment in journalism that ought to, and no doubt does, interest newspaper men the country over. Nothing like it was ever seen in a city of this size. Editorially it has about all the faults—including apparent want of sense and knowledge—that a daily paper can have. In matter and style it does not often get above the plane of the rural editor who acknowledges with gratitude the visit of a delinquent subscriber to pay up, or of a still more munificent patron who leaves a Christmas turkey on the editorial table. I spoke recently of Mr. Shortridge, the proprietor, as an ebullient rustic, but it is not to be inferred that rusticity does not pay in the metropolitan field. It does. By sprinkling himself and his paper with hay, Mr. Shortridge is making an extraordinary success. The wonder, the laughter, the scorn of his esteemed city contemporaries do not affect him in the least. He pursues his policy of running his paper as if life were a corn-busking, San Francisco a barn, and himself the life of the party. He is determined to be happy, that all California shall join him in the Virginia reel, and that the joyous whackings of his cowhides on the floor shall be heard above all other sounds, and all the time. It is ridiculous, of course, but the

country contemporary likes it, for one can scarcely pick up a newspaper from the interior that hasn't something handsome to say of Mr. Shortridge and his paper. It is to be feared that Mr. Shortridge is a very artful rustic, for he has quite deceived the profession, and more especially his two rivals, Mr. de Young of the *Chronicle* and Mr. Hearst of the *Examiner*. His advent here scared them at first, for they were apprehensive of the competition that might be offered by a man who was able to command a capital as large as their own. But the new *Call* seemed so absurd, and Mr. Shortridge so innocently rural, that both these millionaires have thought it safe to go off to Europe for a vacation—being treated on their departure to puffs in the *Call* equally generous and magnificent. Such civility has doubtless increased their astonishment and contempt. They are as surprised as was William Sharon in 1874 when he found John W. Mackay not only electioneering to send him to the Senate but opening his purse to the same end. "If," said Mr. Mackay in confidence to a puzzled friend, "I can get Sharon out of Virginia City I'll own the Comstock." And presently he did. It is to be noted by the observer, that while Mr. Shortridge is editorially clasp ing everybody in his bosom, and bestowing his benediction upon every inhabitant of California, he is giving the news in the *Call*. He cures nothing, this honest countryman, for the artificial glitter of literary polish, but when you have read the *Call* you find yourself informed of what the world has been doing the previous day, and that his local reporters have scored scoops. One day you read, too, that Mr. Shortridge has addressed the Young Men's Christian Association on the theme of "How to Succeed," the next you learn that he has been the chief orator at the butchers' picnic. He does not sacrifice the *Call*'s space to reports of his oratory as Mr. de Young does the space of the *Chronicle* to his own. The simple rustic is not booming Mr. Shortridge for either political or social advancement; what he is after is subscribers to the *Call*. And he is getting them—something like fifteen thousand new ones within three months, I am informed. Most of these, necessarily, have been won from the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner*. Meantime the ingenuous, hearty son of the soil is making himself immensely popular by his ceaseless mingling with the common herd, while his reassured and smiling rivals are taking their ease in elegance abroad.

Persons of taste have a disrelish for the *Call*, but then they also have a disrelish for the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*. The reason is that all three of the papers are playing to the groundlings; for it is only by getting the subscriptions of the groundlings that a newspaper here can obtain the large circulation which brings advertisements and profits. Each of the papers acts its popular part differently from the others, but the aim is the same. There is no sacrifice that any of them will not make to win readers and business. Their own test of merit is success; and tried by that test Mr. Shortridge is proving himself to be much the cleverest of the three. He has broken through all the traditions, apparently because he knows no better, but he is pleasing to crowded houses his role of Uncle Josh Whitcomb amid immense applause. It is a moral play, moreover, for Farmer Shortridge frowns on lottery advertisements and keeps all the columns of his paper clean. No artist can help but admire the whole performance. If it is not high and dignified art, it is art that achieves its purpose; and it is much more harmless art than that of Mr. Shortridge's competitors. If the *Call* cares nothing for

the usages of journalistic society, it is nevertheless fit to enter the home, and that is saying a good deal for a newspaper which is booming itself. They yawn over it at the clubs, to be sure, and men who like to discover traces of intellect in their newspaper's editorials are moved to anger by it, but the clubs house a very small fraction of the population, and the discriminating are the few. Though Mr. Shortridge astounds, he obviously is, as he would say in one of his marvelous paragraphs, "getting there with both feet." It is not likely, however, that the circulation of the *Call* in Boston, by the efforts of the Half Million Club, would draw many immigrants hither.

Another Californian artist, with powers much inferior to Mr. Shortridge's, gave us one of his characteristic performances last week. Our bluff, honest, and also rural Governor lacks what Mr. Shortridge possesses, the art to conceal art. He was to have been present at the opening of the Women's Congress, as Mayor Sutro was, to deliver an address. The cause of female suffrage has many friends; therefore, Mr. Budd could not well decline the invitation. But the cause of woman suffrage has also many opponents; therefore, Mr. Budd's heart sickened within him at the dilemma in which he found himself. Fortunately, ex-Governor Burnett's funeral occurred on Monday, the first day of the Congress, and Mr. Budd sent his regrets to the ladies. And after assisting to bury Governor Burnett, Governor Budd buried himself till the Congress was over. It is a bold and hardly spirit, this which we have at the head of our State government, and it is fit that he should, as he has done, take command in person of the militia.

Interest in Governor Budd is no longer very keen. For one thing, he has not a great deal to do now, and is no longer filling the public eye; and, for another, the public has taken his measure. Only the Democratic politicians concern themselves much with him, and they have reason to be concerned, for the Governor in erecting a personal machine for future use has discouraged and disgusted about all the leaders of his party whose leadership gives it character and respectability. He has antagonized his political friends by the remarkable fondness he has shown for his enemies. His latest striking act of Christian forgiveness occurred in the appointment of the commission for the revision of the codes. He ignored Mr. Boyce, who pushed the bill through the Legislature, and in searching for a Republican selected one whose claims upon him consisted in appearing against him in the abortive recount proceedings before the Supreme Court, and in delivering a speech to the Union League, in which Mr. Budd was heartily abused. For passing Mr. Boyce by, the Santa Barbara *Independent* remarks that "believing in honesty, even in politics, we have from first to last stuck to Budd; we stick no longer." The *Independent* adds that "we reluctantly accede to the analysis of his character made by Arthur McEwen—that he has no other motive than selfish calculation for his words and actions. He gives a sweetbread to the Spreckelses here, a rib to the railroad there, makes a bluff in favor of reform at one moment, and lines the nest of monopolies at another." In furious language the Governor's alienated Santa Barbara friend scores him for his connection as counsel with the Fair case.

But it is foolish to be furious with Governor Budd. He cannot help being what he is, and he is so transparent in his craft that he disarms anger. Those who supported him for office in the belief that he was a

strong man of fixed principles had not long to wait after his election to learn that he was a weak man, with no political principles at all. It is impossible for Mr. Budd to be courageous and straightforward. He is enamored of duplicity for its own sake, and feels that he is a statesman only when he thinks the public gives him credit for a motive other than his real one. His chicanery is the folly of a bungler, and the Governor, when he is slyest, is the just even of politicians endowed with the most ordinary penetration. He is capable of no settled design, bad or good, and could readily be controlled for the State's and the party's and his own welfare, had the Democracy a newspaper of general circulation that itself should be possessed of convictions and a coherent policy. Mr. Budd will bungle through his term, trying to carry water on both shoulders in the interest of his ambition and in obedience to his political instincts, which are as shallow as they are shifty. The Governor would be all right if he had more brains. It was a mistake to take him from private life, in which his winning personal qualities made him so many friends. His official place is too large for him, and he was mentally blind to the opportunity for service and distinction which his election offered. This is so obvious now that one is more disposed to pity him for his failure than to be indignant. The clue to his character is the fact that Governor Budd is always tempted to leave a plain path for a crooked one, not because he is naturally inclined to evil, but for the reason that he is proud of his skill as a politician. Four years hence he will be returned to Stockton, and spend the remainder of his life in getting over his astonishment at the profound schemes of such a Machiavel as himself miscreant.

The Southern Pacific is a good fighter; it never quits while there remains any chance of gaining its end, whether the end be to keep a blacklisted workman from earning a living, or to retain a dollar's worth of the great heaps of stolen goods which are piled up in its possession. It is not having very good luck, however, in maintaining its pretension of ownership to the whole Oakland shore. The company has a special liking for one of half a dozen of the suits affecting the waterfront of that city. Of all these cases there is but one that embraces the real merits of the matter, since it involves the entire waterfront of 8,000 acres. That case has been tried and submitted before Judge Ogden of the Alameda County Superior Court, and now awaits his decision. It is needless to say that this is not the Southern Pacific's favorite case. The affections of the corporation are centered on the one brought by ex-Attorney General Hart before the United States Supreme Court, in which nobody was a party except the State and the Southern Pacific. None of the waterfront was described in Hart's complaint save seven small pieces, taking in every improvement that has ever been put anywhere upon the 8,000 acres by the railroad people, or the Oakland Waterfront Company, its ally. It is not unnatural that a litigant should pick out as a sample case the one that furnished him an opportunity to set up his paper claim of title, and his improvements, too; but it is not clear why the State, or the City of Oakland should want that to become a test case. At any rate the ex-Attorney General brought that kind of a case; it was speeded. The railroad company offered not the slightest resistance to its unusual expedition; and, indeed, by stipulation of facts it expedited the case amazingly. The City of Oakland, having a grant of its waterfront from the State by an Act of 1852, very properly asked the United States Supreme

Court to give the city a hearing before ruling on these seven small pieces, between the State and the corporate citizen of Kentucky. The city was heard; the Court refused to pass upon the controversy piecemeal, and dismissed the ex-Attorney General's case. No sooner had this case been fought to a standstill, than the railroad people began endeavors to have it opened and reheard. The special attorneys of Oakland, who from the beginning had opposed the bringing of that case, could see no advantage to the city's rights in having it reopened. Meanwhile a new Attorney-General, W. F. Fitzgerald, came into office, and upon taking up the case could see nothing in it, as a test case, of advantage to the State. So, no one concerned who understood the situation—the public rights and private claims confronting each other—could see any advantage in reopening that particular case, except the Southern Pacific itself.

Then, after its custom, the Southern Pacific brought pressure to bear on the Oakland City Council, to enlist its services against the city. Mr. Herrin had written to Attorney General Fitzgerald inviting him to take up the good work where his predecessor (the obliging Mr. Hart, retired) had dropped it. Mr. Fitzgerald, perhaps to Mr. Herrin's surprise, declined. Thereupon, a resolution was introduced in the Council directing the city's special attorneys to do Mr. Herrin's will—that is to say, ordering them to petition the Supreme Court for a rehearing. The commercial future of Oakland was to be settled by a resolution to be railroaded through, without conference with the city's attorneys. This astounding resolution did not pass, but instead was referred to the attorneys mentioned, and at a subsequent meeting the Council, with but one dissenting voice, took the advice of the city's lawyers and rejected it—doubtless to Mr. Herrin's exasperation, for Oakland's councils have usually been obedient. Those familiar with the history of the matter are aware of how much successive councils have done to give the Southern Pacific whatever standing it has as a pretender to the proprietorship of the city's shore.

What Oakland is contending for now is a clear issue between itself and the railroad—for a battle in the courts for the whole waterfront. This controversy involves the estuary of San Antonio, the Oakland harbor, and the bed and both shores of it, as well as thousands of acres of the bay extending from the shore of West Oakland to ship channel, where the water at low tide is from 18 to 24 feet deep. The Southern Pacific, aware of how rotten its title is, prefers anything to facing the issue squarely. What it dreads is the precedent of the Chicago Lake Front case, as to which the United States Supreme Court has said:

The harbor of Chicago is of immense value to the people of the State of Illinois in the facilities it affords to its vast and constantly increasing commerce; and the idea that its Legislature can deprive the State of control over its bed and waters and place the same in the hands of a private corporation . . . is a proposition that cannot be defended.

The Chicago waterfront grant was about one and a half square miles only. The Oakland grant attempted by its councils and mayors contains over twelve square miles. So the Supreme Court's language has a deadly look to the Southern Pacific. The Chicago decision contains many pages of like import. Therefore the corporation's anxiety to avoid a case affecting the Oakland waterfront in its entirety and to get a "parcel" case before the Court, and obtain from it language less sweeping. Any softening would furnish the Southern Pacific with

an excuse to argue in the California State and Federal Courts that the Chicago decision had been modified. What is just, what is necessary, is to get to the Supreme Court the real Oakland case, in order that the whole twelve square miles of waterfront may be passed upon as one grant.

ARTHUR McEWEN.

THE TWADDLER.

The report which ran around last week that I was suffering from indigestion and confined to my room was, between ourselves, a flam. I caused it to be put in circulation myself, for I had good reason to be aware that an attempt would be made, were I known to be well, to get me to appear at the Woman's Congress and make a few remarks there. It is the practice of these new women—and, egad, it's good politics, too—to secure the presence at their gatherings of as many male notables as possible, in order to give their propaganda the intellectual, political, and social weight of the notables' indorsement. Governor Budd was also indorsed, and I begged Mayor Sutro, with tears in my eyes, to imitate our example, but in vain. However, even had the Governor attended, as he would have been bound to do after thoughtlessly accepting the Congress' invitation, had I not given him the indigestion tip, I should still have felt compelled to absent myself. The truth is, that aside from political and social reasons, I had the strongest personal motive for staying away. One night in New York, shortly after the first battle of Bull Run, I dropped in on a lecture that was being given by Miss Susan B. Anthony when I was never more astonished in my life, for it was then that, for the first time, I heard the monstrous claim set up of woman's intellectual equality with man. At the conclusion of the lecture there was a season of free discussion, and I arose and disputed the lecturer's position. Miss Anthony said I had a rather warm argument, and at last, losing all patience, I abandoned generalities and cried out, "Good god, ma'am, do you mean to stand there and tell me that you have as good a brain as I have?" There was a shout of laughter and a storm of applause, and, of course, Miss Anthony had nothing to say in reply; so I left the hall in triumph, generously waving my fingers to her as I retired.

I know that she remembers the incident with mortification—for none of us, whether of the superior or the inferior sex, ever forgets an argument or a repartee that flours us—and my magnanimity counseled me to keep away from last week's Congress, since I had no wish to embarrass the lady by letting her see there the only man who, so far as I know, ever vanquished her in debate. No matter what the new woman may say, every gentleman is under obligation to recognize the claims of chivalry. *Noblesse oblige*, begad.

It is extraordinary how incapable the ladies are of comprehending the essential difference between themselves and ourselves. Being the stronger, physically as well as intellectually, we naturally wear longer, yet they will not often admit it.

"I am so glad to know that you are learning the bicycle," said a woman, who won't see lorry again, the other night, at her house on Pacific avenue, where there was a function, and while we were *en tele-a-tele* for a few moments.

"Learned it?" I cried. "Oh, yes, and bless you, ma'am, I can go like the wind now, and there's scarcely any of the fellows who can pass me on the road."

"I'm so glad, so glad," she said with impressment. "My girls are very fond of the exercise, but it's really not quite the thing to let them go out alone, you know, especially after dark, and if you would be so good as to accompany them it would be a great favor."

"Favor!" I exclaimed, gallantly, for the girls are fine young women, egad. "I assure you, ma'am, that I'll be more than delighted."

"Oh, thank you," she returned, "thank you a thousand times. This bicycling has complicated the chaperone question very much, and you've relieved me of a very great load."

I was speechless, and it is fortunate for her that she moved away while I was so, or I should, I am certain, have forgotten myself in my anger. It is true that I knew her father in New York before she was born, but, I am sure, a woman of forty-five is sunk in old age, while I am for myself—However, my good humor was restored later when I visited Colonel Andrews, who had just come in from a spin on his wheel, and his roars of laughter were infectious.

"Dear boy," he said, drying his eyes, "if you don't want to be chaperone, recommend me!" And

the dog poked me in the ribs with his thumb. Then we roared again.

On Wednesday evening Lord Sholto Douglas gave me an invitation to accompany himself and a few friends to the music hall where his *fiancee* is performing, and I accepted. This may surprise some elements of Society who have been denied the advantages of travel and mixing with the titled aristocracy of Europe, but our cosmopolites will understand why Persiflage unbent and appeared at a place of amusement which exists for the entertainment of the lower orders. We are so far from England and the Eastern centres of civilization that we are prone to forget that a nobleman may do as he pleases, even to appearing at a dinner of ceremony in his tweeds. If a private gentleman, now, should venture to imitate Lord Douglas's noble father, the Marquis of Queensberry, and engage in a street fight with his own son, he would be irretrievably ruined, yet the social standing of the marquis has not been injuriously affected in the least; on the contrary, he has rendered himself extremely popular with high and low. Mind, I do not approve of his conduct as a *man*, but there's no denying, confound me, that it was fine and spirited in a marquis, this indifference to conventionalities, and this bold pugnacity that would have done credit to a coalheaver. Nobility confers a certain assurance of position that begets a serenity that is unmistakable under all circumstances. I have known but three Americans to possess anything approaching it. Of the other two I shall say nothing, but when Lord Douglas asked me to go to the music hall, I remained as calm as he was himself. The young lady visited us in our box, and I must in justice say, that besides being extremely pretty and a graceful dancer, she has an air of breeding that astonished me. When she is Lady Douglas, I am sure that her native nobility of character and manner will, with a little cultivation, fit her for her lofty station. And should she and her noble consort ever revisit us, I venture to predict that Society will be charmed with her dignified condescension. I should add that Lord Douglas's invitation to the music hall has been repeated. I shall be forced to decline it. I am far from being old, but egad, I have lived long enough to know that even unlimited soda water the day after does not quite repair the damage done to one's stomach by a night like that. And, *ence nous*, it was a night to remember; eh, my lord?

I had a New York wire from my young friend Hearst on Monday, asking:

"What should I do about this silver question?"

"At once I wired back:

"Straddle it."

And the *Examiner*, in consequence, is pursuing the policy recommended. In view of the division of sentiment which exists in this State as to the subject, it would be highly injudicious for a great metropolitan journal to have any mind of its own. Of course, we are not to have any convictions of our firm. Every gentleman is for the single gold standard. But a gentleman is one thing, a journalist another.

It was not at my own suggestion, but on Tuesday I sought out Mr. Martin Kelly and made an attempt to reconcile him with the Administration. I acknowledge that he is a statesman of talent, but he is also one of the rudest beings I ever encountered.

"Let Budd go his way," he said, "and I'll go mine. As for you," he added, "I don't want no stale old undes, that had ought to be h me in stead of cruising round town at this hour o' night, coming to me and trying to do politics."

So I took my leave, and my glass shuddered down on the bar, and glared at me fiercely. I grasped my cane. There was a moment's pause—rather an awkward one, I confess—which I broke by bowing and haughtily retiring from the saloon.

Hang me if I'm not growing tired of public life. It brings many troubles, with few compensations, and I must say that I find it hardly of the kind that a Governor that he should confine to press upon me the captaincy of the dredger Edith. It's really absurd to think of a man of my social position accepting such a place. The salary, of course, would not come amiss, but under no circumstances can I become muddy. As for the poor Kelly, I hear that other influences have brought him to heel, and that there is a good prospect that the *entente cordiale* between himself and the Administration will shortly be restored.

PERSIFLAGE.

Jackie—"Mamma, may I have a slice of bread and jam now?" Mamma—"No, you must not think of eating now, because you will spoil your appetite for dinner. It will be ready in three hours." Jackie—"I only had lunch three hours ago, didn't I?" Mamma—"Yea," Jackie—"Then I don't see how the bread and jam can spoil my appetite for dinner, when my lunch did not spoil the appetite I have now for bread and jam."

JAMES J. HILL.

Remarkable Career of a Great Railroad Builder—
Will He Reach San Francisco?

But three of the great railroad systems extending from the Eastern States to the Pacific survived the recent panic without being thrown into the hands of the receiver—the Canadian Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Great Northern. Behind the Canadian stood the government of Canada, behind the Southern Pacific was the personal credit of its few owners, and behind the Great Northern was James J. Hill. "Jim" Hill, as he is universally known from Minnesota to Oregon, is perhaps the greatest railroad financier and manager of the country. As a stock manipulator he is surely not the equal of Jay Gould, perhaps not of several other men of that class, but as a builder of railroads and careful manager he stands alone. While in the panic of '93 the stocks of all other Western roads were tumbling, ruining all who held them and frightening European lenders as they never have been frightened before, "Jim" Hill's Great Northern stock rose at war and above. Throughout the panic crash, while richer roads and roads that passed through far better and more densely populated territory were going to smash, there was not a note even in the calamity—prophesying papers of the East of "Jim" Hill's road going under. The Northern Pacific, which had practically all the through business, and the Great Northern was not only protected from the Great Lakes to the Pacific, fell by the wayside, while the Great Northern, which paralleled the Northern Pacific, and had no government land grant whatever, lived on and even prospered. Not only so, but while the Northern Pacific passed through a country which was comparatively well populated, the Great Northern was a road that passed through a great part, and for thousands miles passed through a wilderness—without towns, cities, and with but few farms and mines.

What was the secret by which this miracle was accomplished? What resource did this man have to draw on? What was the force which he summoned to aid him in a crisis when he seemed to have no hidden resource, no peculiar trick of finance? The people who held Hill's paper knew what the man had done and had confidence in him. That was all there was to it. They believed in "Jim" Hill for they knew what he had done.

A few less than forty years ago "Jim" Hill was a day laborer on the wharves of St. Paul. He had laid and unloaded the boats that came up the river. From the work of stevedore he became a weigher, and finding that there was money in the coal business found a partner with money, and in a few years had the leading wood and coal business in the then new Northwest. The forests of Michigan and Wisconsin attracted his attention and in timber land he invested part of his capital, which increased rapidly in value. By this time "Jim" Hill had become one of the leading men of his State and was worth perhaps a hundred thousand dollars. Then began his railroad career. A road running a short distance out of St. Paul got into a bad way, and Hill and a capitalist named Kistner obtained control of the road. Kistner was forced out or otherwise made rid of, and Hill then said, so a friend and former partner of his has told me, that he would make the little lumber road into a transcontinental system. He pushed his road up into the Red River country, opening up the richest wheat belt in the Northwest. Then he pushed into Dakota and across the river to Montana. Then he pushed on parallel to the Northern Pacific on the south and the Canadian on the north. Two years ago he crossed the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades, and reached Puget Sound. His is the only road reaching the Pacific which was built without a cent of subsidy or an acre of government land grant. And "Jim" Hill has not only been president and manager of the road, but its active financier. His fortune is estimated at twenty million dollars, and all of it he has made out of his railroads. When some one long ago asked how he expected to reach the Pacific without subsidies, he is said to have replied: "I shall keep on building railroad so long as I can build for ten thousand a mile and bond for twenty"—a principle which Mr. Huntington long since discovered and which Mr. Spreckels will no doubt put into practice.

His land transportation system he has supplemented with the finest line of passenger and freight steamboats on the Great Lakes, so that now one can take a "Jim" Hill conveyance at Buffalo, and with but a few days' run reach Puget Sound. And "Jim" Hill is the manager of all, not in name, not by deputy, but in person. His auditors, and treasurers, and managers are but his clerks. He does the planning; to him all matters are referred, and to him all officials look with a respect and an awe, such as no other railroad president in the land inspires. He sits at the Summit Avenue, in St. Paul, at the right hand and on the left will be pointed out the palaces of men who have been

officials of low and high degree on the Northern Pacific, or other railroads. But the finest residence in the city, one of the few handsomest in the land, is that of "Jim" Hill, and his is the only one on that avenue owned by a Great Northern man. His watchful eye allows no stealing, and wherever there is money to be made out of his road, he has it distinctly understood that he alone is to make it. It is generally believed now, and has frequently of late been reported by the papers, that Hill has become master of the railroad situation in the great belt of northern States by gaining such control over the Northern Pacific as to make the two lines practically identical. No better fortune could come to that splendid property than to have Hill control and manage it, but there is no prospect of this in my opinion, because Hill would not burden himself with a road in such condition. Hill's statements since his recent arrival from Europe show that he will, in future, have the right to use the Northern Pacific track and Western terminals, and this brings him as far south as Portland. Will he come further south?

Had San Francisco been "Jim" Hill's home the railroad problem in this State would have been solved twenty years ago. I am not so sure but that yet he will be the one to break the Huntington monopoly in California. In three years he has come from Montana to Portland. In three years more he may have conquered the Pacific. What man is not to be stopped by mountain ranges, rivers, deserts, or panics. With all his immense bonded debt he has never missed an interest payment; and never had to throw his stock on the open market to procure money.

If he had lived and worked in New York instead of St. Paul, Hill's success would have been as widely known as Jay Gould's, and more favorably. He has a genius for large affairs, and has never undertaken an enterprise which has failed. At home, and in the States through which his road passes, he is exceedingly popular. It is commendatory not condemnatory in Minnesota to say that "Jim" Hill is the friend of a poor man or a certain measure. In personal appearance he looks like a Methodist preacher—he wears his hair long, his brow is high and his eye large and intelligent. He is a fluent and graceful talker, and has a knowledge of the language which allows him to say the thing his audience desires him to say without binding himself to any policy which he is not ready to declare. There are few men in the United States of greater achievement than the man whom the Scandinavians of Dakota call "Yim" Hill.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

LE GALLIENNE'S TRIBUTE.

From an advance proof of Richard Le Gallienne's new volume of poems, entitled, "Robert Louis Stevenson, Shelley, and Other Poems' Mainly Personal," a contemporary quotes the following lines of the elegy:

"High on his Patmos of the Southern Seas
Our northern dreamer sleeps,
Strange stars above him, and above his grave
Strange leaves and wings their tropic splendours wave,
While, far beneath, mile after shimmering mile,
The great Pacific, with its faery depths,
Smiles all day long its sliken secret smile.

"Death! he whirled at his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden board;
Life! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile,
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon.
In the surf the shuddering timbers grin;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel.

* * * * *
"Not while a boy still whistles on the earth,
Not while a single human heart beats true,
Not while Love lasts, and Honour, and the
Brave,
Has earth a grave,
O well-beloved, for you!

Among the eccentricities of the late Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, was his strong aversion to the use of bank books or checks. The famous ex-Mayor had a bank account, of course. In fact, he had several of them, but he never drew upon them in the regular way, through the medium of checks. Whenever any one came to him with a bill Mr. Vaux would pay it in a very unique way. The back of an old envelope or a fragment of paper of any kind or size would serve for a check, and upon this he would scribble the amount of the bill, the name of the creditor, and his own characteristic signature. He very frequently used a strip from the margin of a newspaper. The billers at the banks all knew of Mr. Vaux's strange custom, and none of Mr. Vaux's home-made checks were ever turned down.

OLYMPIAN GAMES REVIVED.

California should be Represented at Athens in the
Games Next April.

The success with which the Berkeley boys have met in their Eastern athletic contests should arouse local interest in the Olympic games which take place in Athens next year. There is no reason why California should not have one or more representatives at this grand revival on historic ground of the ancient athletic sports. It would cost less to send a man or two to Athens than it did to send the team that is now East, and certainly there would be little trouble in raising the necessary money. A series of local contests could be held, at which it would be decided what men to send, and these could then be put in training and sent as California's representatives at the international Olympic games. It has been proposed to send a first-class ocean steamer direct from New York to Athens on that occasion, so that the cost and inconvenience of the journey would be reduced to a minimum. A committee of representative men is in process of formation, and the names of those who form it will shortly be announced. The regulations drawn up by the international congress, which met last year in Paris, sharply define the line of amateurism in relation to most of the sports; professionals will be admitted to contests in fencing and marksmanship.

The inauguration of the modern Olympic games has been attended with much distinction. The foremost exponent of the idea and the executive officer has been a French gentleman of distinguished family, Baron de Coubertin, who has traveled much in this as in other lands, and has become a staunch friend of American institutions and ideas, having written, at the instigation of his government, a symposium of our educational system, which lays particular emphasis on the value of our sports. With the assistance of many influential men of nearly every civilized nation, an international congress was held last May in Paris to discuss the all-important question of amateurism vs. professionalism in the great matter of international contests in various sports.

The chairman of the congress was Baron de Courcel, now French Ambassador in London, and among the members were philanthropists, peace-lovers, and sportsmen of every nation. The congress laid down stringent but elastic rules for the guidance of those who believe in amateur sport as vital to the moral side of education and life, and proposed a renewal, at regular intervals of four years, of amateur international contests, suggesting that the first be held at Athens in 1896, the second in Paris in 1900, on the occasion of the great peace exhibition which is to introduce the new century, the third in 1904 in New York, the fourth in 1908 in London. The congress also left him an international committee, which has ever since been busy with preliminaries. This committee has found hearty support in all directions, and it is now definitely settled that at least the first contest, that at Athens, is to be held. It will take place at the Easter season of the Greek Church in the spring of 1896—the 5th to the 15th of April.

Among the events already decided upon are the following:

Athletic sports—1, foot races, 100, 400, 800, and 1,500 metres, flat (equivalent to about 110, 440, 880, and 1,650 yards respectively), and 110 metres with hurdles (equivalent to about 120 yards); 2, contests, running long and high jump, pole vault, putting shot, and discus; 3, long and high jumps, and 100 metres (equivalent to 29.76 miles), from Marathon to Athens, for a cup offered by M. Breal of the French Institute. This is to recall the famous run of the messenger who carried the news from Marathon to Athens.

Gymnastics, individual—Arm pull, horizontal bar, rings, parallel bars, vaulting, weights, teams of not fewer than ten members will be admitted to contests yet to be arranged.

Fencing and wrestling.
Marksmanship.

Yachting and rowing, according to entries, and under special rules to be obtained from L'Union des Yachts Français.

Cycling, 2,000 to 10,000 metres (equivalent to one mile and a quarter and six miles and a quarter respectively), on a track, without pacemakers; 100 kilometres (sixty-two miles); and twelve-hour contests with pacemakers.

Horsemanship.

Contests in lawn tennis, and in cricket, or similar games for which no contestants and teams offer.

The anniversary on which the modern Olympic games are to be celebrated is the fiftieth of Greek independence.

Professor Sloane, the historian, of Princeton, has

written as follows of the Olympian games: "The physical exercises of the Olympian and other games were not the pendant or complement of what the Greek genius could accomplish in intellectual exercises. They were intended to emphasize the paramount importance of the body in successful living, to glorify the human form in its most perfect development, to display the joy of physical existence on its moral side. The games, therefore, were in no respect secondary; on the contrary, they were of prime importance to both participants and spectators. Everything which art did or could do was but a background, a setting to the great spectacle, the contests on the race-course and the arena; even the horse races found their interest chiefly in the breeders and charioteers, not in the fine animals alone. Strength, endurance, adroitness, speed, the completeness of physical training, and solely in using the means to secure perfection—these seem to have been the aims of the various exercises."

"Ten months before the appointed day the judges pitched their tents upon the ground, and for that long period superintended the preliminary training of the throng of contestants. At daybreak they opened the gates to the various officers, and the entering competitors swore on the victim that they had been in continuous training for the ten months previous; that they were of pure Greek descent; that they would be guilty neither of fraud nor deceit in the contests. Thereupon they proceeded in solemn march to the grounds, were anointed and ruled, and the races began."

"We have no information as to the exact order of events, but we know that while at first they filled not a single day, before the end the celebration continued throughout five days. The starters were heralds invested with sacred rights; the judges were presiding officers of the year. We also know how the contests gradually increased in number. For example, the foot race was in the beginning a single lap of a 200-yard track; later a second race of two laps became common, and finally there were contests of seven, twelve, and even twenty-four laps. Lord Rosebery's Derby winner was named for a Greek runner, one Ladus, who, having won the twenty-four-lap or three-mile race, fell dead at the goal."

"Next in order of introduction was wrestling, considered by the latest Greek generations the most graceful as well as the most intellectual of all the sports. The wrestlers were anointed with oil and sprinkled with sand. Three throws decided the contest. As is well known, Greek sculpture had no more favorite subject than the attitudes of wrestlers."

"Almost at the same epoch was introduced the most important of all the contests, corresponding more closely to our gymnastic exercises than any other, namely, the pentathlon or five-fold struggle. These five exercises were the running, the throwing the discus or quoit, throwing the spear, and wrestling. These were open only to the great athletes, who must each compete in all five in a given order on the same day; the victor was the hero of the year. The leaping was a long jump from a spring-board with dumb-bells in the hand; there is a story difficult to believe that the record was fifty-five feet."

"Boxing and chariot racing were added somewhat later. In the former the contestants struck and parried much as is customary to-day, but their lists and wrists were wrapped in leather thongs to make the blow harder. It is a little difficult to see why strokes thus delivered did not cause frequent deaths, but such was not the case, because in case of a death the survivor was disqualified."

"With the gradual degeneration of the pristine Greek spirit, chariot racing became more and more popular. The course was 1,200 feet long and 400 broad; the middle was a line, at the end of which further on, a statue in a standing position stood a pillar, around which the racers had to turn in each of the twelve circuits which constituted a race. This dangerous spot was the center of interest, for there was displayed the skill of each charioteer in making the closest turn, and consequently there occurred the frequent serious accidents which really gave zest to the sport. There were sometimes forty chariots in a single race."

"There was very little betting and very little money extravagance connected with the Greek games. Nominally the prizes were purely honorary, the victor receiving a wild olive crown made of twigs snipped at the statue to be erected at Olympia within the enclosure. With this on his head and a palm branch in his hand, the winner was proclaimed by the herald, led in procession, accompanied by song and the strewing of flowers, and delivered to the company of his friends."

"On his return home the greatest honors were lavished upon him, a statue to be erected at Olympia was decreed, he was overwhelmed with substantial gifts, he was sometimes even worshipped as a god. A Greek recounting his honors was sure to put first in the enumeration a victory at Olympia, and to be 'received like an athlete' for any public service was the mode of glory to which any one might aspire. No Roman conqueror was ever an object of such veneration."

SOME REMARKABLE MEN.

Two Lawyers, an Emperor, and a Financier.

Frederic Condot, the New York lawyer, who also was Joseph Choate and Jas. C. Carter, the leadership of the New York bar, was asked by a newspaper to name the greatest lawyer he had known, and he replied:

Charles O'Connor was the greatest lawyer my generation has known, in one sense of the word. He was thoroughly imbued and saturated with the law, its principles, and its philosophy. He studied law learning, and some of his men radiate goodness. The reports, text books, treatises, briefs, essays on the subject of the law which he had assimilated, would in their original form have heated the baths of some modern cities as long as the baths of Alexandria were kept in operation by the volumes that a ruthless barbarian conqueror turned into fuel. To build up a clean-cut, technical case as much as a case of logic to him as the erection of a temple would have been to an architect of old Athens. Logic was his constant companion and friend. Rhetoric he looked on with suspicion, and if at times he did allow himself to be drawn away from the mathematics of his profession, it was only a short-lived truancy. He did shine in these brief moments of diffidence to his stern-browed mistress that he might enter the lists with the best sophists of them all and gather laurels with them on the slopes of Hymettus or Parnassus. But he soon tired of the flowers that he picked and flung them aside, as though weaving garlands were beneath his dignity."

However, you mean by the greatest lawyer the most persuasive, the most delightful, charming, fascinating, and irresistible of men, then you must take Ogden Hoffman. He may not have been great at besieging strongholds. He may not have understood counterscarps, circumvallations, redoubts, and the like. I really believe he could not have captured Alesia 2,000 years ago, as Cæsar did, but when it came to storming the jury box, to sweeping away intervening obstacles in spite of all the rules of war—except those that rested on honorable carriage—Ogden Hoffman was the chief of them all. His onslaught was simply irresistible. He was in the jury box with the jurors telling them what to do, and they obeying him before the case was out of the Judge's hands. He charmed them from their determination, as Apollo with his lyre drew the oaks by the roots from their mother soil. He hypnotized and wrought a spell about them. His voice was like a silver flint in the hands of an enchanter. And it was all done so modestly and gently and courteously that really it was not fair to the other side. Fortunately for the administration of justice, nature, in giving Hoffman such possibilities of wrong-doing, had limited his capacity for mischief by a double and very effective infliction. He was lazy and he was a gentleman. He would never willingly harm a human being, even if he could be accomplished without labor. And he was a gentleman. And as for doing a wrong or anything else to any one where labor was involved he scorned such baseness. He was incapable of this flying in the face of the good fairy who had lovingly endowed him at his birth with a splendid fund of unconquerable laziness."

Charles A. Duns says: "There is a man who can write a song and sing it or play the music of it. He is a yachtsman and an equestrian. He can talk rapidly in five modern languages, and read both Greek and Latin. He can play chess and poker. He can paint pictures and criticize those of other artists. He understands engineering and is an expert in electricity. He is a student of the occult and has composed a prayer. He can command a ship or a regiment, a fleet or an army. He can scare people. He can make speeches that strike the world. He is a horse breeder and keeps a stud. He can talk about the art of cookery. He possesses a literary taste, and has read piles of books. He is a friend of peasants and monarchs. He is orthodox in religion. He quaffs both beer and champagne. He can teach editors how to run their papers, daily or weekly. He thrums the guitar. He is rich, and the father of a growing family, and a terror to his foes. Yet he is only 36 years old. One would think that he must be a Chicago man, or a Bostonian. Yet he is not. There may be other interesting people in the world, but they pale their ineffectual fires in his presence, or at the mention of his name. He is a scion of the house of Hohenzollern. He is the German Kaiser, Wilhelm II., who, since he was crowned between six and seven years ago, has kept all his traits, talents, and powers on full display before the world and Bismarck."

G. P. Morosini, whom Jay Gould found a street boot-black and raised by slow degrees to be his partner, seems to have been the one true friend the Wizard made. Morosini has told the New York World some new stories concerning Gould:

Jim Fisk used to say of Mr. Gould that he was

only three feet high, but two feet of that was his head. Mr. Gould was a man of cool judgment, avoiding all excitement, and he took the loss or profit of a million of dollars without any apparent concern. Sometimes when he met heavy losses he would say in a jocular way, "it is a good lesson. Once in a while a lesson like this cools one's speculative mind." But he did not care for many lessons of that sort. I remember once he was short of Pacific mail and stood to lose over \$800,000, but he did not worry, and eventually carried the deal through with a profit of half a million of dollars. He had more nerve on the short side of the market than on the long side."

Once Mr. Gould went down to Jim Fisk's office and asked him what system he had of keeping his accounts. "Oh, very simple, very simple," replied Fisk; "same rule for every one's account. Just as soon as a customer deposits his margin on a transaction, it is immediately divided among the partners, so all book-keeping is avoided. We have only been stuck once, and that was when an old man deposited \$10,000 and then died before he could give an order. We had to refund that money." Mr. Gould would laugh heartily when telling this story. All through his life Mr. Gould treated those with whom he came in contact with great consideration. He was a good-hearted man, liberal in his views, and a very studious, home-loving man. He found his recreation in books and works of art. Had he been a General instead of a railroad President, he would have been the greatest General ever known. He was a great thinker, and when his enemies thought they had him he really had them."

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A SON OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

Rachette told the story to Medallion and the little chemist's wife on Sunday after mass, and because he was vain of his English he forsook his own tongue and paid tribute to the Anglo-Saxon.

"Ah, she was so purty, that Norinne, when she drive through the parishes all twelve days, after the wedding, a dance every night, and her eyes and cheeks on fire all the time. And Bargon, by gosh! that Bargon, he have a pair of shoulders like a wall, and five hunder' dollara and a horse and wagon. By gosh! I say that time, 'Bargon he have put a belt round the world and buckle it tight to him—all right, ver' good.' I say to him: 'Bargon, what you do when you get ver' rich on the the Souris River?' He laugh and throw up his hands, for he have not many words any kind. And the damn little dwarf Parpan, he say: 'He will have flowers on the table and ice on the butter, and a wheel in his head.'

"And Bargon laugh and say: 'I will have plenty for my friends to eat and drink and a ver' fine time.'

"'Good!' we all say, 'by gosh!' "So they make the trip through twelve parish, and the fiddle go all the time, and I am what you say best man, by gosh! with Bargon, and I go all the time, and Lucette Bargois, she go with me and her brother—holly, what an eye and who in her head! As we go we sing a song jolly, and there is no one sing so better as Norinne:

"C'est la belle Francoise,

Allons gai,

C'est la belle Francoise,

Qui veut se marier.

Ma luron lurette,

Qui veut se marier,

Ma luron lure.

"Ver' good, by gosh! Norinne and Bargon they go out to the Souris and Bargon have a hunder' acre, and he put up a house and a shed not ver' big, and he carry his head high and his shoulders like a wall, yes, yes. First year it is pretty good time, and Norinne's cheeks—ah, like an apple, and bimeby a baby laugh up at Bargon from Norinne's lap. I am on the Souris then at a sawmill, and on Sunday sometime I go up to see Bargon and Norinne. I think that baby is so damn fun; I laugh and pinch his nose; his name is Marie, and I say I marry him pretty quick some day. We have plenty bot cake, and beans and pork, and a little how-you-are from a jug behind the door.

"Next year it is not so good. There is a bad crop and hard times, and Bargon he owe two hunder' dollar, and he pay interest. Norinne, she do all the work, and that little Marie, there is damn funny in him, and Norinne, she keep go, go, all the time, early and late, and she get ver' thin and quiet. So I go up from the mill, mornin', and I bring folde for that little Marie, for you know I said I go to marry him some day. And when I see how Bargon shoulders stoop and his eye get dull, and there is nothing in the jug behind the door, I fetch a horn with me, and my fiddle, and, by gosh! there is happy sit-you-down. I make Bargon sing 'La Belle Francoise,' and then just before I go, I make them laugh, for I stand by the cradle and I sing to that Marie:

"Adieu, belle Francoise;

Allons gai!

Adieu, belle Francoise;

Moi je te marierai,

Ma luron lurette,

Moi je te marierai,

Ma luron lure.

"So; and another year it go along, and Bargon be know that if there come bad crop it is good-by-my-lover with himself. He owe two hunder' and fifty dollar. It is the Spring at Easter, and I go up to him and Norinne, for there is no mass, and Pontiac is too far away. We stand at the door and look out, and what the prairie is green, and the sun stand up high like a light on a pole, and the birds fly ver' busy looking for the summer and the prairie drier.

"'Bargon, I say—and I give him a horn of old rye—here's to the bon Dieu!'

"'Le bon Dieu, for start bon and harvest,' he say.

"'There come some give a long breath behind, and I look round; but no, it is Norinne with a smile—for she never grumbles—by gosh! What pretty eyes she have in her head! She have that Marie in her arms, and I say to Bargon it is like the Madonna in the Notre Dame at Montreal. He nod his head. 'C'est le bon Dieu—it is the good God,' he say.

"'Before I go I take a piece of palm—it come from the Notre Dame; it is all blessed by the Pope—and I nail it to the door of the house. 'For luck,' I say. Then I laugh, and I speak out to the prairie: 'Come along, good summer; come along, good crop; come two hunder' and fifty dollars for

Gal Bargon,' ver' quiet. I give Norinne twenty dollar, but she will not take him. 'For Marie,' then I say; 'I go to marry him, bimeby.' But she say, 'Keep it and give to Marie yourself, some day.'

"She smile at me, then she have a little tear in her eye, and she nod to where Bargon stand outside, and she say: 'If this summer go wrong, it will kill him. He work and work and fret and worry for me and Marie, and sometimes he just sit and look at me and say not a word.'

"I say to her that there will be good crop, and next year we will be ver' happy. So, the time go on, and I send up a little snack of pork and molasses and tabac, and sugar and tea, and I get a letter from Bargon bimeby, and he say that everything go right, he think, this summer. He say I must come up. It is not damn easy to go in the summer, when the mill run night and day, but I say I will go.

"When I get up to Bargon's I laugh, for all the hunder' acre is ver' fine, and Bargon stand in the door and stretch out his hand, and say: 'Rachette, there is six hunder' dollar for me.' I nod my head, and fetch out a horn, and he have one, his eyes all shiny like a cat's skin. He is thin and square, and his beard grow ver' thick and rough and long, and his hands are like planks. Norinne, she is ver' happy, too, and Marie bite on my finger, and I give her a sugar stick to suck.

"Bimeby Norinne say to me, ver' soft: 'If a baillement or a bot wind come, that is the end of it and I am with my poor o'x.'

"What I do? I laugh and I catch Marie under the arms, and I sit down and I pat him on my foot, and I sing that damn funny English song—'Here We Go to Banbury Cross.' And I say: 'It will be all as happy as Marie pretty quick. Bargon he will have six hunder' dollar, and you a new dress and a hired girl to help you.'

"But all the time that day, I think about a bailment or a bot wind whenever I look out upon that hunder' acre farm. It is so beautiful, as you can guess—the wheat, the barley, the corn, the potatoes, the turnip, all green like sea water, and pigeons and wild ducks flying up and down, and the horse and the ox standing in a field ver' comfortable.

"We have good time that day, and go to bed all happy that night. I get up at 5 o'clock, and I go out. Bargon stand there looking out on his field with the horse bridle in his hand. 'The air not feel right,' he say to me. I think the same, but I say to him: 'Your head not feel right—him too soft.' He shake his head and go down to the field for his horse and ox, and hitch them up together, and go to work making a road.

"It is about 10 o'clock, when the damn thing come. Pull! go a bot splash of air in my face, and the kitchen is all up in the air. Bargon Bargon, a month after it is no matter, for that—him ripe then, but now, when it is green, it is sure death to it all. I turn sick in my stomach, and I turn round and see Norinne stand in the door, all white, and she make her hand go like that, like she push back that bot wind.

"Where is Gal, she say; 'I must go to him.' 'No,' I say; 'I will fetch him. You stay with Marie.' Then I go ver' quick for Gal, and I find him, his hands all shut like that! and he shake them at the eeky, and he say not a word, but his face it go wild, and his eyes spin round in his head. I put my hand on his arm and say: 'Come home, Gal. Come home, and speak kind to Norinne and Marie.'

"I can see that bot wind lean down and twist the grain about—a damn devil thing from the Arzone desert down South. I take Gal back home, and we sit there all day, and all the next day and a little more, and when we have look enough there is no grain on that hunder' acre farm—only a few up prairie, all gray and limp. My skin is bare and rough, but when I look at Gal Bargon I know that his heart is dry like a bone, and as Parpan say that time, he have a wheel in his head. Norinne be quiet, and she sit with her hand on his shoulder, and give him Marie to hold.

But it is no good, it is all over. So I say: 'Let us go back to Pontiac. What is the good for to be rich? Let us be poor and happy once more.' 'And Norinne she look glad, and go up and say: 'Yes, let us go back.' But all at once she sit down with Marie in her arms and cry—by gosh! I never see a woman cry like that.

But it is no good, it is all over. So I say: 'Let us go back to Pontiac. What is the good for to be rich? Let us be poor and happy once more.' 'And Norinne she look glad, and go up and say: 'Yes, let us go back.' But all at once she sit down with Marie in her arms and cry—by gosh! I never see a woman cry like that.

"C'est le bon Dieu! he say at the last, but he say it with a little laugh. I think he have a wheel in his head. But bimeby, yet's day, Norinne and Marie and I come to Pontiac.

The little chemist's wife dried her eyes, and Medallion said in French: 'Poor Norinne! Poor'

Norinne! And so, Rachette, you are going to marry Marie, by and by?" There was a quizzical look in Medallion's eyes.

Rachette threw up his chin a little. "I'm going to marry Norinne New Year's Day," he said. "By gosh! poor Norinne," said Medallion, in a queer sort of tone. "It is the way of the world," he added. "I'll wait for Marie myself." And it looks as if he meant to, for she has no better friend, And he talks to her much of Bargon, of which her mother is glad, for there is but one great love in a woman's life. All sorts of different names and meanings.—New York World.

Manvais', 769 Market St. Sheet Music at half-price. Pianos: Decker & Son; Marshall & Wendell.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DUNHAM, CARRIGAN & HAYDEN CO.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

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HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL AND BRASS GOODS.

RAILROAD, MINING AND MILL SUPPLIES.

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NEW YORK OFFICE:

107 CHAMBERS STREET.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased. It appearing to the said Court by the petition presented and filed May 1st, 1895, by F. B. Whitcomb, the administrator of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of administration:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court on Monday, the first day of July, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, Department No. 4, at the Court-house in the City of Oakland, they and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in the Berkeley Daily Advocate, a newspaper printed and published in said Alameda County, and also in "ARTHUR McWEN'S LETTER," a newspaper printed and published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco, and that the administrator appearing at said Court do not be granted to sell said real estate and requiring publication thereof, which was done by said administrator on May 3, 1895, he and the same is hereby revoked and set aside.

Dated May 21st, 1895.

(Signed) F. B. OGDEN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Patrick Mcnehan, deceased. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRESHE, Administrator with the will annexed, of the Estate of Patrick Mcnehan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 15, 1895.

J. D. CULLEN, Esq., Attorney for Administrator,

319 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE.

In the Superior Court of the County of San Francisco, State of California. In the Matter of the Estate of Eleanor K. Benham, Deceased.

Samuel E. Moffatt having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order and decree of this Court that the administrator of said estate be directed and authorized to convey to said Mrs. Moffatt, said certain real estate of said estate situate in the town of Berkeley, County of Alameda, and more particularly described in said petition, it is therefore ordered by the said Court that Tuesday, the 4th day of June, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M. on said day, he and she appear before said Court, at the Court-house in the City and County of San Francisco, he and hereby in the presence of said Court, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said administrator to sell said real estate and requiring publication thereof at least four successive weeks before such hearing in the ARTHUR McWEN'S LETTER, a newspaper printed and published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco.

It is further ordered by said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased do appear before said Superior Court at said time and place aforesaid, to show cause why such order and decree of this Court should not be granted to said Moffatt, directing and authorizing the conveyance of said real estate to said Moffatt.

Dated May 3, 1895.

CHARLES W. SLACK,

Judge of Superior Court.

BEATTY & BEATTY, Attorneys for Petitioner.

"Jack," said I, "tell me about the silver question."

"What are you hothering your head with that for?" Jack asked.

"Well," I replied, "I read all about it in all the newspapers; they say it's going to be the great political issue in the next election; the weeklies are filled with cartoons and jokes about it; so I think I ought to get posted."

"It can't do you any good, Betty, to worry about free silver and all that truck. You can't vote and you ought to consider yourself lucky that you don't have to show some knowledge on these questions."

"That's true, I don't vote and I don't want to, but, heavens and earth, I have to read the papers, don't I? And I really want to know something of what I am reading about. Tell me—what's all the row about?"

"My dear girl, don't start a discussion. I'm tired to-night," answered Jack, with rather a petulant tossing of the head and knitting of the brows. "Isn't it enough for me to be bored with the thing in the papers and in the streets and in the clubs without having you talk about it at home? By Jove, I'll take to going to church pretty soon if this infernal discussion keeps up."

"I'm sure I didn't know it was such a bore, Jack," I soothingly replied. "But you know it's awful to hear people talking about a thing that seems to be the last of the day and not be able to say a word. Now, over to the other night, Fred and that New York man, you know, Stewart, got into the most exciting discussion, and I had to sit there like the lone fisherman and say nothing."

Jack here resorted to cheap cynicism to avoid me by remarking that no woman was ever injured by the exercise of such self-restraint. But I was seeking information, and I said to him:

"Are you a gold man or a silver man?" I asked, peremptorily.

"I'm both," he answered.

"Both! Why, how can you be both?"

"I'm a bimetalist," he replied.

"What does that mean?"

"I want gold and silver and as much of them as I can get."

"Don't fool, Jack. I know you want money, but do you want the United States to favor the one kind of money or the other?"

"You are getting beyond your depth, Betty, my dear. I want all the gold and all the silver coined into money. You can't have too much of a good thing, you know."

That struck me as quite reasonable, and I asked what possible objection there could be to that.

"Well, you see, the gold bugs say that if we coin all the silver we can get, the gold will all leave the country, and that would play smash."

"Where would the gold go?" I asked.

"To Europe."

"But I've heard you say that it is going there now all the time."

"Betty, you really can't understand these things. It's bad enough for men to have to worry themselves over such confounded problems."

"That's just it," I said; "I don't understand and I want to. You say that all the silver is made into money all the gold will go to Europe."

"No, I don't say any such thing! The gold bugs say that."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; the gold bugs say that. Now, you say it won't. Well, how do you know it won't?"

"How do I know it won't? Because we'll keep them both here, gold and silver, don't you see?"

"But you say gold is going out now all the time!"

"We can't stop that because we owe the money. But we can make more money to use ourselves and bring good times again," said Jack, with something of hope in his face.

"I see," I said; "you will coin all the gold and all the silver, and the gold you'll pay your debts with, and the silver you'll just have in your pocket to buy things."

"No, no. You see, there's not enough gold to go round. That makes prices low, and that means bad times. So we want all the silver sent to the mint, and I come to that price will be good."

"But I just don't see why you should want prices any higher," I innocently answered. "The lower things are, the happier I am."

"Yes," he said, rather sneeringly, "but it doesn't make any difference how low they are if you haven't got any money to buy with, does it?"

"Of course not. But we have some kind of money now, don't we? I thought silver money was just as good as gold."

"It is, only there is a monopoly of gold, the very rich men, the Rothschilds and all those people control it, and that makes it harder to get. It is growing in value all the time."

That statement was in a great flood of light on my poor bewildered mind. I was really in an awful

state. I didn't know where I was. Jack had explained the thing to me, but somehow I couldn't quite understand. But when he said that the millionaires had a monopoly of it, and it was getting more valuable all the time, I thought I saw the whole thing. I had been very serious before, but now I smiled on Jack as I said:

"I see it all now. The millionaires have got the gold, and you want some other kind of money that they don't want."

"Not at all. Oh, my dear girl, why under heaven did you ever start this nonsense? We don't want a kind of money that they don't want; we want a kind of money that they can't get. Can't you see the difference?"

"Please don't be cross with me, Jack. I thought I saw what you meant," I replied, rather crestfallen. "I don't want a kind of money that they don't want, but you do want a kind of money that they can't get; is that right?"

"Yes."

"Well, why can't they get any kind they want?"

"There's too much silver for them to get it all."

"Not, supposing they did?"

"Supposing they did. Then if they tried to make silver too high, why, we'd have gold, don't you see?"

"Supposing they got both?"

"But they couldn't."

"Supposing they did, though?"

"What's the use of supposing a ridiculous thing like that? I tell you, they don't want silver."

"But, Jack, you said that while ago that they did want silver, but they couldn't get it."

"Not at all! Not at all! Don't misconstrue what I say. I said that the millionaires—the Rothschilds—didn't want silver as money, because they had a monopoly of the gold, and it kept going up in price all the time. Now, we want to make a kind of monopoly in silver that will sell for higher and break the gold monopoly. There it is in a nutshell."

It no doubt was all very clear to Jack, but somehow I couldn't make it out, so I asked:

"If both are high what good will that do? Will silver money be any easier to get when it's high than when it's low?"

"Holy smoke!" Jack exclaimed. "You're worse than a gold bug. What is it a certain b-o-k says about those who will not see? Haven't I explained that if we have free silver there will be plenty of money, because any man can take silver to the mint and have it made into dollars. Then we'll have that just like there in the early days of California, when money was plenty."

"The price of wheat would go up and the farmer would have money to pay his mortgages, and there'd be lots of business for everybody, and good wages, and improvements of all kinds. We never will have good times till we have free silver." And Jack leaned back believing that he had said the final word.

"But," I modestly queried, "supposing the Rothschilds got all the silver too?"

"By Jupiter," yelled Jack, "I'm not going to try and explain this thing to you any more. I've told you many a time that women have no reasoning faculty and you've proved it again to-night. This thing has got to stop. Supposing, supposing, great heavens, why don't you suppose that the sun will burn out? Why don't you suppose that the ocean will sweep us all away? Supposing—supposing—Then he hesitated for a moment, and in a calmer tone went on: "Betty, you know something about bonnets, and macaroni, and novels, and crab salad, but you take my advice and don't try to know anything about the silver question. Don't read about it, don't think about it, and above all don't talk to me about it, for if you do, by all that's sacred, I'll get a divorce on the ground of cruelty. You simply cannot understand it. If anybody asks you how you stand on the money question, just say you're for silver."

Now, wasn't that sensible? BETTY.

CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR VINTAGES

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1889.

NOTICE TO CONSUMERS.

The C. A. Wetmore Company, The Bowen Company and Cresta Blanca Souvenir Vintages have consolidated and will hereafter do business under the name of WETMORE-BOWEN COMPANY. The labels of the C. A. Wetmore Company will be discontinued and all our Sauternes and Clarets will bear the Cresta Blanca labels. By this amalgamation we have secured all of the vintages of Cresta Blanca from 1889 to 1894 and only the oldest wines will be bottled.

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140 MONTGOMERY STREET. Under Occidental Hotel.
Bottling Cellars; Cor. Larkin and McAllister Sts.

\$150 for a Summer Home.

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JOOST & WOOLLEY,

4 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Frawley company filled the Columbia Hall last week with "All the Comforts of Home." This comedy of Gillette's, like many others of our modern, well-bred comedies, relies on an altogether impossible first incident upon which subsequent humorous situations are based. If one takes for granted Mr. Pettibone's peculiarly active jealousy and his nephew's lodging-house scheme, the other things might have happened, although chances are against it.

Phosa McAllister carried off the honors last week. She played the part of Mrs. Bender with an uncompromising dignity, a righteousness, suspicious severity, that was funnier than all of Frawley's and Leslie's mad rushes up and down stairs. Miss McAllister made a very natural looking Mrs. Bender, and her acting was even and truthful.

Frawley is out of his element in such effervescent comedy. Whenever there is a bit of serious acting, he does it very well; but his Alfrid Hastings is unintelligible at times, not at all humorous, and always uninteresting. The fault lies in Mr. Frawley's lack of facial acting and in a certain heaviness of mind and body which makes Alfrid Hastings a spectator of, rather than an actor in, the surprising doings in Mr. Pettibone's house.

Blakemore is very good as Mr. Theodore Bender, and Blanche Bates is a girlish and pleasing Evangeline. Belle Archer's madonna-like face and pretty, serious eyes were not made to portray the frivolous, disingenuous Miss Orianelli. Hope Ross, with her piquant face and her animation in voice and gesture, would have been better cast for the role.

Next week's play at the Columbia will be Sidney Grundy's comedy "Arabian Nights," which had a very successful run in London on its first production and later in New York. One reason for the probable success of next week's engagement is that the Columbia is the only one of the b-t-r class theatres which will be open. Mr. Blakemore and Phosa McAllister have the principal parts in Grundy's bright comedy. Hope Ross, Belle Archer, Mr. Frawley, and Mr. Leslie also appear. In the curtain-raiser, "The Picture," Blanche Bates plays the role she created, that of Mrs. Willoughby.

Yaeye gives two concerts this week at the California on Friday night and a Saturday matinee. The California closes after this to re-open June 24.

The Baldwin management announces another week of the Liliputians, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The engagement has been a very successful one.

MINIAM MICHELSON.

"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more." "Why, dear?" I tenderly inquired his mother. "'Cause 'tain't any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

CHAS. A. WETMORE'S WINES.

To the Public:

I desire to make known that I have removed my place of business to No. 67 California Market, in order to come into close connection with consumers and to provide easy and prompt methods for sampling and distribution of all brands of Cresta Blanca Wines and selected wines under the Amapola Club trade mark. The Amapola Club, in connection with this depot is already the most popular down-town place for breakfast, lunches and dinners. Sample wines served in decanters for fifteen cents. Salads with finest oil dressing a specialty. Families, restaurants, hotels and grocers supplied. Call and see.

CHAS. A. WETMORE.

Telephone No. Main 5940.

FELL AND DEVISADERO STS.—FINE 7 AND 8 room flats, corner Fell and Devisadero; reached by three lines of cars; new; sanitary plumbing; rents low. Apply at room 6, fifth floor, 222 Sansome street.

SWAIN'S RESTAURANT,

213 Sutter Street.

Ladies will find no more desirable place for luncheon than our dining-room, which is unexcelled in its appointments and cuisine.

THE NEW WOMAN IN OFFICE.

Incidents of a Day in the City Hall When Women Get Into Politics.

[From the *Call*, June 1, 1901.]

The Solid Eight still controls the Supervisors. Supervisor Charlotte Perkins Stetson, speaking for herself and the other members of the combine, yesterday said: "I see no reason why the four men in the Board should have anything to say about the appointment of prosecuting attorneys, or, for that matter, any other of the appointments. Do you think that if a majority of men had been elected they would have consulted the women? Hardly. The responsibility is on us, and we do not let purpose being interfered with. We have already given them two of the janitors and an elevator man, and we think that is quite enough. This is a country where the majority rules."

On being asked whom she favored for prosecuting attorneys in the Police Courts, Supervisor Stetson answered: "I would not understand that I am urging no candidates for any of these places. Mr. Hallihan, who has a very large circle of friends in my ward, and did excellent work for our ticket at the last election, has asked me to nominate her in the canons, and, of course, I shall do so. But this does not bind the rest of the Board to vote for her. Mr. Smythetti is very popular, and as Supervisor Gaden wants her appointed, I shall favor her appointment. Supervisor Foltz says that there is no harder worker in her district than Miss Oppenheimer—you know she and Mrs. Foltz carried the gas-house district—and I think Miss Oppenheimer will have one of the places. There will be no trouble. We understand each other perfectly. All we desire to do is what is best for the city."

Supervisor Stetson denies the story that is going about town that one of the Solid Eight, on being told that the inmates of the County Hospital couldn't get enough mush and milk, asked innocently why they didn't try ham and eggs.

Police Officer Mary Kelly and her bean had a row, and the latter appeared before the Police Commissioners yesterday to lodge complaint against Officer Mary. It appears that Miss Kelly's bean, who is a cook in a Pacific avenue residence, has been flirting with the nursemaid in the house. For several evenings past Officer Mary waited an hour on the corner for her cook, but he didn't appear. Angered at this, she made use of her exceptional detective ability, and soon discovered the nursemaid in the case. Tuesday evening she met the two together on Van Ness avenue, and drawing her club, struck the nursemaid over the head several times, injuring her severely. When the man interfered, Officer Mary drew her pistol and arrested him for resisting an officer. The case was taken to the Police Court, with a severe reprimand to the young man and a warning not to let such a thing happen again. When the facts were laid before the Police Commissioners, Commissioner Laura de Force Gordon at once moved that the charge against Officer Mary Kelly be dismissed, on the ground that while it might have been a case of simple disobedience of her duty in laying hands upon the nursemaid, it was evident from the man's own statement that he had tried to interfere with the officer who thought she was doing her duty. There was some opposition by Commissioner Gunst, but the compromise was suggested that the officer's beat be changed to avoid further trouble, and with this amendment Mrs. Gordon's motion carried.

There was quite an exciting session of the City Hall Commission yesterday afternoon. Mayor Sarah Cooper was in the chair, and the question of completing the tower was under discussion, when a mouse ran out from a corner and made for Mrs. Cooper. Forgetting altogether that she no longer was a child, the worthy Mayor gave a shriek and clambered up on top of the table. Attorney Emily Pitt Stevens, who was present representing the Misses Smoothey and Graball in their claim against the city, jumped on the window ledge, presenting a fine view of the new style of Lyons' quick-fit trousers. The only man in the room was Mr. Christopher Buckley, who, according to Mayor Cooper, has been very much about things, and is really not a bad man at all. To Mr. Buckley the Mayor and the attorney appealed to "kill the awful thing," but Mr. Buckley, owing to a certain physical defect, could be of no assistance. Mayor Cooper's shrieks brought several clerks, who were waiting afternoon in the yard, to her assistance, but as soon as they opened the door the Mayor cried "Mouse!" they rushed down the hall and cried "Who'll help the Mayor?" "Get a fat-tiron, somebody!" and other such bits of pleading and advice. By this time Attorney Stevens had reached down and lifted the window, at peril of her life and dropping the glass. The crowd more heart-rending, until the poor lady went into an hysterical fit of crying. A happy thought occurred to Mr.

Buckley at this time, and, feeling his way to the table on which the Mayor stood, he put one arm about her, and with the other felt his way into the room. As soon as she was landed safely in the hall the Mayor broke into that sweet smile which was so helpful during the election, and poured out her blessings on her "savior's" head. "Ask anything in my gift, and it is yours," she said to the embarrassed Mr. Buckley. With that gallantry which this great politician has been noted for since women came to vote, Mr. Buckley replied: "This is the proudest moment of my life. As a humble citizen, I have done what I could to save our imperiled city." But the Mayor learned later that Mr. Buckley had some friends he would like to place in the street department, and she at once placed the superintendent about the matter and made the necessary arrangements. "It will be so nice to surprise him, won't it?" she said, as the superintendent sealed the letter asking Mr. Buckley to name men members of the department. Investigation in the Mayor's office revealed no mouse, and no hole through one could gain access. But the Mayor is certain she saw it run right for her. At the next meeting of the Board of Supervisors, the Mayor says, she will have a Mouse Trapper appointed. Mr. Alexander Badlam is spoken of for the place.

Happy Judge Coffey! For twenty years now he has been an ornament to the bench. Some of the cases he has heard in a California court have been tried before him, and never a word has been said reflecting on his honor. He has guarded well the interests of the widow and the orphan, and kept in check the rapacity of the predatory attorney. With the respect of the community and the proud consciousness that he had acted always as a greatest citizen and honorable man should, Judge Coffey had much to make him happy. Nevertheless, his life was a solitary and sad one. He went from his lonely room to his bench, and back again from the bench to his lonely room—such was his life.

But henceforward things will be different. Those who have been much in Judge Coffey's department lately have noted that there was a kinder light in his eye, and he was much more generous in the way of fees to attorneys for absent bells. In the last week alone he has missed three good opportunities to say clever things at the expense of young attorneys.

Mrs. O'Connell is remarked by all who enter Judge Coffey's court room as an exceptionally fine-looking woman—in fact, the handsomest in the Hall. She is a widow, and has two fine children—a boy and a girl. As she says herself, she has a neat bit of property, and needn't work if she didn't like to. She has made a most excellent clerk—prompt, attentive, and gracious to all. Since she came to the desk, there has been many members of the bar who appeared to have far more confidence in the Probate Department than the records gave evidence of. But Judge Coffey alone gained a smile from her. Few imagined how warm the friendship between the two had grown. Judge Coffey has learned the art of keeping things to himself, and Mrs. O'Connell was a widow. But the clerk was not in court yesterday. Judge Coffey announced at noon that he would take a two weeks' vacation at once, and all matters would go to another department. Last evening, in the presence of a few friends, Clerk O'Connell and Judge Coffey were married, and this morning they leave for San Rafael. Judge Coffey remains true to his reputation as the protector of the widow and the orphan.

On hearing of this marriage, Supervisor Stetson said: "If the administration had done nothing else, this event is certainly sufficient to commend itself to the people." A member of the Portia Club claims that before his election Judge Coffey wrote a letter denying that he had ever spoken disrespectfully of women clients.

L.

THEY ADVERTISE IN THE "LETTER."

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29, 1895.

Arthur McEwen's Letter, City—

GENTLEMEN: Where is your circulation at? We are agreeably annoyed with letters such as the following:

MURRAY, Shoshone Co., Idaho,

May 22, 1895.

Wetmore-Bowen Co., 140 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, Cal.—

DEAR SIR: Kindly send me your price-list of "Cresta Blanca" vintages, as advertised in McEwen's Letter. Yours truly,

B. H. HILLARD.

Trusting you will not advance our rates of advertising, we are very truly yours,

WETMORE-BOWEN COMPANY,

CHAS. E. BOWEN, Manager.

SAID AT THE WOMAN'S CONGRESS.

Indifference is the only thing that can kill an idea.

There is no all-bad nor all-good in human nature. In the new home the man and the woman will be equal politically, socially, and morally.

The time has come when a ten-thousand dollar woman will not marry a ten-cent man.

To-day is a better day than yesterday.

You cannot properly keep house without knowing something outside of it.

Woman has been taught that the highest virtue is to get things cheap.

Innocence is freedom from sin, not freedom from knowledge.

The bacchic girls, the women who do not marry and will not marry, are those who have the highest ideal of matrimony.

The time is coming when a housewife will pride herself less upon her jellies and jams than upon her knowledge of hygienic cooking.

To-day women would dress as they ought if they were not such cowards.

Girls break down from under-exercise, not from over-study.

Atten our shoes and our waists are larger, we'll have better heads.

Let us cease railing and begin to think. Emancipate the mother, enfranchise her, and patriotism will take care of itself.

Our men are so much better than their laws that we have never learned how bad our laws are.

The unsuitability of the mistle parlor of humanity. Let us not waste our breath on the bad things of the past, but turn our face towards the good things of the future.

The religion which is all for the next world and none for this is good for neither.

The nurse's cap and apron on the street is a disgrace to American mothers.

We don't know our own business; the best cooks up to now have been men.

If a man were conducting a stock farm and half his cattle died, he'd conclude there was something the matter with his process. Half the children born to us die, but we do nothing about it.

It's a proud position for a man to hold Susan B. Anthony's bonnet.

One mother calls her child an angel, "too sweet for anything," another says hers is a fiend. To call the child an angel will not make him one, but to call him a fiend is one of the ways of developing the devil's characteristics.

A day of judgment arrives to every one who sins against his liver.

If man will clear up and wipe dishes, we'll call the thing square.

The new woman is like the old except that she's using her brain as well as her heart.

I believe in the equality of girl and boy babies.

We must wait, and we must work.

If you want to elevate domestic service, elevate the head of it.

There are women who are not willing to do even the sensible things, if there not some women on their streets doing the same thing.

The woman of the past had to do with a tyrant. The woman of the future will be a companion to her child as long as she lives.

Woman's sphere is whatever she can make it. There are as many female fools as male fools.

It is our business as women to see that the world is better fed than it is now.

No one thinks house is less home because we no longer make our own soap, but we still do think it isn't home unless we cook our dinner there.

Set free the mothers of the world to attend to their children.

Home is a place to go to when your work is done. Conscience is cut in two by the blade of competition.

Mamma has no right to be busy in any way which takes her from her child.

It's not enough in this wicked world to be good; you must be good for something politically.

It will be better for the world when Caesar's wife's husband must be above suspicion.

Women worked thousands of years before men did.

I have pitied men, and been sorry for them, that the world has given them a lower standard of morality than women's.

The tap-root of all the injustices to woman is her disfranchisement.

GEORGE FAIR,

Member of the San Francisco Produce Exchange and Call Board. Correspondence solicited with owners and renters of Grain Warehouses. Market Advice furnished to country merchants having grain and other agricultural products to sell. Dealers of, for their customers, are cordially invited to call at advertiser's office, centrally located to Merchants' Exchange Building, room 27, California street.

THE RACONTEUR.

A writer of the *Detroit Free Press* tells a story of a friend of his, Jack Negly, a Cumberland mountain farmer, which is of wide application these hard times. The writer had lent Jack a few dollars, with which to buy a pair of steers, and had received from him many vivats of apology; for Jack was an honest man, and did not enjoy being in debt. He was a roisterer, and at least every other season he was occupying a different farm. By my advice, he had moved the year before into an entirely new field, a dozen miles from his usual haunts, and I had not seen him for several months. When I did see him, at last, it was by accident, as he was called on by his neighbor. As I rode past his place he hailed me from the cornfield and came out to the fence. "Hello," I exclaimed, "is this your farm?" "Yes, and I just come over to tell you, colonel, I'll be ready to pay part of that claim you've a score long." "You must be doing well?" "I think I'm doing fast rate, and I'm powerful obliged to you, colonel, for headin' me this way." "Are you making any money?" Jim's face brightened perceptibly. "No, a ain't, colonel," he replied, hopefully; "but I'm losin' it slower'n I ever done in my life afore."

Zsengwill, the English novelist, was recently in Perth and had several amusing experiences, among them this, which he tells: "I was puzzling over a grimy statue when accosted by a bare-footed newsboy, with his usual cry of 'Hair-raised, Glasgow Hair-raised!' 'I'll take one,' quoth I. 'If you'll tell me whose statue that is,' 'Tis Robbie Burns,' replied he, on the nail. 'Thank you,' said I, taking the paper. 'And what did he do to deserve a statue?' My newsboy scratched his head. Perceiving his embarrassment, a party of his friends down the street called out in stentorian chorus, 'Aye, 'tis Robbie Burns.' 'But what did he do to deserve the statue?' I thundered back. They hung their heads. At last my newsboy recovered himself; his face brightened. 'Well,' said I again, 'what did he do to deserve the statue?' 'He died!' answered the intelligent little man."

On one of the old stage routes of eastern Maine was a jolly driver whose habit of stammering was the occasion of some innocent amusement on the part of his friends. One of his lumbering coach was stopped by a foot-passenger who inquired the way to the next town. The driver attempted to tell him, but no words came. At last, waving his hand desperately toward a fork in the road, he said: "T-t-try both roads, and you'll get there fore I can t-tell you." On another occasion he was helping an uncomfortably stout man into the coach. The man was so large that there was more or less delay in finding him sufficient room. Irritated by the attention he had attracted, the passenger exclaimed, in imitation of the driver: "There I start up your old b-b-bean-pot of a t-t-eam." "All r-ready, n-now, sir—we've g-got the p-pork in it" was the laughing reply.

Once when the late President of the French Republic was visiting Corot, the great landscape painter, the artist was found just putting the finishing touches to an exquisite picture. M. Casimir-Perier was so charmed with the work that he immediately offered to buy it. Corot replied that he could have it on one condition—namely, that M. Casimir-Perier should pay the butcher's and baker's bills of Millet. Ready assent was, of course, given. When the bill was presented, it was found that they had been running for twelve years, and amounted to forty-six thousand francs. M. Casimir-Perier, however, was true to his agreement, and now has his reward. His picture to-day is worth three times the sum paid for it.

Whenever Norman Gale, the poet, happens up to London, he makes a point of avoiding invitations to social "functions." But the other day he was captured and carried off to a "literary reception." "How did you like it?" a friend asked, after the event. "I didn't stop long," said he. "Why?" "There was a great crush, to begin with, and I don't like crushes. I was wedged in the crowd alongside a young lady with whom I opened to conversation. I said something, I forget what, about the weather. 'Yes, it's dreadfully cold,' she replied, 'and one feels it standing at the wings in tight.' Then I went home wondering what kind of an author she could be."

An exchange tells a story which may be taken as a fresh manifestation of a certain well known Scotch characteristic: Upon his accession to the throne, the Emperor of Russia was appointed colonel-in-chief of the 1st of the Greys. Whilst dressing for dinner an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his soldier-servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir!" replied Donald,

"It is a vera proud thing." Then, after a pause, he inquired: "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"

William IV. once extricated himself from a difficulty after a bad break. "Take away that marine," said his Majesty to a waiter, pointing to an empty bottle which stood upon the table. "That marine!" said the colonel of the marines, who was present. "Does your Majesty compare an empty bottle to a marine?" "Yes," replied the king, pulling himself together, "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again."

A youth to fortune and to fame unknown sent Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas was for a moment petrified. Then he seized his pen, and replied: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post, wrote: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas, by next mail: "Send me your play, my friend."

A British soldier, who wore a Waterloo medal, was accosted by a French grenadier wearing on his breast the badge of the Legion of Honor, which is of much superior intrinsic value. Looking at the Waterloo soldier, the Frenchman observed, with a sneer, that his medal did not cost his government more than a few sows. "No," replied the Englishman, "but it cost your country a Napoleon."

Some time ago the Prince of Wales visited a factory where a great number of men were employed. The Prince asked one of the workmen: "What wages do you receive here?" "Well," replied the honest workman, scratching his head and partially lifting his cap with the same hand, "that depends on what they is. A chap like you would get about eighteen bob a week."

A Columbia College professor and a New York writer were discussing various social theories, among them socialism, when at last the writer said: "Now, frankly, my dear fellow, what real objection have you to socialism as a system?" To which the professor replied: "Only the same objection that I have to walking down Fifth avenue wearing a bright green necktie."

The Duke of Wharvon, having introduced a Scripture story into one of his speeches in the House of Lords, was asked by a right reverend prelate when he should have done preaching. "When I am made a bishop, my Lord," was the reply.

Professor Blackie was one day walking near Aberdeen, when he met a well known "natural." "Pray," said the professor, "how long can a man live without brains?" "I dinna ken," said Jemmy, scratching his head; "how anld are ye?"

The Duke de Duras, observing Descartes seated one day at a luxurious table, cried out: "What! do philosophers indulge inainties?" "Why not?" exclaimed Descartes. "Do you think Nature produced all her good things for fools?"

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"All's for the worst on this sorry sphere,
Man's is a span of martyrdom.
Worry and woe from birth to bier:
Life's a march to a muffled drum."
"All's for the best whatever may come,
Bid the querulous tongue be mute,
Cover the face that's gray and glum:
Life's a dance to fiddle and flute."
"Vain and vex is our brief career,
Rarely we pluck the coveted plum.
However we plod and persevere:
Life's a march to a muffled drum."
"Only the craven souls succumb,
Who tends the flower shall taste the fruit;
What is success but labor's sum?
Life's a dance to fiddle and flute."
"Upon our board, uncharmed by cheer,
Never of comfort falls a crumb;
Friends? they're all of them insincere:
Life's a march to a muffled drum."
"Nay, for the hand of an honest chum,
The heart of a maid beyond dispute,
Love's are the sweetest airs to bum:
Life's a dance to fiddle and flute."

ENVOY.

"Fate, thy bondage is burdensome,
Life's a march to a muffled drum."
"Fortune, we had thee come at our suit:
Life's a dance to fiddle and flute."
—London World.

SONNETS BY EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

A FLIGHT FROM GLORY.

Once, from the parapet of genius and glow,
An Angel said, "O God, the heart grows cold
On these eternal battlements of gold,
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.
Here sobs are never heard; no salt tears flow;
Here there are none to help—or sick nor old;
No wrong to fight, no justice to uphold;
Grant me Thy leave to live man's life below."
"And then annihilation?" God replied.
"Yes," said the Angel, "even that dread price;
For earthly tears are worth eternal night."
"Then go," said God. The Angel opened wide
His dazzling wings, gazed back on Heaven thrice,
And plunged forever from the walls of Light.

THE RINO OF FAUSTUS.

There is a tale of Faustus—that one day
Lucretia the Venetian, then his love,
Had, while he slept, the rashness to remove
His magic ring, when fair as a god he lay;
And that a sudden, horrible decay
O'er-crept his face; a hundred wrinkles wove
Their network on his cheek; while she above
His slumber crouched, and watched him shrivel
away.
There is upon Life's hand a magic ring—
The ring of Faith-in-Good, Life's gold of gold;
Remove it not, lest all Life's charms take wing;
Remove it not, lest straightaway you behold
Life's cheeks fall in, and every earthly thing
Grow all at once unutterably old.

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1895.

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The next Presidential election is so far ahead that, under ordinary conditions, policies and candidates would not be popularly discussed. But the hard times, the failure of the Cleveland Administration, the universal interest in the silver question, and the recent decisions of the Supreme Court, which exalt the privileges of wealth and the powers of the Federal government, executive and judicial, have combined to arouse the public. In not a few States there is as much political excitement as if the President and Congress were to be elected the coming November. There is no forecasting what changes a year may work, of course; the hard times may pass away, or an international quarrel may grow out of the Venezuela complication, and turn attention from domestic concerns. But if industrial conditions do not greatly improve, and the political status remains substantially the same as now, there will be as many candidates in the field as there were in 1860.

Judging from present appearances, the silver question is going to rive the Democratic party. The three elements—gold men, international bimetalists, and free silverites—are quarreling hotly. Whatever bears the stamp of the Administration's approval biases multitudes of Democrats against it; for Mr. Cleveland is regarded by these multitudes with an aversion having a double root. As party men they are angered against him because of the discredit and calamities his policies have brought upon the Democracy; and as citizens who think the republic does not of right belong to a caste of moneyed men, not numerous but immensely powerful, they turn away from him as one whose sympathies and personal interests are with that caste. They regard him as more of a Republican than a Democrat. It is known that the Democratic silver sentiment is widespread and ardent in the West and South. How strong it may be in the East has not yet been ascertained, because the newspapers of large circulation there seldom give voice to the beliefs of the obscure masses. In the large Atlantic cities the press speaks for the commercial class, and often represents real public opinion no better than the press of San Francisco did in the last campaign here, when Sutro was elected Mayor, with every daily newspaper in the town against him. The politicians, who have the ear of the Eastern press, are of an extremely practical

school, and rely on organization and money rather than popular appeals, to carry elections. Politics, like society, is much more closely woven in the East than in the West. But whether the Democratic press of the Atlantic side expresses the party's feeling there truly, or not, it is manifest that if the National Convention were to be held next August, there would be a great Democratic split. If the money plank of the platform declared for free silver, the gold men would bolt and go over to the Republicans; or if it should attempt the customary straddle, the silver men would join the Populists, or endeavor to organize an independent Democratic silver party.

Those who count on the Populists as a body being brought over to the Democracy by a free silver plank, do not comprehend the spirit of Populism. The party stands for much more than a reform of the currency. It is largely made up of men who are very tired of both the old parties, and will believe the promises of neither of them. Witness in proof the last election in California. The Democrats skillfully evaded national issues, made the railroad question the leading one, and so far were in line with the Populists. The Republican candidate for Governor was believed to be the nominee of the Southern Pacific, yet the Populists preferred to take the chances of his election rather than vote the anti-monopoly Democratic ticket. They gave their candidate a vote of forty thousand. On the silver question it will be easier to bring Democrats to the Populists, or a fourth party, than to induce Populists to join the Democracy.

A fourth party—a straight-out silver one, on the pattern of that of the mining States, of which Stewart and Jones are the leaders—is a probability. There may even be a fifth—a labor party, with Debs's socialistic programme for a platform and Debs as a candidate; a party which would attract tremendous numbers of workmen.

The Republicans, it is to be noticed, are in cheerful spirits. The party no longer stands for anything except interests. It awakens in its present plans none of the enthusiasm with which its early history inspired men. Once it stood for the conscience, the moral ideas, of the republic; now it is the political convenience of selfish and predatory conservatism. Its leaders are aware that their best policy is to say and do as little as may be, and let the storm rage without. Its platform will be drawn with caution, holding out baits to the proletariat, but the fruits of its victory the plutocracy will be sure of. The party counts upon success, and reasonably. The associated wealth of the country will be behind it, and timid, respectable men, alarmed by the warlike

clashings of the other parties, will flock to it as the champion of the established, the insurer against radical changes.

Republican confidence is exhibited by the number of candidates who are spoken of for its Presidential nomination. Chauncey Depew gave a dinner to three of them in New York the other evening—Morton, McKinley and Harrison. The host and the guests were characteristic of modern Republicanism. Mr. Depew is to Vanderbilt what Mr. Herin is to Huntington, with the difference that the New York manipulator has social *savoir faire*, a better brain, and a national reputation. Mr. Morton is mentioned for the Presidency because he is very rich. He is an entirely commonplace old gentleman without political abilities. Mr. McKinley represents the pure barbarism of protection, and is intellectually the inferior even of the narrow and rigid Mr. Harrison. The public life of the country is on a low plane when men of such calibre are counted among the great. Reed, of Maine, is a smart politician, hardly serious enough to be considered sufficiently solid for the Presidency, but he is evincing his cleverness by keeping himself in the background. He knows that Presidential aspirations do not thrive in the sunlight of prolonged publicity. The fate of Blaine is in his mind. There are others—Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, the representative of free silver and protection, who never made a speech nor had his name associated with a large measure, but who is a good organizer, like his father before him; Allison, of Iowa, of clean repute, a moderate man, but ancient and too often a candidate; John W. Goff, United States District Judge, of West Virginia, said to be able, and possibly competent to break the solid South; Senator Cushman K. Davis, of Minnesota, a lawyer and poor, who spoke out at the time of the railroad strike in defense of Cleveland's actions with remarkable courage. And the aspirants multiply.

On the Democratic side the prospects of success do not lure candidates. There are but two of any prominence as yet—Vice-President Stevenson and William C. Whitney, and their willingness is doubtful. Mr. Stevenson is an old-fashioned, conventional Democrat, who is believed to be for free silver, but so good a party man that he would doubtless indorse any platform. The straight-out Democratic politicians the country over would be enthusiastic for Mr. Stevenson, but he is scarcely the man for a critical time when more than party strength is needed. Mr. Whitney has his admirable record as Secretary of the Navy to help him. He is very intelligent, cultivated, and dexterous. The working politicians would like him as well as Mr. Stevenson, and he would draw from without his party, especially in

the East. He is known to be cool-headed and judicious, if not a *gressive*. Besides his own great wealth, his family connection with the Standard Oil Company would give his candidacy the support of ample money. Mr. Whitney is a gentleman, but he is better fitted for a season of political peace than for one of fierce political war, such as we are hastening to. As for Mr. Cleveland, it is to be presumed that he will be relieved of any third-term dreams in which he may indulge himself when contemplating his virtues long before the convention meets. In his cabinet there is not one man who has yet been mentioned as a possible successor.

The one hope of the Democrats, as the field can now be viewed, is in a free silver platform, a strong Northern or Western man able to attract Populist votes, and a Southerner for Vice-President. And the hope is faint. In all likelihood the Republicans will, by the division of the opposing forces, be given possession of the Federal Government again in 1896.

A revolutionary party will probably rise up. The People's party may be it. To the conservative that party may seem already sufficiently revolutionary, but it has hitherto been mild in comparison with what will be demanded unless signs deceive. The history of this year has helped to make the issues. The Supreme Court's income-tax decision and its declaration of the power of the Federal government to ignore State lines and rights in protecting by injunction and military force interstate commerce and the mails, point the way for the new party. These decisions practically establish two things: 1. That invested wealth is privileged against Federal taxation; and, 2. That when a labor strike becomes alarming in its proportions, a pretext for military intervention by the central government will easily be found. The American people will not tolerate either this privilege of wealth or this man-on-horseback sort of rule. The remedy lies in altering the Constitution, and the demand for changes in the fundamental law will necessarily go further than to check these two advances toward giving the plutocracy the "strong government" for which they yearn, and yearn foolishly, for the only government that can be strong enough to last in the United States is one that shall be based on the will of the people.

The process of hedging the industrious multitude about with legal restrictions, and enforcing upon them a keen and resentful consciousness of their helplessness to obtain just conditions of life under the laws as they exist, and then ordering out the troops when they are made mad enough to go outside the laws in their search for redress, is a process that can end in one of two ways only—a revolution in the laws, or a revolution by arms. The masses are being corralled for more convenient shearing, and they know it. These masses include not alone manual workers, but all Americans who do not carry the shears. Popular government is being steadily undermined. Patriotism has become alarmed. Republican institutions are being upplanted by an oligarchy of wealth. The Constitution that fitted the needs of five million people does not fit the needs of seventy million. There must be a government of law, but it must be a government of justice too.

The Federal machinery is antiquated. The guards thrown up to protect the people in themselves have been turned into instrumentalities for their oppression, and they will be thrown down. Popular government has its defects, but they must be endured. They are easier to bear than government by the Carnegies, Huntingtons, and Rockefellers. We need, above all things, a

responsible ministry, and the reduction of the obstructive power of the Senate. The American President is a king, not of the modern constitutional type, but of the medieval sort, so far as his powers as they affect legislation go. His veto is a club such as the Stuarts wielded two hundred years ago in England. England, with the House of Commons, a vetoless monarch, a subjugated House of Lords, and no Supreme Court to annul acts of Parliament, is immeasurably more democratic in the substance of government than is this republic. The great utility of a responsible ministry is that one important question after another can be taken up and settled speedily and definitely—and the decision is with the people. With a responsible ministry, a Senate elected by popular vote, and a President shorn of the veto, how long would the silver question trouble the American people? How long would our politics be a jumble, and reforms be delayed until their protagonists are worn out?

The republic requires a flexible government—one controlled by the ballot-box, and not by special moneyed interests which can prevent change by securing a majority in the Senate, or of the Supreme Court, or a Presidential veto. There is plenty of work for a revolutionary party to do—work that calls urgently for the doing. It would not carry the next election, to be sure, but it would familiarize the public mind with the nature of the evils which burden the country, and impress its doctrines on the now dominant parties. There never was a time in the United States when it was truer than now that radicalism is real conservatism. Institutions that do not fit the life and wants of a people cannot be permanent. They must be made to bend or they will be broken.

The opposition made to the admission of Mr. Marcus L. Gerstle, a lawyer, to the University Club of this city, has induced the gentleman to withdraw his name as a candidate. Mr. Gerstle belongs to a wealthy and well-known family, and is a Harvard graduate. The newspapers say that Mr. Gerstle is objectionable to the club solely because he is a Jew. One does not like to believe that, and it is probable that he is not considered a clubbable man by most of those who have opposed him. If a university education does not raise men above vulgar prejudices, it fails in what should be its most important effect. A club of educated men who in this day should reject a gentleman for the reason that he is a Jew, would disgrace itself. Such a club is the last place where one would look to find religious bigotry or race hatred. Of course a Jew who seeks the social companionship of men who are not Jews must come without prejudices of his own—come as a gentleman simply, and not at all as a Jew. I do not know Mr. Gerstle, and therefore am unable to say whether he is that kind of a man or not, but I do know a good many of the members of the University Club, and I would not suspect them of the conduct of which they are accused. Perhaps, however, there may be among the younger members the disposition to advertise one's superiority by cultivating contempt for persons not of their own circle, a form of snobishness to which young Americans of means are peculiarly prone, for here they have not, as in England, their social position ready made for them at birth.

There is no city in America where more friendly relations exist between Jews and gentiles than in San Francisco. The Jews, with the talent of their race for affairs, have captured even a disproportionate share of the law business. They are among our best citizens, measuring by that among the most generous and public-spirited. They are

active in politics and get office frequently. Mayor Sutro lost no votes because of his blood. They sit on the bench, hold their own in the professions, and all the chances of life are open to them as to other men. There are Jews in most of the clubs, Jews in society. It depends pretty much on the individual Jew on what terms he shall live with his gentile neighbors. Paul Neumann is a Jew, and before he went off to the Hawaiian Islands to become a statesman there, he was the life of the Bohemian Club here. Louis Sloss, Jr., another Jew, has succeeded him. A Jew of wit, address and other social qualities seldom finds the fact of his race an obstacle in any way. Among the vulgar there is still plenty of the old distrust and dislike, but it is on both sides. If in California, where Jew and gentile have been thrown together as men struggling for common objects, and so learned to know each other, the social barriers are still up, the fault lies in good part with the Jews. I am speaking now of Jews and gentiles who are of the cultivated grade. And while the Jews as a race remain an exclusive people the bars will remain up against them as a race. Unless the individual Jew shall emancipate himself from some of the customs of his people he will not, and ought not, to be welcomed socially among gentiles. A Jew, for instance, who considers himself forbidden by his religion to marry a Christian woman, has no right to expect to be received as an equal where marriageable Christian women are, any more than a gentile under vow not to marry a Jewess should be permitted to associate with marriageable Jewesses. The woman question is, in reality, at the bottom of a good deal of the unsocial feeling which separates the two races. Mr. Gerstle would not, I dare say, stand any better chance of being admitted to the University Club if he should make affidavit that he is willing to marry out of his faith; nevertheless, the presumption is that, being a Jew, he would not. And no orthodox Jewish family would thank him were he to introduce a good-looking gentile clubman to its daughters.

The effect of civilization is to wear out the animosities of diverse peoples and faiths. The ghetto has disappeared from Europe, and the Jew in America is any man's legal equal. The time will surely come when his will cease to be a peculiar people; they will be merged into the American amalgam. Enlightened Jews and enlightened gentiles are at one in scorning the prejudices, whether religious, racial or social, which keep alive a once enforced, but now reasonless separation. The gentlemen of the University Club owe it to themselves to be quite frank in the explanation of the hostility to Mr. Gerstle, now that it has been made public. It would be far better to hurt anybody's feelings than to let it be thought that what is naturally believed to be an association of intellectual men, has rejected the companionship of a gentleman because he happens to be a Jew by birth. San Francisco's civilization is in question, as well as the club's mental calibre.

If, as so many clergymen mournfully declare from time to time, the churches have lost their hold upon the masses, it does not follow that the masses have ceased to take an interest in the pulpit. The daily newspapers are proof to the contrary. It is the business of the newspapers to give the masses the sort of reading they like best, and the brethren have no reason to complain that they are ignored in the news columns. A San Francisco daily of Tuesday last, taken as an average example, gave two columns to the removal of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, by order of Rome; half a column to the views of Rev. Kittredge Wheeler, Baptist,

of Chicago, on the bicycle bloomer; half a column to a debate of the local Presbyterian clergy on the causes of the want of spirituality in the officers and seamen of the United States navy; half a column to the discussion of the late Woman's Congress by the local Congregational clergy; nearly two columns to the adventures of the Rev. Dr. Rader, who had a fight in trying to make his way into the chamber of the Oakland City Council, and arrived there to hear himself officially described as a falsifier for having made statements regarding the motives of the speakers for taking their stand on the question of closing saloons on Sunday; and a third of a column to the meeting of the Methodist Association of San Francisco, where the Rev. F. Baker inadvertently with equal indignation and grief on the conduct of the King's Daughters, who wound up a charitable entertainment with a dance—about six columns in all.

Possibly the brethren do not feel grateful to the press for its attentions, nor flattered at the sort of interest on the part of the masses which is catered to. The newspaper sets up the modest claim that it has succeeded the pulpit as a moral teacher, and the pulpit unquestionably regards it as a rival, and is suspicious of its motives in conferring publicity on the clergy. It will not become a cordial co-worker by printing decrial sermons, but let a preacher hold forth on any social or political theme, and the hospitality of its columns is eager. The suspicion of the clergy is not unfounded, judging by the effect made on the unregenerate mind by the religious intelligence published, for the conclusion arrived at by that kind of reader is that the men of the pulpit are no wiser than they should be, and are prone to utter nonsense in an authoritative style on matters about which they have no better means of knowledge than others. When the Rev. Kittredge Wheeler grows merry over bicycle bloomers, one reflects that wide trousers for women are not necessarily more ridiculous than flowing gowns for clergymen, and that for many centuries every change in the fashion of female dress roused the pulpit to anger, and the making of predictions that the wrath of heaven would also be awakened by such immodesty and frivolity. Should Turkish ladies, under the influence of Christian civilization, attempt to exchange their trousers for skirts, we may humbly believe that the mosques would ring with invectives against the indecency of the innovation.

As for the want of piety in our navy, it might at first thought be attributed to that carnality of mind which has ever been a trait of seafaring men, and to the spirit of this material and rationalistic age, which penetrates everywhere, even to the pulpit itself occasionally. But the Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Vallejo, which adjoins the Mare Island Navy Yard, finds the explanation in the tendency of the seamen to dissipate, and the existence of the social line which divides the forecabin from the quarterdeck. That line, Brother Burnham discovers, "is drawn so closely that it is only by the greatest tact and through concentrated effort that our worthy chaplains overcome the prejudice of men who instinctively shun the sky pilot because he is an officer. The fact that a chaplain is an officer militates against his efficiency as a preacher." So the sailor, it appears, is very much like the workman ashore. It did not occur to any of the divines who commented upon Brother Burnham's address to suggest that the church make an effort to have Congress deprive the navy chaplain of his disadvantageous rank as an officer, and put him spiritually *en rapport* with his floating flock by rating him as

an able seaman, or a landsman. The wardroom would hardly offer serious objection.

This paper of Brother Burnham's drew from the Presbyterian ministers much speech of the sort that is characteristic of men who enjoy the irresponsibility in part by the knowledge that nobody will take them very seriously. Dr. Scott wanted neither army nor navy, war being heathen; Dr. Mackenzie said he believed in both the Bible and the gun—"in making conquests with the Bible and keeping them with the gun," a sentiment in which the Chamber of Commerce and military men will concur though it will be easier to find inspired warrant for it in the Koran than in the Gospels. Dr. Ellis's views have manifestly been affected by the Woman's Congress, for he took the ground that "the time has come when it is necessary for us to enlarge the army and the navy in order to provide places for the men who are being displaced by the new woman element."

The motto on the badges of the King's Daughters is "In His Name." The Rev. Mr. Baker horrified the Methodist Association by telling of what was done at the charitable entertainment already mentioned:

"Think of it! Dancing 'In His Name!' My wife was invited, and attended the entertainment. The programme was a good one, but as soon as it was over my wife started to leave.

"Don't go," said a young lady friend wearing an 'In His Name' badge, 'the best part is yet to come—there's going to be a ball!'

"Shame!" excitedly exclaimed Dr. Carroll.

"Yes," continued Rev. Baker, "it is a shame and a sorrow that there should have been such a winding up to an evening's entertainment given by Christian young women."

When the clergy of denominations powerful in numbers and wealth meet for consultation on the spiritual and moral condition of the world, which it is their mission to improve, and give such proofs of their intellectual ability to discern the master evils of the time, it is hardly wonderful that the feeble-minded masses, unable to follow them in their high and comprehensive thinking, prefer lighter forms of relaxation than church-going, and feel easier and more comfortable on the lower mental plane of the newspaper.

The Southern Pacific has been compelled to show its hand in the Oakland waterfront litigation, in a manner distressing to itself and friends. Mr. Hart, when Attorney General, was obliging enough to bring a suit, in the name of the State, before the Supreme Court of the United States, in which one of the twelve square miles of the waterfront were described, except seven small pieces containing all the improvements made by the railroad and the Oakland Waterfront Company. Oakland asked for a hearing, and on its filing of facts, the Court declined to decide the ownership of the harbor on Hart's showing. Mr. Herrin, the Southern Pacific's attorney, was extremely anxious for a rehearing of this case. He sought Attorney-General Fitzgerald to petition for it on the State's behalf, and as Mr. Fitzgerald declined, Mr. Herrin endeavored to get the City Council of Oakland to pass an order instructing the city's special counsel to do what Mr. Fitzgerald refused. He failed again. Councilman Bassett, who championed the resolution, carried the matter into the newspapers, taking the ground that the last thing the Southern Pacific desired was a rehearing of the case, and that its efforts in that direction were one of its cunning bluffs. But the railroad company has gratified Attorney-General Fitzgerald and Oakland's legal advisers, and confounded

Councilman Bassett, as well as Mayor Davie, who sided with him, by filing on its own account a petition for the rehearing, which it did its best to get the State and the city to ask for. The petition to the Supreme Court made for the Southern Pacific is identical with that which was offered for Fitzgerald's and the Oakland counsel's signatures, except a few verbal changes, and the substitution of the corporation's for the State's name. Here we have a curiosity in litigation that will interest lawyers in particular and the public in general—a pleading, a petition, framed as for an adversary's, rejected, and then filed as one's own!

It is well that the Southern Pacific has been compelled to do its own fighting for Oakland's waterfront—that the State has an Attorney-General and Oakland a Council and lawyers who are not ready to do the monopoly service while pretending to be acting in the public interest. Unless the Supreme Court shall be more amenable than Mr. Fitzgerald and Oakland's officials and legal advisers, the Southern Pacific will be forced to meet the issue squarely, as it has been made in the Superior Court of Alameda, in a case where the entire waterfront is involved. And that is what the Southern Pacific will not do until it has exhausted every recourse of chicane and pique.

The government's suit against the Stanford estate for \$15,000,000, alleged to have been wrongfully appropriated, is embarrassing the University founded by Leland Stanford. Only by making severe personal sacrifices has Mrs. Stanford been able to meet the bills of the institution. Everybody recognizes that it would be a misfortune were the University to be closed, and everybody honors Mrs. Stanford for her sacrifices, her loyal determination to carry out the benevolent design of her late husband. But it is encouraging to observe that neither the fear of losing the University, nor sympathy for Mrs. Stanford, has in the last degree blinded the press of California to the main question involved, which is simply whether putting so much money to a good use should bar the pursuit of it by its owner. This betokens a decided moral advance in California. But a few years ago we should have had a deluge of sentimental drivel, and it would have been counted treason to the State, and sacrilege besides, to speak the plain truth. It cannot be too often said that it depends altogether on what is taught there whether the Stanford University shall be a blessing or a curse to the Pacific Coast. Senator Stanford had his good qualities, but the history of the growth of his fortune is not one that should be respected by young Americans, nor should his business and political life be held up for their emulation. As to the continued existence of the University, if the recovery of \$15,000,000 by the government from the Stanford fortune would shut its doors, then both the size of the fortune and of the University's endowment have been greatly exaggerated. Stanford himself placed the value of the endowment at \$20,000,000, and it was believed that when the residue of his possessions should come to it the total would be about \$50,000,000. Considering the influences that will be brought to bear against the government in the suit, there is no great probability that the \$15,000,000 will go into the public treasury. Mr. Huntington and the owners of the estates of his late partners, and all the power, political and financial, of the Southern Pacific, will fight in the cause of philanthropy and the higher education.

One of the best advertisements California ever had was a large thermometer exhibited on Broadway, New York, and under it a blackboard on which the temperature of the

day at one of our fashionable seaside hotels was written. Panting New Yorkers, pale, dripping, exhausted and hollow-eyed under the stress of from 95 to 100 degrees, used to stand before that huge thermometer and despairingly eye California's coolness. The Half-million Club, when it has gorged itself with floral fiestas, couldn't do better than scatter hundreds of these thermometers and comparative records throughout the sweltering cities of the East. Nobody who has not undergone a summer on the Atlantic side can conceive the importance of climate to the parboiled people there. The air is as humid as that of the vapor room in a Turkish bath, and a temperature that would be pleasant here means prolonged misery there. The nights are as stifling as the days. The poor have to stand it, but why persons of means, who are at liberty to spend their summers where they please, choose the Atlantic seaside, which is only a little cooler than inland, is not comprehended by Californians. Our boasts about our climate have been scoffed at by envy or ignorance in the Eastern newspapers until it has become a standard jest, and is therefore deemed a fable by the untraveled. We have more poor people here than we know what to do with—such is the progress of civilization—and we want no additions to the number; but for every visitor who comes across the plains to California we should have a hundred; and we shall have when it is known, really known, throughout the country how free we are from the torment of summer's heat as well as winter's cold. This in the next generation will be the tourist State of the Union. Ultimately the wealthy everywhere will learn that it is the garden of the continent, the cool garden, and come.

ARTHUR McEWEEN.

THE TWADDLER.

It is most annoying, this publicity that has come to the University Club because of the row kicked up over the application of young Gerstle for membership. It causes infernally hard things to be said, which reflect more or less on all clubdom. I am not a member of the University, having lost my sheepskin when shipwrecked on the coast of Africa in 1842 while in the consular service, but I frequently drop in, being always welcome, of course, and regarded in the light of an honorary. I shall speak my mind to the boys when I can find the time to call and deliver them a lecture. Gerstle has my fullest sympathy, but if he had asked my advice he would have eounded the club in advance. That's always the best way. I've repeatedly saved myself from private rejection or a blackballing by taking that precaution. In New York, during the war, I remember. However, that has nothing to do with Gerstle. The fellows of the University should be ashamed to exhibit their anti-Semitic feelings in this way. There's no sense in it, none whatever. What'to be gained by it? Of course, if the good old times were here again it would be decent—the good old times when Christians were Christians, begad, and Jews were Jews. Then a gentleman was a gentleman, damme, and could safely treat the Hebrew like a dog. And if one of us happened to be a baron on the Rhine, or that sort of thing, he was privileged to catch the Jew merchant on the road, drag him off to the castle, and pull a grinder or two till the rascal turned over his money. But in a time like this, when there are no solid advantages in using Jew ill, confound me if, as a man of the world, I can see anything except folly in doing it. We may sigh as we please for other days, when the Jews were made to live in a sort of Chinatown, and it was fashionable—not to say a Christian duty—to insult 'em, but those days won't come back. The Jews live where they like, in as fine houses as other people, and as for their money there's no end to it, and it should command respect. I am received myself at more than one Hebrew house, and I must say the tables are the best of them. And when you get to know them well, it's extraordinary how human Jews are. Really one forgets that they are not men like himself.

My friend Gerstle can put along very well without the University Club, but the club will feel the

effects of this deplorable blunder. It will have to do something to redeem itself, to show, if it can, that it is above prejudice. Under the circumstances, the best thing it can do is to elect Asa Fisk to membership. I shall urge this.

I was about to leave for the Water Carnival at Santa Cruz on Wednesday—to take general direction of the social side of the affair, in response to most generous offers—when I learned that my venerated friend Colonel Crocker had returned from his tour of the world. Of course I dropped everything, and went at once to pay my respects. Need I say that I was received most cordially? Indeed, the meeting was quite affecting. Regarding his travels, the Colonel said to me substantially what he said to the reporters—that he and D. O. Mills had gone through Asia, Africa, and Europe without seeing anything worth mentioning. "We saw the beaten paths, Persiflage, old man," he remarked, "and just saw what everybody else saw, and what everybody else has seen these hundred years. It was perfectly commonplace, I assure you, and I'm ever so glad to get back to my desk and work again." Gad, how I envy a mind like that. Now, when a person like myself, who has unfortunately been compelled by his necessities to write, and, therefore, to read, goes to strange countries, he is agitated by what he sees—by historical associations, things that appeal to his artistic sensibilities, and all that sort of thing. But if you're a Crocker, you move along in a perfect serenity, thinking your own great thoughts about business, and letting the world see you instead of you seeing the world. I said as much to the Colonel.

"Well, yes, Persiflage," he replied, "I guess that's about so, since you mention it, though I hadn't thought about it. It must be a nuisance to have a mind that is always receiving impressions from the outside. Makes one a sort of depot for incoming freight, eh?"

That's good, begad, very good, and when I had pointed it out to the Colonel, he joined me in laughing, and opening a drawer of his desk, produced a cigar box. He is looking well, extremely well, I am thankful and happy to say.

The announcement which Colonel Crocker has made that he is warmly in favor of the new Valley road, because all his property interests are in California—and in quantities at Alameda, and so on—is, I confess, rather embarrassing to a good many of us, and especially to the employees, high and low, at Headquarters. If the Colonel is in earnest—and it would be highly disrespectful to doubt it—he has become separated in interest from my eminent friend Huntington, who has ironed in the fire everywhere, and who certainly does not approve of the Valley road. It is clearly impossible for any of us to take sides in this matter without provoking enemies that cannot but prove disastrous to ourselves. For myself, I have always felt rather friendly toward the Valley road, provided it is meant to be a strictly legitimate business enterprise, but I have been unable to lend it my countenance as an instrumentality for making malignant warfare upon other business interests long established. When my friend Lloyd Tevis subscribed \$50,000 to its stock, I said at the time, it will be remembered,* that if the new road would abandon demagogic appeals, drop all talk of competition, and devote itself to opening up new country, it would commend itself to conservative men and prove a public benefaction. And I stick to that, egad. I am very sorry that Huntington is in Europe, since it takes so long for letters to reach him, but I shall write at once and at length. If anything so deplorable as a strictly personal war has taken place between himself and Colonel Crocker, I shall devote myself to restoring harmony. Persiflage, could he accomplish that, would, I assure both Mr. Huntington and Colonel Crocker, die happy. They know no more faithful heart than his.

The clubs are insufferably dull at this season. Even the Pacific Union has become like a tomb. Last week the news that the Supreme Court had decided to send the scoundrel Debs to jail gave us an evening of gayety, but that was evanescent because of the truckling tone of the press toward the lower orders. Some of the lawyers at the club were disposed to cavil at the decision on technical grounds, but men of those cares nothing for technical cavities when a great principle has been upheld. Discontent among the masses must be stamped out, begad, if the rest of us are to have any comfort in life. What we need in this country is a press that will instruct, not inflame, the mob; who should be kept in mind that their betters know who is best for them; that the common people will be much better off if they will trust in our generosity to make them happy, and to look to heaven for redress if we occasionally, in the press of the important matters that occupy our larger minds, happen to forget their interests. I de-

*A careful search of the files reveals no such remarks by our contributor.—Ed. Letter.

test common people myself, they dress so badly and are so deplorable in their manners, but I recognize that they are useful, indeed indispensable. For if they did not work for us it is manifest that we should have to work for ourselves, and that would mean social chaos, as even a fool should be able to understand. Debs in jail will be a good lesson, and, damme, if I had my way, he'd be publicly flogged once a week or so during his term as a salutary example to the populace.

"One would think," said Major Rathbone, when I expressed these views at the Pacific Union, "one would think, Persiflage, to hear you talk, that you were a millionaire yourself."

"No, Major," I retorted, instantly, "but, begad, I wish I was."

In the laugh that followed, the Major covered his confusion by ordering the wine—Cresta Bedamca, of course.

PERSIFLAGE.

THE FATE OF PIOUS DAN.

"Run down and get the doctor, quick!"

Cried Jack Bean with a whoop,

"Run, Dan, for mercy's sake be quick,

Our baby's got the crump!"

But Daniel shook his solemn head,

His sanctimonious brow

And said, "I cannot go, for I

Must read my Bible now."

For I have regular hours to read

The Scripture for my spirit's need."

Said Silas Gove to Pious Dan,

"Our neighbor Rastus Wright,

Is very sick; will you come down

And watch with him to-night?"

"He has my sympathy," says Dan,

"And I would sure be there

Did I not feel an inward call

To spend the night in prayer.

Some other man with Wright must stay.

Excuse me, while I go and pray."

"Old Briggs has fallen in the pond!"

Cried little Bijah Brown;

"Run, Pious Dan, and help him out,

Or else he sure will drown!"

"I trust he'll swim ashore," said Dan,

"But now my soul is awed,

And I must meditate upon

The goodness of the Lord,

And nothing merely temporal ought

To interrupt my holy thought."

So Daniel lived a pious life,

As Daniel understood,

But all his neighbors thought he was

Too pious to be good.

And Daniel died; and then his soul,

On wings of hope elate

In glad expectancy flew up

To Peter's golden gate.

"Now let your gate wide open fly;

Come, hasten, Peter. Here am I."

"I'm sorry, Pious Dan," said he,

"That time will not allow,

But you must wait a space, for I

Must read my Bible now."

So Daniel waited long and long

And Peter read all day.

"Now, Peter, let me in," he cried.

Said Peter, "I must pray;

And no mean temporal affairs

Must ever interrupt my prayers."

Then Satan, who was passing by,

Saw Dan's poor shivering form,

And said: "My man, it's cold out here,

Come down where it is warm."

The angel baby of Jack Bean,

The angel, Rastus Wright,

And old Briggs, a white angel, too,

All chuckles with delight;

And Satan said: "Come, Pious Dan,

For you are just my style of man."

New York Sun—Sam Walter Foss.

Out of 253,177 recruits for the German army last year, only 617, about 24 in 10,000, were unable to read and write; out of 343,651 Frenchmen in the same period, 22,035, that is 643 in 10,000, were illiterate.

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A STORY OF CHICANE.

How the Southern Pacific Got Possession of Oakland's Waterfront.

The Letter's biting remarks of last week on the attempt of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to use the City Council's paw to pull chestnuts out of the fire for it in the Oakland waterfront litigation, makes it timely to remark that this going to the City Council is an old, old trick. But it has been played so often in the past forty years that it is at last played out. Until now the railroad has got along swimmingly with Councilmen and Mayors, but not at all with actually fought cases in the courts.

Within a fortnight after the early Town of Oakland received the grant of the waterfront, its first Board of Trustees—two of them H. W. Carpenter's partners in the real estate business—voted for a whole waterfront to him. This was in May, 1852. I have been looking up this case, and it is a charmer, once you get acquainted with it. The next thing that little, ancient Board of Trustees did was to grant to Carpenter's brother, Edward A., a twenty-year exclusive franchise to run a ferry between Oakland and San Francisco, and Carpenter said to any other place, together with all the ferry rights owned by said town. This was in 1853.

The next year the record shows that H. W. Carpenter himself became Mayor. He vetoed a measure which provided for the innocent thing described as "the construction and maintenance of a whole waterfront to him." This was in 1854, when the majority came in handy for the private claim to this vast waterfront. That was forty-one years ago. A committee of a new Council (1855) said of that ferry franchise: "A monopoly which so completely subjects a whole community to the caprice of an individual cannot stand the test of law, and cannot be maintained. That the city has a right to grant exclusive ferry privileges to the Sandwich Islands."

In 1854, when Carpenter was Mayor, a man working for him sued the city on old town warrants, including several that Carpenter and his brother held against the town. In November, 1854, the case came on for judgment. The Mayor, Carpenter was Mayor as well as warrant-owner. He went into court, and as Mayor gave consent "that the judgment in this action be set aside . . . and judgment be entered as by default or confession for the plaintiff against the defendant," the city. Actually this Mayor had a judgment in the city's favor entered into one against the city for \$70,000. That judgment, in the name of Watson, who worked for Carpenter, enabled Watson to redeem the property after it had been sold for \$13. He redeemed for \$20. The Waterfront Company and railroad people bought up this title. It is one they claim under, and dates back to consent judgments in 1855, the Mayor and Council doing the work.

In March, 1868, the Legislature passed a bill authorizing the Oakland Council and Mayor to compromise any controversies in which that city was interested. . . . August of the fall before, a suit by the city had been authorized, but it was never begun. Private contractors were chosen instead of the courts. Carpenter and Stanford and a contract dividing up the waterfront between themselves, and the Western Pacific Railroad and a waterfront company to be formed. It was formed—the Oakland Waterfront Company, in March, 1868. Carpenter, his brother, Merritt (the Mayor), Stanford, and their co-workers, controlled the Waterfront Company's title to the waterfront. They got the little City Council work again. On April 1, 1868, the Oakland Waterfront Company, Stanford, and the Western Pacific Railroad had a parceling contract. The same day another contract between them and Carpenter and others was drawn up, parceling out the whole waterfront, to Carpenter for \$200,000, to Stanford for \$200,000, and to the depth of water at low tide. That same day the City Council met, the rules were suspended, an ordinance was read three times approving the division of the waterfront—the whole 8,000 acres—as provided for in the above contracts. That same night the Mayor, Merritt, approved the whole thing. They adjourned till next morning, and together re-affirmed the ordinance of the night before, and passed then and there another compromise ordinance, which the Mayor then and there approved. The whole waterfront was bestowed on Carpenter and his co-workers by this little Council and Mayor.

In 1870 the Waterfront Company let two sets of taxes go delinquent; the property was sold and bought in, and that source of tax-title pretense came around to them again—another alleged title. In 1879 the Central Pacific brought two suits for two pieces, and C. P. Huntington for one.

The city, until her City Council and Mayor interceded, was resisting in the Courts, as she ought to

have done. When the cases were ready for trial and decision, in came the little Council and Mayor and directed that those cases all be thrown down to the railroad and Huntington—their ordinance provided that the city "withdraw all answers and defenses in each of the cases . . . and file in lieu thereof a disclaimer of any interest in the waterfront, . . . and all final judgment to be taken in favor of the plaintiffs and against the city."

It was getting high time to bring in the Mayor and Council again. At that same time the city had filed her own suit for the whole waterfront. This case was ready—1880-'82—to be tried and fought out then, too. Something must be done to win this sort of contest. The ordinance the City Council and Mayor, by the same ordinance, confessed judgment against the city in her own case, brought by herself. These four cases were thrown away by the Mayor and Council in February, 1882.

A little over a year ago the city again began her own suit for the whole waterfront, and about the same time ex-Attorney-General Hart began his suit on the seven small pieces, including all the railroad improvements. His suit the railroad company expedited. The city's suit for the whole 8,000 acres is not to their liking. And in the City Council came up the other night a resolution favoring a rehearing in a case never brought by the city, a case to which the city is not a party, and in which nobody seeks a rehearing except the Southern Pacific. But the charm has been broken, despite the eloquence of Councilman Bassett. The Council refused to order the city's special counsel to obey Mr. Herrin's instructions, and he has had to petition the Supreme Court for a rehearing himself.

The San Francisco Record and its Oakland correspondent say: "There is every prospect now that Oakland will recover her waterfront."

OAKLANDER.

SUNNET.

On fearless wing I sailed through midnight skies,
And sped from star to star, but all in vain;
Then did I plunge beneath the restless main,
For there, I thought, in long lost argosies,
Perchance, some wondrous gem deep hidden lies;
The waters failed,—I rose to earth again,
And traversed every mountain, every plain;
No star, no gem, no flower could match thine eyes.
For in their tranquil depths a light doth shine,
Caught from the vestal flame that warms thy

Thy heart, Truth's altar, and Love's blessed home;
Like some poor pilgrim at his best loved shrine
I knelt with nothing, and did then depart,
A weary wanderer, again to roam.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

CHILD LOGIC.

Little Jack prays every night for all the different members of his family. His father had been away at one time for a short journey, and that night Jack was praying for him as usual. "Bless papa, and take care of him," he was beginning, as usual, when he caught in his head and listened. "Never mind about it now, Lord," ended the little fellow, "I hear him down in the hall."

Teacher—"Johnny, can you define for us the difference between 'canton' and 'cowardice'?" Johnny—"Yessum. When you're scared to go out on a boat, and stay home for fear it'll sink, and the boat comes in all right, it's 'cowardice.'" Teacher—"Well?" Johnny—"And if your scart and stay home and the boat does sink, then it's 'canton.'"

"Oh, children! You are so noisy to-day. Can't you be a little stiller and better?" "Now, grandma, you must be a little considerate and not scold us. You see, if it wasn't for us you wouldn't be a grandma at all."

Little Reggie—"I don't believe the Lord cares a cent for good boys." Fond Mother—"Horror! What put that idea into your head?" Little Reggie—"He hardly ever makes good boys strong enough to lie back."

Little Miss Mugg (haughtily)—"My sister never goes out without a chaprone." Little Miss Freckles (disdainfully)—"My sister wouldn't be allowed to, either, if she was like your sister."

Man's desire to improve on nature in the matter of transportation has taken the form in France of races between horseless carriages. Paris is all agog over the new excitement, and the engineers, mechanics, and inventors of all kinds of modern vehicles are promising something distinctly novel and *à la mode*. It is predicted that the carriage and wagon making trades will be revolutionized by these races which will be held yearly until the races have only been for motor wagons manufactured in France, but a series of tests is being arranged to bring the foreign-made vehicles in competition. It will be a great sweepstakes, with prizes offered by the government aggregating 20,000 francs, and with entries of horseless vehicles from England, America, Italy, Germany, and France.

LORD AND LADY DOUGLAS.

A young woman sat in a cheap restaurant on Market street one day last week and nobody knew her, though her portrait had been published in all the newspapers of the town, and columns on columns have been written about her.

She wore a red dress with black trimmings that did not fit her very well; she was laced as tight as is consistent with safety, but her waist was by no means small. She was short, broad, and dark, with a moderately pretty face. Half the girls at a Sunday picnic of the Brass Finishers' Union have just such faces. She stared at the people who passed her table. Her name then was Loreta Addis, now it is Lady Sholto Douglas.

She sat at the table with both elbows on it, waiting to give her order. The waiter was slow and this fiancee of a Marquis' son rapped sharply on the edge of a plate with her knife. "She ordered her steak, or whatever it was, and as the waiter started to move away she raised her voice and called after him."

"And, say—I want it well done." Her ladyship is a smart young woman; so the statement of one of her fellow waitresses in the Bakersfield Music Hall, where Lord Sholto first saw her, that "Lottie is straight," is quite likely true. She is only a little taller than the average, and she is a performer and seller of drinks in a dance hall was short. She did well at the business in Bakersfield before Lord Sholto came. She sold more drinks than any girl in the house, and as all her sales were on a percentage basis the profit to herself was not inconsiderable. She knew enough, they all say, to take care of her personal appearance. It was in the ordinary course of business that Lord Sholto Douglas met her. He had just received his allowance from home, had been bunched out of half of it and came there for relaxation from the strain of protecting his wallet. The rest of the story has been told in the daily papers. As to talent, she sings a little, but her voice is flat, and she dances a trifle better than she sings.

Though Lady Sholto does rap on her plate to attract the attention of the waiter, talks up in her head and rests her elbows on the lunch table, delicacy is not unknown to her. One of the young women reporters of the *Examiner* went to interview Miss Addis at the Hotel de France, and when she found it has been since the anti-diver agitation. The future Lady Douglas received her in one of the curtained boxes where patrons make and improve the acquaintance of the muscle dancers, cantatrices, and living pictures, whom they have been admiring across the footlights. Miss Addis likes to be interviewed, and told the reporter all she wanted to know about the approaching marriage. The conversation was going on, and during a lull in the conversation, Miss Addis looked down at the muscle dancer. Her visitor stepped around to look also, but Miss Addis sharply drew the curtain.

"This isn't the right thing for a girl like you to see," she said. "You didn't come here to see it." Her lordship is a young man of twenty-two, slender. His eyes seem weak, his nose is high and thin, his chin long, and he has a chronic cold in his head—probably a result of a grippé, from which he has just recovered. Since his last quarterly allowance came to hand he is well dressed, but, being an Englishman and a thin one, his clothes do not fit him. Lord Sholto is twenty-two years old and gets an allowance from home of \$125 a month, with an irregular dala of a couple of hundred two or three times a year. He is in a state of mild amazement about this remarkable country.

"The mere fact of a man being Lord This or That is enough to get him respected here, don't you see?" I heard her say helplessly. He takes his walks with a dawl and many "she" and usually seems to be whining. He dislikes the notoriety and feelingly tells the reporters that it will cause him trouble at home, all of which they record—and come back. If he has a friend at hand the friend protects him from his inquisitors, otherwise they hunt him around and annoy him as they please, and get whatever they want from him.

Really, Lord Sholto Douglas is hardly more than rudimentary in intelligence. He has no mind for subtleties. He has no views, and married the girl because she was positive in coloring and bold in action, just as he would look at a gay picture, and not see how it was covered. He has been open or reserved at all, Sholto would not have understood her, and an international romance would never have resulted. But he could see that the girl who came to him with a glass of beer was pretty, her tenderloin knowings was bright wit to him, and he honestly fell in love with her. He now has a few admirers, but he has been so far that he will take of his marriage.

"What will you do if the Marquis cuts off your allowance?" a friend asked him as he stood watching his wife do her turn at the Auditorium.

"Why, what could I do in this beastly country without my allowance?" said Lord Sholto Douglas.

REPORTER.

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

The Editors Fall Out Over the Question, "What is the Word of God?"

It was noted in the *Letter* several weeks since that Elizabeth Cady Stanton had dedicated the few remaining years of her life to the production of a Woman's Bible, one edited from the standpoint of the modern woman and explaining the misinterpretation of the scriptures made by man. To this work Mrs. Stanton called several of her most progressive sisters, among them Lady Somerset and Miss Frances Willard. A month ago Miss Willard wrote from England that as she and Lady Somerset would be out of the country during the next year they wished to be relieved from the committee on revision. To this letter Mrs. Stanton has sent the following reply, which gives evidence that there is faction within the woman's camp as to how far to go in explaining the Bible. Mrs. Stanton being too liberal to please her orthodox friends:

NEW YORK, May 21st.

DEAR LADY SOMERSET AND MISS FRANCES WILLARD: Your letter withdrawing from the Revising Committee just received. I hope you will reconsider and give the "Woman's Bible" the influence of your names and of the highest truth your mature thought on the scriptures has revealed. I have all along been my idea to have all phases of thought represented in this work—Protestant, Catholic, Jew, Gentile, evangelical, and liberal—fairly giving the views of the educated women of the nineteenth century as to the significance and authority of the teachings of the Bible with reference to the position of women. To this end I invite representative women to join a committee and comment on some one book of their own choice, each over her own name, with the added privilege of criticizing each other. To do this it was necessary for each one to publish chapter by chapter, to read and criticize each other, that when the work was completed, and we came together for the final decision (by vote), as to what should and what should not be accepted, we should all know what each member had written and what points were open for discussion. With this knowledge and preparation the debates would be more clear and concise, and the proceedings of the General Assembly more harmonious and much shorter. Being familiar with the faith of each other only those who could stand a difference of opinion would come into the assembly. Hence, the good policy of knowing something of each other's views before meeting in convention.

As to the friends of whom you speak, the very fact that they do differ from me is the reason I desire their opinions, explanations, and interpretations. I would not want to know what they mean by the Bible being the "Word of God."

Do they mean that the last revised edition of 1888 gives us in plain English, from Genesis to Revelation, the highest moral, spiritual supreme thought in the universe? That would be my idea of the "Word of God." I would naturally accept the most revered language to the highest truth of religion, science, philosophy, and government, and to the great Creator of the universe of matter and mind. But if they mean the God of the Hebrews as represented in the Pentateuch, His commands to that ignorant people as to their private lives, their treatment of each other and neighboring tribes, and the wholesale desecration of woman are true, my comments are, in appropriate language, condemnatory and disparaging as they should be. Neither the language, the sentiment, nor facts recorded could command the reverence of any honest mind. You surely cannot consider that record of an ignorant, undeveloped race too sacred for glorious truth to be found in the same volume with much that is true and beautiful. To condemn the peccadilloes of Sarah, Rebecca, and Rachael does not shadow the virtues of Deborah, Huldah, and Vashti.

To repudiate the general tone of the Pentateuch, its laws and customs for women, and the female life of all animal life as unfit even for a burnt offering, does not lessen the force of the golden rule and the ten commandments.

It does not develop the reasoning powers of women nor a pure religious faith to yield a blind reverence to a book or a bishop when half they teach is immoral and untrue. The perversion of the religious element in woman's nature is to-day the greatest block to advancing civilization. It is the fear of the blind religious fanaticism of women that is the potent influence against their enfranchisement. Those who appreciate and would maintain the secular nature of our Government fear woman's power against it. They fear women would restore the Puritanical Sabbath and close the libraries, picture galleries, concert halls, and museums that common sense people have been so long laboring to open to the masses. Consider the efforts of some women to close the great Exposition of '92 on Sunday, and thus deprive the multi-

tude of all the elevating influences of that magnificent spectacle, sacrificing the good of the many to the glory of the few.

We need more common sense, science, and philosophy in training the mind of women and less religious fanaticism. I cannot tell you all that I hope and believe as to the influence of the Woman's Bible if my ideal could be fully realized. Our liberal women will be quite willing to have their commentaries bound up with yours. If your coadjutors are sure that they have the greater truth, they should be willing, yea, anxious, for an enlightenment, to antidote our errors with their more exalted inspirations. As each one is invited to write over her own name, she is in no way responsible for the opinions of others. Theology is slowly advancing with our sciences, and a consensus of the competent among women on creeds and scriptures will be one step in the right direction.

"In every soul there is bound up some truth and some error, and each one brings to the world of thought what no other one possesses." Let us accept the truth and each science, and let our error like chaff before the winds. Would it not be a greater blessing to women at large, a stronger proof of your faith in your own religious opinions, for you to comment on what I have written and show wherein I am in error, and thus illumine the Woman's Bible with your truth, than to withdraw? The better may be made of each science, and your and your word will stand, as well as mine, to help or hinder the development of a grand womanhood.

Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

CRADLE SONG.

Hush thee, hush thee, O my darling,
Day is over, night is near;
Silent are the lark and starling
Till with morning light appear.
O'er the grass the dew is falling,
Calmly burn the stars above;
One lone nightingale is calling
To its love.

Hush thee, hush thee, O my dearie,
Close those eyes so purely blue;
Naught at midnight can come near thee,
For the angels guard thee, too.
Soon the moonbeams will be streaming
Through the forest dark and deep;
They must find my baby dreaming—
Sleep, sweet, sleep!

HOWARD W. SUTHERLAND.

THERE IS NO NEW WOMAN.

For one, I am weary of this idiotic babble about the "new woman," says Kate Field in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, for which she is now writing as a special correspondent. "There ain't no such a person," declared Betsy Prig to Saimey Gam, when that portentious person flouted "Mrs. Harris" in her rival's face for that last time, which breaks the camel's back and makes her refuse to be a virtue. There is no new woman. So much nonsense is written about my sex nowadays as to make earnest women hide their heads in shame and long to be another kind of creature that might quietly go about its business and be judged purely on its merits. No self-respecting woman wants to be judged by sex if she be a worker. All she asks is justice.

What with woman buildings, woman editions, woman columns generally devoted to twaddle, insouise flattery, horribly distorted fashion plates, and cooking recipes for indigestible dishes, the real woman is lost sight of. She is not new. She represents the glorious tribe of man, reason, intelligence, and self-sacrifice. She bathed Christ's feet in tears, and was first at the cross. She sold her jewels that Columbus might discover America, led the armies of France to victory, and was burned at the stake for her patriotism. She was torn to pieces for her beauty and learning in ancient Egypt, and is torn to pieces to-day in this republic, where she dares to think for herself and disagree with self-organized saints who mistake their livers for their conscience. She gave the Gracchi to Rome, and sent her sons to fight for our union while scraping lint for the wounded in her desolate home. She wrote lyrics in old Greece, "Aurora Leigh" and "Adam Bede" in modern England, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in our own country. From the beginning of history she has been the half of creation and the complement of man. With advancing civilization the real woman waxes in self-knowledge and begins to realize the grandeur of her mission. The tag and slave are gradually disappearing. No house worthy of the name can exist without reason, intelligence, confidence, truth, and love do not reign. Without such homes this republic can not last. Scales are fast falling from the eyes of despairing men. They see, as never before, that the salvation of our institutions depends upon homes that can only be redeemed by a noble and exalted womanhood. The

woman movement is a war of sense against folly; of reason against prejudice. If there be a war at all, it is a war between two kinds of women—dolls and brains. Men are merely spectators. Whatever the majority of women want men will accord cheerfully. That brains will be victorious ere many years is as inevitable as progress. The world does not retrograde, though Silurians still walk the earth and forget the age to which they belong.

Venice is disturbed by the question of the nude. Signor Gussio, a Turin painter, has in the exhibition a sensational picture called "The Last Rendezvous." Don Juan lies dead in his coffin in a church lighted by torches; all the women he has deceived have come to see him, and fill the church, but they have forgotten to bring their clothes, and the only drapery they have is a few flowers. When the Empress of Austria saw the picture her only criticism was that there were too many flowers. The Patriarch of Venice has forbidden good Catholics from attending the exhibition, because the scene of the picture is in a church. The picture swings on a pivot, and, when boarding schools come near, is turned to the wall.

Japan in 1893 contained 1,006 commercial corporations, with \$101,762,349 of capital; 131 national banks, with \$45,416,100 capital; 11 electric light companies, in which \$27,450 was invested, while the investment in railroads was \$73,114,000, and 62 corporations proposed to build 1,400 miles more. A sugar refinery with \$1,000,000 capital has just been started.

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OF BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Max Pemberton, whose book of romantic adventure, "The Impregnable City," has just been published, is, writes Gertrude Atherton, one of the new fixed stars in the young firmament of English letters, that is, in the young firmament of this century's strange old age. Only thirty-one, he has already published five books and been an editor several times, albeit an ardent sportsman and the son of an indulgent father. At Cambridge he was an oarsman, one of the trial eight, and only prevented by illness from rowing for the University. He was captain of his college house, president of the literary society, president of the debate, and a law scholar. After taking his degree in 1884, he joined the staff of *Vanity Fair*; three years ago he joined that of the *Illustrated London News*. His first book, "The Diary of a Scoundrel," a society skit, was a failure, despite its literary finish; but the immense success of his second, "The First Pirate," a highly imaginative book for boys, lifted the young author at once from the ranks of the strugglers. This was followed by "The Sea Wolves," a book of the same type, and then by a series of tales, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, called "Jewel Stories I Have Known," which had an enormous success in book form and in the "First Pirate," Cassell's paper for boys, *Chums*, of which Mr. Pemberton was editor for two years. He now editor of Cassell's new *Pocket Library*, and reviewer for the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, and several other papers. One wonders where he finds the time, for in addition to his work he does much in society and "literary parties," where some of the best known men in journalistic and artistic London are to be met. He has a handsome wife, who has far more than the average English taste in her house and dress, and four boys who are hardly old enough to join the ranks of his delighted following. It remains to be seen whether his composition in society and "literary parties" will immediately and finally as their English cousins did, but it is not unwise to predict that in two years he will be the most popular writer for boys on both sides of the Atlantic.

Zola's opinion of university training is not flattering: "Whoever has breathed the air of such a school remains infected by it as long as he lives. The stale and sickly odor of dead and useless learning clings to his very brain, and, in spite of all his efforts, he goes through life itching with petty jealousies and a pedagogue's love of the rod, and embittered with all the hatred and envy of the old bachelor who had never had courage enough to claim the woman he loved. When such a fellow happens to be quick and bold by nature, an innovator with new ideas, which is not often the case, he spends such time and labor in giving his thought an academic and conventional air that we pass his discovery by as an antiquated formula. He cannot be original if he would; he has lived too long in the world; his being has taken the shape imposed upon it. You may sow scholars and reap professors, but never will you find an original or original intelligence among them. Schoolmasters! all schoolmasters! nothing but schoolmasters!"

Mr. Gladstone's devouring mind, his limitless interests, are obviously apparent in this extract from the late "Rob Roy's" journal: "Had most intensely interesting confab with Chancellor of Exchequer on following subjects among others—shoe-blacks; crossing-sweepers; Refuge Field Lane; translation of Bible; Syria and Palestine Fund; return of the Jews; iron, brass, and stone age; copper ore; Canals; bridges in streets; arching over whole Thames; ventilation of London; "Ecce Homo"; Gladstone's letter to author, and his reply in clerk's hand to keep unknown; speculation as to his being a young man who wrote it; language of sound at Society of Arts; Dr. Wolff's travels; Vandybary and his travels; poster with Reform resolutions; "The World" which use of the word "unscrupulously"; marginal notes on Scripture. Took leave deeply impressed with the talent, courtesy, and boundless suppleness of Gladstone's intellect, and of his deep reverence for God and the Bible, and firm hold of Christ."

The next volume to be issued in the series of "Economic Classics," published by Macmillan & Co., and edited by Professor Ashley of Harvard, will be "Peasant Rents," by Richard Jones (1831). Jones has a niche in the history of economic opinion as a critic of Ricardo and a forerunner of the Historical School. It is, however, not generally known that in the chapters on "Peasant Rents," forming the first half of his "Essay on the Distribution of Wealth," he brought together a mass of information upon the history and existing condition of land tenure in Europe and elsewhere, and commented upon it with the acumen of an economist and the knowledge of a practical agriculturist.

John Ruskin said that in matters of criticism one should never come to particulars, for authors are apt to come down upon you with "authorities"—there being an authority for almost every absurdity that can be committed, either in literary or practical matters.

In a letter to a college friend Ruskin writes: "The object in all art is not to inform, but to suggest; not to add to the knowledge, but to kindle the imagination. He is the best poet who can, by the fewest words, touch the greatest number of secret chords of thought in his reader's own mind, and set them to work in their own way. To put plain text into rhyme and metre is easy; not so to write a passage which every time it is remembered shall suggest a new train of thought, a new subject of delighted dream. It is this mystic secrecy of beauty which is the seal of the highest art, which only opens itself to close observation and long study."

In the *London Sketch*, Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck has been giving some of his views concerning the drama, and they are curious opinions. Maeterlinck says: "I always enjoy reading a play far more than I do seeing it acted, for on the stage the delicate symbolic essence of what every thoughtful writer wishes to convey cannot be secured by the dramatic form because I consider the drama as a convenient and natural poetic medium, lending itself in an especial manner to the expression of ideas. I myself can remember enjoying the stage presentation of only five plays. These were 'Winter's Tale' and 'Julius Caesar,' admirably produced by the Saxe-Meiningen troupe; 'Tolstoy's' 'Powers of Darkness,' Schiller's 'Jungfrau of Orleans,' and Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' which last seems to me the most complete and admirable of the master's work, and resembles in its finality and fatality the finest examples of the Greek drama."

The movement to repair and preserve the house of Carlyle in London is progressing rapidly. At a recent meeting of the committee which has the work in hand the secretary reported that much progress had been made with the repairs, which would be limited to the few alterations absolutely necessary to preserve the structure. It is the object to keep the house as nearly as possible in the same condition as when Carlyle occupied it.

A new series of reprints of works of fiction by Irish writers, under the title of "The Irish Novelists' Library," is about to be issued. The order in which the novelists are to be represented is as follows: Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, Thomas Moore, William Carleton, C. Maturin, W. H. Maxwell, Samuel Lover, Michael Banim, John Banim, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Gerald Griffin, Charles Lever, Mrs. Norton Savage, and J. Sheridan Le Fanu.

James Payn says: I have been exceptionally fortunate in receiving such small prizes as literature has to offer, in the way of copyrights and readerships, but the total income I have made by my pen has been but an average of £1,500 a year for thirty-five working years.

A Greek newspaper, one of the journals of Athens, is printing Richard Harding Davis's "Gallegher" stories in daily installments. With "Gallegher" in Greek and "Ben Hur" in Armenian, the barbarian West is paying back some of its literary debts to the East.

Macdonald Oxley, the Canadian writer, has finished a book called "The Romance of Commerce," a collection of chapters upon the most interesting phases of the world's commercial history. The volume will be issued in the autumn.

Miss Nellie Temple, a graduate of Vassar, with high honors, in 1882, has been engaged by the University of Leipzig to assist Dr. Kälzel, its American professor of history, in the preparation of a work on the United States.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore has written a tragic story in which several striking characters introduced in "Lorna Doone" will reappear. This tale is to be called "Slain by the Doones: A Record of Exmoor."

Julius Verne can still work steadily for five or six hours a day, though he is in his 79th year. He has five stories all ready for the printer, and is engaged upon another for 1897.

A book on "Labor Legislation in the United States" is in course of preparation by Mr. W. B. Shaw of *The Review of Reviews*.

With each issue Davis and Nankivell's *Chic* improves in matter and illustrations. It deserves popularity and success.

There is not a handsomer publication in the United States than the *Traveler*, which is published in this city.

Dan De Quille has a thrilling western story in the *June Cosmopolitan*.

Crispi and Cardinal Hohenlohe are close friends. While the Prime Minister was visiting the Cardinal one day, he took up the red cap and was examining it when the Cardinal put it on his head and said: "What a fine Cardinal you would make if you had been a priest! I am sure you would have become one." To which Crispi answered: "I should probably have become Pope."

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MARK TWAIN'S CORNER.

The Literary Centre Where Three Novelists, a Poet, and a Playwright Live.

"Literary centres" are commonplace, at least as a figure of speech. A "literary corner" is a novelty. Hartford's "literary corner" is not a figure of speech. It is an actual corner, the corner of Farmington avenue—one of the principal residence avenues of the city—and Forest street, which at present has only a few houses on it, and seems to end in a wood. On this corner (writes Arthur F. Kimball in *The Outlook*) live four persons eminent among American writers, and a fifth who is a successful playwright and actor. These five are Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, Richard Burton, and William Gillette.

Any description of the life of the "corner" ought to begin with Mr. Warner, for, in a sense, he is its founder, since it is he who has made the spot for his house which in one way or another, led the others, except Mr. Gillette, to choose it too. Charles Dudley Warner is now a man of about sixty-seven, and has lived in Hartford for more than thirty years. By birth he is a Massachusetts man. He was educated at Hamilton College, where he formed his friendship with Senator Hawley. After practicing law for a time in Chicago, he went to Harvard at Senator Hawley's solicitation. They both soon became connected with the *Hartford Courant*, and in it they both still retain an interest.

One who knows them simply from their books would hardly expect to find Charles Dudley Warner and Mark Twain personal friends. This is largely because Mark Twain made his success as a writer by denouncing the cap and bells, and the world will not listen to him when he tries to take them off. This is the penalty of his success. His friends know him, for example, as a man with strong views on theology; as a man who conducted a very successful Browning class; as a man whose talk is racy and intense, packed full of original ideas and ready to connect the talk of a prose-poet. His very voice is a delight, especially when he reads Browning, in its rich fullness, despite that hesitating drawl, which most of those who have heard him in public carry away with them as the determining impression—a something which adds infinitely to the unexpectedness of his humor. Perhaps his voice is at its best in his own drawing-room. Certainly when he gets at one at close hand, his intensity being accentuated by his bold features and iron-gray hair, one ceases to think of him as Mark Twain, "the funny man."

Mark Twain's decision to go to Hartford was a case of business expediency. He had previously written "Innocents Abroad," and he chose a Hartford house, the American Publishing Company, for his own publishers. They issued his books for many years; then he tried the experiment of being his own publisher, and recently failed; and now the original house is again handling his work. So Mark Twain settles in Hartford, primarily to be near his publishers. But there were other reasons, among them the fact that his wife (who was Miss Langdon) was an Eastern woman and desired to live in the East, and the fact that he and Mr. Warner were personal friends. They had written "The Gilded Age" together—on which was based a play in which the immortal "Colonel Sellers" gave a new phrase to current talk—as far back as 1873.

After settling in Hartford, it was natural that Mark Twain should choose Mr. Warner for his neighbor. His house is at the corner of the "corner," one may perhaps say, and is more or less larger than any of the other residences, both because it is on Farmington avenue and because it is larger and odder. It is a rambling, irregular structure of red brick with white points—the pattern of a Mexican adobe. It has a big, roomy hall and a fine library. Its principal peculiarity is that its kitchen is on the street. Its principal feature is its fine billiard-room on an upper floor, where, when Mark Twain is at home, he can usually be found, and always smoking—the only place where he doesn't smoke, positively, is in church—perhaps the cue in hand, to which he is devoted; or perhaps filling his desk with clippings, of which now they are overfull; or perhaps half at work on his book, or perhaps out on the little balcony, gazing and thinking.

To his family Mr. Clemens is devoted—his wife and three daughters. The fact that his children are all girls lends point to the "item," which every once in a while goes the rounds of the press, about some bright saying of "Mark Twain's sons." From the rear of the house is a lovely vista of a little stream seen through thick foliage. On a moonlight summer evening the veranda commanding this view is the gathering-place for the family and their friends. The young ladies bring their lances, and jolly music adds its charms to those of

the scene, no one entering more heartily into the enjoyment of it than Mr. Clemens himself.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who is eighty-four this summer, moved to the "corner" not far from the time that Mark Twain built his house there, Mrs. Stowe having formerly lived in another part of the city, from which she was driven by the encroachments of factory life. For a number of years she was a thoroughly enjoyable neighbor, adding attraction as well as distinction to the "corner." Of late years, as is generally known, her mind has been clouded. Cruel stories of her violence have appeared in the papers. The simple fact that she may be seen almost any day rambling around in the woods in search of flowers, of which she is very fond, is a thoroughly enjoyable neighbor, completely refutes current newspaper sensations. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Stowe's physical health has not been better for years than it is to-day. With her two unmarried daughters she lives on Forest street in an attractive brick cottage, painted gray, three doors from Mr. Burton's. Unfortunately, the copyright of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has expired, and her income is thus considerably reduced. But, owing to the careful management of her affairs by her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, she still has enough for comfortable living, including copyright receipts from her other books.

The home of Richard Burton, the poet, is most attractive outside and inside. It is modeled on an old-fashioned New England farm-house, with broad lines and modern touches, its shingles stained.

In an old-fashioned, roomy stucco house, just a step from Charles Dudley Warner's, lives Mr. Burton's boyhood friend, William Gillette, the actor and playwright, when he is at home, which is seldom. Just now he is off for a long absence. The house belonged to his father, Francis Gillette, and is the home of Charles Dudley Warner's brother George, who married William Gillette's sister.

It is noteworthy that three of those living here—Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, and Richard Burton—entered literature through the gateway of daily journalism. It is sometimes claimed that the spirit of journalism and the spirit of literature are so alien, even antagonistic, that one who chooses the first must give up all aspirations after the second. But to the cases of Charles Dudley Warner, Mark Twain, and Richard Burton may be added not a few others; for example, Richard Watson Gilman, William Dean Howells, Eugene Field, Richard Harding Davis, H. C. Funner, and Joel Chandler Harris. As journalism develops along higher lines, it will inevitably draw closer to literature. Then the step from the journalist to the man of letters will be oftener taken.

THE WHEELMAN.

Murmurs of leaves and of brooks, the rhythmic beat of the breakers,
Pounding the curve of the shore, and the sea-birds restlessly wheeling—
Bells of the kine on the hills and the click of the scythes in the meadow—
Scents of the fern from the pasture, the wild roses' blossoms in the thicket—
Resonous breathing of pines, cool cloud-shadows crossing the mountains:
These, his, as he rides, self-contained and exulting in motion—
Winds softly touching his face to whisper the secrets of summer,
Straight through the shadow and sunlight, swift as the birds, and as silent!
—H. C., in "Pleasure-Cycling."

Senor Canovas del Castillo, who has again become Prime Minister of Spain rejoices in the nickname of "the Monster." He is short, stout, and coarse-faceted. Although a conservative, he professes great dislike for rank and file, and is directed against the hidalgos and the grandes are celebrated. Canovas is the son of a Malaga peasant. Even in a country where all are eloquent, the powers of oratory of the present Prime Minister are remarkable, and to them he owes much of his success. His patriotism is above reproach. As an example, two weeks after the death of Alfonso XII., of his own accord he surrendered the premiership to his political opponent, Senor Sagasta, hoping that the latter would be able to group the Democrats and Radicals into one great Liberal party devoted to the defense of the dynasty. This action was all the more meritorious since Canovas was always been not only passionately fond of power, but also a very poor man.

One plan of entertainment for the Paris Exhibition of 1900 is to reproduce the Boulevard du Temple of Louis XIV.'s time. It was there that the fairs, on the held, and it was there the Vauxhall, the Grand Circus, the Wax Works of Curtius, Mme. Nicolet's Menagerie, the Jardin Turc, the Funambules, and many cafes. The proposer, M. Bertrand, manager of the Opera, suggests that to these shows be joined the old Hotel de Bourgogne, the theatre that preceded the Comedie Francaise, and Lullu's Opera.

A newspaper printed at Lubek, Germany, gives a curious instance of police tyranny in the neighboring town of Dassow. A poor laboring woman named Dorothea Erbn, whose husband had for many years been bedridden, went to the pastor of the town with a request that he would officiate at the burial of one of her children. The pastor merely said that she would wait for it, and failed to appear at the grave at the appointed hour. In default of other religious services, the mourning mother recited over the grave a single verse of a hymn expressing her faith in the child's welfare in the other world. For doing this she was reported by a zealous policeman as having visited an ordinance forbidding any lay person to make a discourse at an interment. The police justice found her guilty and she was fined the sum of little less than a dollar, with the alternative, on non-payment, of a day's imprisonment.

The case of Hugh Parry, reported in the *Quarterly Journal of the Neurological Society*, is highly instructive. Mr. Parry is a Welshman. He was one of the rest of us; that is, it is divided into two hemispheres, very much alike. But the peculiarity of Mr. Parry's brain is that instead of working together the hemispheres work in shifts and relieve each other. When the right side of his brain is on duty, Mr. Parry can talk nothing but Welsh, and that only in a feeble way. He will neither smoke, nor drink, nor talk politics, nor do any of the numerous things that he takes pleasure in doing when the left hemisphere is in operation. When this occurs Mr. Parry talks English fluently, smokes, is anxious to make money, and is not at all particular about the methods he employs in getting it.

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Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

It appearing to the said Court by the petition presented and filed May 21, 1895, by F. B. Ogden, the administrator of the Estate of B. B. Whitcomb, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of administration:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court on Monday, the first day of July, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the Court House and County of Alameda, No. 4 at the Court-house in the City of Oakland, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in the *Berkeley Daily Advertiser*, a newspaper printed and published in said Alameda County, and also in "ARTHUR MCWEN'S LETTER," a newspaper printed and published in said San Francisco, and the same to be published in the *San Francisco*. And good cause appearing therefor, it is further ordered that the order to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of said real estate, and the publication thereof, which order was made heretofore and dated May 2, 1895, be and the same is hereby revoked and set aside.

Dated May 21st,

(Signed)

F. B. OGDEN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Patrick Mcnehan, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the Will annexed, of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator, at the same place, to-wit: at the office of the said administrator, at the same place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, California.

A. C. FRESSE,
Administrator with the will annexed, of the Estate of Patrick Mcnehan, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 15, 1895.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
319 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

HER POINT OF VIEW.

Another Woman's Congress and I shall have to emigrate. I don't know what the purpose of Miss Anthony and Miss Shaw may have been in coming here, but if their purpose was to fill the heads of women with a tremendous sense of their own importance to the State and the injustice of man, they did their work well. They have gone, I believe, and they must have departed with the proud feeling that henceforward life was to be made unpleasant for any woman who didn't believe in their gospel. They have left behind an enthusiastic and bitter set of rebels as any revolutionists could wish to lead. You can't make a call or go to a theatre, or ride in a street car, without being preached at, and to tell the truth I'm tired, I'm bored, I'm not in a kindly mood toward woman-kind. This afternoon I called on a widow—we'll call her Mrs. Tompkins. Though a widow I've always thought her in every sense of the word a very harmless widow; not that she is old, ugly, and without fortune, for she is young, pretty, and has enough money to sometimes make me envious—but she always has seemed gentle and unaggressive and quite un-new. We had been talking of nothing for a minute or two when with a little jump she fairly screamed out:

"Did you hear Anna Shaw?"

"Yes," I answered; "she seemed to be a very bright woman."

"A bright woman!" came the answer with a half-conscious sneer; "a bright woman! Why I'd like to know where you can find a man as clever, as witty, as intelligent. Don't you know she's one of the greatest orators of the world?"

"Oh! I can hardly believe that," I said, quietly.

"But it's so," Mrs. Tompkins answered. "I know it. She's one of the greatest orators in the world. Mrs. Something-or-other said so."

After this conclusive statement I thought it wise to change ground, so I said:

"It was a very harmonious meeting. That really was a good thing. It proved that women can meet and not get into a disgraceful row."

"You know Mr. Williams—he's in our church, you know—he says that he wishes the men who hold political conventions could have seen that congress, it would have set them such a good example. It was so nice. I tell you I am quite converted."

"Converted to what?" I asked.

"Why to the cause of woman suffrage, of course," she replied.

"Do you mean you want to vote?"

"Certainly. I tell you we never will have good times or anything else until women vote."

"But you surely don't want to go to primary elections and sit on juries and all that, do you?"

"I don't know anything about primaries—do you vote at primaries? And as for juries why Peter (Peter was her husband) said he never would go on a jury, and he never did."

"But you would have to," I said.

"Peter didn't and I guess I wouldn't have to. Anyway it wouldn't be so bad."

"Would you like to be locked up with eleven strange men all night with no place to sleep?" I asked.

"They wouldn't do any such thing. I guess if I was on a jury they'd give me a room all to myself. I don't see why. Why, who ever heard of such a thing. And just think of all the good we could do."

"What is it you want to do?" I asked in a tone which signified that I didn't believe there was anything that could be improved.

"Why we'd shut up the saloons and all the other nasty places, and we'd get rid of the patent cigarette machines, and then you know if women voted they'd get the same pay as men, and there wouldn't be any people out of work, and girls wouldn't work in dives, and there wouldn't be so much horrid corruption in politics."

This elaborate programme floored me. I didn't have the heart to tell her how all these things were to be accomplished. All I could say was:

"If I really thought as you do I certainly would be a reformer. But I think if I voted I should do as Jack told me."

"Well, I'd like to see any man tell me how I should vote!" As she said this her little head went back and she looked just as defiant and belligerent as was possible for so tiny and tender a little creature. "I'm not any man's slave."

"No," I said, incautiously, "but you'd like to be, my dear."

"Please don't get personal," she retorted. "It's nothing against me if my husband did die. There are some women who would be better off perhaps if they were widows." This was said with a suggestive lifting of the eyebrows.

"Please don't get personal," I now appealed.

"Of course, you wouldn't vote as your husband told you, but I would if I voted at all, which I wouldn't."

"But there are lots of women who have no husbands."

"Yes," I answered, thoughtlessly, "I say let every woman vote who is over twenty-one and can't get a husband—every old maid and!"

"Why don't you say it?" she burst forth, "every old maid and widow. Let me tell you that it isn't the old maids and widows who can't get husbands. Some of them won't take the kind that the market is stocked with—that's what's the matter. I don't care what you say about me, everybody knows why I don't marry. My poor dear Peter often told me!"

"There, there," I exclaimed, "don't let us talk about disagreeable things!" for I was afraid she was going to cry.

"I see that you are bound to insult me," she cried, angrily. "I want you to understand that I may speak of my late husband without anybody's permission."

I explained of course and calmed her down. And we got along very well after that. I picked her up and told her she would be forced to mix up with all sorts of disagreeable nasty people in political conventions and at the polling places. At last I thought I had made headway enough to say:

"Really, Mrs. Tompkins, I don't believe your husband would like you to vote if he were alive."

"Don't you think so? If I only knew what Peter would like! Do you think in mind? I wouldn't think of voting if he didn't want me to. You know he was so good that way; if I really wanted to do anything he never opposed me. But when he had made up his mind nothing would move him. Oh, I did have such times trying to change his funny notions about some things; but I never could. Really do you think he'd mind?"

Before this I'll warrant she has been to a medium to gain a quiet interview with the late Peter.

BETTY.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Columbia's programme this week includes a curtain raiser by Brander Matthews and "Arabian Nights," a farce-comedy by Sidney Grundy.

"The Picture" is a mild, little conventional incident worked out to a happy conclusion by a young widow, an army officer, and the family doctor. There isn't much to it, strong one-act plays being rarer even than finished, artistic short stories; but there is more in "The Picture" than Blanche Bates sees, at present, at least. If experience shall enlarge her vision, she will discover the pathos as well as the comedy of the situation. A widow as young and as beautiful as Miss Bates makes Mrs. Willoughby, who has remained true to her dead husband's memory, would not speak of that husband without a particle of emotion in her voice, and she could find ways of expressing the mixture of sentiment, grief, unbelief, indignation, which she must feel when she learns that she occupied but a very small place in the dead man's life, and that the memory she has been cherishing is a mistaken one. When Mrs. Willoughby draws the curtain over her husband's picture, there is more in the action than Miss Bates realized, or made clear to her audience. It is the death of the old life and the birth of the new. It is a requiem and a resolution, and it gives opportunity for a bit of very clever acting; acting which should express grief for the past as well as hope for the future.

Miss Bates is a charming Mrs. Willoughby when the widow is laughing, coquettish, or simply posing in pretty attitudes; but though Mrs. Willoughby did not forget in the least to be a woman, Miss Willoughby's unwise to destroy her loving fidelity to him. Miss Bates's comedy is delicate and winning, but her characterization is not clear-cut; it lacks depth and the power to evoke feeling. It is to be hoped that this is due to inexperience rather than to a superficial nature; otherwise Miss Bates' career upon the stage will be limited to the frothiest of comedies. With her pretty face and ability Miss Bates will make a delightful actress provided her art shall embrace light and shadows too. It takes but too to make a real picture. If her mask has but one expression, if it can but laugh, she will be only half an actress, and the larger domain of emotional acting will forever be beyond her.

"Arabian Nights" is a farce built upon the usual impossible foundation. However, if one's imagination be strong enough to support the strain of upholding the unreal first condition, he can find amusement in the situations which follow. Phoebe McAllister as Mrs. Gillibrand does the best work the new Columbia stage has yet seen. There is a completeness of conception in her acting, an artful appropriateness of make-up, and a consistency which makes of Mrs. Gillibrand a most finished

and typical character. Blakemore's Arthur Hummingtop is very good, and so is the rest of the cast.

The oftener one hears Ysaye play the greater charm does one find in the perfection of the violinist's art. Ysaye's playing is admirable as is a beautifully proportioned church steeple, a marvelous bit of real lace, an exquisitely delicate piece of intricate machinery; its merit is that of any artistic thing which is perfect in detail, graceful, and unflinching.

Ysaye's violin speaks a beautiful language, fluent, forcible, and with novel constructions and combinations which find thorough and fitting expression in Vieuxtemps' Concerto in one movement and in Ernest's Airs Hongrois. The violinist has played nothing in San Francisco equal in effect to his rendition of these breezy and characteristic compositions. Ysaye's arpeggios have delicacy of gradation, fullness, and breadth, his phrasing is nicely finished, it is musically epigrammatic, and his tone is so perfect that that of the piano seems gross and heavy in comparison. And yet M. Lachaux's accompaniments are a revelation of careful subordination and clear, skillful execution, which does not shirk the most difficult of ensemble trials and runs.

MIRIAM MITCHELSON.

The entertainments given every Thursday and Friday evening at the Lurline Baths, corner of Bush and Larkin streets, are very popular these summer evenings. A cool and refreshing plunge in ocean water without the trouble of a trip to the seashore is a luxury to be had in no other great city in the world.

Mrs. Charlotte P. Stetson will give an address at Metropolitan Temple, Sunday evening, June 9th, on "The Religion of the Socialist." As Mrs. Stetson is about to leave San Francisco this meeting will be in the nature of a farewell reception arranged by her friends.

IF YOU GO TO THE COUNTRY FOR THE SUMMER

The best Sunday companion you can have is a copy of the "LETTER." To have the "LETTER" mailed to your address for three months costs but

ONE DOLLAR.

MEN OF THE DAY.

No two men could be more unlike than the late Secretary Gresham and his successor, Attorney-General Olney. Gresham was of the manner commonly characterized as free and easy—he was approachable and warm-hearted, a man of the people. Olney is a trim, proper, and precise New Englander, who prides himself greatly on belonging to the aristocracy of Massachusetts. Gresham carried to Washington the manners of Indiana, and much amusement did he afford at first to the elegant gentlemen of the diplomatic corps. He smoked tobacco, he drank whiskey, he played poker; he sat in his office on warm days with his coat off, he often would tilt his chair and put his feet on the top of his desk; he enjoyed loafing about the halls of his hotel, talking to any one he met; he hated a plug hat, never wore spats, couldn't talk French, and laughed loud over a good story. One of his warmest friends, the man who made his name in the National Convention of '88, Major W. H. Calkins, has told me that on accepting the offer of the State portfolio, Judge Gresham made two conditions to which the President had to agree—that he should not be expected to keep up the social side of the position in state, and that he should be relieved of all trouble over the distribution of patronage. He saw no reason why so much fuss should be made over the quite unimportant matter of a dinner, and as to ceremony he would be quite willing to go in last if others wanted precedence. This style of manly and unconventional Westerner amused and somewhat irritated the foreign diplomats at Washington during the first few months of the new administration, but when they came to know the man they found his peculiarities as the head of the foreign department, from whom so much that is elegant is expected, and accepted him as he wanted to be accepted—as the straightforward, honest, high-minded, and typical representative of his country.

Mr. Olney, on the other hand, carried to Washington all the prejudices of a Massachusetts blood. The trappings of state were much in his eyes. To keep up "form" was to him a very important part of his duties. His dress was as precise as his speech. His groom wore the very latest thing in liveries. His dinners were functions. His manner was so haughty that he had not been in Washington sixty days before he had personally offended most of the influential members of both Houses. He would keep a Senator waiting an hour, and then receive him standing and dismiss him with a wave of the hand. Why Mr. Cleveland ever chose so haughty, self-important, and undemocratic a corporation lawyer as Attorney-General was the leading question in Washington political circles at one time. He was not even polite at times, and he seemed determined to antagonize whenever possible. Although a Democrat he was in manner and mind the Mugwump as Charles A. Dana has pictured him.

Mr. Olney, all simplicity and loveliness, is to be succeeded by Mr. Olney, all starch and self-importance.

At this writing it has not been announced who will succeed Mr. Olney as Attorney-General. If the President were to be faithful to his professed civil service principles he would appoint Edward B. Whitney, the present first assistant in the Attorney-General's office. The chief thing against Whitney is his youth—he is some distance this side of forty. But he is a lawyer of no mean order. Mr. Whitney is, in the judgment of men who have lived in Washington during the past two years, the only man connected with the legal department of the administration who has done creditable, if not brilliant work. He was given credit to his fame materially. To him was given charge of the government's side of the two greatest cases the administration has had to present before the Supreme Court—the sugar bounty and the income tax cases. His briefs in these matters have been models of clear reasoning and elaborate, yet simple presentation of fact. The chief thing against the Associated Press sent out a fuller report of Mr. Whitney's argument on the income tax case than of Mr. Olney's. It is against him, as I have said, that he is young, and he is not given to making much of those to whom it is wise to be subservient. His father was the Yale professor who recently died, and his home has been in New York, where he had a practice which yielded several times the amount he receives in his present position. He was one of a small group of young men who were the life of the Reform Club and led the Anti-Snap movement. His service to his party has certainly been as important as that ever rendered by Mr. Olney, his ability has been proved, but there are two things which will prevent him from reaping the reward he deserves—his lack of gray hairs and inability to add social lustre to the President's cabinet.

No doubt, Postmaster-General Wilson would

have much preferred to sit at the head of the State Department rather than at his present dreary and tiresome routine. The place would have been congenial to the scholarly West Virginian. He is a man of fine social qualities, and would enjoy dealing with foreign affairs. He has traveled abroad, speaks two foreign languages, is a master of diplomatic speech, and is unusually familiar with our history. He would probably have made a more popular Secretary of State than Mr. Olney, his appointment to the would have given much greater satisfaction at Washington and throughout the country, but he may not agree with the President's foreign policy, or Dan Lamont may not have wished him to go higher. If Mr. Wilson had been asked to step up, we may be certain that he would have accepted, for the reports of country postmasters, the letters of contractors for new stamps, and the fighting with applicants for office are not to Mr. Wilson's taste.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

For the first time in English history the profession of acting is recognized as worthy in the knighting of Henry Irving, says the *Chicago Times-Herald*. His ascent has been arduous, long, and slow. It was in the golden age of English literature that the actor was most despised. Under Elizabeth a statute was enacted reading that all common players "other than players belonging to any baron of this realm," "all jugglers, tinkers, peddlers, and petty chapmen shall be taken, adjudged, and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars," and it was further ordered that they should sustain "a payne and punishment," as follows: "To be stripped naked from the middle upward, and shall be whipped until his or her body be bloudey, and shall be forthwith sent from parish to parish by the officers of every the same the next streight way to the parish where he was borne. After that whipping the same person shall have a Testimonye sent despatched that he has been whipped according to law." The statute was slightly modified in the reign of Anne and again under George the Second, but the actor remained a criminal, liable to be publicly whipped, up to the fifth year of the reign of George the Fourth, during the reign, therefore, which witnessed the noblest development of English drama. The place of the actor on the bar, are well represented in the aristocracy. The dukes of St. Albans had Nell Gwyn for their foundress. Mary Davies supplied the Lords Petre; the houses of St. Germaine and Abercorn go back to Miss Santlow; the Cadogans recall the relations of the Duke of Devonshire and a Marlborough; Mrs. Jordan and William I. Smith are responsible for country. Munster and Lords de l'Isle. An Earl of Derby married Miss Farran six weeks after the death of the countess, and one of their children became wife of the Earl of Wilton. A sister of Peg Woffington married a Walpole. When the earl went to court to conduct it, she declared it was she who had most reason to be offended, for she had one began to support, and now I shall have two."

A contemporary story sums up the ancestors of Czar Nicholas II.: "Peter the Great knouted his son to death, and joined torturing several thousands of his guard, after which he cut off their heads. His daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, was a debauched haridan, who had one of the ladies of her court knouted and her tongue torn out because she was accused of revealing the secrets of the Empress's intrigues to her lover. Elizabeth was succeeded by her nephew, who was a vicious idiot. His wife had him killed and usurped the throne. As Catherine the Great, she scandalized even that lax age by the cynicism of her amours. Her son Paul followed her on the throne. He was a replica of the former Czar, and he was strangled by his courtiers, with the connivance of his son Alexander. The late Czar, the Emperor, said that he was a Greek of the lower Empire, and that he was that he was a 'happy accident.' Except that he killed his father, nothing particular can be urged against him. Then came Nicholas, Alexander's brother, an honest, narrow-minded despot. On his death, Alexander II. became Emperor—a kindly man. The late Czar went far for want of exceptional ability by severe and detailed attention to business. He was amiable in private life, and honest according to his lights in public life."

A writer in *Music* relates this Rubinstein anecdote: "I had asked him why he never raised his eyes from the keyboard when playing in public, and he replied that the habit dated from his childhood experience he had made when first he played in London. He had forgotten his surroundings through concentration in his work, but of a sudden a desire for companionship in his artistic joy induced him to raise his eyes; they fell, by chance, upon a stout, buxom materialist in the front row; his mental capacity was greeted by the gross exaggeration of the impossible to imagine for the facile capacities of polite society. It will not be difficult to conceive the reaction. From this date he determined, in self-defense, never again to raise his eyes while playing in public."

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THE RACONTEUR.

Count Hugo Kalnok, brother of the Austrian statesman, is the most inveterate practical joker of the Austrian army, and the stories told of his frolics and practical jokes performed with a most serious and emotionless face, form the delight of Viennese society, of which, in spite of his intensely cynical ugliness—he was born with only one ear—he is one of the brightest ornaments. Among the most amusing practical jokes that he has been known to play was one which took place after a merry dinner at Sacher's famous restaurant in Vienna, when he made a wager that he would get the first woman he met in the street on going out of doors to blow his nose. It was dusk, and the military cloak which, as usual with Austrian officers, he had thrown loosely over his shoulders without putting the arms through, gave him the appearance of being aimless. Stepping under the deep shadow of an electric lamp, he commenced to manifest signs of great discomfort and distress. A respectable looking old dame who happened to be passing became attracted thereby, and, after a minute's hesitation, asked him sympathetically what was the matter. "I want to blow my nose, and I am unable to do so, as you can see yourself," replied Kalnok, gazing helplessly first at one and then at the other of his empty coat sleeves. The Bosnia and Herzegovina campaign was just at an end, and Vienna was filled at the time with wounded officers and soldiers. The good old lady immediately took it for granted that Kalnok had lost his arms in the battle-field, and, exclaiming in tones of boundless pity, "Poor fellow, poor fellow! let me help you," she extracted his pocket handkerchief from his breast pocket, held it up to the proper organ, which he proceeded to blow with a trumpet-like sound. As soon as the old lady had returned the handkerchief to the pocket, Hugo fung his mantle aside, and, gracefully raising his cap with his right hand, bowed profoundly, exclaiming, "I thank you, ma'am, for your great kindness," and then walked away, leaving the old lady standing dumfounded, with her eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment. He had won the bet.

A young Georgian named Du Pignon was called on to respond to a toast at a Bar Association meeting in St. Louis, several years ago. It was his maiden speech before so distinguished a gathering, and he had carefully prepared it. Just as he began, General Sherman entered the room, and he was interrupted by the cheers given the great warrior. When the uproar ceased, the toastmaster called on Du Pignon to proceed. The Georgian sat for an instant dazed. He was young, and the excitement breaking into his speech had flurried him. Every line of his prepared toast had left him, every bit of his plan of thought had deserted him. He stood still for a second and saw General Sherman's face looking at him with interest. The silence was appalling! He felt that the very one who was thinking, "Poor fellow, he doesn't know what to say." In a quiet tone, in which, however, he felt a quiver, he commenced: "Gentlemen, I am confounded! The advent of so noted a warrior as General Sherman has made me forget every word of my speech!" The men all looked anxious and interested—"but I think you can scarcely wonder at my confusion. Georgians are so used to the fact of General Sherman following them, that it is enough to simply paralyze any one of them to be asked to follow the general." After that he had smooth sailing.

Frederick the Great of Prussia was fond of having literary men, artists, and singers of talent at his small suppers, and he enjoyed free humor and gaiety. He had a special liking for the philosopher, Mendelssohn, who was very witty. One of his courtiers, who was offended at Mendelssohn, told the Emperor that the witty dwarf would not hesitate to insult his majesty. Frederick denied it. The courtier then proposed that the Emperor should at the next supper party write on a piece of paper, "Mendelssohn is an ass," and put it on the table signed with his own name. Frederick agreed. The moment Mendelssohn sat down at the supper table, being rather short sighted, and observing some paper, he took it very near his eye, and, having read it, gave a start. "What is the matter?" said the king: "no unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn?" "Oh, no," said Mendelssohn, "it is nothing." "Nothing more than make you start. I demand to know what it is." "Oh, some one has taken the liberty to joke with very bad taste with your majesty. I'd rather not"—"With me? What is it? I insist!"—"Why some one has written here," Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the second!"

Judge Greene of Oakland and ex-Judge Denson of the local bar had set to some time since in which the latter came out on top. Denson, in arguing a motion, had occasion to refer to "Browne on Torts," and pronounced the author's name as though it were spelled "Brown." The judge

passed the first mistake without notice; at the second he shrugged his shoulders; at the third he said, "The name is Brown, not Brown." "But it is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e," said Denson, in his very deep and measured tones; "and if that does not spell Brown, what does it spell?" "Brown," of course," sharply answered the judge, whose patience was becoming ruffled. "My name is spelled G-r-double e-n-e, but you would not call it 'Greeny,' would you?" Mr. Denson turned to his books saying, apparently to himself, but loud enough to be heard all over the court-room: "That will depend upon how your Honor decides this motion."

In a very serious drama a prisoner was obliged to read aloud a letter which the jailer brought to him. It was a long letter, and to save himself the trouble of committing it to memory, the actor had been accustomed to have the actual letter handed to him. One evening the jailer thought it would be a good joke to hand the prisoner a blank sheet of paper. The prisoner, starting to read it, was for a moment thrown off his balance. But recovering himself, he said, with the most serene calmness, "Jailer?" "Monsieur?" "I am obliged to make an avowal to you. Brought up by parents of low estate, I do not know how to read! I beg that you will have the goodness to acquaint me with the contents of this letter." The snarer was snared, but his wit saved him, too. After nervously fumbling the letter, the jailer said: "Willingly, but I must go and look for my spectacles." Naturally he brought back the letter.

The following good story is told in connection with the Forty-eighth Georgia Regiment by the *Atlanta Constitution*: "As the regiment was on the march in Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and confiscated a couple of geese and one of the drummers unlearned his drum and put the captured birds in it. Shortly afterward the colonel came along, and noticing the drummer failed to give his usual drum whacks, rode up and said: 'Why don't you beat that drum?' 'Colonel,' said the startled man, 'I want to speak to you.' The colonel drew close to him and said: 'Well, what have you to say?' The drummer whispered: 'Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here.' The colonel straightened up and said: 'Well, if you are sick, you needn't play,' and rode on. That night the colonel had roast geese for supper."

The Bishop of London became dissatisfied with certain arrangements in his palace of Fulham, and called in an eminent architect to advise as to possible alterations. The architect took time to consider, and when he finally brought in his plans and estimates, the figures were so great that the bishop relinquished his project. And now," said the bishop, "I shall be glad if you will tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble in the matter." "I thank your lordship," was the answer; "five hundred dollars." The amount was disconcerting. "Why, sir," said the bishop, "many of my curates do not receive so much for a whole year's service." "That may be true, my lord, but you will remember that I happen to be a bishop in my profession." There was nothing more to be said, and the check was drawn.

It is related of a certain French general, who died recently, that he had a very devoted servant to whom, though really kind, he was somewhat rough in his speech. In the Crimean War the general was wounded so badly that one of his legs had to be amputated; and during the operation, which had to be performed without ether, the man, Jean-Baptiste, stood by and howled while the general submitted quietly. "What are you howling for?" the general presently called out. "Oh, my master, I cannot endure that you should lose your leg!" "Who wants you to endure it? Can't you see that you will benefit by it?" "What does monsieur mean?" "Why, you blockhead, you'll only have to black one boot after this!"

A story is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman, who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come away, man," said John, nothing daunted, "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married ta a sister o' yours."

One day, two royal dukes, walking up St. James street, met Sheridan, and the younger one thus flippantly addressed him: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rascal; what is your own opinion, my boy?" Sheridan, having bowed and smiling at the compliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied: "Why, faith, I believe I am between both."

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A glimpse of the primal regions where
The vital tissues o' the heart lie bare,
The intricate coils of life are plain;
If you have strength enough to dare
The apocalypse which turns the brain
With too much peering of mortal eyes
Into the immortality
And—stabbed with splendors that hurt like pain—
Wake from the gorgeous dream at last
Dogged by phantoms which cleave and cling
Closer than any living thing,
Hanneting your future with their past,
Lining you in a charmed ring,
Cutting you with a wizard's wing
Out from the darkness, till you die—
Eat of the hasheesh, as did I.

It was not the drug of the Orient,
With which the poet stimulates
A warmth in his veins when the fires are spent,
A flight in the blue when the bitter weights
Of the world have broken his wings; it was
More beautiful, awful, terrible!
Clothed on with fantasies which surpass
Whatever is known of heaven or hell,
When, under the touch of the other spell,
Back the mystical curtains fall,
And up, uncreed, to the seeing soul,
Past and present and future rise,
Bearing their secrets in their eyes.

She could not help that she distilled
A blessed aroma all around;
She could not help it that she filled
My arid silence with cooing sound;
She could not help that her sweet face
Was as a reverential hymn;
She could not help that round her place
Lingered the Lord God's cherubim.
Was it so strange that, brooding thus,
Over her saintly humanhood,
Deliriums multitudinous
Wrought in my pulses and my blood?
That I dreamed dead dreams of a wedded wife?
That some one walked in my sleep by my side?
That I stood in a tremulous hush of life,
Content to stand so until I died?

Oh, the clear beneficent days!
Oh, the calm and reverent nights!
Oh, the mornings of perfect peace!
Oh, the evenings of pure delights!
Oh, the whispers in which we talked!
Oh, arch replies of merry lips!
Oh, the trances wherein we walked!
And the beautiful fellowships!
Spirt with spirit so ingrown,
Sympathies so divinely blent.

My blessing watched the flowers she loved;
She made my poverty opulent,
The well-pleased angels smiling on
That most ineffable unison!

No trance is life-long; all dreams flee—
I am awake now; something cut
The path of the currents lifting me
And close the inscrutable blankness shut
Down on my mount Delectable;
Down on my fields Elysian;
Down on my palace Beautiful!
Over the universe something ran
Which trod the gold and the anæsthet
Out from the mornings and the eves;
Something withered the grass and leaves;
Out of the vastness something hissed;
And something within me moans and grieves,
Like a lost soul's wail for something missed.

RICHARD REALP.

The late Viscount Monck, when an Irish peer-
sat in the common as liberal member for Forns,
mouth, and going up to the late Vincent Scully
another well known Irish member, he said:
"Hullo, old Scully, how are you?" "My lord,"
was the quick reply, "if you are going to take the
y by the name, I beg you add it to your own."

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ready, and the 100-franc note will be changed soon.

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Arthur McEwen's Letter.

Vol. III. No. 11.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 15, 1895.

10 CENTS.

Published every Saturday, at 429 Montgomery St., by Arthur McEwen. Subscription, \$4 a year; \$2 for six months; \$1 for three months; single copies, 10 cents. The trade supplied at office of publication. Advertising rates, \$10.00 an inch a month. Professional cards, \$5 a month.

Subscribers not receiving their papers regularly by mail will please notify this office.

Entered at San Francisco Postoffice as second-class matter.

The *Letter* with this number will cease to appear as a regular publication. I have given it an honest trial, and at times felt a good deal of confidence in its ultimate success as a weekly paper. But an experience of more than eight months convinces me that a satisfactory support is not to be obtained without the making of sacrifices which I am not tempted to try to make. From the beginning, friends have offered me money in order that I might enlarge the *Letter*, illustrate it, and otherwise improve it, but these generous offers I have felt obliged to refuse. Had I money of my own, I should cheerfully incur the risk, but I do not feel free to take chances with the money of others. I had hoped that the successive enlargements of the paper would not only increase its circulation, but add to its advertising patronage. The circulation has improved, to be sure, but the advertising, without which a paper cannot prosper in this field, is not to be had; at least, not without altering the policy of the paper, and I much prefer suspending it to doing that. It having been my desire, and therefore my policy, to tell the truth about the men and interests which dominate this community for their profit and its harm, it naturally follows that I enjoy their hostility and the hostility of all their connections. However gratifying that may be to me personally, it means death to the *Letter*, for all but a few of the business men of San Francisco are, with good reason, in fear of the associated villainies, at the head of which is the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. Those who have not tested this matter do not realize how long is the reach of the criminal rich of San Francisco, how pervasive their influence. Prosperous merchants, bankers, and others who are subscribers to the *Letter* and friendly to me, as well as in sympathy with my writings, have not blushed to volunteer the admission that they did not dare to advertise in its columns lest they bring trouble upon themselves. Moreover, I have been free in my criticisms of the powerful whether they are commercially or politically allied with the Southern Pacific or not, and thus other enemies injurious to the *Letter*'s business interests have been created. I have a fine crop of enemies, assuredly; and I would not lose one of them for many columns of advertising, since all have been made righteously. The reason for the *Letter*'s existence has been to

enable me to write what I thought. I have done that, and though the result has been a commercial failure, I have no regrets. I think I have done some good, and I know that I have ticketed for their lifetime many rascals who before the *Letter*'s advent were eminently respectable and safe from censure.

I stop the *Letter* against the advice of friends, who are willing to meet the deficit which is now beginning to be incurred, and more. But I am not a business man, and any money thus advanced I should regard as a debt of honor. I shall not go into debt, choosing rather to stop when, if what is owing the *Letter* shall be paid, an even balance can be struck. If what is owing shall not be all paid, still the paper's obligations will be met. Its only creditors are its subscribers whose terms have not expired. They were paid before when the *Letter* suspended, and they will be paid again, though possibly not so promptly. I shall send them their money as I earn it. It is not a great deal, all told, fortunately.

Of course, I am sorry that the *Letter* cannot go on, but there is no humiliation in its stoppage. The insight which the experience has given me into weekly journalism causes me to wonder, indeed, that the paper has been able to live so long; for, since it has been as clean in its business transactions as it has been sincere in its utterances, it has deprived itself of sources of income which no self-respecting man would accept, but without accepting which not more than one or two of the weekly papers of San Francisco could exist. Beggary and thinly disguised blackmail constitute the bread of life of most of them. I have enjoyed greatly the freedom which the *Letter* has given my pen, and it is no slight satisfaction to know that the paper has been taken and liked by the men and women of the coast whose approval is best worth having. To these, and the business men who have had the courage to advertise in a publication that habitually, and from choice, incurred the ill will of the predatory rich, unworthy public men, and all rascals, it is not necessary formally to express my thanks. They have done their part and helped me to do mine, and if the result is not what we wished for respecting the *Letter*'s fortunes, there is no discredit in failure. Between us we have managed to advance a little the manhood of California—to let it be borne in upon the conscienceless that no matter how highly placed they are, or how secure they may seem to be, there is always danger that some man with a pen in his hand, and caring more for the simple truth than financial advantage, will arise and break the enchanted silence of a commercial press. Though the *Letter* goes under again, I, as before, reserve the right to revive it in

case of need. I retain the original capital, my pen and the electrotyped heading. But California will have advanced a long way toward freedom, material and intellectual, ere I shall consider it judicious to attempt again the *Letter*'s regular publication. An occasional issue will serve. That is a luxury the promise of which I shall not deny myself.

California is progressing unquestionably. In February of last year, when this *Letter* first made its appearance, the state of public opinion, the state of public courage, was very different from what it now is. Then it was the mark of dangerous radicalism to utter or print a word not agreeable to the men and corporations which had mastered California and made it cowardly. Even those who resented the reign of the associated villainies were, in the mass, too careful of their own welfare to disclose their hostility. It was the sign of respectability to deprecate the language of rebellion. Since then many things have conspired to withdraw from the predatory rich the protection of respectability's shield. The *Letter* has done its share toward working the change. The terms in which it originally spoke of the despotic millionaires who add to their piles by appropriating the money of other people, have become terms in common usage. Men who a year ago would have dreaded the penalties of sacrilege had they openly denounced the pillage by which Mr. Huntington further enriches himself now fearlessly declare themselves friends of the competing Valley road. That road has the good fortune to be backed by men whose wealth commands the respect of the respectable. There are always multitudes ready enough to follow a millionaire in the road of reform who would not set foot in it were the leader either poor or one at whom the press would consider it safe to sneer. It is not in ordinary commercial human nature to be guilty of the disrespect of calling a rich man a demagogue. Having himself so much at stake in case of change, the mass of conservative men, perceiving his selfish reasons for being an innovator, accept that selfishness as security against danger to themselves in being patriotic. They are like the mob in times of revolution, who prefer for a chief an aristocrat rather than a plebeian like themselves. The projection of the Valley road, with the names and fortunes of the Spreckles behind it, has been an enormous good to California. It has made business men feel that in being anti-monopolists they are not out of character. Whether the Valley road shall be a competing one, and otherwise fulfill promise and expectation, time will reveal, but in any event it has done good. It has had the effect of a declaration of independence, and has filled men with a more or less vague notion that a new and better time is coming.

This expectation manifests itself in projects for improving the city, in the boisterous Half-Million Club, in the floral fiestas—real estate booms hidden by roses—and in other ways. California is ready to rebel against the old Huntington rule, if a reasonably safe path of escape can be pointed out and pioneered by others. But the individual business man, being human, is cautious about advancing too far until he knows where he is going to arrive. The supremacy of the Southern Pacific has only been threatened. The corporation still has tremendous power to favor and to punish. It is noticeable that even very active promoters of the competing Valley road are solicitous to have it understood that in their advocacy of the new line they are devoid of desire that it should damage the business interests of the monopoly. It is a period of transition, and Front and Sansone streets, while sacrificing to God, are thriftily careful to pour a libation to the Devil. Though men, merchants are merchants. They will grow bolder by and by, but in the meantime they feel that it is only prudent to dodge the lash that has scarred their backs these twenty-five years.

Hard times have their compensations. They breed discontent. Without discontent there can be no improvement in political and material conditions, any more than without doubt there can be inquiry and progress in science. This generation has been fed on the theory of evolution—the theory that among human beings, as among animals and plants, only the fittest can survive. And that is true. Everything depends upon environment, and if the survivors are not pleasing it is obvious that a different environment must be supplied. It is a fearful indictment of our social state that those who are best suited to it—those who survive, who succeed, and come into the possession of the material prizes of life—are far from being admirable, lovable specimens of their species. Certainly nobody will contend that Mr. Huntington, Mr. Tevis, Mr. Carnegie, and Russell Sage are men who may properly be held up to the young as models of what men should be; yet they and their fellow multimillionaires are the legitimate product of their environment—of the rules under which the game of modern life is played. They are what they are with the consent and encouragement of the rest of us. We, by our laws and social conventions, supply an environment that enables those to win who do win. Are they the most righteous, generous, the kindest, the most honest? The received ideal of what is best in human nature is reversed in practice. The children are educated to be tellers of the truth, to be ashamed of selfishness, to seek for the approbation of others by the exercise of the most unbusinesslike virtues. When they are sent forward into the struggle for existence their first duty to themselves, if they would be among the conquerors, is to forget what they have been taught—to learn to read backwards the maxims of the home and school. The fittest, who survive, are those whose conduct is guided by greed, cunning, and all the qualities which make men detestable. Conditions bear fruit after their kind, precisely as trees do. If we had conditions in which success would come to the good and high-minded instead of to the selfish and low-minded, the world would not be the cruel joke that it is, if a Creator be predicated. Mr. Huntington would be impossible.

Discontent is the necessary beginning of beneficial change. Ignorant discontent is better than none—discontent that writhes and protests blindly. The task of reformers

who know what they are about is to make this discontent intelligent, to tell the suffering giant the cause of his pain and the remedy for it. Actual reform, however, does not come from above, but from below. It is true that the ideas of men not themselves victims of the evils which they see and keenly feel through sympathy, percolate downward, but in the end it is those who carry the loads and take the knocks of oppression who must form the armies and fight the battles of reform. The hard times have been educating in their effect upon the masses here and elsewhere. They have learned long ago that they cannot attack capital without hurting themselves, but it has also broken in upon them that to refrain from destructively attacking capital is one thing, and that to suffer every species of exploitation at the hands of capital without demur is another. It has been revealed to their minds that there is a limit to capital's rights as well as a limit to poverty's endurable wrongs. Socialistic ideas have made their way. Henry George has been an evangel of light to hundreds of thousands, and the single tax, which would remove the land, from which we all must live, from the domain of private ownership and speculation, as the negro was more than thirty years ago, is making its way. Debs, before going to jail for half a year for contempt of court, committed in issuing an order to railroad men to strike (which order they were at liberty to obey or disobey as they saw fit), announces a programme for his followers that ought to raise the hair of those who have won the victory over him. He calls upon the workmen of the country to stand together for public ownership of the railroads and "all public utilities." This is socialism, but it is in line with the sanest thought of the period, in and out of labor circles. The time can be hoped for when the men with a genius for money-making—the fittest who now survive—will have fewer cards to play with; shorter scissors, in fact, with which to do their shearing.

The obvious consequences of present conditions are shortening the interval between this era of unrestricted plunder by the able and the lucky and the coming of that better day when manhood and industry, unallied with cunning, will have a reasonably good chance of getting adequate reward. For men are not sheep. Though they submit to be shorn they are, as a whole, in this country at least, conscious that they are being shorn. When they learn how to resist, they will resist. This is a fact in human nature which is being overlooked by the shearers. Aside from their capacity to gather wool, they prove themselves to be no more intelligent than the despised multitude. Were it otherwise, they would not so dully follow their instinct to clip close and gather the last obtainable ounce of wool this season, regardless of what may happen next season. The predatory rich know well enough how to meet armed insurrection. They retire, and their cause becomes that of public order, which the government, with all its force, must maintain. But when the attack upon their privileges comes through the ballot-box they are bewildered and comparatively helpless. They were limp and scared when the masses rounded on them and the McKinley robbery and elected Cleveland. The latter, either through folly, cowardice, or interest, turned traitor and gave the overthrown beneficiaries of an elaborate system of legalized theft leisure in which to recover their breath, their wits, and their courage. Had he charged on them when they were in confusion and given them the summary treatment which they expected, the country probably would have escaped the financial panic that came upon

it in the midst of plenty, as the result of uncertainty.

It is because the men who work are so easily placed outside the pale of the law by the men of money, that the men who work continue in poverty. The problem is how to get labor and its rights within the law's protection, and the exploiters of the masses outside the law. Once put them there, and we shall have no more shallow talk about the necessity of putting a limit upon fortunes, upon the amount that any one man may legally acquire. When the laws are what they should be, it will be impossible for a Huntington, a Carnegie, an Astor, or Rockefeller fortune to come into existence. The selfish, predatory rich, the "fatted swine of civilization," do not see that by bringing it home to the drudging masses in this republic of manhood suffrage that justice is not to be had within the laws, they are making it certain that the laws will be changed. They are compelling all men not of their caste to ask what are the laws that enable the few to gather millions at the expense of the many, and to protect the few in their stealings, as if that protection were given to social order itself?

It is being taught that our form of government is too inflexible—that the Fathers who constructed the Constitution, in their fear lest the people should not wisely govern themselves, invented checks upon the popular will that have made it difficult for that will to find expression in legislation. The Republican House of Representatives which passed the McKinley bill was ousted and replaced by one committed to radical tariff reform. In England, tariff reform, under like circumstances, would have immediately followed. Here a Republican Senate and a Republican President stood in the way of change, and the people of the United States were so accustomed to being thwarted that the spectacle of a government out of harmony with the wishes of the electorate roused no resentment. An income tax was passed by both houses of Congress, signed by the President, and millions of dollars were collected under the law. The Supreme Court, by a majority of one, declared the law unconstitutional. The people are accustomed, also, to such experiences as that. When the discontent of the country becomes intelligent, when the people feel that if they are wise enough to vote they are wise enough to rule, the Senate will either be chosen at the polls, or will disappear, as it ought ought; to the President will be a figurehead, as Queen Victoria is, and the Supreme Court will act as a Judiciary Committee attendant on Congress, to pass upon the constitutionality of bills before they become laws—not as now to wait until a private grievance, after the law has gone into effect, brings its constitutionality into question. The people of the United States are as competent to govern themselves as are the people of England, where the House of Commons is omnipotent, and where the government, when it does not enjoy the House's confidence, makes it appeal to the public, which is the Supreme Court. When discontent is intelligent we shall have the referendum and the initiative, as in Switzerland, where the people rule, and rule well. The spirit of the Declaration of Independence, which has it that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed, will be applied in practice.

Competition, and the form of co-operation which we know as the corporation, have served their turn. They have accomplished wonders, but while we have profited by their benefits we are being ground by their strength, which has passed beyond the line

of service and become tyrannous. The trust is a union of corporations. It has made itself hurtful, and any tariff that helps to maintain it will go down. The land, the natural resources, of the country, are in private ownership. They, like the railroads, the telegraphs, the telephone, city water works and car-lines, gas-works, electric light plants, and "public utilities" in general, will be placed under public ownership when discontent grows intelligent enough to know what is afflicting the masses. Industry will be restored to honor when industry is no longer taken to be the sign of inferior brains. We shall have a real republic when the government is by the people, for the people.

The inability of the predatory rich to look ahead is demonstrated by the pains that are being taken to dig a chasm between the manual workers and those who are bright enough to live without bodily toil. It is accepted as a mysterious law that as civilization advances the separation of society into classes must occur. That has been the history of the world, but this republic was meant as an experiment which was to depart from precedents. This continent was to be free from what the Fathers and their generation deemed the causes of that inequality of condition, that unjust distribution of wealth, which through the centuries had either puzzled and pained men of heart, or been accepted as the design of the Almighty. So we began with no king, no state church, and no order of nobility. But our land laws, the laws of property, remained essentially the same as in the old world, and amid political freedom we have developed along the old lines. Our President has become a king, our Senate a House of Lords, the millionaire is a substitute for the noble, and socially we are but a vulgarized copy of England. The development of a "working class"—a class born to labor and ambitious of nothing higher, unknown to the Americans of forty years ago—is the most dangerous of threats to the ruling plutocracy. Practical men who aim at changes in legislation for the common good, and station for themselves, take advantage in politics of all powers that exist. Class hatred is always utilized by the demagogue—which is often but another name for the statesman out of office—and whatsoever increases class hatred is bad for the opulent minority. The predatory rich are doing their short-sighted and stupid best to increase it. What will happen if the workingmen of the United States shall be moved to act politically on class lines? To their side will go nearly all the young men ambitious of office, all the agitators, all the quacks, all the pretenders and scoundrels in politics who want to mount on the popular vote. To them, also, will go most of the heart and unselfish brain of the country, for whatever disadvantages would be involved in the triumph of the masses, their rule, modified by the influence which intellect exerts, would be preferred by most Americans to what Justice Brown of the Supreme Court calls the "sordid despotism of wealth," and what President Cleveland in a democratic moment described as the "communism of pelf." The storm is being invited the country over, as Huntington & Co. have invited it this quarter century in California. If the reign of the rich means special privileges, a license to rob, and a license to be insolent to the victims, manhood is challenged, and manhood will assert itself. It is long-suffering, but the end of endurance will come, as it has come, or nearly come, here. The rich are provoking a national rebellion against wealth. I do not say that they are doing this deliberately,

but under the impulse of a greed that is not content with anything short of full possession of the government, and an army and navy to enforce laws that send a railroad striker to jail and leave a railroad stealer at liberty, laws that punish petty larceny and give immunity to grand larceny—a greed that is as mindless as it is ugly. Human nature, American human nature, will not bear it. There is going to be a reform of the laws, and the reform will go deep. Before the peaceful revolution is over we shall have a Constitution stripped of its Federalist features, a Constitution moulded to the needs of a democratic people determined to rule themselves, and determined also on having a republic in which men and not dollars shall govern. Either this, or first chaos and then a military despotism, with the fight for freedom still ahead.

To me it seems that there never was a time when there was more encouragement for young men of mind and patriotism to give themselves to the study of the social problem with so good a prospect of accomplishing something. To be sure, this species of study seldom results in personal profit financially, but patriotism, altruism, and most of the sentiments which ennoble men, are not indulged in the hope of making money. They have their high compensations, however, as well as their pains. No life is so narrow, so hard, so little, so profitless, as a selfish one. To be interested in others, to do what one can to make the world a little better—there is happiness in the effort. One of the compensations is to find how many good and earnest men and women there are all about one—to discover that cynicism is a mistake, the mistake of those who generalize from premises too narrow, and, being themselves unhelpful, take it for granted that their own measure is that of human nature. The pains of the reformer, whether he be inconspicuous, or the reverse, are many. The first is that he is sure to lose his respectability. Those who are advantaged by the maintenance of the established, are, in the mass, naturally satisfied with things as they are, and regard with suspicion any disturber. Interest and habit of mind combine to induce them to question the motives and damage the repute of any one who questions the justice of existing arrangements. These are creatures of custom, than which nothing is more deadening to that native sense of right and wrong with which we are born, or which we acquire by reflection—a sense that keeps morality alive, and is the force which gives us all the progress worth having. Happily, conscience is unkillable in the race. The poor are sorely alive to the injustice of the system which bears so heavily upon them, and among the rich there is an equally clear, if not so painful, perception, that the social machinery is not adjusted to the needs of the many. Not all well-filled pockets are buttoned, or owned by unsympathetic hearts. The stream of charity flows bank high, and if charity could cure poverty it would have done so long ago. Generally the chief difference between a rich man and a poor one is in the amount of possessions; both are human and at bottom the same. Christ's advice to the young man who desired to follow him, that he sell all he had and give it to the poor, would be oftener taken did not common sense point the folly of impoverishing oneself without doing commensurate good. It is not charity that is needed to rescue the many from the treadmill of poverty and the squalor of ignorance and unlovely life, but justice. Until it can be so arranged that every creature born into the world shall have a fair chance to exert such abilities as nature has given him, and

to keep for himself what he earns, there will be no content, and there should be none.

The most hopeful sign of the times is that the public is learning to listen with respect to those who come to it with proposals for mending and improving the social machinery. The fashion of crucifying the Christs, sanctioned by the ages, is slowly going out. There are local instances in point. Most of us can remember when Henry George, as a journalist here, and later as the author of "Progress and Poverty," was sneered at as a crank. Now he is taken seriously by Californians, and regarded as an honor to the State. Doubtless this change is partly owing to the reflex action of his world-wide fame, but it is also accounted for by the headway his doctrine has made. There is no bolder or more eloquent advocate of the single tax than Representative Maguire, yet his advocacy of it does not in the least diminish his popularity or reduce his vote when he runs for Congress. The proposition to make national highways of the defaulting overland railroads has become extremely popular on this coast. It was the railroad strike of last summer which induced the *Examiner* to put forth its petition to Congress, asking the government to take possession of the lines. And though the *Examiner* has repented itself of its sympathy with the strikers, and accuses itself of having been a demagogue, I think it is lonely in its remorse. A vote on the proposal would, I am sure, show a larger majority in favor of government ownership than was signed to the petition.

No man who sets out to say what he believes to be the right thing, but the thing which he knows to be against the immediate interests of those who are of the dominant class, need hope to escape the condemnation of the newspapers. They are commercial in purpose, and their income is derived from advertising. It is the business of their proprietors, therefore, to secure the favor of the classes who see least to hope for from change. Often the proprietors, let it be said to their honor, make sacrifice of their pockets in obedience to the promptings of their manhood. It is not a very rare thing for a newspaper to put into its editorial columns matter that is distinctly disadvantageous to the business office. The desire for circulation has something to do with these occasional sacrifices, but aside from that, I know from experience, newspaper owners are not always proof against the appeal of weakness against strength. Yet on the average the daily newspaper is the faithful voice of what Draper describes as "that vast mass of common men who in every age impede the progress of civilization." And in the employ of the newspapers there is no lack of coolies whose pride it is to be more capitalistic than capitalists, who flatter their consciousness of superior respectability by cultivating a contempt for the poor and for whatever is unfortunate, and especially for all who are so unmindful of their own well being as to give thought and effort to improving the lot of the dull and toiling masses of humanity who have not the wit to make others work for them. The reformer must go down below the plane of the well-to-do with his sympathies, and for sympathy he must look elsewhere than to the daily newspaper. The real public opinion of the time—the thought that counts, the thought that comes from and goes to human hearts—finds a voice both above and below the daily press. You find it in books, in the magazines, and in the obscure publications, not always well written, of the workmen, the Socialists, and other zealots. It is inevitable that this should be so. The daily

newspaper is a "business proposition," and as such must cater to the commonplace, easy-going classes, who live to do business, instinctively prefer to live as quietly as they can, and take it to be the part of common-sense to live for themselves. The magazines appeal to the thoughtful and the educated, and the thoughtful and the educated feel that to some degree life and responsibility should go together.

The war between the empty-handed many and the full-handed few will not be fought out in our day. Enthusiasm is good, but enthusiasm that looks for immediate results is in danger of disappointment that ends in nerveless or resentful discouragement. The war is going on all right, but it is an evolutionary war, and therefore slow. Its battles have been, and will be, many. The railroad strike of 1877 was one, the railroad strike of 1894 was another, the income-tax decision still another, as was also the decision which sends Debs to jail and leaves Huntington free. Every victory won by the few contributes towards the ultimate success of the many. As Taine says, among a free people the laws in the end will be made to fit the nation's needs, not the nation to fit the laws. Under all the aggressions of the plutocracy, on whose side the battle is fought on the hand-to-mouth principle, is a great fear. The French Revolution stands out as a lesson to the privileged of every country. It enforces the fact that there is a point below which men, rather than be pressed, will prefer to fight and die. And when the many reach that point the world becomes theirs. I do not believe armed revolution will be necessary in the United States. The plutocracy are far from being so powerful as were the French nobility, entrenched as they were in a thousand years of privilege, rooted in the soil, and buttressed by social prestige. Our plutocracy are denied the reverence which birth evokes; they are not ancestrally woven into our history, and there is upon them none of that feudal obligation of service and protection which begets kindness in the relation between master and man. Politically they are on a plane with everybody else, and political equality cannot co-exist with social inequality without inspiring questioning and distrust. The American plutocrat is not respected by his fellow citizens. Though the type of success, he is also commonly regarded as a satire upon our institutions, a satire upon the pretense of the law to deal evenly with the poor criminal and the rich criminal. His fortune in ninety cases in a hundred is known to be dishonestly come by. If he is envied, it is as an opulent landshark is envied by the seaman who sails leaving his advance in the landshark's pocket. Those near the millionaire pay him deference, but the mass of his fellow citizens, who have individually nothing to hope or fear from him, consider his riches stolen and himself objectionable. Witness the esteem in which Mr. Huntington is held in California. The French were starved into the Revolution. The Americans are a different people, living in a different time. They have not waited for nettle soup to sting them to action. Relatively they are a prosperous, a fortunate people, but their Revolution is under full headway.

The Revolution's decisive battles will not be fought until it becomes known where the vital blows must be struck. Every such victory of wealth as that of the railway strike and the income tax decision clears away fog. Once the road is made plain, the American people will enter upon it and march resistlessly to the end—not necessarily because they are a peculiarly

patriotic or high-minded people, but because they are human and would rather keep what they earn than allow it to be appropriated by others. Every man wants to better his own condition, and no man likes to have another take from him the fruit of his labor. Therefore, and for right's sake, the American people are in rebellion. Some are earnestly and consciously so, others feel only a dull and muddled discontent, but as a whole the people are convinced that they are being wronged. On the average those who suffer are no better than those who inflict the suffering, and need but opportunity to become oppressors in their turn. But the object of the Revolution, as discerned by those who comprehend what is occurring around them, is to remove the opportunity for any man to confiscate what belongs to other men.

The trend of the time's thought is markedly socialistic. There are few who are attracted by the co-operative commonwealth which is the ideal of the Socialist, but separate proposals of a socialistic nature—nationalization of the land, government ownership of the railroads and other public utilities—are already popular, and growing more so rapidly. Extremes are meeting. Individualism has created the corporation and the trust, and the step from the trust to public ownership is short. The people have the ballot, and can accomplish what they wish, when united. It is not easy to unite them, but the process will be accomplished in time. Victories will be won slowly and with difficulty, in the face of doubt and dread, for the air will be filled with the warning voices of interested and honest conservatism. But each forward step on new ground will give courage for the next, and a better civilization will result, under which men will not struggle during most of their waking hours for wherewithal to get food and shelter, and under which women and children will not be harnessed to machinery. It is pleasing to hope for such a civilization, and not unreasonable, either. One does not wish to believe that mankind is so incapable of self-government as to permit this republic to be a failure. Surely mankind never had so good a chance as here on this new continent to accommodate social adjustments to justice. Our schools give our children the education of feemen and we have permitted the upgrowth of industrial conditions which condemn them to slavery, and to the vices of mind and body inseparable from slavery. That is a practical paradox which will be reconciled if nature has not been so niggard of its gift of brains as to make all but a fraction of the human race unfit for anything better than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water.

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AMUSEMENTS.

The Frawley Company is showing its best clothes, its company manners, and its worst morals this week. The play is "Mothe," and as Ouida's pen cannot concern itself with anything so socially impossible as an untitled man or woman, Frawley and his company have been walking in a maze of satin trains, dukes, princes, and earls, and some of the queerest mispronunciations of "monsieur," that everlasting stumbling-block to true (stage) aristocracy.

As is usually the case in both worlds, before and behind the footlights, the women have shown themselves worthier of social promotion. Their handsome gowns, their pretty faces and shoulders make them quite acceptable, but the men have not the *bel air*. With the possible exception of Maclyn Arbuckle, they are shockingly American, and how can a mere American hope to be as correct, as corrupt, as complete a gentleman, as choice a blackguard as dwells in Ouidiland, that fantastic realm of intense white lights and heaviest of shadows?

As Fuchsia Leach, Blanche Bates has done her best work so far. It is light, life-like, and full of intelligence. Miss Bates is one of the few actresses who may be said to come away after she has left the centre of the stage. A play does not consist only of spoken lines, nor is the dialogue all that is necessary. Miss Bates has learned the art of seeming interested and occupied while others are talking, and for this reason Fuchsia Leach is the strongest, easiest, and most natural character in "Mothe," as given by the Frawley Company.

Miss Craven's barred room is in the second act. In the first, her appearance and her acting do not fit the ideal of her role. She has a pretty way of saying simple things simply, but her voice coarsens when it is raised and she is not equal to the stronger scenes.

Vera's mother is not well cast as Lady Dolly. Vera's mother is very Ouidaesque. She is incoherent, sequential, worldly, daintily cynical, as proper in speech and manner as she is imperfect in active morality and virtue; a puff-ball of wickedness. Miss McAllister is a very clever actress to be able to present at all acceptably a part so different from her best roles, but by temperament and personal appearance she is barred from playing Lady Dolly. She makes the part heavy. Lady Dolly's little speeches become sarcastic and stiff, her advice to her daughter is made unduly severe, and her words lack the champagne sparkle and flavor which Sadie Martinot, for instance, could give to the part.

The matinee girl will never forgive Frawley for his appearance in the last act. That Corzette, the singer, should wear an ordinary top-coat and a modern brown slouch hat is romantic desecration. It is as if the fairy prince should appear in spats and a willie-boy. But Frawley waked up in the last act and conquered his hesitating sin of omission, though his work is still marred by lack of action.

For beautiful Belle Archer the Columbia audiences are full of sympathy. Miss Archer's efforts to be bad are so praiseworthy, she is so untiring in her attempts at vice and sin. She has tried so often to be a stage adventuress, her sincerest wish is to be wicked, and she never fails to make her manner and appearance fit the shamelessness of her role. She yearns to be a social outcast, but fate is against her. A blundering providence gave Miss Archer a sweet and gracious presence, a modesty of mien, a gentle, madonna-like style of beauty and a voice as unsuitable for stage adventuring as the cooing of a dove would be to a falcon. In the pursuit of its legitimate business of assault and murder. People have watched Miss Archer with interest. So laudable an ambition and such continued application should meet with success. It was hoped that Miss Archer would in time be able to work down to the desirable pitch of immorality. But, though she uses the language of a sinner, her conscienceless face, persists in remaining saintly. The naughtiest of asides in falling from her pretty lips is robbed of half its wickedness. She cannot be suggestive in long skirts nor shocking in short ones. She is the crudest of wicked women. She may sit upon a table, she may drink, she may smoke a cigarette—that brace of male and female stage villains—it is all in vain. Poor Belle Archer is condemned to stage morality for life. She is a terrible reversal of the old tale, and must stand forever a sorrowing saint on the threshold of purgatory, looking enviously down upon the favored ones whom a malign fate has not mocked with a hopelessly unalterable purity of countenance, who are not cursed by a perverse sanctity of demeanor, and whose very voice is not an instrument to baffle it's owner's ardent and sincere desire to be tough.

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518 MONTGOMERY STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, FINANCIAL AGENTS.

Dealers in FIRST-CLASS LOANS, REALTY BONDS, and CORPORATION SECURITIES. RENTS COLLECTED and entire charge taken of Property.

SUTRO RAILROAD CO.

ADOLPH SUTRO, President.

WM. C. LITTLE, Secretary.

AMERICAN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

OFFICE OF

O. F. VON RHEIN & CO.

No. 513 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE SUTRO RAILROAD CO. incorporated under the laws of the State of California, has acquired the charter granted to Adolph Sutro, Esq., for a road, starting from the corner of Central Avenue and Geary Street, and running thence on Central Avenue to Washington Street, First Avenue, Clement Street and Point Lobos Avenue to the Cliff, with a branch line to the Park.

THE PEOPLE'S ROAD.

The Capital Stock is divided into forty thousand (40,000) shares,

At \$10 a share, payable in 5 Installments.

There are to be NO bonds! NO debts!

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Passengers over this road admitted FREE to Sutro Heights and the Cliff, and on special terms to The Sutro Baths.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
 Pre-Insider, Gottlieb & Co., Lessees and Managers
 WEEK, JUNE 17th.
 Every Evening, including Sunday. Matinee Saturday.
 The Funniest and Best of all Comedies, Daly's Greatest Success.
"NANCY & CO."
 By the FRAWLEY COMPANY. Debut of
MISS FREDA GALLICK.
 —RESERVED SEATS—
 Night, 15, 25, 50, and 75 cents. Matinee, 15, 25, and 50 cents.
 JUNE 21th..... By Special Request
"YOUNG MRS. WINTHROP."
 First appearance of MISS CHARLOTTE NIELSON.

OPEN MAY 10.

ANDERSON SPRINGS,

Middleton, Lake County.

REDUCED RATES:

ROUND TRIP TICKETS \$3.00
 THROUGH TICKETS 4.50
 Board from \$10 to \$14 per week.

J. ANDERSON, Prop.

LICK LAUNDRY,

WM. McCracken, Prop.

Telephone 1780. NO. 9 LICK PLACE.

MT. VERNON CO., Baltimore.

The undersigned, having been appointed Agents for the Pacific Coast for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS.
 HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS.
 DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities at \$1 to \$15 cts., inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

CELEBRATE THE NEW ERA

BY PRESENTING YOURSELF
 WITH A CASE OF THE BEST
 WHISKY MADE, IT IS
 CALLED

OLD PEPPER WHISKY

MADE BY

JOS. E. PEPPER & CO.,

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SOLE AGENTS,

CARROLL & CARROLL,

306 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO.

A QUIET HOME. CENTRALLY LOCATED.

FOR THOSE WHO APPRECIATE COMFORT AND ATTENTION.

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager.

ON AND AFTER JULY 1st, 1895.

THE SAN FRANCISCO GAS LIGHT CO.

Will reduce the price of Gas

From \$2 to \$1.75 for 1000 cubic feet.

Special rates for Engines, Manufacturing, and Gas Stoves.

Columbia RIDING ACADEMY.

COMPETENT INSTRUCTORS.
 CEMENT FLOORS.
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COLUMBIA —AND— HARTFORD BICYCLES.

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311 Post Street,

H. C. JOHNSON, Manager, San Francisco

GIANT POWDER COMPANY,

Consolidated.

The office of the above Company has been removed to

430 California Street. SAN FRANCISCO.

DUNHAM, CARRIGAN & HAYDEN CO.

Incorporated February 7th 1888.

17 AND 19 BEALE ST., 18, 20, 22, 24 MAIN ST.

SAN FRANCISCO.

—IMPORTERS OF—

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL AND BRASS GOODS.

RAILROAD, MINING AND MILL SUPPLIES.

IRON PIPE, TUBES, FITTING, ETC.

NEW YORK OFFICE:

107 CHAMBERS STREET.

GEORGE FAIR,

Member of the San Francisco Produce Exchange and Call Board. Correspondence solicited with owners and renters of Grain Warehouses. Market Advances furnished. Country merchants having Grain and other agricultural products to dispose of, for their customers, are cordially invited to call at advertiser's office, centrally located in Merchants' Exchange Building, room 27, California street.

DR. H. W. HUNSAKER

Has moved to

114 GEARY STREET.

And invites his friends and patrons to call and inspect his new offices. General Surgery and diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat are given special attention. Office Hours, 12 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m. Telephone Main 5834.

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To the Public:

I desire to make known that I have removed my place of business to No. 67 California Market, in order to come into close connection with consumers and to provide easy and prompt methods for sampling and distribution of all brands of Creta Blanca Wines and selected wines under my Anapaola Club trade mark. The Anapaola Club Cafe in connection with this depot is already the most popular down-town place for breakfast, lunches and dinners. Sample wines served in decanters for fifteen cents. Salads with finest oil dressing a specialty. Families, restaurants, hotels and grocers supplied. Call and see me.

Telephone No. Main 5940.

\$150 for a Summer Home.

Beautiful lots, 50x150 each, at Alto on the North Pacific Coast Railway, only 40 minutes' ride from San Francisco, for \$150, in easy monthly payments. No saloons or other nuisances allowed. For Maps and full particulars, apply

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 197 Crocker Building, San Francisco Telephone Main 1764.

LEE D. CRAIG,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
 316 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.
 OFFICE, 415 CALIFORNIA ST. Telephone, Main 1153.

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 Rooms 12, 13 and 14. OAKLAND, CAL.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,
 Rooms 36-38, Fourth Floor, Mills Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

W. W. FOOTE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 310 Pine Street. SAN FRANCISCO

W. T. BAGGETT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 234 Pine Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

J. F. COWDERY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Old Odd Fellows' Building, No. 325 Montgomery Street,
 Room No. 28. SAN FRANCISCO.

JAMES SIMPSON, M. D.

234 POST ST.
 Hours: 1 to 3 P. M.

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FRANK R. WHITCOMB,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
 Rooms 171-174, Crocker Building, SAN FRANCISCO.

HENLEY & COSTELLO,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
 101 Sansome Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE,

DEALERS IN

PAPER,

512 to 515 Sacramento Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Order to Show Cause Why Order of Sale of Real Estate Should Not Be Made.

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the matter of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased.
 It appearing to the said Court by the petition presented and filed May 1st, 1895, by F. R. Whitcomb, the administrator of the Estate of J. B. Whitcomb, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased, to pay the debts outstanding against the said deceased, and the debts, expenses, and charges of administration:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before said Superior Court on Monday, the first day of July, A. D., 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M., of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, Department No. 4, at the Court-house in the City of Oakland, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, and that a copy of this order be published four successive weeks in the Berkeley Daily Advertiser, a newspaper printed and published in the County of Alameda County, and also in "ARTHUR McEWEN'S LETTER," a newspaper printed and published weekly in the City and County of San Francisco, within four (4) months after the first publication thereof, which order was made herein and dated May 3, 1895, be and the same is hereby revoked and set aside.

Dated May 21st, 1895. (Signed) F. B. GORDEN,
 Judge of the Superior Court.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Patrick Meehan, deceased.
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the Will Annexed, of the Estate of the said deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against, the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at his office, 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
 Administrator with the will annexed, of the Estate of Patrick Meehan, deceased.
 Dated at San Francisco, May 15, 1895.
 J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator,
 319 Pine Street, San Francisco, California.



